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HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND THE BABY PRINCE,

WITH THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

From a Photograph by] [*Messrs. W. & D. Downey, Ebury Street, W.*

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THE

WINDSOR MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

FOR

MEN AND WOMEN

VOL. I

JANUARY TO JUNE

LONDON
WARD, LOCK & BOWDEN, LIMITED
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1895

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The Windsor Magazine.

A FOREWORD.

WITHOUT being as nervous as a *débutante* at a Drawing-Room, a new Magazine which presents itself at the Court of the British public may confess to a certain fascinating timidity. The young Magazine has to carry its own train (we resist the temptation to suggest that its train is carried by pages) with becoming diffidence, and yet with an assurance of substantial claims to favour.

There are some periodicals, no doubt, which bounce into popularity by the power of mere flourish, just as a girl whose charms are of a somewhat bold type makes a masculine circle captive to an audacious freshness. We are old-fashioned enough to regard that kind of success with a distrustful eye. When the first flush of conquest is over, it does not wear well. The audacity remains, but the freshness goes off. Far more likely to endure is the less obtrusive beauty which steals into the manly heart by a postern gate, while its rival is flaunting a transient triumph on the battlements.

In these days of adventurous womanhood, a certain beseeching coyness may be pronounced a little out of date; yet we have greater faith in it as a means of subjugation than in more ambitious pretensions. Behold, then, the WINDSOR MAGAZINE making its obeisance to its Sovereign and to the public alike, mingling devotion to the gracious Lady on the throne and to her three direct heirs, whose portraits are here presented, with loyalty to some of the best and widest interests of her subjects.

Amongst those interests we do not class everything that ministers to a fermenting curiosity. The spurious novelty of one year is apt to be the neglected fossil of the next. Nothing ages so fast as the "new movement," which takes no account of the silent forces of nature, and is gone while its proclamation of a revolution or the millennium is still in our ears. The butterfly, emerging from the chrysalis, probably thinks that a new heaven and a new earth have been created for its benefit, but whole epochs of butterflies witness no material change in the universe.

To say that the New Woman is a butterfly would be to do some injustice to a meritorious insect, for the New Woman is apt to be unlovely, and to make her brief sojourn amongst us hideous with discordant cries. We do not propose to encourage her in the illusion that she is a permanent factor in social development, and is working victoriously for the regeneration of man by the equality of the sexes. The only service she renders to man is to provide him with cynical entertainment, while she fondly imagines that his natural supremacy is seriously in question.

The true responsibilities of woman do not vary; they demand a deep and lasting respect which man is eager to accord; they assert in a considerable sphere an authority which he does not dispute; they are infinitely helpful to the race by virtue of an enlarged education which he does not grudge; but they cannot supersede the fundamental law which gives to him alone the arbitrament of the force that makes the basis of government. When the New Woman announces that she is the equal, if not the superior, of man, she overlooks the important though prosaic fact that in the last extremity he is the stronger animal. It is he and not she who, in the struggle for existence, which the most exalted humanitarian cannot disguise, must be the chief bread-winner, who must bear the greatest physical strain, who must defend the country against invasion, who must decide the issues of peace and war.

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Many women, it is true, have to earn their own livelihood, and to acquire through much suffering the needful self-reliance for independent toil; but the ordinance of nature still holds good, for few women will undertake this task when they can get men to do it for them—men whom they can rule through the affections, and bind with the tender ties of the family and the home.

It is to the home that the WINDSOR MAGAZINE desires specially to appeal. This is not an original ambition. There are contemporaries which have long been labouring in the same vineyard. We wish them well; but if we may exercise the candour of a new-comer, we would suggest that their office in the vineyard is not always grateful to man and woman resting from labour, and yearning for some spiritual stimulus under the roof-tree or the fig-tree.

There is no moral necessity for a home magazine to be tedious, to regale the wife with solemn precepts when she wants to be cheered, and the husband with domestic little tales which never touch the strong currents of life. There is a lamentable lack of humour in the notion that the minds of men and women can be improved, and their souls comforted, by these obvious devices. The leisurely trail of the tract can be only too plainly discerned in literature of this kind. There is a lingering belief amongst its purveyors that sound principles of conduct are best nurtured on spoon-meat, and that nothing is so dangerous to the home as the intrusion of topics which stir the intelligence to issues more remote than the front door.

This theory of the family hearth treats it as a sanctuary which is constantly threatened by prowling wolves in the shape of ideas from the outer world. To keep these more or less at bay, the family when abroad must suspend the faculty of observation altogether, and when at home must endeavour to obscure and stupefy it with improving legends which belong to any sphere except that of experience. The effects of this ostrich policy may be seen in the craving of many a boy for the pernicious trash which feeds a starved imagination on the wrong food. Just as the sheer dulness of a squalid life drives a man to poisonous alcohol, so the narrow doctrine of the domestic sanctuary begets in a young fancy the distorted passion for excitement. The glamour of the world, the great mysterious movement beyond the borders of the home, must hold a healthful sway over youthful dreams, or it will turn them to nightmare and disease.

So the chief purpose of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE is to illuminate the hearth with genial philosophy, to widen its outlook, to give it a reasonable attitude of inquiry towards the problems of the time, to make it crackle with the good humour which is born of true tolerance, and puts to flight the exaggerated self-consciousness of aggressive virtue.

But the dominant note of this Magazine will be buoyant. We have no native affinity with megrims. From the literary and social standpoint, the microbe seems to us an overrated creature, and we take no æsthetic satisfaction in the tenth transmission of folly or corruption. Why should the hearth be sicklied o'er by those unheavenly twins, Hysteria and Hypochondria?

In our first number begins a serial story, "A Bid for Fortune," by Mr. Guy Boothby, a writer who has given proof of his capacity to keep alight in fiction the camp-fires of adventure. Though despised of Mr. Howells, the adventure story has an abiding fascination for households in which nothing eventful ever happens, for the world is not yet so completely cured of marvels that every novelist is reduced to evolving analytic significance from the buttons of the heroine's shoe!

Another serial story which begins in this number is "The Gray Lady," by Mr. Henry Seton Merriman. We have an unshaken faith in the capacity of the hearth to follow two serials without mixing them, as well as the short stories by Mr. Arthur Morrison, who will be reinforced later by that redoubtable enemy of gloom, Mr. Barry Pain. And if anyone can read Mr. Norman Gale's

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lyrics without feeling in his blood the sunshine of the meadow and the sap of the orchard, he may be assured that the ravages of melancholy need heroic treatment. He had better study Mr. Frank Shorland, who will tell him that to the cyclist it is given to ride without black Care on the crupper.

But the WINDSOR MAGAZINE offers no monopoly to man. The hearth, on its feminine side, will take a serious interest in educational questions, and especially in a project which deeply concerns the welfare of women. We submit elsewhere the details of a Marriage Insurance scheme, the most important feature of which is the provision of dowries. British sentiment still hugs the convention that it ennobles a man to marry a portionless girl. On the stage the lover is offended by the mention of the heroine's fortune. He reproaches her with it, and she weeps. "Were you but penniless," he exclaims, "this cloud of misery would not be hanging over us. I want you, not your money-bags!" And she strives to soothe her wounded pride by wishing the filthy dross at the bottom of the sea. In the end he finds some decent pretext for consenting to undertake this burden of shame.

The French marriage system is still the target for insular sarcasm, and we are bidden to ponder the instructive contrast between the sordid negotiations of the *dot* and the sublime conduct of the British idealist who weds the penniless orphan. In practice, however, the material consideration plays a conspicuous part in our overtures to Hymen. The Married Women's Property Act is not the creation of sentimentalists, and for many women the social conditions make marriage without a dowry remote, if not impossible. Immortality was the prize of the benefactor who made two blades of grass grow where one grew before. To the same laurel aspired the enterprising editor who said that his journal would drop two lumps of sugar into the teacup of the charwoman who had thought that one lump was the maximum of temporal riches. What shall be our reward if our insurance scheme should waft half-a-dozen daughters on the way which only one or even none trod before, to the altar or the registry-office?

For woman's lighter fancies, there is, we trust, excellent provision. There are purblind sociologists who imagine that in some distant stage of development women will be content to wear an international costume which will never vary. They will then devote themselves to exalted labours instead of yielding to the distractions and temptations of dress. The black and white artist, foretold by Macaulay, may have an opportunity of sketching women in this aspect, together with the ruins of St. Paul's. But on a reasonable computation of the time which it will take the WINDSOR MAGAZINE to run its course—say, three centuries—we have no apprehension that our artists, whose pictorial devotion to woman will abundantly appear, will see her consigned to so forlorn a destiny.

So the fashions will be treated and illustrated by most competent hands, and even man's humble regard for his own adornment will not be forgotten. It is very well for Mr. Austin Dobson to reprove the "ladies of St. James's" who "wear satin on their backs," and to express his preference for Phyllis, who

> "Dons her russet gown,
> And runs to gather May-dew
> Before the world is down."

We suspect that Phyllises who live in the country will get up early to sigh over some of our pictures. No sound philosophy of clothes discourages the reasonable longing of woman for a becoming array. It is a sentiment which we share so far as to regard the illustrations of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE with all the pride of plumage which we hope will moult no feather.

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A BID FOR FORTUNE.

By GUY BOOTHBY.*

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

PROLOGUE.

DR. NIKOLA.

THE manager of the new Imperial Restaurant on the Thames Embankment went into his luxurious private office and shut the door. Having done so, he first scratched his chin reflectively and then took a letter from the drawer in which it had lain for the past two months and perused it carefully. Though he was not aware of it, this made the thirtieth time he had read it since breakfast that morning. And yet he was not a whit nearer understanding it than he had been at the beginning. He turned it over and scrutinized the back, where not a sign of writing was to be seen; he held it up to the window as if he might hope to discover something from the watermark; but there was evidently nothing in either of these places of a nature calculated to set his troubled mind at rest. Though he had a clock upon his mantelpiece in good going order, he took a magnificent repeater watch from his waistcoat pocket and glanced at the dial; the hands stood at half-past seven. He threw the letter on the table, and as he did so his anxiety found relief in words.

"It's really the most extraordinary affair I ever had to do with," he remarked to the placid face of the clock above mentioned. "And I've been in the business just three-and-thirty years at eleven a.m. next Monday morning. I only hope I've done right, that's all."

As he spoke the chief bookkeeper, who had the treble advantage of being tall, pretty, and just eight-and-twenty years of age, entered the room. She noticed the open letter and the look upon her chief's face, and her curiosity was proportionately excited.

"You seem worried, Mr. McPherson," she said softly, putting down the papers she had brought in for his signature.

"You have just hit it, Miss O'Sullivan," he answered, pushing them further on to the table. "I am worried about many things, but particularly about this letter."

He handed the epistle to her, and being desirous of impressing him with her business capabilities, she read it with ostentatious care. But it was noticeable that when she reached the signature she too turned back to the beginning, and then deliberately read it over again. The manager rose, crossed to the mantelpiece, and rang for the head waiter. Having relieved his feelings in this way, he seated himself again at his writing table, put on his glasses, and stared at his companion, waiting for her to speak.

"It's very funny," she said at length, seeing that she was expected to say something. "Very funny, indeed!"

"It's the most extraordinary communication I ever received," he replied with conviction. "You see it is written from Cuyaba, Brazil. The date is three months ago to a day. Now I have taken the trouble to find out where and what Cuyaba is."

He made this confession with an air of conscious pride, and having done it laid himself back in his chair, stuck his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and looked at his fair subordinate for approval. Nor was he destined to be disappointed. He was a bachelor in possession of a snug income, and she, besides being a pretty woman, was a lady with a decided eye to the main chance.

"And where *is* Cuyaba?" she asked humbly.

"Cuyaba," he replied, rolling his tongue with considerable relish round his unconscious mispronunciation of the name, "is a town almost on the western or Bolivian border of Brazil. It is of moderate size, is situated on the banks of the river Cuyaba, and is considerably connected with the famous Brazilian Diamond Fields."

"And does the writer of this letter live there?"

"I cannot say. He writes from there, that is enough for us."

"And he orders dinner for four—here, in a private room overlooking the river, three

* Copyright, 1894, by Guy Boothby.

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months ahead—punctually at eight o'clock, gives you a list of the things he wants, and even arranges the decoration of the table. Says he has never seen either of his three friends before, that one of them hails from (here she consulted the letter again) Hang-chow, another from Bloemfontein, while the third is, at present, in England. Each one is to present a plain visiting card with a red dot

"Just seen it done this very minute, sir."

"And let me see, there was one other thing." He took the letter from the chief bookkeeper's hand and glanced at it. "Ah, yes, a porcelain saucer, and a small jug of new milk upon the mantelpiece. An extraordinary request, but has it been attended to?"

"I put it there myself, sir."

"The black cat looked through the smoke at the three men."

on it to the porter in the hall, and to be shown to the room at once. I don't understand it at all."

The manager paused for a moment and then said deliberately:

"Hang-chow is in China, Bloemfontein is in South Africa."

"What a wonderful man you are to be sure, Mr. McPherson! I never can *think* how you manage to carry so much in your head."

There spoke the true woman. And it was a move in the right direction, for the manager was susceptible to her gentle influence, as she had occasion to know.

At this juncture the head waiter appeared upon the scene, and took up a position just inside the doorway as if he were afraid of injuring the carpet by coming any further.

"Is No. 22 ready, Williams?"

"Quite ready, sir. The wine is on the ice, and cook tells me he'll be ready to dish punctual to the moment."

"The letter says 'no electric light, candles with red shades.' Have you put on those shades I got this morning?"

"Who wait?"

"Jones, Edmunds, Brooks, and Tomkins."

"Very good! Then I think that will do. Stay. You had better tell the hall porter to look out for three gentlemen with plain visiting cards having a little red spot on each. Let Brooks wait in the hall and when they arrive tell him to show them straight up to the room."

"It shall be done, sir."

The head waiter left the room, and the manager stretched himself in his chair. yawned by way of showing his importance, and then said solemnly:

"I don't believe they'll any of them turn up; but if they do, this Dr. Nikola, whoever he may be, won't be able to find fault with my arrangements."

Leaving the dusty high road of Business, they wandered in the shady bridle-paths of Love—to the end that when the chief bookkeeper returned to her own department, she had forgotten the strange dinner party about to take place upstairs, and was busily engaged upon a calculation as to how she would look in white satin and orange

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blossoms, and whether it was true, as Miss Joyce, a subordinate, had been heard to declare, that the manager had once shown himself partial to a certain widow with reputed savings and a share in an extensive egg and dairy business.

At ten minutes to eight precisely a hansom drew up at the steps of the hotel. An undersized gentleman, with a clean shaven countenance, a canonical corporation, and bow legs, dressed in a decided clerical garb, alighted. He paid and discharged his cabman, and then took from his ticket pocket an ordinary white visiting card, which he presented to the gold-laced individual who had opened the apron. The latter, having noted the red spot, called a waiter, and the reverend gentleman was escorted upstairs.

Hardly had the attendant time to return to his station in the hall, before a second cab made its appearance, closely followed by a third. Out of the second jumped a tall, active, well-built man of about thirty years of age. He was dressed in evening dress of the latest fashion, and to conceal it from the vulgar gaze wore a large Inverness cape of heavy texture. He also in his turn handed a white card to the porter, and having done so proceeded into the hall, followed by the occupant of the other cab, who had closely copied his example. This individual was also in evening dress, but it was of a different stamp. It was old-fashioned and had seen much wear. The wearer, too, was taller than the ordinary run of men, but it was noticeable that his hair was snow-white, and that his face was deeply pitted with smallpox. After disposing of their hats and coats in an ante-room, they reached room No. 22, where they found the gentleman in clerical costume pacing impatiently up and down.

Left alone, the tallest of the trio, who for want of a better title we may call the Best Dressed Man, took out his watch and having looked at it, glanced at his companions.

"Gentlemen," he said with a slight American accent, "it is three minutes to eight o'clock. My name is Eastover!"

"I'm glad to hear it, for I'm most uncommonly hungry," said the next tallest, whom I have already described as being so marked by disease. "My name is Prendergast!"

"We only wait for our friend and host," remarked the clerical gentleman, as if he felt he ought to take a share in the conversation, and then as if an after-thought had struck him, he continued, "My name is Baxter!"

They shook hands all round with marked cordiality, seated themselves again, and took it in turns to examine the clock.

"Have you ever had the pleasure of meeting our host before?" asked Mr. Baxter of Mr. Prendergast.

"Never," replied that gentleman with a shake of his head. "Perhaps Mr. Eastover has been more fortunate?"

"Not I," was the brief rejoinder. "I've had to do with him off and on for longer than I care to reckon, but I've never set eyes on him up to date."

"And where may he have been the first time you heard from him?"

"In Nashville, Tennessee," said Eastover. "After that Tahupapa, New Zealand; after that Papeete, in the Society Islands; then Pekin, China. And you?"

"First time Brussels, second Monte Video, third Mandalay, and then the Gold Coast, Africa. It's your turn, Mr. Baxter."

The clergyman glanced at the timepiece. It was exactly eight o'clock.

"First time Cabul, Afghanistan; second Nijni Novgorod, Russia; third Wilcannia, Darling River, Australia; fourth Valparaiso, Chili; fifth Nagasaki, Japan."

"He is evidently a great traveller and a most mysterious person."

"He is more than that, he is late for dinner!" said Eastover.

Prendergast looked at his watch.

"That clock is two minutes fast. Hark, there goes Big Ben! Eight exactly."

As he spoke the door was thrown open and a voice announced:

"Dr. Nikola."

The three men sprang to their feet simultaneously with exclamations of astonishment as the man they had been discussing made his appearance.

It would take more time than I can spare the subject to give you an adequate and inclusive description of the man who entered the room at that moment. In stature he was slightly above the middle height, his shoulders were broad, his limbs perfectly shaped and plainly muscular, but very slim. His head, which was magnificently set upon his shoulders, was adorned with a profusion of glossy black hair; his face was destitute of beard or moustache, and was of oval shape and handsome moulding; while his skin was of a dark olive hue, a colour which harmonised well with his piercing black eyes and hair. His

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hands and feet were small, and the greatest dandy must have admitted that he was irreproachably dressed, with a neatness that almost bordered on the puritanical. In age he might have been anything from eight-and-twenty to forty; in reality he was thirty-three. He advanced into the room and walked with outstretched hand directly across to where Eastover was standing by the fireplace.

"Mr. Eastover, I feel certain," he said, fixing his glittering eyes upon the man he addressed, and allowing a curious smile to play upon his face.

"That is my name, Dr. Nikola," the other answered with evident surprise. "But how on earth can you distinguish me from your other guests?"

"Ah! it would surprise you if you knew. And Mr. Prendergast, and Mr. Baxter. This is delightful; I hope I am not late. We had a collision in the Channel this morning and I was almost afraid I might not be up to time. Dinner seems ready; shall we sit down to it?"

They seated themselves and the meal commenced. The Imperial Restaurant has earned a reputation for doing things well, and the dinner that night did not in any way detract from its lustre. But delightful as it all was, it was noticeable that the three guests paid more attention to their host than to his excellent *menu*. As they had said before his arrival, they had all had dealings with him for several years, but what those dealings were they were careful not to describe. Perhaps they hardly liked to remember them themselves.

When coffee had been served and the servants had withdrawn, Dr. Nikola rose from the table, and went over to the massive sideboard. On it stood a basket of very curious shape and workmanship. This he opened, and as he did so, to the surprise of his guests, an enormous cat, as black as his master's coat, leaped out on to the floor. The reason for the saucer and jug of milk became evident.

Seating himself at the table again, the host followed the example of his guests and lit a cigar, blowing a cloud of smoke luxuriously through his delicately chiselled nostrils. His eyes wandered round the cornice of the room, took in the pictures and decorations, and then came down to meet the faces of his companions. As they did so, the black cat, having finished its meal, sprang on to his shoulder to crouch there, watching the three men through the curling smoke drift with its green, blinking, fiendish eyes.

Dr. Nikola smiled as he noticed the effect upon his guests.

"Now shall we get to business?" he said briskly.

The others almost simultaneously knocked the ashes off their cigars and brought themselves to attention. His dainty, languid manner seemed to drop from him like a cloak, his eyes brightened, and his voice when he spoke was clean cut as chiselled silver.

"You are doubtless anxious to be informed why I summoned you from all parts of the globe to meet me here to-night? And it is very natural you should be. But then from what you know of me you should not be surprised at anything I do."

His voice dropped back into its old tone of gentle languour. He drew in a great breath of smoke and then sent it slowly out from his lips again. His eyes were half closed, and he drummed with one finger on the table edge. The cat looked through the smoke at the three men, and it seemed to them that every moment he grew larger and more ferocious. Presently his owner took the animal from his perch and seating him on his knee fell to stroking his fur, from head to tail, with his long slim fingers. It was as if he were drawing inspiration for some deadly mischief from the uncanny beast.

"To preface what I have to say to you, let me tell you that this is by far the most important business for which I have ever required your help. (Three slow strokes down the centre of the back and one round each ear.) When it first came into my mind I was at a loss who to trust in the matter. I thought of Vendon, but I found Vendon was dead. I thought of Brownlow, but Brownlow was no longer faithful. (Two strokes down the back and two on the throat.) Then bit by bit I remembered you. I was in Brazil at the time. So I sent for you. You came, and we meet here. So far so good."

He rose and crossed over to the fireplace. As he did so the cat crawled back to its original position on his shoulder. His voice changed once more to its former business-like tone.

"I am not going to tell you very much about it. But from what I do tell you, you will be able to gather a great deal and imagine the rest. To begin with, there is a man living in this world to-day who has done me a great and lasting injury. What that injury is is no concern of yours. You would not understand if I told you.

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So we'll leave that out of the question. He is immensely rich. His cheque for £300,000 would be honoured by his bank at any minute. Obviously he is a power. He has had reason to know that I am pitting my wits against his, and he flatters himself that so far he has got the better of me. That is because I am drawing him on. I am maturing a plan which will make him a poor and a very miserable man at one and the same time. If that scheme succeeds and I am satisfied with the way you three men have performed the parts I shall call on you to play in it, I shall pay to each of you the sum of £10,000. If it doesn't succeed then you will each receive a thousand and your expenses. Do you follow me?"

It was evident from their faces that they hung upon every word.

"But, remember, I demand from you your whole and entire labour. While you are serving me you are mine body and soul. I know you are trustworthy. I have had good proof that you are—pardon the expression—unscrupulous, and I flatter myself you are silent. What is more, I shall tell you nothing, so that you could not betray me if you would. Now, for my plans!"

He sat down again and took a paper from his pocket. Having perused it, he turned to Eastover.

"You will leave at once—that is to say by the boat on Wednesday—for Sydney. You will book your passage to-morrow morning, first thing, and join her in Plymouth. You will meet me to-morrow evening at an address I will give you and receive your final instructions. Good-night."

Seeing that he was expected to go, Eastover rose, shook hands, and left the room without a word. He was too astonished to hesitate or to say anything.

Nikola took another letter from his pocket and turned to Prendergast.

"*You* will go down to Dover to-night, cross to Paris to-morrow morning, and leave this letter personally at the address you will find written on it. On Thursday, at half-past two precisely, you will deliver me an answer in the porch at Charing Cross. You will find sufficient money in that envelope to pay all your expenses. Now go!"

"At half-past two you shall have your answer. Good-night."

"Good-night."

When Prendergast had left the room, Dr. Nikola lit another cigar and turned his attentions to Mr. Baxter.

"Six months ago, I found for you a situation as tutor to the young Marquis of Beckenham. You still hold it, I suppose?"

"I do."

"Is the Duke, the lad's father, well disposed towards you?"

"In every way. I have done my best to ingratiate myself with him. That was one of your instructions if you will remember."

"Yes, yes! But I was not certain that you would succeed. If the old man is anything like what he was when I last met him he must still be a difficult person to deal with. Does the boy like you?"

"I hope so."

"Have you brought me his photograph as I directed?"

"I have. Here it is."

Baxter took a photograph from his pocket and handed it across the table.

"Good. You have done very well, Mr. Baxter. I am pleased with you. To-morrow morning you will go back to Yorkshire——"

"I beg your pardon, Bournemouth. His Grace has taken a house near Bournemouth for the summer."

"Very well—then to-morrow morning you will go back to Bournemouth and continue to ingratiate yourself with father and son. You will also begin to implant in the boy's mind a desire for travel. Don't let him become aware that his desire has its source in you—but do not fail to foster it all you can. I will communicate with you further in a day or two. Now go."

Baxter in his turn left the room. The door closed. Dr. Nikola picked up the photograph and studied it carefully.

"The likeness is unmistakeable—or it ought to be. My friend, my very dear friend, Wetherell, my toils are closing on you. My arrangements are perfecting themselves admirably. Presently when all is complete I shall press the lever, the machinery will be set in motion, and you will find yourself being slowly but surely ground into powder. Then you may be sorry you thought fit to baulk Dr. Nikola!"

He rang the bell and ordered his bill. This duty discharged he placed the cat back in its prison, shut the lid, descended with the basket to the hall, and called a hansom. When he had closed the apron, the porter enquired to what address he should order the cabman to drive. Dr. Nikola did not reply for a moment, then he said, as if he had been thinking something out:

"The Green Sailor public-house, East India Dock Road."

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CHAPTER I.

I DETERMINE TO TAKE A HOLIDAY.—SYDNEY, AND WHAT BEFEL ME THERE.

FIRST and foremost, my name, age, description, and occupation, as they say in the *Police Gazette*. Richard Hatteras, at your service, commonly called Dick, of Thursday Island, North Queensland, pearler, copra merchant,

"He stepped back as if he had been shot."

bêche-de-mer and tortoise-shell dealer, and South Sea trader generally. Eight-and-twenty years of age, neither particularly good-looking, nor, if some people are to believed, particularly amiable, six feet two in my stockings, and forty-six inches round the chest; strong as a Hakodate wrestler, and perfectly willing at any moment to pay ten pounds sterling to the man who can put me on my back. And big shame to me if I were not strong, considering the free, open-air, devil-may-care life I've led.

Why, I was doing man's work at an age when most boys are wondering when they're going to be taken out of knicker-bockers. I'd been half round the world before I was fifteen, and had been wrecked twice and marooned once before my beard showed signs of sprouting. My father was an Englishman, not very much profit to himself, so he used to say, but of a kindly disposition, and the best husband to my mother during their short married life that any woman could possibly have desired. She, poor soul, died of fever in the Philippines, and he went to the bottom in the schooner "Helen of Troy," a degree west of the Line Islands, that same year; struck the tail end of a cyclone, it was thought, and went down, lock, stock, and barrel, leaving only one man to tell the tale. So I lost father and mother in the same twelve months, and that being so, when I put my cabbage-tree on my head it covered, as far as I knew, all my family in the world.

Any way you look at it it's calculated to give you a turn, at fifteen years of age, to know that there's not a living soul on the face of God's globe that you can take by the hand and call relation. That old saying about "blood being thicker than water," is a pretty true one, I reckon: friends may be kind—they were so to me—but after all they're not the same thing, nor can they be as your own kith and kin.

However, I had to look my trouble in the face and stand up to it as a man should, and I suppose this kept me from brooding as much over my loss as I should otherwise have done. Anyway, ten days after the news reached me, I had shipped aboard the "Little Emily," trading schooner, for Papeete, booked for five years among the islands, where I was to learn to water copra and lay the foundation of the strange career that I am going to tell you about in this book.

After my time expired and I had served my Trading Company on half the mudbanks of the Pacific, I returned to Australia and went up inside the Great Barrier Reef to Somerset—the pearling station that had just come into existence on Cape York. They

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were good days there then, before all the new-fangled laws that now regulate the pearling trade had come into force, and days when a man could do almost as he liked among the islands in those seas. I don't know how other folk liked it, but it just suited me—so much so that when Somerset proved inconvenient and the settlement shifted across to Thursday, I went with it, and, what was more to the point, with money enough at my back to fit myself out with a brand new lugger and full crew, and go pearling on my own account.

For many years I went at it head down, and this brings me up to four years ago, to 1888, we'll say, when I was a grown man, the owner of a house, two luggers, and as good a diving plant as any man could wish to possess. What was more, just before this, I had put some money into a mining concern which had, contrary to most ventures of the sort, turned up trumps, giving me as my share the nice round sum of £5,000. With all this wealth at my back, and having been in harness for a good number of years on end, I made up my mind to take a holiday and go home to England to see the place where my father was born, and had lived his early life (I found the name of it written in the fly leaf of an old Latin book he left me), and to have a look at a country I'd heard so much about but never thought to have the good fortune to set my foot upon.

Accordingly I packed my traps, let my house, sold my luggers and gear, intending to buy new ones when I returned; said good-bye to my friends and shipmates, and set off to join an Orient liner in Sydney. You will see from this that I intended to do the thing in style! And why not? I'd got more money to my hand than most of the swells who patronise the first saloon, had earned it honestly, and was resolved to enjoy myself with it to the top of my bent and hang the consequences.

I reached Sydney a week before the boat was advertised to sail, but I didn't fret much about that. There's plenty to see and do in such a big place, and when a man's been shut away from theatres and amusements for years at a stretch, he can put in his time pretty well looking about him. All the same, not knowing a soul in the place, I must confess there were moments when I did think regretfully of the tight little island hidden away up north under the wing of New Guinea, of the luggers dancing to the breeze in the harbour, and the warm welcome that always awaited me among my friends in the saloons. Take my word for it there's even something in being a leader on a small island. Anyway it's better than being a deadbeat in a big city like Sydney, where nobody knows you, and your next-door neighbour wouldn't miss you if he never saw or heard of you again.

I used to think of these things as I marched about the streets looking in at shop windows, or took excursions up and down the Harbour. There's no place like Sydney Harbour in the wide, wide world for prettiness, and before I'd been there a week I was familiar with every part of it. Still, it would have been *more* enjoyable, as I hinted just now, if I had had a friend to tour about with me; and by the same token I'm doing one man an injustice.

There *was* one fellow, I remember, who did offer to show me round: I think I fell across him in a saloon in George Street. He was tall and handsome, and as spic and span as a new pin till you came to look under the surface. He winked at the girl who was serving us, and when I'd finished my drink asked me to take another with him. Seeing what his little game was, and wanting to teach him a lesson, I lured him on by consenting. I drank with him, and then he drank with me. Oh, a perfect gentleman he was, as far as manners went, I can assure you!

"Been long in Sydney?" he enquired casually, looking at me, and, at the same time, stroking his fair moustache.

"Just come in," was my reply.

"Don't you find it dull work?" he continued. "I shall never forget my first week in it."

"You're about right. It is dull! I don't know a soul bar my banker and lawyer in the town."

"Dear me!" (more curling of the moustache). "If I can be of any service to you while you're here, I hope you'll command me. For the sake of 'Auld Lang Syne,' don't you know. I believe we're both Englishmen, eh?"

"It's very good of you," I replied modestly, affecting to be overcome by his condescension. "I'm just off to lunch. I am staying at the 'Quebec.' Is it far enough for a hansom?" As he was about to answer, a lawyer, with whom I had done a little business the day before, walked into the room. I turned to my patronising friend and said, "Will you excuse me for just one moment, I want to speak to this gentleman on business. I'll join you outside."

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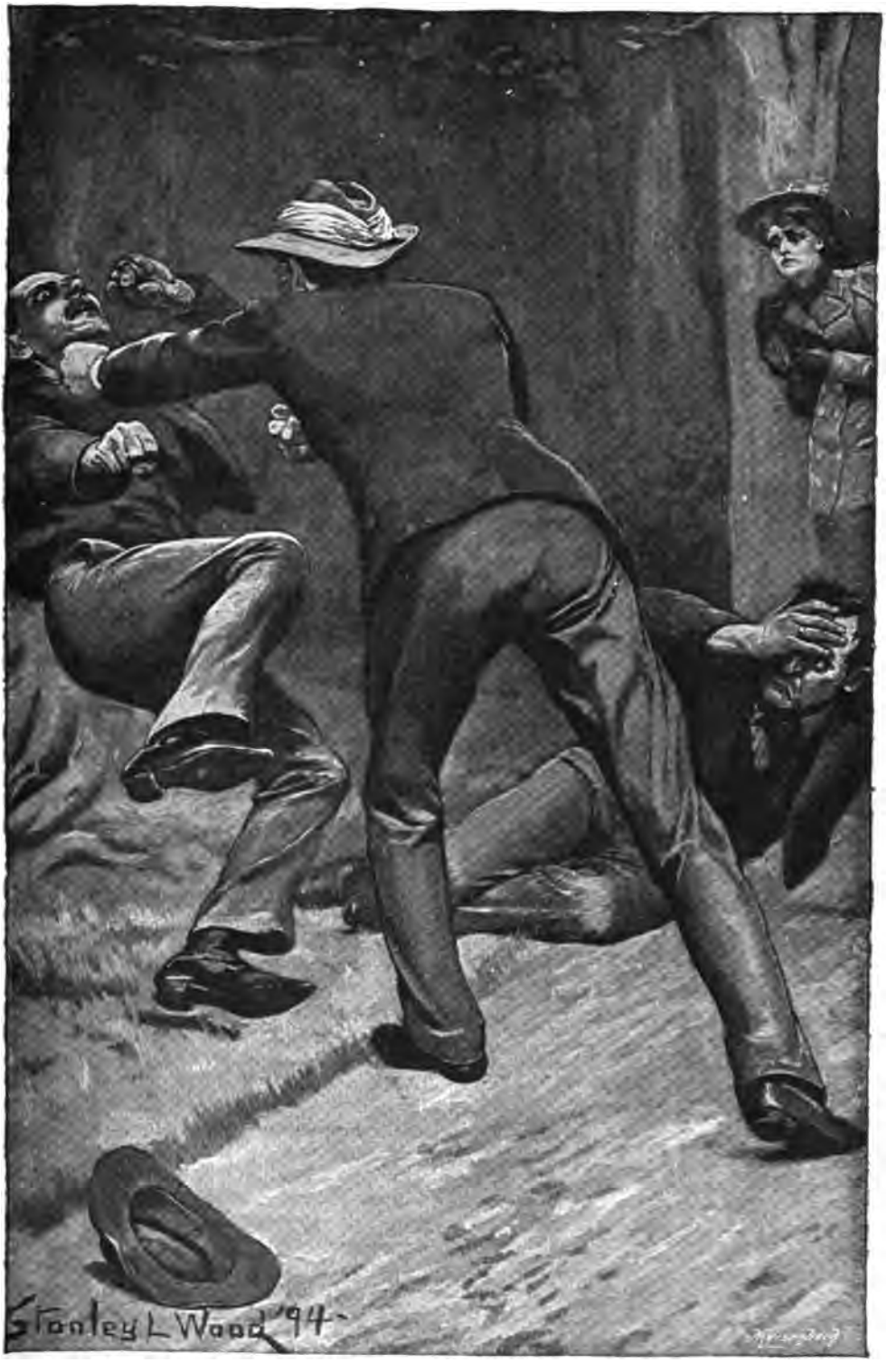

"I'd not been knocking about for nearly fifteen years without learning how to take care of myself."

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This was attaching too much importance to such a simple action, and I was about to tell her so, when she spoke again.

"I think I ought to let you know who I am. My name is Wetherell, and my father is the Colonial Secretary. I'm sure he will be quite as grateful to you as I am. Good-bye!"

She seemed to forget that we had already shaken hands, for she extended her own a second time. I took it and tried to say something polite, but she stepped into her carriage and shut the door before I could think of anything, and next moment she was being whirled away up the street.

Now old fogies and disappointed spinsters can say what they please about love at first sight. I'm not a romantic sort of person—far from it—the sort of life I had hitherto led was not of a nature calculated to foster that sort of thing. But if I wasn't over head and ears in love when I resumed my walk that evening, well, I've never known what the sensation is.

A daintier, prettier, sweeter little angel surely never walked the earth than the girl I had just been permitted the opportunity of rescuing; and from that moment forward my time slipped by in a rosy mist of enchantment. I seemed to retain the soft pressure of her fingers in mine for hours afterwards, and as a proof of the perturbed state of my feelings I may add that I congratulated myself warmly on having worn that day my new and fashionable Sydney suit instead of the garments in which I had travelled down from Torres Straits, and which I had considered quite good enough for even high days and holidays. That she herself would remember me for more than an hour never struck me as being likely. So it was purely a one-sided matter, as you will conjecture.

Next morning I donned my best suit again, gave myself an extra brush up, and sauntered down town to see if I could run across her in the streets. What reason I had for thinking I should, is more than I can tell you, but at any rate I was not destined to be disappointed. Crossing George Street a carriage passed me and in it sat the girl whose fair image had exercised such an effect upon my mind. That she saw and recognised me was evident by the gracious bow and smile with which she favoured me. Then she passed out of sight and it was a wonder that that minute didn't see the end of my career, for I stood like one in a dream looking in the direction in which she had gone, and it was not until two hansoms and a brewer's waggon had nearly run me down that I realised that it would be safer for me to pursue my meditations on the side walk.

I got back to my hotel at lunchtime, and during the progress of that meal a brilliant idea struck me. Supposing I plucked up courage and went to call! Why not? It would be only a polite action to enquire if she were any the worse for her fright. The thought was no sooner born in my brain than I was eager to be off. But it was too early for such a formal business, so I had to cool my heels in the hall for an hour or so. Then, hailing a hansom and enquiring the direction of their house, I drove off to Potts Point. The house was the last in the street—an imposing mansion standing in well-laid-out grounds. The butler answered my ring, and in response to my enquiry dashed my hopes to the ground by informing me that Miss Wetherell was out.

"She's very busy, you see, at present, sir. She and the master leave for England on Friday in the 'Orizaba.'"

"He took the card."

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"What!" I cried, almost forgetting myself in my astonishment. "You don't mean to say Miss Wetherell goes to England in the 'Orizaba'?"

"I do, sir. And I do hear she's goin' 'ome to be presented at Court, sir!"

"Ah! Thank you. Will you give her my card, and say I hope she is none the worse for her fright last evening?"

He took the card and a substantial tip with it, and I went back to my cab in the seventh heaven of delight. I was to be shipmates with this lovely creature! For six weeks or more I should be able to see her every day! It seemed almost too good to be true. Instinctively I began to make all sorts of plans and arrangements. Who knew but what—but stay, we must bring ourselves up here with a round turn or we shall be anticipating what's to come.

To make a long story short—for it must be remembered that what I am telling you is only to lead up to all the extraordinary things that will have to be told later on—the day of sailing came. I went down to the boat on the morning of her departure, and got my baggage safely stowed away in my cabin before the rush set in. My cabin mate was to join me in Adelaide, so for the first few days of the voyage I should be alone.

About three o'clock we hove our anchor and steamed slowly down the Bay. It was a perfect afternoon, and the Harbour, with its myriad craft of all nationalities and sizes, the blue water backed by stately hills, presented a scene the beauty of which would have appealed to the mind of the most prosaic. I had been below when the Wetherells arrived on board, so the young lady had not yet become aware of my presence. Whether she would betray any astonishment when she did find out was beyond my power to tell; at any rate I know that I was by a long way the happiest man aboard the boat that day. However, I was not to be kept long in suspense. Before we had reached the Heads it was all settled, and satisfactorily so. I was standing on the promenade deck, just abaft the main saloon entrance, watching the moving panorama

stretched before me, when I heard a voice I recognised only too well saying behind me:

"And so good-bye to you, dear old Sydney.

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Great things will have happened when I set eyes on you again."

Little did she know how prophetic her words were. As she spoke I confronted her. For a moment she turned, overwhelmed with surprise, then, stretching out her hand, said:

"Really, Mr. Hatteras, this is most wonderful. You are the last person I expected to meet on board the 'Orizaba.'"

"And perhaps," I replied, "I might with justice say the same of you. It looks as if we are going to be fellow travellers."

She turned to a tall white-bearded man beside her.

"Papa, I must introduce you to Mr. Hatteras. You will remember that I told you how kind Mr. Hatteras was to me when those larrikins were rude to me in the Domain."

"I am sincerely obliged to you, Mr. Hatteras," he said, holding out his hand and shaking mine heartily. "My daughter did tell me, and I called yesterday at your hotel to thank you personally, but you were unfortunately not at home. Are you visiting Europe?"

"Yes, I'm going home to sell some pearls and to see the place where my father was born."

"Are you then, like myself, an Australian native. I mean, of course, as you know, Colonial born?" asked Miss Wetherell with a little laugh. The idea of her calling herself an Australian native. The very notion seemed preposterous.

"I was born at sea, a degree and a half south of Mauritius, so I don't exactly know what you would call me. I hope you have comfortable cabins?"

"Very. We have made two or three voyages in this boat before, and we always take the same places. And now, papa, we must really go and see where poor Miss Thompson is. We are beginning to feel the swell and she'll be wanting to go below. Good-bye for the present, Mr. Hatteras."

I raised my cap and watched her walk away down the deck, balancing herself as if she had been accustomed to a heaving plank all her life. Then I turned to watch the fast receding shore, and to my own thoughts, which were none of the saddest, I can confidently assure you. For it must be confessed, and why should I deny it? that I was in love from the soles of my deck shoes to the cap upon my head. But as to the chance that I, a humble pearler, would stand with one of Sydney's wealthiest and most beautiful daughters—why that's another matter, and one that, for the present, I was anxious to keep behind me.

(To be continued.)

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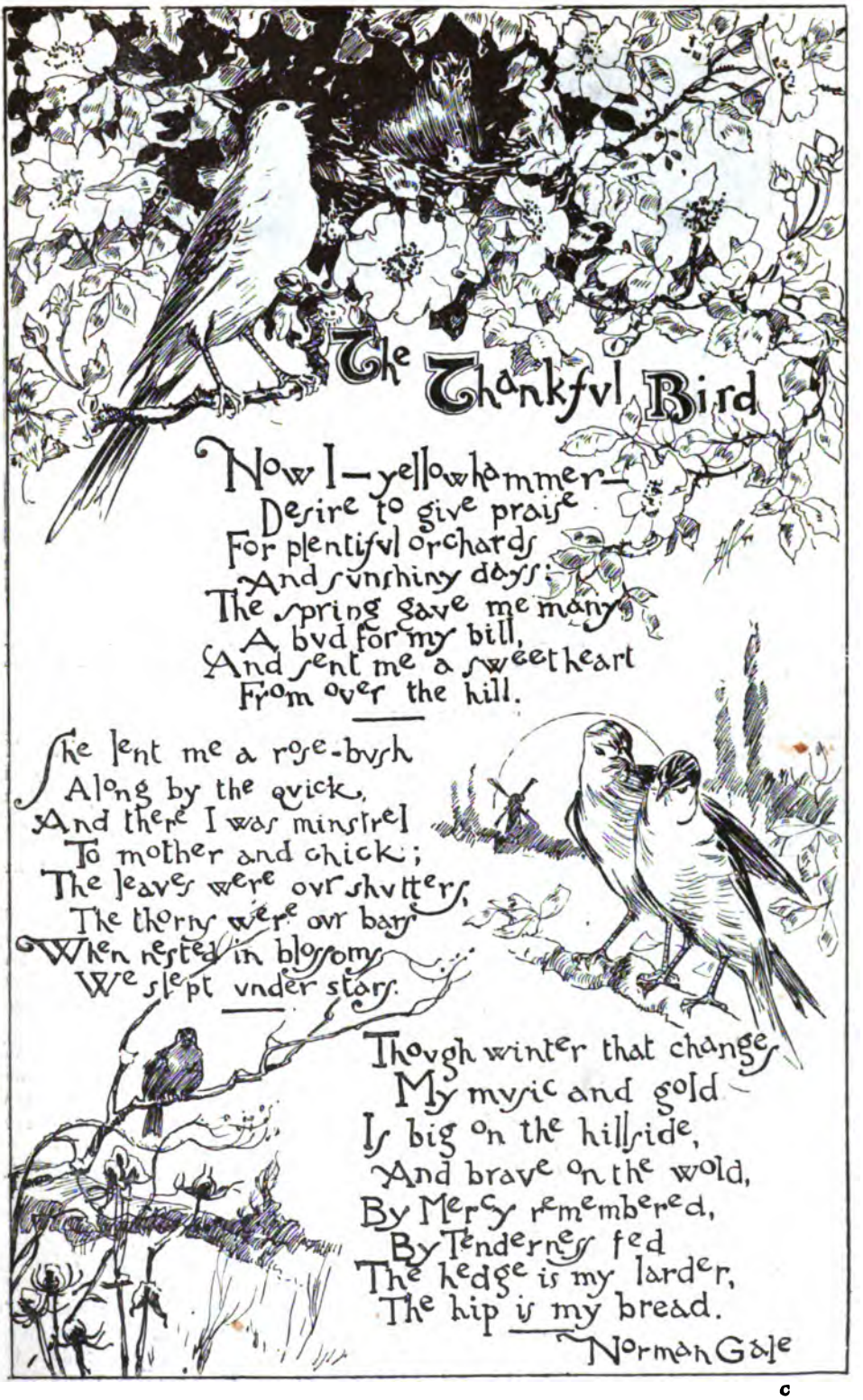

The Thankful Bird

Now I—yellowhammer—
Desire to give praise
For plentiful orchards
And sunshiny days;
The spring gave me many
A bud for my bill,
And sent me a sweetheart
From over the hill.

She lent me a rose-bush
Along by the quick,
And there I was minstrel
To mother and chick;
The leaves were our shutters,
The thorns were our bars
When nested in blossom
We slept under stars.

Though winter that changes
My music and gold
Is big on the hillside,
And brave on the wold,
By Mercy remembered,
By Tenderness fed
The hedge is my larder,
The hip is my bread.

Norman Gale

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EDNA LYALL'S HOME IN EASTBOURNE.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEW WITH EDNA LYALL.

By Ellen Velvin.

AMONG our many modern novelists, most of whom have created more or less of a temporary *furore*, Edna Lyall still holds her own. Unlike the majority of quickly made names, hers has neither died nor sunk into partial oblivion, but with the issue of each fresh work gains in force and authority, and steadily makes itself felt as a power and influence for good. She has the faculty of expressing her ideas and convictions so as to convey the exact meaning she desires to others—a most difficult thing to accomplish—and has a strong grasp of actualities and present everyday life.

Edna Lyall's professional name is a transposition of her private one, "Ada Ellen Bayly." She comes of a legal family. Her grandfather was a bencher and treasurer of Gray's Inn, and her father a barrister of the Inner Temple. Her only brother, the Rev. Robert Burges Bayly, though a member of the Inner Temple and still owning his grandfather's chambers in King's Bench Walk, is a clergyman of the Church of England and rector of a country parish in Herefordshire.

On her mother's side, Edna Lyall is descended from the well-known divine, Thomas Bradbury, who in Queen Anne's time went by the name of "Bold Bradbury;" his outspoken frankness being tolerated by the courtiers for the sake of his wit.

In a preface to a book of sermons published a few years ago by Messrs. Longman, called the "All Father," Edna Lyall refers to the great influence exercised over her by the writer, the late Mr. P. H. Newnham, a cousin of her mother's. She writes:

"I gladly yield to Mrs. Newnham's wish, and welcome the chance of being connected in this slight way with the work of one who during nine years was my most loving friend and teacher.

"The sermons were all preached in a country church, and this perhaps in part explains one of their chief characteristics—their extreme simplicity. But the writer's mind was one of rare depth and originality, and though working for the greater part of his life in remote country districts, he did not hide his light under a bushel or give his people mere platitudes. He made them think.... The other chief characteristic

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of his sermons seems to me their depth. No conventional, superficial view of the subject contented him. He insisted on going to the root of the matter, on making

EDNA LYALL WHEN A CHILD.

his hearers ask themselves what they meant by the words which they were in the habit of saying so glibly and mechanically.

"And surely this is what is particularly needed now! No surface teaching can strengthen and prepare the mind for 19th century life. It is impossible to take up a book, a magazine, or a newspaper without having the great difficulties of the day forced upon us, and

"The humming of the dreary pulpit drone"

can never help us to face aright the questions and problems of our time. We need living words, not dead formalities; fresh thoughts, not empty phrases; the straightforward facing of doubts and perplexities, not the weak and lazy shelving of the subject. . . . The writer's life in that lonely west country parish, his unwearying and patient toil, his brave efforts to do his parish work in the very best way possible in spite of physical sufferings which would have daunted most men—all this can be fully known to only a few. But those of us who knew and loved him have a great longing that his influence, so powerful yet so restricted by circumstances during his lifetime, should now reach a wider circle. As I write there comes to my mind the epitaph on Andrew Rykman's grave, quoted in one of Whittier's poems:

"'Trust is truer than our fears,
Gain is not in added years;
Nor in death is loss.'"

It will be seen by the foregoing what great love and admiration Edna Lyall had for the writer, what marvellous power and influence his advice and counsels had over her life and work, and how deeply and thoroughly she thinks out any subject brought before her. Certainly none of her books can be accused of surface teaching. There is a deep, powerful motive in each one, which is subtlely and cleverly worked out to the very end, leaving no doubt as to the author's exact meaning, but conveying and leaving a lasting impression to the reader, and giving unlimited food for thought.

Miss Bayly is slight and fragile in appearance, with a quiet, restful face full of expression, kindly, thoughtful eyes, firm mouth, a high, intellectual forehead, and an abundance of dark brown hair. To strangers she is rather shy and reserved, but to those who are fortunate enough to know her personally, and who go to her in a time of trouble or anxiety, she is kindliness and tenderness personified; full of sympathy

ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF EDNA LYALL AS A CHILD.

and cheery encouragement, and ever ready to give practical help and advice, or to do

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From a Photo. by] EDNA LYALL (1894). *[G. Churchill, Eastbourne.*

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anything in her power to make things a little brighter for others.

Edna Lyall's home is in a picturesque gabled, red-tiled house, covered with virginian creeper and ivy and sheltered by elm trees. It stands in College Road, Eastbourne, and from its upper windows has a lovely view over the woods surrounding the Duke of Devonshire's house, Compton Place, and the South Downs beyond. Here the novelist resides with her sister and brother-in-law, the Rev. Hampden Jameson, senior curate of S. Saviour's, Eastbourne. At the top of the house, facing the road and the view above mentioned, she has her study, daintily fitted up with every convenience, where she can work without disturbing or being disturbed by others.

This room is distinctly characteristic of the author's refinement and personality. There is no display of wealth or luxury, but everything that is necessary and conducive to real hard work combined with comfort is here. Luxurious seats with well-padded backs, and soft, restful easy-chairs, are distributed about the room. Books of instruction and reference, well but plainly bound, are on the neatly arranged shelves, with some of Edna Lyall's favourite authors—Kingsley, Robert Browning, Mrs. Browning, Frederick Robertson, Sir Walter Scott, Whittier, and Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen, being conspicuous among many volumes of philosophy, poetry, religion, politics, and science.

The pictures and engravings are as varied as the books, each having some special interest attached to it. Between two pictures of a distinctly religious character—"The Soul's Awakening," by Sant, and "The Visit of the Child Christ to the Temple," by Hoffman—hangs a portrait of F. D. Maurice, a writer whom Edna Lyall maintains has also had a great influence over her work.

The room is indeed a gallery of great men and women. On the bookshelf stands the latest portrait of Mr. Gladstone, for whom the author has the highest respect and admiration, and of whose Irish policy she is a warm supporter. In his near neighbourhood we find the portrait of that grand old Tory, Sir Walter Scott. Close by is Charles Lamb, among the books he loved. In one corner is a little group of 17th century patriots—John Hampden and Algernon Sydney, armed for the fight and with their mottoes encircling them; Cromwell, stern and resolute; Milton as a child, with long waving hair.

In another nook we are confronted by Mazzini's sad eyes, by Grattan's majestic face, and by gentle Chaucer, who contrasts strangely enough with the more modern and careworn mortals. Interspersed with these are many landscapes, Irish trout streams, English lakes, Norwegian fiords, and the mountains of the Tyrol, all bearing witness to Edna Lyall's love of nature.

A special interest is attached to a picture of an Italian grotto near Naples, the scene of the powerful and dramatic incident with the brigands in the "Knight Errant." Among the many water-colour sketches on the walls, done by a personal lady friend, is a most charming one of Capel Curig Lake, the delicate lights and shades being most exquisitely portrayed. Photographs of Mrs. Siddons, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, of Vera Beringer, and of Mrs. Mary Davies, proclaim the author's appreciation of the musical and dramatic profession.

It was in this pretty, cosy room that I had a most interesting interview with the gifted author, and passed one of the pleasantest hours in my life.

"I suppose all your books have been written in this room?" I remarked, looking round with a feeling of awe, and wondering how much had been evolved there.

"Not all," was the answer. "'Won by Waiting,' which was my first book, 'Donovan,' and 'We Two' were all written at Lincoln, but my other books, or part of them, at any rate, have been written in this room. I wrote a good deal whilst travelling abroad—'A Hardy Norseman' after I had been in Norway, 'Donovan' and 'We Two' after a long stay in Italy and on the Riviera."

"You had a rapid success, had you not?" I said, thinking it could hardly be otherwise in the case of so clever a woman.

To my surprise she replied: "No, indeed, I hadn't. It is quite a mistake to think that I have had a very easy career. 'Won by Waiting,' a story intended for girls, the first thing I published, failed altogether. Then in 1882 'Donovan' appeared, in three volumes. This, too, although well reviewed, was an utter failure. During 1883 the manuscript of 'We Two' was refused by half-a-dozen publishers, and I well remember turning into St. Paul's one day after the sorrows of Paternoster Row, and miserably wondering

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EDNA LYALL'S STUDY.

whether I must after all give up. I made up my mind to go on until the list of publishers was exhausted, and as I walked down the south aisle a little thing gave me fresh courage. I caught sight of the monument of one of our kinsfolk who was killed at Camperdown, and I thought, 'You died fighting—I'll die fighting too.'"

"And after that?"

"Well, after that there were some hard times, but in the spring of 1884, 'We Two' was at last published, and proved a great success. I was yachting in the Mediterranean at the time, and was for some while out of reach of letters and reviews. At Gibraltar a great budget was handed to me, and I realised that my struggles for a hearing were over."

"Is there any particular period about which you are specially fond of writing?"

"Yes; the 17th century has a great fascination for me. I am always trying to study it, for it is a period which appeals most strongly to me. Before writing 'In the Golden Days,' I spent day after day at the British Museum poring over 17th century books and papers. It seemed to me that people had such very vague notions about what, to my idea, were two of the most heroic figures in our history—Algernon Sydney and John Hampden. I think it was this which made me try to make really careful studies of them in my novels 'In the Golden Days' and 'To Right the Wrong.' But I found it exceptionally difficult to portray Hampden, so little is really known about him and so few records of him are in existence, and even these contain only a few somewhat vague facts."

"What is the name of your latest book?" I inquired, curious to know what would be the title of the next work I added to my "Edna Lyall" collection.

"'Doreen: the Story of a Singer.' The heroine is an Irish girl, and the whole story treats of the troubles and difficulties of the Irish. It was published in one volume by Longman in November."

"Of course, you are not thinking of doing any more work just yet?" I said, concluding that even so strong and active a mind as hers required an occasional respite.

"Yes, indeed I am," she answered with a laugh. "I have already begun another book.

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It is to be a story of modern life connected with the stage; it will not be out for some time yet. I work very slowly, and like to thoroughly think out my plots before writing them."

"About how long does it take you to write one of your novels?"

"Well, it varies very much. I compose with the typewriter—a Remington—but before sitting down I always have the outlines of the story clearly defined. I never write anything in a hurry, or to publishers' orders, but take my time, slowly and carefully working things out. What is the title of this latest one to be? That is the last thing to be decided, as a rule. I generally choose about six titles, and let my publishers select the one they consider most saleable. All really good titles are already used, it seems to me."

"Have you written any short stories?"

"Only one or two. I generally get too fond of my people to kill them off in a few pages; one, 'Max Hereford's Dream,' was a mere sixpenny booklet; it touched on the subject of prayer for the dead, and was suggested by a work called 'The Spirits in Prison,' by the late Dean Plumptre, and by an article which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, by Mr. McColl, on the late Princess Alice. Then there were two shilling volumes, 'The Autobiography of a Slander," a story which necessarily had to be short and concise, and 'Derrick Vaughan,' the story of a novelist, which will, I hope, lead some to see that, taking one thing with another, an author's life is not by any means an easy one!"

Edna Lyall looks upon woman suffrage as an act of right and justice, and although she admits that it is not likely to be just yet, cannot understand any woman being indifferent to the subject, who takes even the smallest interest in her country.

"As for being unwomanly," she says with a smile, "I fail to see anything unwomanly in voting, although *canvassing* for votes is perhaps another matter! Even now, I consider women have great opportunities for influence. So much may be done in the home life by teaching and training the younger members of the family to form and carry out right and good principles. We have a woman's Liberal Association in Eastbourne with a large membership. I am one of the secretaries, but I'm afraid my colleague does most of the work; I have always more writing of my own than I can possibly get through."

"What do you think of the present novels on the Modern Women Question?"

"Ah! there you must excuse me. I can't answer questions about my fellow-novelists."

"But don't you think that women as a rule are very cruel to women?"

"No!" with a decided shake of the head and an amused smile. "That I certainly do not! Women's cruelty to women seems to me a thing of the past. I should have said the modern tendency of women is to be decidedly severe on *men*. Really to hear some women talk you would think that 'righteous men' are pretty nearly extinct!"

"Don't you think that this theory is, to a certain degree, conducive to novel writing, inasmuch that it provides a cheap subject of interest to the general public?"

EDNA LYALL'S STUDY: ANOTHER VIEW.

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"I don't know about that. I can only tell you that the book which has given me more pleasure than any of these novels on the Woman Question is a little half-crown volume called 'Master Barthelmy,' which for delicate humour and pathos, and for its exquisite drawing of a little girl's character, seems to me more truly the 'book of the year' than others which one hears continually spoken about.

"*How* do I write? That is a difficult question. I agree with what Rudyard Kipling said at the authors' dinner a short time ago, that 'The little things that carry one's work forward, that touch, come from the outside. That man can take no credit for his best work; it comes from without, and he cannot say *how* he did it.' I believe all our work which is worth anything is an inspiration—we are merely the instruments."

"Do you get many letters?" I asked, looking at the writing-table with its numberless indications of the postman.

"Oh, a great many. Some very amusing ones, too, sometimes. I remember once when I was very ill with rheumatic fever, I had a very kindly little letter from a Roman Catholic peasant, advising—almost imploring me to offer twelve candles at a particular shrine in order to obtain a safe and speedy recovery. It was a very pathetic letter, and most touchingly worded. Then I had another exceedingly abusive one from a writer who considered himself a gentleman, and denounced 'The Knight Errant' as 'that wicked and *immoral* book,' declaring that my illness had been sent as a judgment upon me! Yes, I get a great many letters. I find it now almost impossible to answer them all."

Miss Bayly has several times been much amused by unconscious outsiders warmly recommending her to read her own books. On one occasion when asking for some good work at one of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's railway bookstalls, the clerk strongly advised her to read "We Two," explaining that "it wasn't one of those usual trashy things, but a really good, well-written book." Another time when in a railway carriage, a discussion took place between some ladies as to what books they should take away with them when going to India.

"I should take Edna Lyall's 'Donovan,'" suggested one lady.

"Oh, I shouldn't *think* of taking any of Edna Lyall's books," was the answer.

"Why not?" asked the first lady in surprise.

"Oh, *much* too expensive," was the reply, the speakers being sublimely unconscious that Edna Lyall herself was sitting next to them, and quietly enjoying it all.

Edna Lyall has passed most of her life at Brighton, Lincoln, and Eastbourne. When a child she began to write, devoting nearly all her spare time to it, and often snatching a few minutes from her studies to go and look at and re-read some lately written choice "bits." In her own quiet way she determined to become a novelist, not perhaps realising the difficulties and disappointments of a literary life, although in her case her exceptional gift made itself manifest as soon as her work, as she herself expresses it, "obtained a hearing." It is not needful to speak of all Edna Lyall's works: they are too well known to make specification necessary. Her books have, in their own particular measure, been brilliant successes of recent years, and have taken a high place among the English standard novels of the day. She turns some of the proceeds of her works to good account; among other things she completed the peal of bells at St. Saviour's, Eastbourne, by presenting three magnificent bells, which were named respectively after three characters in her novels, "Donovan," "Erica," and "Hugo."

Her present life is a most simple one. She works steadily at her typewriter until twelve o'clock, when she goes for a quiet walk, sometimes accompanied by one of her little nephews or nieces, to all of whom she is absolutely devoted. Her love of children is intense, and is one of the many beautiful traits in her character. A few calls in the afternoon, and then comes what to Edna Lyall is the happiest part of the day, "the children's hour" in the drawing-room, when for the time being she devotes herself entirely to the little ones and their games, and enjoys it as much as any of them.

Edna Lyall is not only a writer of genius, but is also that somewhat rare thing in the present day—a true, womanly woman. She is not at all averse to women speaking in public, if they have a real gift for it, but she herself invariably refuses to speak on the platform, pleading her weak voice and want of ready words.

"Have you never spoken in public?" I asked in surprise.

"I once moved a resolution in eight words in favour of 'Home Rule,'" says the author with a smile, "and my nurse tells

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me that at two years old I startled the congregation one Sunday at St. Stephen's, Brighton, by calling out in great glee directly the preacher had given out his text, 'Nanna! Nanna! He says—he says, "God is love!"' My voice must have been stronger then than it is now, for the people at the other end of the church heard quite plainly. I should like to go down to posterity with that speech!"

You ask for a motto: I don't think there could be a better one than this phrase from one of Lowell's Essays: "'God with us' is for ever the mystical name of the hour that is passing." This was the Watchword of the Parliament during their great war against tyranny — & it surely should be our Watchword, too, in our nineteenth century struggle for justice & mercy.

Ada Ellen Bayly.
"Edna Lyall."

EDNA LYALL'S FAVOURITE MOTTO.

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Children of Notable People

PRINCESS BEATRICE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA

H.H.R. PRINCESSES MARGARET & PATRICIA & PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.

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CHILDREN of NOTABLE PEOPLE.

LADY MARGARET GORDON

DUKE OF MANCHESTER

JUDGE GREEN'S DAUGHTER

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FLORRIE HARRIS

CHILDREN of NOTABLE PEOPLE

FERGUS McCUNN

REGINALD MABEL & ROSALIND BRIDGE

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UNKNOWN LONDON:

I.—THE MYSTERIES OF WALWORTH ROAD.

By H. D. Lowry.

Illustrated by T. S. C. Crowther.

THE first few minutes of a Saturday night spent in the Walworth Road are filled for the visitor with confused impressions of crowded pavements, of people almost fighting to secure bargains at the butchers' shops, and of the evil odours of flaring paraffin lamps and innumerable fried fish bars, from which there comes a constant stream of people bearing pennyworths of fish in bits of newspaper. He prepares himself to write under some such title as "An English Hades;" and by way of preparation, mixes up all the colours on his palette into one tint of mournful grey.

But this does not last long. The noise, the pushing crowds, the odours, make up the habitual atmosphere of this locality; but the people who dwell there are accustomed to it, and it is very possible they would be miserable in a pleasanter environment.

"The blind beggars who stand at the edge of the crowded pavement."

Upon the whole, they could hardly be more respectable. The "private bars" are crowded, yet the drunken man or woman is rarer here than in most other parts of London;

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and though sometimes a very young wife passes with a black eye, you recognise from her bearing that such little accidents as that are of the very least significance in her view.

The only really repulsive figures are those of the blind beggars who stand at the edge

"They shout and thrust the meat in the faces of passers-by."

of the crowded pavement in the main street: a woman who might have made a model for Doré; a small man, inexpressibly pale and miserable, who you would somehow recognise as blind even though he were asleep—or dead. He utters a sort of bleat at regular intervals, but the people do not hear and do not buy his laces.

In the main street there are two things mainly noticeable. First, are the butchers' shops. The meat is cut into very small pieces, but there is any amount of it; and a single shop may have as many as half-a-dozen salesmen all actively employed. Your Salvation soldier at his hottest might learn something from their enthusiasm. They shout, and thrust the meat in the faces of passers-by, who stop and handle it with the sort of open-handed grasp one would give to a cushion, the elasticity of whose stuffing it was required to test.

One seller is humorous. "Nah, you young people!" he cries, holding out two very bony bits of mutton. "Nah's the time to get married. A penny a pahnd! A penny a pahnd!" This last price is fairly low, even for the Walworth Road; but you have not visited the region many times before you comprehend that the butchers do but speak the implicit truth when they cry: "Gimme what you like fer it. I don't care as long as I sell something."

In early June, the housewife who likes the best of everything may go off, after having fingered and tried a hundred joints, with four pounds of lamb costing 11½d.; but, if she be economically minded, the same quantity may be had for half the price—to be accurate, 7 lbs. for 10d. And what is lamb without the accompaniment of mint-sauce? If you walk down Walworth Road between East Street and Westmoreland Street, you are beset on all hands by a crowd of men, women, and boys who offer you mint

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in halfpenny bunches. Sometimes they are so thick that the smell of fried fish and paraffin lamps is forgotten for a moment.

Cross the road to the other side, and you come upon a stream of pleasure-makers pure and simple. A very old man plays unrecognisable tunes from a very old hurdy-gurdy; yet if you watch, you will see that he receives no end of coppers. At one corner two men stand with a phonograph, and there are always a good dozen of people who have paid a penny to hear the latest music-hall song as rendered by the man who introduced it.

But the best scene of all is where a loud-voiced barrel organ is playing dance-tunes outside a crowded public-house. Here you may chance to see one or two men more or less drunk, but the scene itself is gay in the extreme. In the centre of a ring of spectators a couple of girls are dancing very prettily, one of them bareheaded and unkempt, the other in a clean white blouse and flimsy black hat, which she has to keep in place with one hand. As dance succeeds dance, she removes her hat and passes it to a friendly spectator, taking in its place a handkerchief with which to mop her face.

Meanwhile a crowd of bare-headed girls take the pavement and dance in couples with the same fiery energy, while one of the men in charge of the organ goes the round with his cap. Presently the girls in the ring are much too excited for the common forms of dance. Each lays her hands upon the shoulders of her companions, and together they whirl round and round, more and more rapidly at every turn, as if they stood upon a revolving pivot.

They stop instantaneously with the end of the tune, and stagger laughing into the ranks of the spectators. But they cannot be tired out so long as the organ keeps its place. When the last tune has been played, the girl in the white blouse snatches her hat and replaces it on her head. "Come awn!" she cries impatiently, catching her companion by the arm; and they go off together in search of fresh excitement.

It is in the two side streets mentioned above that some of the most interesting developments of life in Walworth are seen. At the corner of Westmoreland Street you can usually provide yourself with an umbrella at whatever price you choose to name. "And here," says the man, "is a fine silk umbrella, guaranteed Fox's Paragon frame." He puts it up and holds it against

"A man who sells ornamental vases."

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the light of his hanging lamp. Then he puts it up and down rapidly, after the fashion in which people are said to have kept furious bulls at bay. "Nah, will anyone say five shillings? Four-and-six—four shillings—three-and-six—three shillings—half-a-crown!" There he pauses, but as no buyer comes forward, he quickly reduces his price to eighteenpence. Probably it is eventually sold for ninepence, though any lady may fit herself out at sixpence. A little further on there is a man who sells ornamental vases, writing-cases, and such like matters.

"Look at it nah," he says, to a lady whose fancy has been taken by a scarlet writing case. "It ain't moroccer, is it?

"Second-hand black kid gloves."

Now, what'll you give me for it? Half-a-guinea?" He takes half-a-crown, and proceeds to exhibit a similar article in "real" crocodile skin. One great charm of his talk, and perhaps a reason for his success, is that he speaks quite impersonally and as though he had not the slightest interest in the sale of his goods.

It is exactly the tone of the man who guides you over some celebrated building, reciting a tale he has told for years without number. "Look!" he says, showing two vases in red and blue, "did yer ever see two vauzes painted like that? I'll take two guineas." No one laughs; in a moment, speaking without any change of tone, the man knocks off the odd pounds, offering to sell the vases for two shillings, if they happen to strike the fancy of a man who has already been a customer to the extent of half-a-crown.

In the same street is a seller of cheap hosiery who always occupies the same place, and boasts of his fidelity to Walworth at intervals of about three minutes. He stands upon his stall, shouting until he is hoarse, and a quiet woman stands below taking the money and handing out the goods as they are disposed of. The man wears a cloth cap, and—even in July—a long coat of dirty sheep skin. If his goods fail to go off he grows pathetic: "Now, you know you can rely on what I sell. I am not here for one day only. I might have gone to the New Cut and done good, but I came here. Now who'll buy two pairs of engineers at sixpence? *There's no mistake about it, they are real engineers, and every pair stamped by Somerset House before I get them!*" It should be said that these "engineers" are socks; as to the meaning of the name, it is to be supposed the goods are rejected Government stores.

Sometimes this man sells braces; one has seen him dispose of a large stock of long black merino stockings, the price being one shilling for three pairs! Hardly less interesting are the places where the secondhand clothing is for sale. A great pile, made up of garments of every description, lies betwixt the roadway and the narrow pavement, an iron rod driven into the ground supporting the usual oil-lamp. One or two women display the garments, turning them inside out and holding them up to the light for the inspection of customers who stand in a close ring about the pile.

There are stalls altogether filled with things which have been thrown away by well-to-do people: rusty door-keys, old ivory knife-handles, padlocks, chains, and table knives with blades broken off half-way. And another stall is very pathetic amid the bustle of the street. It consists of a shallow tray covered with white paper, and on it there is nothing but a collection of second-hand black kid gloves, for such as are bereaved. For the last luxury the poor relinquish is that of "mourning." As a set-off to this, you may buy beautiful tall lilies, or magnificent palms, of a man whose position is on the other side of the street.

In another street you may sometimes visit a most wonderful show. A dwelling-house

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"Oo says it aint Russian leather."

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is parted from the roadway by iron railings, inside which a half-door opens on the steps which lead down into a cellar. A young man, clad in a dirty waistcoat and a jersey bright with bars of mauve and yellow, stands at the entrance and bids you wait a moment. The performance is just over, and the audience are coming forth.

Some great, strong, bare-headed girls come first, to each of whom he puts the question, "Satisfied, my dear?" Each answers in the affirmative. Small boys are all "Tommy" to him, and are all similarly questioned. Then a stout woman in a big white apron and faded bonnet struggles up the stairs and draws in a great breath of the air, which is laden with the odour of fried fish and boiling oil. "Satisfied, mother?" says the showman. "Yes, my dear, and more than satisfied."

"Thank you, mother." And then you are at liberty to pay your penny and enter.

The cellar measures some ten feet by twelve; as for its height, one can best describe it by stating that the flaring paraffin lamp is suspended from a hook in the boards of the raftered ceiling, and the flame of it is on a level with the top button of one's waistcoat. The floor is apparently of soot. At the end of the wall opposite the entrance is a passage closed by a dirty striped curtain. Against the same wall are some boxes covered with American cloth. The atmosphere is stifling, and even tobacco is of little avail to mitigate its nastiness.

In a very few minutes the audience has entered. Most noticeable are some big strong girls in white aprons with fringed hair on their foreheads, who at once proceed to exchange chaff with certain small boys who appear to be temporarily in charge of the show. There are one or two pale-faced, under-sized men in black suits, who expectorate a good deal and exchange dubious jokes; a very respectable person who has brought his sweetheart, and begins to doubt if he did wisely; a better class workman who expresses a certain contempt for the show, being well acquainted with the South London Palace, and Walworth's own music-hall, the Montpellier; and others to the number of thirty, or thereabouts. Among these is a child of ten, very pretty in the big-eyed London fashion, who surveys the scene with infinite amusement from the doorway. And when you have begun to think that you must go or die of suffocation, the show begins.

The man whose acquaintance you have made at the entrance now appears from behind the curtain, and explains that he will first of all exhibit the wonderful two-headed ox which was born, date and place given. Then one of the boxes is turned round, and you behold a stuffed calf, having a second head tucked away at the side of its neck. Somehow the effect is pathetic in the extreme, the second head is so glaringly out of place. Next comes another box, containing a stuffed lamb, with two heads and an indefinite number of limbs and bodies. And then the Indian Prince enters, simply clad in a shako and petticoat of dirty sheepskin.

He makes a variety of uncouth guttural noises, stamping on the soot floor with his bare feet, and gesticulating frantically. But, as the showman says, always referring to him as "this human being:" "It ain't to hear him pray nor to see him dance, but for *talent* that's in him." He hands some knuckle-bones to the man, who puts them into his mouth one after the other until it holds five, and is horribly distended; he makes grimaces. "Now," says the showman, "put your hands together and give him a clap." Which done, the "human being" ejects the knuckle-bones from his mouth with horrible grimaces until at last only one remains. This he gets between his teeth and his lower lip, showing what the proprietor terms "A nice mouth to kiss a girl with." The exhibition is not a little disgusting.

But greater things are to come.

The proprietor takes up another box; in it, behind glass, is vaguely discerned what what looks like the image of a small monkey in brown clay. This, we are told, is a strange creature, "half fish and half female," caught by "this human being" in unknown seas, and by him brought to Walworth Road. The showman waxes pathetic as he tell how wealthy he would be if the thing were but his own. "But it aint, ladies and gentlemen. It belongs to this human being."

Then a red-hot poker is brought in, and the Prince licks it, and, having carefully licked his palms, grasps it. "Put your hands together!" cries the showman, and then he announces that "the human being" is to take up a collection on his own account. And now his cry is, "Put your hands in your pockets." The man goes about the cellar making horrible noises and uncouth gestures. When he has received a donation he seems upon the point of apoplexy, and insists on your shaking the hand he has just

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been licking. He pretends to kiss one of the big, bare-headed girls, whose language, if it be beyond repeating here, does not seem stronger than the occasion demands.

Next, when he has gone his rounds, the man gives an imitation, and a very clever one, of the divers noises made by a terrier from puppyhood to maturity. And last of all comes his imitation of a bulldog. In this he makes noises more horrible than any he has yet achieved, so that the pretty child in the doorway instinctively retreats up the steps, her eyes big and shining; while even the other girls are manifestly terrified when the imitator leaps forward, buries his teeth in the coat of one of the small boys they have been chaffing, and proceeds to worry him most scientifically. "Don't be afride, lydies!" cries the showman. "He won't 'urt 'im!" But everyone is glad when the show ends.

When the steps have been mounted the reek of the fried-fish shop seems like fresh air to you, and you fill your lungs. The showman is waiting to receive the assurance that you are satisfied. And satisfaction is hardly a word strong enough for the joy with which you mount a tram and return towards less crowded regions of the town.

THE "INDIAN PRINCE."

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IS LOVE A DREAM?

By Mrs. Herbert Martin.

NIGHT was falling—a grey, damp October night—on the great wilderness of London. Night pierced by the sounds of the vast city, which strike so mournfully at times on the ear of one who vaguely listens in the solitude that is loneliest of all, the solitude set in a crowd.

Such a solitude was George Brandon's as he sat over the fire in his luxuriously furnished flat in South Kensington. The flat and the furniture were alike new as well as costly. A year ago he had been very differently housed, a struggling young journalist in dingy rooms in Camden Town. Those poverty-stricken days were over, when he hardly knew where his next dinner was to come from. The death of an old cousin who left no will, and from whom he had no expectations, had given him comparative wealth, and he was rising into repute as a clever writer.

But as he sat now, musing, with the unopened magazine on his knee, he did not look much happier for his change of fortune. He was dreaming of the past which chance, or Providence, had oddly recalled with extraordinary vividness to a memory which had never quite let it go. His eyes had fallen, at one of the station bookstalls, on the coloured print sold with one of the Christmas annuals that shower about our ears now with the autumn leaves—almost as thickly. A likeness which attracted him to it had surprised him more and more; almost against himself he had returned to the stall, with a cynical half-smile at his own fatuity, and had bought the pretty, worthless thing, because it reminded him of that village near the Thames, that little humble cottage, overgrown with virginia creeper, that summer three years ago, and of the very spirit and presence that made the place, the cottage, the summer, lovely.

The picture represented a young girl, slender, but round, whose curly hair surrounded an innocent and happy face. Perhaps the likeness was only superficial, yet it *did* remind him of Molly Ellis—poor, pretty, merry little Molly, the daughter of his landlady, a faded melancholy lady, widow of an unlucky curate. He had never been able to understand how such a parentage could have given birth to Molly, whose apple-blossom face, dark blue eyes, and sweet young mouth were made for joy, and not sorrow.

"It's like—yet it's not like," he mused. "Molly was prettier, and less pretty. There was more irregularity in her face, but more character, more charm. *That* girl hasn't Molly's enchanting dimple nor her russet-red hair. Her eyes were larger; they had a wistful look in them sometimes, though she was so merry, so full of life. They turned away from me with tears in them, I remember, when I said good-bye. How *could* I say good-bye and nothing more? I don't know; it was on the tip of my tongue to tell her what I felt—that I loved the dear little thing as I had never loved any girl, that if only she would wait—wait—but I dared not ask her. I thought then it meant endless and hopeless years. How could I tell that to-day I should be rich, and dull, and lonely. Was it my fault? Yet I felt a beast as I went away and left her standing there and looking after me, so sadly, in the porch, with the red creeper hanging round her pretty head, which the sunbeam just caught. Oh! haven't I seen her a hundred times standing so and looking after me? Haven't I heard that sweet, young, round voice a hundred times, as I used to hear it before I was quite awake in that little white attic room, singing her innocent love songs? I used to say, 'That voice has no passion in it, though the child uses passionate songs.' But how sweet it was! They were desperately sentimental those songs of hers, full of nightingales and golden days, and all the delicious despairs of young love!

"There was one she always sang, 'Love is a dream.' Poor Molly! I hope she woke from her dream soon, and found a happy, common-place, waking reality of life! I seem to blame myself, but I was not to blame. I did not forget her. No, God knows I never did. Compared with her I know I am a worldling and a cynic, but I honoured her as much as I loved her. I wrote when I got this money. It was like a stab at my heart when that letter came back from the Dead Letter Office, with its cold official scrawl, 'Gone away—no address.' I daresay she's all right—married to some

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lucky fellow by now. She was sure to marry. There was the doctor's assistant, that red-handed, sallow-faced bounder, who was so desperately jealous of me, and scowled over the pews all service time when I sat by Molly and held the hymn-book with her. Bless her little heart, how sweet her voice sounded in my ears! He may very likely be a full-fledged apothecary by now, and she may be Mrs. Gallipot somewhere. It's odd I can't forget the child. Sometimes I think I have. The memory of that halcyon month sleeps, and I go jogging along all right, and fancy romance is quite dead and gone, but it's only hypnotised. It wakes, and I know it is alive. A thing like *that*"—he glanced up at the coloured print which was pinned above his mantelshelf—"sets all my philosophy at naught, and I am spooning and mooning again as if I were the drudging, poverty-stricken, unlucky, lucky, poor devil I used to be three years ago, before my fortunes mended and my heart hardened."

He sat and let his pipe go out. His melancholy, dark eyes dwelt on the smiling face, but he saw something else through and behind it. He looked into deeper, tenderer eyes, that used to falter and shift under his when they grew too ardent; he saw the flitting rose that a deepened inflection or a half-caressing word would make blossom on her cheek; he heard in the silence, that was only broken by the rumble and the cries of the street down below, the echo of a fresh, gay, and yet somehow pathetic voice singing in the orchard where the blackbirds sang. The foolish sentimental words came back that did not seem foolish then. "Love is a dream—love is a dream—and sad is the awakening." Yes, a dream! he was dreaming it all over again; and he did not want to wake. If only he need not—if he could annihilate time and space and bring Molly—his own Molly—pretty and warm and sweet—to his lonely arms—his empty hearth.

* * *

He had sat thus, lost in the mists of memory, he did not know how long, without moving, without any consciousness of material things, of every sensation but that strange and passionate longing for what was lost and gone. Suddenly it seemed to him that this very desire of his produced a miracle.

A voice from that past he had evoked, an echo from those happy bygone days—was it a living voice or did it come from nothing of flesh and blood but from a spirit that called his spirit, telling him that his lost love, his unwooed sweetheart, had passed beyond these voices?

He thought so. He sat rigid, listening to that wild, sad, wandering voice, believing it came from no mortal woman.

And the voice sang, "Love is a dream—love is a dream—and sad is the awakening!"

It was Molly's song, it was Molly's voice—ah, no, *that* could not be! It was a delusion, born of the thoughts that had overpowered him; or else Molly was dead, was a disembodied spirit, and had come back to visit the glimpses of the moon for his dear sake, for he knew well enough the child had loved him, silently, with the fervour of an untried heart that hardly knew how much it could love.

So he sat on, like a frozen image of a man, and listened to that voice from the distance. He might have let it go by thus—it was getting fainter as if it passed, when a strong shudder passed over him and shook him, as it were, into ordinary life and consciousness. His common sense asserted itself; he found himself on his feet and awake. "It is not a delusion! It is no spirit!" He uttered the words aloud; it seemed to him as if someone else spoke them. All that he was now conscious of was a horrible fear lest that wandering voice should go by and leave him alone—should be lost in the darkness of the vast and cruel streets, and pass once more out of his life—for ever.

Before he realised entirely what he was doing, what overwhelming influence coerced him, he found himself, hatless, panting, in the quiet street, and the voice was silent. Despair clutched him. He had lost her—again. Which way should he turn? But farther off, some hundred yards distant, he heard it again, but faint and faltering. This time it sang the dear old ballad which he made her learn to please him, "Kathleen Mavourneen"—"It may be for years, and it may be for ever"—He turned and darted towards the sound. He moved and acted like a somnambulist. The slender, trembling, shabby figure in black was close to him. A sad pale, pathetic little face, whose dark blue eyes spoke of heart-break, was raised, and the dim light of the street lamp faintly illumined it.

Oh, Molly! Molly! pretty, smiling, happy little Molly! have you come to this—to this? He took her arm gently, tenderly, but even that gentle touch made

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"The slender, trembling, shabby figure in black was close to him."

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her start away from him with a shiver of terror and repulsion. Poor child! she had learnt to shudder at the touch of her kind, to look on passing men as all enemies to the one thing left her—her self-respect.

"Let go of me!" she said tremblingly.

"No, Molly, not now I have found you. Never again, Molly."

He spoke firmly and slowly. He had found her, but he dared hardly yet rejoice. How had he found her? In the dreadful, cruel street, alone, unprotected, in poverty—a street singer! He would never forsake her, never be anything but her truest friend and champion, but till he knew more he dared not think of more.

"Molly?" she said wildly, staring at him with bewildered eyes, from which the terror had not yet gone. "Who calls me Molly now? Who are you?—oh, I cannot see—the light is so dim—or my eyes are. I daren't think who you may be!"

"Someone who is your friend—your friend. But come in—come home—out of this cold and dark, Molly—out of these hateful streets. Don't you know me, Molly? Have you quite forgotten? O God!"—sobbing in a sudden agony of relief—"it *is* you. I dared not believe it. You, you at last—after all this time." She clung to him now, with both her thin, cold, little hands. He drew her swiftly but gently to the doorway from which he came. He took her, almost carrying her, up the two flights of stone stairs to his own door. In another moment Molly was in the heart of the warm, softly lighted, softly furnished room, and had sunk among the cushions of the deep armchair in front of the fire, still sobbing in the deep relief of tears. He said nothing at first. She must be warmed and fed and comforted before he dared to look into the past or forward to the future. He took off her shabby black hat, her little thin mantle, with a touch like a woman. His bachelor tray of coffee with the spirit lamp was ready on the table. He made a cup hot and forced her tenderly to sip it. The faintest dawn of the old sweet colour was coming on the worn white face; when she looked up at him and tried to smile her gratitude his heart bounded. He saw his former love again; he knew that into whatever dire straits some cruel fate had brought her it was his own Molly, sweet and pure and faithful, that looked through those tear-dimmed eyes. "Oh," she said, her words cut in two with a sob, "how good—how good you are to me! Is it really you? Am I dreaming it all? Shall I wake—outside in the dark and the cold and the fear?"

He knelt at her feet and looked up at her. He was not afraid of looking now.

"Darling, you shall never wake out of this dream. It is I—and I love you. Didn't you know I loved you three years ago?"

"I—I thought so. But you went away."

"I was a fool to go, but I never meant to be a villain. I was too poor then—I hadn't any hope."

"Poor?" she said wonderingly, as her eyes glanced round the room, that to her simple fancy seemed fit for a palace.

"I was poor then—I expected always to be. This money came to me only a year ago when I had lost sight of you. I wrote, Molly; I wrote to ask you to share it with me, to be my own wife. I never wanted any other woman——"

"You wrote to me?"

"Yes, the letter came back. Your address was not known. I lost you. Oh, my precious one, I have found you now! I never will let you go!"

"The winter after you were with us," she began, stumbling in the confusion of her mind over her words, "that next winter, three years ago nearly, my mother died. I had not a penny in the world when our debts were paid. I had no home; there was one offered me; you remember, perhaps, young Brown, Dr. Pilsbury's assistant."

George Brandon nodded; he could hardly repress a smile at the remembrance of his rival, and a faint ghost of a smile flitted over the girl's face for an instant, and then passed.

"Ah, I know you used to laugh at him—and I did, too. Poor Sam! But though he was so uncouth and ugly, so unlike *you*, I ought not to laugh, even to smile, at him. He was faithful and true, and I had not a friend. He wanted me to go to live with his mother till he could afford to marry me. But I could not, I could not. I never could forget you." George laid his lips on her hands; he had not yet attempted to caress her. "I could not stay there. People were not friendly or kind. Mrs. Brown and her daughters were very angry with me. I answered an advertisement as a mother's help near London, and I went there. It was a very, very hard place. They gave me very little and I had no rest. I had four little children always to look after. They were not kind to me. But I stayed on for two years, for I did not know what else to do. Then my health broke down, and Mrs.

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"Look up, sweetheart, look around."

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Stokes sent me away. I could not do the work any longer. I—oh, George—I don't know how to tell you what terror I went through next. I took a situation; I thought it so easy, the lady so kind, but I found—I found—she was bad. I did not know there were such wicked people, such evil ways, in the world. I ran away without a penny, without anything belonging to me, and I did not know where to go. It was very cold, and I had no shelter. I fainted, and a policeman took me to the nearest hospital. I was happier there; I was safe; they were good to me, and I thought—I hoped—I was going to die. That was last spring—the early spring. I was very ill, and they kept me six months. When I came out, I did not know what to do, where to go. There was a poor woman in there; she was very poor, but she was as kind to me as she could be. She said I could sleep in her room if I would earn some money; she could not afford to give me food. She told me I could get something by singing in the street. I was ashamed—bitterly ashamed—but I tried. I did not know what else to do. You—you won't think too badly of me, will you?"

"They kissed each other."

Her head drooped; he could only see the rough, curly, russet hair, cut short on the little head. His soul yearned over her. He took the poor little head into his arms, and hid it there. He could not speak, only press her closer, and after a while she ceased to tremble and sob, and lay calmly like a child on his breast—trustful as a child, innocent as a child.

At last he broke the long silence that had its own voice for them.

"Thank God you came my way! Thank God you sang that old song that you used to sing to me in the dear old time! But for that I might never have found you, never have brought you—home."

"Ah, George, I have had no home—I am too happy."

"Not yet, Molly, not yet. I mean to try and make you too happy. Look up, sweetheart, look round. See, could you live here, with me? Could you stay for ever—my wife?"

She slowly raised her face, it was glowing with the beautiful delicious shame of love.

"Your wife—your wife."

"In a few days, a very few days, sweet. From this moment this place is yours. I am yours. We belong to each other for ever. My housekeeper, who is a good woman, a widow, will take care of you here. I will leave you the mistress of my house with her—no one shall say a word against my Molly. But, indeed, there is no one to meddle with you and me. Then in a short, short time we will be married. We will go away, dear, to some place where even in winter there are flowers and sunshine, and you shall get back your looks, your dimples. "The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me!"

They kissed each other, and their souls met with their lips.

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"IF HE SHOULD DIE?"

By Mrs. Sarah Piatt.

"IF he should die?"—Should die!
I had not thought of that.
Why there would be
No baby in the world. To cry,
You say, and trouble me?
No baby in the world—that's all
I say—
One baby out of it. But hush,
I pray.

Blue flowers, and white, and red,
Would bloom? I know. But
would I care?
They would be sweet? Above
the dead
Some birds would fly, somewhere?
Only in lonesome leaves that,
green or brown,
Would shadow one baby's grave
and waver down.

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SHOULD CHILDREN BE SENT TO BOARDING SCHOOLS?

THE CASE FOR AND AGAINST.

By A Medical Barrister.

SOME such question is being constantly asked of us or by us. There are very few people, indeed, who have not spent much time and experienced much anxiety concerning it. The heads of families are often troubled with this, at first sight, apparently easy problem; and elder brothers and sisters are also placed in a similar position. Aunts and uncles are sometimes perplexed over it, and even trustees, guardians, and friends of the child have occasionally to consider this vital question as being the first if not the all important one in the boy's or girl's career. It has sometimes to be very hurriedly answered, and if an error of judgment is made, irreparable mischief to the future well being of the child may be the result.

Boys and girls have to be treated somewhat differently in the consideration of this question. Many aver that the latter should never be sent to a public school, but be that as it may, for both the following rule should invariably apply—let them have while under parental care the largest possible amount of home life and home influence. It is a very usual practice for little boys under nine years of age to attend day schools in their immediate neighbourhood, and between that age and under sixteen years to either attend

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a private or public day school, or be sent to some country, preparatory, private, or large public school as a boarder.

This practice of boarding boys, though sometimes convenient for the parent or guardian, or as a relief from exercising parental or moral discipline, is highly objectionable in more respects than one, as being detrimental to the well-being of the boy. The child's life, like adult life, may easily be divided into physical, moral, and spiritual. At a boarding school the boy is never and can never be watched over as he generally is at home. There he is liable to fall into idle, lazy, careless, slatternly habits as to his person as well as his clothes. He mixes with all classes of boys and too often prefers the company of the one who seems to him the most manly, but who perhaps is given to objectionable habits, such as smoking, and other habits infinitely worse. Yet every surrounding in a boarding-school fosters such habits, which break and tear into all that tends to ennoble life.

It may be said with much truth that school life as compared with the outer world is the essence of innocence, and so it is, but the evil example so thoughtlessly set uproots the moral nature of the young and undermines all that makes for good in his after life. There are other physical troubles that are imitated and readily acquired by the young and delicate ones, not the least of them being chorea or St. Vitus' dance, as also stammering, both of which are more often met with and less easily prevented in boarding than in day schools. When we travel into the moral life of the boy, it is more often the case than not, that the boarding-school boy has his ideas as to attention, care, and enquiry very crude if not distorted, owing to the want of home influence, which would have trained him in these respects. His powers of discrimination and comparison are feeble, and at a very low ebb. His reasoning faculties are untrained, and on arriving at mature age he soon gathers that the necessary care had not been bestowed on them in the days of his youth. As a consequence, Truth has been dethroned, and the boy is readily driven to untruth, deceit, cunning, and exaggeration.

Not only has he found it easy to lie and so get over his daily difficulties, but much unbelief, or doubt, has entered into the inner boy or man, and later in life he finds it difficult to arrive at the truth as a result of reasoning. Oftener than not—and it depends on the position the boy attains among his fellows—he is combatant, dislikes moral restraint, and gradually yields to impulse, and becomes obstinate if not arrogant. The want of a mother's love and a mother's care, and the absence of the sweet charm of home influence warp his affections.

Personally, he becomes selfish, and loses the feeling of giving pleasure to others, his tastes remain unrefined, if they have not become vulgar. He is boastful and insolent. He does not understand what is true love or friendship. Courtesy, sociality, benevolence, and gratitude, are not the necessary items, whether as boy or man, in his daily intercourse with his fellows. He does not fully understand what is really meant by pity, condolence, gratitude, and forgiveness. His is lip and not heart service.

When we turn to the truly moral affections, the boarding-school boy has not a true conception of the obligations of duty and respect, especially in a filial sense. He is keenly alive to flattery and approbation. There is much in him that is wanting as far as disinterestedness is concerned, and there is a great lack of the virtue and innocence which go to make a good man. Not accustomed to worship in the family circle, the seeds of impiety and irreligion have taken a deep root.

The reasoning power of the adult is never perfected, but while it is being perfected in childhood nothing obstructive should be placed in its way. There are so many obstructions met with in a boarding-school life which not only prevent the fullest possible degree of development being reached, but impress the mind so unfavourably that it is difficult to remove impressions so gained. Who will deny that the first precepts and fixed principles acquired in early life do not take the first place throughout adult life? The early impressions of boyhood or girlhood are unconsciously acquired, and affect all their actions unconsciously. Hence, it is of the greatest importance that the early impressions in the mind of the young—which operate while the reasoning faculties are being trained—there should be a clear distinction between right and wrong. A child is always ready to receive impressions and to assert its own power of judgment, and the parents' constant watchfulness is absolutely necessary; which, together with the home influence, are undoubtedly the surest and best means of creating correct and just impressions on the child's mind, and

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fare ar preferable to anything which serve to take their place in a boarding school. Some boys are so placed that unfortunately they cannot have any home influence or parental guide.

In boarding schools there is apt to be much talking or teaching of religion at an early age, which often makes it distasteful to the child, and so causes it to be avoided in later life. Religious observances, systematic goings to church, learning Scripture texts and Sunday collects, if nothing more than mere routine, often fail of their purpose. These cannot compare with the true religious feeling which is readily acquired in the home circle, and which can only be encouraged and suggested by parental love.

In the boarding school, if a single case of infectious disease breaks out, such as scarlatina, diphtheria, measles, chicken-pox, or whooping-cough, not only does every boy run a great risk of being infected by the disease and the subsequent *sequelæ*, which are often worse than the disease, but if he is sent home—which he certainly should be nearly in every case to escape infection—then he loses the time necessarily to be spent in his education, perhaps for a term, and at the most critical period of his educational career.

If attacked by any infectious disease he is unable to be brought home if at a distance, because of the stringency of the Public Health Acts; but has to be boarded out, nursed, and medically attended by strangers at a considerable expense and much anxiety to those at home. He also loses the time and the money already paid for his education. There is very little doubt that boarding schools, whether public or private, large or small, are, on the outbreak of such diseases, great and certain sources of infection. I have not mentioned ringworm of the head, which is *par excellence* a boarding-school disease.

What is said of the boy applies in a tenfold degree to the girl. For obvious reasons the impressions on her mind should be most carefully watched. The girl child is a more impressionable and lovable being than the boy child. She is more contented, more easily managed, and more easily spoilt. There is a greater need to watch her more tenderly, to let her every thought and action be governed by right principles. She must be pure in thought, word, and deed. She must be nice! As she blossoms into woman hood her delicacy and reserve should be respected. She will but too soon reach the highest expression of this stage—maternity—and then her thoughts will naturally turn to her offspring, and with a mother's fondness will, in educating them, intuitively reflect on their childlike minds impressions of love and truth and purity, similar to that which she received or should have received in the days of her girl life. But a boarding school,

"Systematic attendance at church."

with its absence of home influence and maternal love, is the very last place where she could acquire these qualities.

It may be urged with some show of reason that at a boarding school the child has the benefit of readily obtaining a certain degree of personal attention from the teacher, with an explanation of any difficulties met with in a day's course of study, which many parents are unable to give at home. But in large day schools this difficulty—more imaginary than real—is overcome to a large extent by the teachers themselves, who explain any unusual difficulties in class. It is also said that in boarding schools of a good class, there always exists a strong feeling

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of *esprit de corps*, for the master having his boys constantly under his supervision can more effectually establish a correct tone of manner and proper appreciation of honour, than amongst boys over whom, out of school hours, he has no control. This may be very true; but it is quite possible, though of minor importance, that the same affection of boys for the honour of their schools is as strong in large public day schools as in larger boarding schools, and the supervision of the master similarly exercised.

Again, it is claimed for the boarding school that it is a far fitter place for a boy to spend his hours of recreation than his home. There discipline, good temper, mutual concession, and the advantages of co-operation are taught more effectually by companionship in manly games than in anything else. Patience in defeat and determination to benefit by it on a future occasion are great things to learn. Advantages such as these, together with consequent good health and muscular development from outdoor exercise in manly pursuits, are of no mean value. Such may be said as truly of our large public day schools for boys, such as Merchant Taylors', St. Paul's, and others, as well as of the many excellent day schools for girls belonging to the Girls' Public Day School Company.

Even those who give preference to a boarding school over a day school will at least admit that a large day school is preferable in many ways to a small boarding school, because not only are the latter generally private ones, but because the advantages of the former are chiefly, if not entirely, absent in the smaller school. The advantages of class instruction are lost in the smaller school because of the paucity of assistant teachers, and the fact that the lower boys are forced on too fast or the higher ones kept back because the funds are not sufficient to permit of fewer boys being placed under one master.

Further, though the subjects taught are the same in both schools, the number of masters to teach is less, so that several of the subjects have to be taught by one master, who naturally cannot be expected to teach every subject equally well, or as well as a master whose whole time is given to the teaching of one, or at most two, subjects only. Moreover, competition in a small school is less keen and less close than in a large school, and consequently of less value in stimulating the intellect.

It has often been stated that the boarders, as a rule, gain superior places in examinations, and also scholarships to those gained by day scholars. If this be true, how is it that large public day schools, like Merchant Taylors' and St. Paul's, secure the largest share of scholarships for the Universities between them? No; the tendency is rather the other way, and it is becoming daily more recognised that for a child, and especially for a boy, a large public day school is the best. Even the foundationers of Westminster School, better known as the Queen's Scholars, are under Dr. Rutherford's guidance being gradually converted into day scholars.

"Learning bad habits."

The question of expense has not been considered at all in these columns, but to many the additional expense attendant on sending a boy to a large boarding school will be a deterrent. The usual expense is from £70 to £80 a year, with extras, to £200 a year at Eton during the period of the school year, which may be taken at about forty weeks.

It has been sufficiently stated on very good grounds why children should not preferably be sent to boarding schools. In the choice of day schools preference should be given to a large one, and especially to a public one. By the term public schools is meant those which derive their income either wholly or partially from endowments, as distinguished from a private school,

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which is usually the property of the headmaster. Many desire the individual superintendence of a headmaster for their boys, but this is practically a nullity in any but the very smallest of schools. The tone of a small school is very likely to fluctuate, being more liable to be influenced by a few bad boys in the school. A boy at nine must, as a rule, begin his moral and physical as well as his intellectual training in earnest. He must now enter a large public day school. It must always be borne in mind that the popular or intellectual side of education is the duty of the teacher, but the moral education and development of character must be commenced, continued, and finished at home.

J. E. C.

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CHRONICLES OF MARTIN HEWITT, INVESTIGATOR.

By Arthur Morrison.*

I.—THE IVY COTTAGE MYSTERY.

HAD been working double tides for a month: at night on my morning paper, as usual; and in the morning on an evening paper as *locum tenens* for another man who was taking a holiday. This was an exhausting plan of work, although it only actually involved some six hours' attendance a day, or less, at the two offices. I turned up at the head-quarters of my own paper at ten in the evening, and by the time I had seen the editor, selected a subject, written my leader, corrected the slips, chatted, smoked, and so on, and cleared off, it was very usually one o'clock. This meant bed at two, or even three, after supper at the club.

This was all very well at ordinary periods, when any time in the morning would do for rising, but when I had to be up again soon after seven, and round at the evening paper office by eight, I naturally felt a little worn and disgusted with things by midday, after a sharp couple of hours' leaderette scribbling and paragraphing, with attendant sundries.

But the strain was over, and on the first day of comparative comfort I indulged in a midday breakfast and the first undisgusted glance at a morning paper for a month. I felt rather interested in an inquest, begun the day before, on the body of a man whom I had known very slightly before I took to living in chambers.

His name was Gavin Kingscote, and he was an artist of a casual and desultory sort, having, I believe, some small private means of his own. As a matter of fact, he had boarded in the same house in which I had lodged myself for a while, but as I was at the time a late homer and a fairly early riser, taking no regular board in the house, we never became much acquainted. He had since, I understood, made some judicious Stock Exchange speculations, and had set up house in Finchley.

Now the news was that he had been found one morning murdered in his smoking-room, while the room itself, with others, was in a state of confusion. His pockets had been rifled, and his watch and chain were gone, with one or two other small articles of value. A friend had sat smoking with him in the room where the murder took place on the night of the tragedy, and he had been the last person to see Mr. Kingscote alive. A jobbing gardener, who kept the garden in order by casual work from time to time, had been arrested in consequence of footprints, exactly corresponding with his boots, having been found on the garden beds near the French window of the smoking-room.

I finished my breakfast and my paper, and Mrs. Clayton, the housekeeper, came to clear my table. She was sister of my late landlady of the house where Kingscote had lodged, and it was by this connection that I found my chambers. I had not seen the housekeeper since the crime was first reported, so I now said:

"This is shocking news of Mr. Kingscote, Mrs. Clayton. Did you know him yourself?"

She had apparently only been waiting for some such remark to burst out with whatever information she possessed.

"Yes, sir," she exclaimed: "shocking indeed. Pore young feller! I see him often when I was at my sister's, and he was always a nice, quiet gentleman, so different from some. My sister, she's awful cut up, sir, I assure you. And what d'you think 'appened, sir, only last Tuesday? You remember Mr. Kingscote's room where he painted the woodwork so beautiful with gold flowers, and blue, and pink? He used to tell my sister she'd always have something to remember him by. Well, two young fellers, gentlemen I can't call them, come and took that room (it being to let), and went and scratched off all the paint in mere wicked mischief, and then chopped up all the panels into sticks and bits! Nice sort o' gentlemen them! And then they bolted in the morning, being afraid I s'pose of being made to pay after treating a pore widder's property like that. That was only Tuesday, and the very next day the pore young gentleman himself's dead, murdered in his own 'ouse, and him goin' to be married an' all! Dear, dear! I remember once he said ——".

Mrs. Clayton was a good soul, but once she began to talk someone else had to stop

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her. I let her run on for a reasonable time, and then rose and prepared to go out. I remembered very well the panels that had been so mischievously destroyed. They made the room the show-room of the house, which was an old one. They were indeed less than half finished when I came away, and Mrs. Lamb, the landlady, had shown them to me one day when Kingscote was out. All the walls of the room were panelled and painted white, and Kingscote had put upon them an eccentric but charming decoration, obviously suggested by some of the work of Mr. Whistler. Tendrils, flowers, and butterflies in a quaint convention wandered thinly from panel to panel, giving the otherwise rather uninteresting room an unwonted atmosphere of richness and elegance. The lamentable jackasses who had destroyed this had certainly selected the best feature of the room whereon to inflict their senseless mischief.

I strolled idly downstairs, with no particular plan for the afternoon in my mind, and looked in at Hewitt's offices. Hewitt was reading a note, and after a little chat he informed me that it had been left an hour ago, in his absence, by the brother of the man I had just been speaking of.

"He isn't quite satisfied," Hewitt said, "with the way the police are investigating the case, and asks me to run down to Finchley and look round. Yesterday I should have refused, because I have five cases in progress already, but to-day I find that circumstances have given me a day or two. Didn't you say you knew the man?"

"Scarcely more than by sight. He was a boarder in the house at Chelsea where I stayed before I started chambers."

"Ah, well; I think I shall look into the thing. Do you feel particularly interested in the case? I mean, if you've nothing better to do, would you come with me?"

"I shall be very glad," I said. "I was in some doubt what to do with myself. Shall you start at once?"

"I think so. Kerrett, just call a cab. By the way, Brett, which paper has the fullest report of the inquest yesterday? I'll run over it as we go down."

As I had only seen one paper that morning, I could not answer Hewitt's question. So we bought various papers as we went along in the cab, and I found the reports while Martin Hewitt studied them. Summarised, this was the evidence given—

Sarah Dodson, general servant, deposed that she had been in service at Ivy Cottage, the residence of the deceased, for five months, the only other regular servant being the housekeeper and cook. On the evening of the previous Tuesday both servants retired a little before eleven, leaving Mr. Kingscote with a friend in the smoking or sitting room. She never saw her master again alive. On coming downstairs the following morning and going to open the smoking-room windows, she was horrified to discover the body of Mr. Kingscote lying on the floor of the room with blood about the head. She at once raised an alarm, and, on the instructions of the housekeeper, fetched a doctor, and gave information to the police. In answer to questions, witness stated she had heard no noise of any sort during the night, nor had anything suspicious occurred.

Hannah Carr, housekeeper and cook, deposed that she had been in the late Mr. Kingscote's service since he had first taken Ivy Cottage—a period of rather more than a year. She had last seen the deceased alive on the evening of the previous Tuesday, at half-past ten, when she knocked at the door of the smoking-room, where Mr. Kingscote was sitting with a friend, to ask if he would require anything more. Nothing was required, so witness shortly after went to bed. In the morning she was called by the previous witness, who had just gone downstairs, and found the body of deceased lying as described. Deceased's watch and chain were gone, as also was a ring he usually wore, and his pockets appeared to have been turned out. All the ground floor of the house was in confusion, and a bureau, a writing-table, and various drawers were open—a bunch of keys usually carried by deceased being left hanging at one keyhole. Deceased had drawn some money from the bank on the Tuesday, for current expenses; how much she did not know. She had not heard or seen anything suspicious during the night. Besides Dodson and herself, there were no regular servants; there was a charwoman, who came occasionally, and a jobbing gardener, living near, who was called in as required.

Mr. James Vidler, surgeon, had been called by the first witness between seven and eight on Wednesday morning. He found the deceased lying on his face on the floor of the smoking-room, his feet being about eighteen inches from the window, and his head lying in the direction of the fireplace. He found three large contused wounds on the head, any one of which would probably have caused death. The wounds had all

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"Hewitt was reading a note."

been inflicted, apparently, with the same blunt instrument—probably a club or life preserver, or other similar weapon. They could not have been done with the poker. Death was due to concussion of the brain, and deceased had probably been dead seven or eight hours when witness saw him. He had since examined the body more closely, but found no marks at all indicative of a struggle having taken place; indeed, from the position of the wounds and their severity, he should judge that the deceased had been attacked unawares from behind, and had died at once. The body appeared to be perfectly healthy.

Then there was police evidence, which showed that all the doors and windows were found shut and completely fastened, except the front door, which, although shut, was not bolted. There were shutters behind the French windows in the smoking-room, and these were found fastened. No money was found in the bureau, nor in any of the opened drawers, so that if any had been

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there, it had been stolen. The pockets were entirely empty, except for a small pair of nail scissors, and there was no watch upon the body, nor a ring. Certain footprints were found on the garden beds, which had led the police to take certain steps. No footprints were to be seen on the garden path, which was hard gravel.

Mr. Alexander Campbell, stockbroker, stated that he had known deceased for some few years, and had done business for him. He and Mr. Kingscote frequently called on one another, and on Tuesday evening they dined together at Ivy Cottage. They sat smoking and chatting till nearly twelve o'clock, when Mr. Kingscote himself let him out, the servants having gone to bed. Here the witness proceeded rather excitedly: "That is all I know of this horrible business, and I can say nothing else. What the police mean by following and watching me——"

The Coroner: "Pray be calm, Mr. Campbell. The police must do what seems best to them in a case of this sort. I am sure you would not have them neglect any means of getting at the truth."

Witness: "Certainly not. But if they suspect me, why don't they say so? It is intolerable that I should be——"

The Coroner: "Order, order, Mr. Campbell. You are here to give evidence."

The witness then, in answer to questions, stated that the French windows of the smoking-room had been left open during the evening, the weather being very warm. He could not recollect whether or not deceased closed them before he left, but he certainly did not close the shutters. Witness saw nobody near the house when he left.

Mr. Douglas Kingscote, architect, said deceased was his brother. He had not seen him for some months, living as he did in another part of the country. He believed his brother was fairly well off, and he knew that he had made a good amount by speculation in the last year or two. Knew of no person who would be likely to owe his brother a grudge, and could suggest no motive for the crime except ordinary robbery. His brother was to have been married in a few weeks. Questioned further on this point, witness said that the marriage was to have taken place a year ago, and it was with that view that Ivy Cottage, deceased's residence, was taken. The lady, however, sustained a domestic bereavement, and afterwards went abroad with her family: she was, witnessed believed, shortly expected back to England.

William Bates, jobbing gardener, who was brought up in custody, was cautioned, but elected to give evidence. Witness, who appeared to be much agitated, admitted having been in the garden of Ivy Cottage at four in the morning, but said that he had only gone to attend to certain plants, and knew absolutely nothing of the murder. He however admitted that he had no order for work beyond what he had done the day before. Being further pressed, witness made various contradictory statements, and finally said that he had gone to take certain plants away.

The inquest was then adjourned.

This was the case as it stood—apparently not a case presenting any very striking feature, although there seemed to me to be doubtful peculiarities in many parts of it. I asked Hewitt what he thought.

"Quite impossible to think anything, my boy, just yet; wait till we see the place. There are any number of possibilities. Kingscote's friend, Campbell, may have come in again, you know, by way of the window—or he may not. Campbell may have owed him money or something—or he may not. The anticipated wedding may have something to do with it—or, again, *that* may not. There is no limit to the possibilities, as far as we see from this report—a mere dry husk of the affair. When we get closer we shall examine the possibilities by the light of more detailed information. One *probability* is that the wretched gardener is innocent. It seems to me that his was only a comparatively blameless manœuvre not unheard of at other times in his trade. He came at four in the morning to steal away the flowers he had planted the day before, and felt rather bashful when questioned on the point. Why should he trample on the beds, else? I wonder if the police thought to examine the beds for traces of rooting up, or questioned the housekeeper as to any plants being missing? But we shall see."

We chatted at random as the train drew near Finchley, and I mentioned *inter alia* the wanton piece of destruction perpetrated at Kingscote's late lodgings. Hewitt was interested.

"That was curious," he said, "very curious. Was anything else damaged? Furniture and so forth?"

"I don't know. Mrs. Clayton said nothing of it, and I didn't ask her. But it was quite bad enough as it was. The decoration was really good, and I can't conceive a meaner

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"Oh that setting to rights! It has lost me a fortune."

Ivy Cottage, Finchley, was a compact little house, standing in a compact little square of garden, little more than a quarter of an acre, or perhaps no more at all. The front door was but a dozen yards or so back from the road, but the intervening space was well treed and shrubbed. Mr. Douglas Kingscote had not yet returned from town, but the housekeeper, an intelligent, matronly, woman, who knew of his intention to call in Martin Hewitt, was ready to show us the house.

"*First*," Hewitt said, when we stood in the smoking-room, "I observe that somebody has shut the drawers and the bureau. That is unfortunate. Also, the floor has been washed and the carpet taken up, which is much worse. That, I suppose, was because the police had finished their examination, but it doesn't help me to make one at all. Has *anything*—anything *at all*—been left as it was on Tuesday morning?"

"Well, sir, you see everything was in such a muddle," the housekeeper began, "and when the police had done——"

"Just so. I know. You 'set it to rights,' eh? Oh, that setting to rights! It has lost me a fortune at one time and another. As to the other rooms, now, have they been set to rights?"

"Such as was disturbed have been put right, sir, of course."

"Which were disturbed? Let me see them. But wait a moment."

He opened the French windows, and closely examined the catch and bolts. He knelt and inspected the holes whereinto the bolts fell, and then glanced casually at the folding shutters. He opened a drawer or two, and tried the working of the locks with

piece of tomfoolery than such an attack on a decent woman's property."

Then Hewitt talked of other cases of similar stupid damage by creatures inspired by a defective sense of humour, or mere love of mischief. He had several curious and sometimes funny anecdotes of such affairs at museums and picture exhibitions, where the damage had been so great as to induce the authorities to call him in to discover the offender. The work was not always easy, chiefly from the mere absence of intelligible motives; nor, indeed, always successful. One of the anecdotes related to a case of malicious damage to a picture—the outcome of blind artistic jealousy—a case which had been hushed up by a large expenditure in compensation. It would considerably startle most people, could it be printed here, with the actual names of the parties concerned.

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the keys the housekeeper carried. They were, the housekeeper explained, Mr. Kingscote's own keys. All through the lower floors Hewitt examined some things attentively and closely, and others with scarcely a glance, on a system unaccountable to me. Presently, he asked to be shown Mr. Kingscote's bedroom, which had not been disturbed, "set to rights," or slept in since the crime. Here, the housekeeper said, all drawers were kept unlocked but two—one in the wardrobe and one in the dressing-table, which Mr. Kingscote had always been careful to keep locked. Hewitt immediately pulled both drawers open without difficulty. Within, in addition to a few odds and ends, were papers. All the contents of these drawers had been turned over confusedly, while those of the unlocked drawers were in perfect order.

"The police," Hewitt remarked, "may not have observed these matters. Any more than such an ordinary thing as *this*," he added, picking up a bent nail lying at the edge of a rug.

The housekeeper doubtless took the remark as a reference to the entire unimportance of a bent nail, but I noticed that Hewitt dropped the article quietly into his pocket.

We came away. At the front gate we met Mr. Douglas Kingscote, who had just returned from town. He introduced himself, and expressed surprise at our promptitude both of coming and going.

"You can't have got anything like a clue in this short time, Mr. Hewitt?" he asked.

"Well, no," Hewitt replied, with a certain dryness, "perhaps not. But I doubt whether a month's visit would have helped me to get anything very striking out of a washed floor and a houseful of carefully cleaned-up and 'set-to-rights' rooms. Candidly, I don't think you can reasonably expect much of me. The police have a much better chance—they had the scene of the crime to examine. I have seen just such a few rooms as anyone might see in the first well-furnished house he might enter. The trail of the housemaid has overlaid all the others."

"I'm very sorry for that; the fact was, I expected rather more of the police; and, indeed, I wasn't here in time entirely to prevent the clearing up. But still, I thought your well-known powers——"

"My dear sir, my 'well-known powers' are nothing but common sense assiduously applied and made quick by habit. That won't enable me to see the invisible."

"But can't we have the rooms put back into something of the state they were in? The cook will remember——"

"No, no. That would be worse and worse: that would only be the housemaid's trail in turn overlaid by the cook's. You must leave things with me for a little, I think."

"Then you don't give the case up?" Mr. Kingscote asked anxiously.

"Oh, no! I don't give it up just yet. Do you know anything of your brother's private papers—as they were before his death?"

"I never knew anything till after that. I have gone over them, but they are all very ordinary letters. Do you suspect a theft of papers?"

Martin Hewitt, with his hands on his stick behind him, looked sharply at the other, and shook his head. "No," he said, "I can't quite say that."

We bade Mr. Douglas Kingscote good-day, and walked towards the station. "Great nuisance, that setting to rights," Hewitt observed, on the way. "If the place had been left alone, the job might have been settled one way or another by this time. As it is, we shall have to run over to your old lodgings."

"My old lodgings?" I repeated, amazed. "Why my old lodgings?"

Hewitt turned to me with a chuckle and a wide smile, "Because we can't see the broken panel-work anywhere else," he said. "Let's see—Chelsea, isn't it?"

"Yes, Chelsea. But why—you don't suppose the people who defaced the panels also murdered the man who painted them?"

"Well," Hewitt replied, with another smile, "that would be carrying a practical joke rather far, wouldn't it? Even for the ordinary picture damager."

"You mean you *don't* think they did it, then? But what *do* you mean?"

"My dear fellow, I don't mean anything but what I say. Come now, this is rather an interesting case despite appearances, and it *has* interested me: so much, in fact, that I really think I forgot to offer Mr. Douglas Kingscote my condolence on his bereavement. You see a problem is a problem, whether of theft, assassination, intrigue, or anything else, and I only think of it as one. The work very often makes me forget merely human sympathies. Now, you have often been good enough to express a very flattering interest in my work, and you shall have an opportunity of exercising your own common sense in the way I am always having to exercise mine. You shall see all my evidence (if I'm lucky enough

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"I don't mean anything but what I say."

to get any) as I collect it, and you shall make your own inferences. That will be a little exercise for you; the sort of exercise I should give a pupil if I had one. But I will give you what information I have, and you shall start fairly from this moment. You know the inquest evidence, such as it was, and you saw everything I did in Ivy Cottage?"

"Yes; I think so. But I'm not much the wiser."

"Very well. Now I will tell you. What does the whole case look like? How would you class the crime?"

"I suppose as the police do. An ordinary case of murder with the object of robbery."

"It is *not* an ordinary case. If it were, I shouldn't know as much as I do, little

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as that is; the ordinary cases are always difficult. The assailant did not come to commit a burglary, although he was a skilled burglar, or one of them was, if more than one were concerned. The affair has, I think, nothing to do with the expected wedding, nor had Mr. Campbell anything to do in it—at any rate, personally—nor the gardener. The criminal (or one of them) was known personally to the dead man, and was well-dressed: he (or again one of them, and I think there were two) even had a chat with Mr. Kingscote before the murder took place. He came to ask for something which Mr. Kingscote was unwilling to part with, perhaps hadn't got. It was not a bulky thing. Now you have all my materials before you."

"But all this doesn't look like the result of the blind spite that would ruin a man's work first and attack him bodily afterwards."

"Spite isn't always blind, and there are other blind things beside spite; people with good eyes in their heads are blind sometimes, even detectives."

"But where did you get all this information? What makes you suppose that this was a burglar who didn't want to burgle, and a well-dressed man, and so on?"

Hewitt chuckled and smiled again.

"I saw it—saw it, my boy, that's all," he said. "But here comes the train."

On the way back to town, after I had rather minutely described Kingscote's work on the boarding-house panels, Hewitt asked me for the names and professions of such fellow lodgers in that house as I might remember. "When did you leave yourself?" he ended.

"Three years ago, or rather more. I can remember Kingscote himself; Turner, a medical student—James Turner, I think; Harvey Challitt, diamond merchant's articled pupil—he was a bad egg entirely; he's doing five years for forgery now; by-the-bye, he had the room we are going to see till he was marched off, and Kingscote took it—a year before I left; there was Norton—don't know what he was; 'something in the City,' I think; and Carter Paget, in the Admiralty Office. I don't remember any more at this moment; there were pretty frequent changes. But you can get it all from Mrs. Lamb, of course!"

"Of course; and Mrs. Lamb's exact address is—what?"

I gave him the address, and the conversation became disjointed. At Farringdon station, where we alighted, Hewitt called two hansoms. Preparing to enter one, he motioned me to the other, saying, "You get straight away to Mrs. Lamb's at once. She may be going to burn that splintered wood, or to set things to rights, after the manner of her kind, and you can stop her. I must make one or two small inquiries, but I shall be there half an hour after you."

"Shall I tell her our object?"

"Only that I may be able to catch her mischievous lodgers—nothing else yet." He jumped into the hansom and was gone.

I found Mrs. Lamb still in a state of indignant perturbation over the trick served her four days before. Fortunately she had left everything in the panelled room exactly as she had found it, with an idea of being the better able to demand or enforce reparation should her lodgers return. "The room's theirs, you see, sir," she said, "till the end of the week, since they paid in advance, and they may come back and offer to make amends, although I doubt it. As pleasant-spoken a young chap as you might wish, he seemed, him as come to take the rooms. 'My cousin,' ses he, 'is rather an invalid, havin' only just got over congestion of the lungs, and he won't be in London till this evening late. He's comin' up from Birmingham,' he ses, 'and I hope he won't catch a fresh cold on the way, although of course we've got him muffled up plenty.' He took the rooms, sir, like a gentleman, and mentioned several gentlemen's names I knew well, as had lodged here before; and then he put down on that there very table, sir"—Mrs. Lamb indicated the exact spot with her hand, as though that made the whole thing much more wonderful—"he put down on that very table a week's rent in advance, and ses, 'That's always the best sort o' reference, Mrs. Lamb, I think,' as kind-mannered as anything—and never 'aggled about the amount nor nothing. He only had a little black bag, but he said his cousin had all the luggage coming in the train, and as there was so much, p'r'aps they wouldn't get it here till next day. Then he went out and came in with his cousin at eleven that night—Sarah let 'em in her own self—and in the morning they was gone—and this!" Poor Mrs. Lamb, plaintively indignant, stretched her arm towards the wrecked panels.

"If the gentleman as you say is comin' on, sir," she pursued, "can do anything to find 'em, I'll prosecute 'em, that I will, if it costs me ten pound. I spoke to the constable on the beat, but he only looked like a fool, and said if I knew where they were I might charge 'em with wilful damage, or

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county court 'em. Of course, I know I can do that if I knew where they were, but how can I find 'em? Mr. Jones he said his name was; but how many Joneses is there in London, sir?"

I couldn't imagine any answer to a question like this, but I condoled with Mrs. Lamb as well as I could. She afterwards went on to express herself much as her sister had done with regard to Kingscote's death, only as the destruction of her panels loomed larger in her mind, she dwelt primarily on that. "It might almost seem," she said, "that somebody had a deadly spite on the pore young gentleman, and went breakin' up his paintin' one night, and murderin' him the next!"

I examined the broken panels with some care, having half a notion to attempt to deduce something from them myself if possible. But I could deduce nothing. The beading had been taken out, and the panels, which were thick in the centre but bevelled at the edges, had been removed and split up literally into thin firewood, which lay in a tumbled heap on the hearth and about the floor. Every panel in the room had been treated in the same way, and the result was a pretty large heap of sticks, with nothing whatever about them to distinguish them from other sticks, except the paint on one face, which I observed in many places had been scratched and scraped away. The rug was drawn half across the hearth, and had evidently been used to deaden the sound of chopping. But mischief—wanton and stupid mischief—was all I could deduce from it all.

Mr. Jones's cousin, it seemed, only Sarah had seen, as she admitted him in the evening, and then he was so heavily muffled that she could not distinguish his features, and would never be able to identify him. But as for the other one, Mrs. Lamb was ready to swear to him anywhere.

Hewitt was long in coming, and internal symptoms of the approach of dinner-time (we had had no lunch), had made themselves felt before a sharp ring at the door-bell foretold his arrival. "I have had to wait for answers to a telegram," he said, in explanation, "but at any rate I have the information I wanted. And these are the mysterious panels, are they?"

Mrs. Lamb's true opinion of Martin Hewitt's behaviour as it proceeded would have been amusing to know. She watched in amazement the antics of a man who purposed finding out who had been splitting sticks by dint of picking up each separate stick and staring at it. In the end he collected a small handful of sticks by themselves and handed them to me, saying, "Just put these together on the table, Brett, and see what you make of them."

I turned the pieces painted side up, and fitted them together into a complete panel, joining up the painted design accurately. "It is an entire panel," I said.

"Good. Now look at the sticks a little more closely, and tell me if you notice anything peculiar about them—any particular in which they differ from all the others."

I looked. "Two adjoining sticks," I said, "have each a small, semi-circular cavity stuffed with what seems to be putty. Put together it would mean a small circular hole, perhaps a knot-hole, half an inch or so

"She watched in amazement the antics."

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in diameter, in the panel, filled in with putty, or whatever it is."

"A *knot-hole?*" Hewitt asked, with particular emphasis.

"Well, no, not a knot-hole, of course, because that would go right through, and this doesn't. It is probably less than half an inch deep from the front surface."

"Anything else? Look at the whole appearance of the wood itself. Colour, for instance."

"It is certainly darker than the rest."

"So it is." He took the two pieces carrying the puttied hole, threw the rest on the heap, and addressed the landlady. "The Mr. Harvey Challitt who occupied this room before Mr. Kingscote, and who got into trouble for forgery, was the Mr. Harvey Challitt who was himself robbed of diamonds a few months before on a staircase, wasn't he?"

"Yes, sir," Mrs. Lamb replied in some bewilderment. "He certainly was that, on his own office stairs, chloroformed."

"Just so, and when they marched him away because of the forgery, Mr. Kingscote changed into his rooms?"

"Yes, and very glad I was. It was bad enough to have the disgrace brought into the house, without the trouble of trying to get people to take his very rooms, and I thought——"

"Yes, yes, very awkward, very awkward!" Hewitt interrupted rather impatiently. "The man who took the rooms on Monday, now—you'd never seen him before, had you?"

"No, sir."

"Then is *that* anything like him?" Hewitt held a cabinet photograph before her.

"Why—why—law, yes, that's *him*!"

Hewitt dropped the photograph back into his breast pocket with a contented "Um," and picked up his hat. "I think we may soon be able to find that young gentleman for you, Mrs. Lamb. He is not a very respectable young gentleman, and perhaps you are well rid of him, even as it is. Come, Brett," he added, "the day hasn't been wasted, after all."

We made towards the nearest telegraph office. On the way I said, "That puttied-up hole in the piece of wood seems to have influenced you. Is it an important link?"

"Well—yes," Hewitt answered, "it is. But all those other pieces are important, too."

"But why?"

"Because there are no holes in them." He looked quizzically at my wondering face, and laughed aloud. "Come," he said, "I won't puzzle you much longer. Here is the post-office. I'll send my wire, and then we'll go and dine at Luzatti's."

He sent his telegram, and we cabbed it to Luzatti's. Among actors, journalists, and others who know town and like a good dinner, Luzatti's is well known. We went upstairs for the sake of quietness, and took a table standing alone in a recess just inside the door. We ordered our dinner, and then Hewitt began:

"Now tell me what *your* conclusion is in this matter of the Ivy Cottage murder."

"Mine? I haven't one. I'm sorry I'm so very dull, but I really haven't."

"Come, I'll give you a point. Here is the newspaper account (torn sacrilegiously from my scrap-book for your benefit) of the robbery perpetrated on Harvey Challitt a few months before his forgery. Read it."

"Oh, but I remember the circumstances very well. He was carrying two packets of diamonds belonging to his firm downstairs to the office of another firm of diamond merchants on the ground-floor. It was a quiet time in the day, and half-way down he was seized on a dark landing, made insensible by chloroform, and robbed of the diamonds—five or six thousand pounds' worth altogether, of stones of various smallish individual values up to thirty pounds or so. He lay unconscious on the landing till one of the partners, noticing that he had been rather long gone, followed and found him. That's all, I think."

"Yes, that's all. Well, what do you make of it?"

"I am afraid I don't quite see the connection with this case."

"Well, then, I'll give you another point. The telegram I've just sent releases information to the police, in consequence of which they will probably apprehend Harvey Challitt and his confederate, Henry Gillard, *alias* Jones, for the murder of Gavin Kingscote. Now, then."

"Challitt! But he's in gaol already."

"Tut, tut, consider. Five years' penal was his dose, although for the first offence, because the forgery was of an extremely dangerous sort. You left Chelsea over three years ago yourself, and you told me that his difficulty occurred a year before. That makes four years, at least. Good conduct brings a man out of a five years' sentence in that time or a little less, and, as a matter of fact, Challitt was released rather more than a week ago."

"Still, I'm afraid I don't see what you are driving at."

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"Whose story is this about the diamond robbery from Harvey Challitt?"

"His own."

"Exactly. His own. Does his subsequent record make him look like a person whose stories are to be accepted without doubt or question?"

"Why, no. I think I see—no, I don't. You mean he stole them himself? I've a sort of dim perception of your drift now, but still I can't fix it. The whole thing's too complicated."

"It is a little complicated for a first effort, I admit, so I will tell you. This is the story. Harvey Challitt is an artful young man, and decides on a theft of his firm's diamonds. He first prepares a hiding-place somewhere near the stairs of his office, and when the opportunity arrives he puts the stones away, spills his chloroform, and makes a smell—possibly sniffs some, and actually goes off on the stairs, and the whole thing's done. He is carried into the office—the diamonds are gone. He tells of the attack on the stairs, as we have heard, and he is believed. At a suitable opportunity he takes his plunder from the hiding-place, and goes home to his lodgings. What is he to do with those diamonds? He can't sell them yet, because the robbery is publicly notorious, and all the regular jewel buyers know him.

"Being a criminal novice, he doesn't know any regular receiver of stolen goods, and if he did would prefer to wait and get full value by an ordinary sale. There will always be a danger of detection so long as the stones are not securely hidden, so he proceeds to hide them. He knows that if any suspicion were aroused his rooms would be searched in every likely place, so he looks for an unlikely place. Of course, he thinks of taking out a panel and hiding them behind that. But the idea is so obvious that it won't do; the police would certainly take those panels out to look behind them. Therefore he determines to hide them *in* the panels. See here"—he took the two pieces of wood with the filled hole from his tail pocket and opened his penknife—"the putty near the surface is softer than that near the bottom of the hole; two different lots of putty, differently mixed, perhaps, have been used, therefore, presumably, at different times.

"But to return to Challitt. He makes holes with a centre-bit in different places on the panels, and in each hole he places a diamond, embedding it carefully in putty. He smooths the surface carefully flush with the wood, and then very carefully paints

"Well, what do you make of it?"

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the place over, shading off the paint at the edges so as to leave no signs of a patch. He doesn't do the whole job at once, creating a noise and a smell of paint, but keeps on steadily a few holes at a time, till in a little while the whole wainscoting is set with hidden diamonds, and every panel is apparently sound and whole."

"But, then—there was only one such hole in the whole lot."

"Just so, and that very circumstance tells us the whole truth. Let me tell the story first—I'll explain the clue after. The diamonds lie hidden for a few months—he grows impatient. He wants the money, and he can't see a way of getting it. At last he determines to make a bolt and go abroad to sell his plunder. He knows he will want money for expenses, and that he may not be able to get rid of his diamonds at once. He also expects that his suddenly going abroad while the robbery is still in people's minds will bring suspicion on him in any case, so, in for a penny, in for a pound, he commits a bold forgery, which, had it been successful, would have put him in funds and enabled him to leave the country with the stones. But the forgery is detected, and he is haled to prison, leaving the diamonds in their wainscot setting.

"Now we come to Gavin Kingscote. He must have been a shrewd fellow—the sort of man that good detectives are made of. Also he must have been pretty unscrupulous. He had his suspicions about the genuineness of the diamond robbery, and kept his eyes open. What indications he had to guide him we don't know, but living in the same house a sharp fellow on the look-out would probably see enough. At any rate, they led him to the belief that the diamonds were in the thief's rooms, but not among his movables, or they would have been found. Here was his chance. Challitt was out of the way for years, and there was plenty of time to take the house to pieces if it were necessary. So he changed into Challitt's rooms.

"How long it took him to find the stones we shall never know. He probably tried many other places first, and, I expect, found the diamonds at last by pricking over the panels with a needle. Then came the problem of getting them out without attracting attention. He decided not to trust to the needle, which might possibly leave a stone or two undiscovered, but to split up each panel carefully into splinters so as to leave no part unexamined. Therefore he took measurements, and had a number of panels made by a joiner of the exact size and pattern of those in the room, and announced to his landlady his intention of painting her panels with a pretty design. This to account for the wet paint, and even for the fact of a panel being out of the wall should she chance to bounce into the room at an awkward moment. All very clever, eh?"

"Very."

"Ah, he was a smart man, no doubt. Well, he went to work, taking out a panel, substituting a new one, painting it over, and chopping up the old one on the quiet, getting rid of the splinters out of doors when the booty had been extracted. The decoration progressed and the little heap of diamonds grew. Finally, he came to the last panel, but found that he had used all his new panels and hadn't one left for a substitute. It must have been at some time when it was difficult to get hold of the joiner, Bank Holiday perhaps, or Sunday, and he was impatient. So he scraped the paint off, and went carefully over every part of the surface—experience had taught him by this that all the holes were of the same sort—and found one diamond. He took it out, refilled the hole with putty, painted the old panel and put it back. *These* are pieces of that old panel—the only old one of the lot.

"Nine men out of ten would have got out of the house as soon as possible after the thing was done, but he was a cool hand and stayed. That made the whole thing look a deal more genuine than if he had unaccountably cleared out as soon as he had got his room nicely decorated. I expect the original capital for those Stock Exchange operations we heard of came out of those diamonds. He stayed as long as suited him, and left when he set up housekeeping with a view to his wedding. The rest of the story is pretty plain. You guess it, of course?"

"Yes," I said, "I think I can guess the rest, in a general sort of way—except as to one or two points."

"It's all plain—perfectly. See here! Challitt, in gaol, determines to get those diamonds when he comes out. To do that without being suspected it will be necessary to hire the room. But he knows that he won't be able to do that himself, because the landlady, of course, knows him, and won't have an ex-convict in the house. There is no help for it; he must have a confederate, and share the spoil. So he makes the acquaintance of another convict, who seems a likely man for the job, and whose sentence

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expires about the same time as his own. When they come out he arranges the matter with this confederate, who is a well-mannered (and pretty well-known) housebreaker, and the latter calls at Mrs. Lamb's house to look for rooms. The very room itself happens to be to let, and of course it is taken, and Challitt (who is the invalid cousin) comes in at night muffled and unrecognisable.

"The decoration on the panel does not alarm them, because, of course, they suppose it to have been done on the old panels and over the old paint. Challitt tries the spots where diamonds were left—there are none—there is no putty even. Perhaps, think they, the panels have been shifted and interchanged in the painting, so they set to work and split them all up as we have seen, getting more desperate as they go on. Finally they realise that they are done, and clear out, leaving Mrs. Lamb to mourn over their mischief.

"They know that Kingscote is the man who has forestalled them, because Gillard (or Jones), in his chat with the landlady, has heard all about him and his painting of the panels. So the next night they set off for Finchley. They get into Kingscote's garden and watch him let Campbell out. While he is gone, Challitt quietly steps through the French window into the smoking-room, and waits for him, Gillard remaining outside.

"Kingscote returns, and Challitt accuses him of taking the stones. Kingscote is contemptuous—doesn't care for Challitt because he knows he is powerless, being the original thief himself; besides, knows there is no evidence, since the diamonds are sold and dispersed long ago. Challitt offers to divide the plunder with him—Kingscote laughs and tells him to go; probably threatens to throw him out, Challitt being the smaller man. Gillard, at the open window, hears this, steps in behind, and quietly knocks him on the head. The rest follows as a matter of course. They fasten the window and shutters, to exclude observation; turn over all the drawers, etc., in case the jewels are there; go to the best bedroom and try there, and so on. Failing (and possibly being disturbed after a few hours' search by the noise of the acquisitive gardener), Gillard, with the instinct of an old thief, determines they shan't go away with nothing, so empties Kingscote's pockets and takes his watch and chain and so on. They go out by the front door and shut it after them. *Voilà tout.*"

"He is carried into the office—the diamonds are gone."

I was filled with wonder at the prompt ingenuity of the man who in these few hours of hurried inquiry could piece together so accurately all the materials of an intricate and mysterious affair such as this; but more, I wondered where and how he had collected those materials.

"There is no doubt, Hewitt," I said, "that the accurate and minute application of what you are pleased to call your common sense, has become something very like an instinct with you. What did you deduce from? You told me your conclusions from the examination of Ivy Cottage, but not how you arrived at them."

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"They didn't leave me much material downstairs, did they? But in the bedroom, the two drawers which the thieves found locked were ransacked—opened probably with keys taken from the dead man. On the floor I saw a bent French nail; here it is. You see, it is twice bent at right angles, near the head and near the point, and there is the faint mark of the pliers that were used to bend it. It is a very usual burglars' tool, and handy in experienced hands, to open ordinary drawer locks. Therefore, I knew that a professional burglar had been at work. He had probably fiddled at the drawers with the nail first, and then thrown it down to try the dead man's keys.

"But I knew this professional burglar didn't come for a burglary, from several indications. There was no attempt to take plate, the first thing a burglar looks for. Valuable clocks were left on mantelpieces, and other things that usually go in an ordinary burglary were not disturbed. Notably, it was to be observed that no doors or windows were broken, or had been forcibly opened; therefore, it was plain that the thieves had come in by the French window of the smoking-room, the only entrance left open at the last thing. *Therefore*, they came in, or one did, knowing that Mr. Kingscote was up, and being quite willing—presumably anxious—to see him. Ordinary burglars would have waited till he had retired, and then could have got through the closed French window as easily almost as if it were open, notwithstanding the thin wooden shutters, which would never stop a burglar for more than five minutes. Being anxious to see him, they—or again, *one* of them—presumably knew him. That they had come to *get* something was plain, from the ransacking. As, in the end, they *did* steal his money and watch, but did *not* take larger valuables, it was plain that they had no bag with them—which proves not only that they had not come to burgle, for every burglar takes his bag, but that the thing they came to get was not bulky. Still, they could easily have removed plate or clocks by rolling them up in a table-cover or other wrapper, but such a bundle, carried by well-dressed men would attract attention—therefore it was probable that they were well dressed. Do I make it clear?"

"Quite—nothing seems simpler now it is explained—that's the way with difficult puzzles."

"There was nothing more to be got at the house. I had already in my mind the curious coincidence that the panels at Chelsea had been broken the very night before that of the murder, and determined to look at them in any case. I got from you the name of the man who had lived in the panelled room before Kingscote, and at once remembered it (although I said nothing about it), as that of the young man who had been chloroformed for his employer's diamonds. I keep things of that sort in my mind, you see—and, indeed, in my scrap-book. You told me yourself about his imprisonment, and there I was, with what seemed now a hopeful case getting into a promising shape.

"You went on to prevent any setting to rights at Chelsea, and I made enquiries as to Challitt. I found he had been released only a few days before all this trouble arose, and I also found the name of another man who was released from the same establishment only a few days earlier. I knew this man (Gillard) well, and knew that nobody was a more likely rascal for such a crime as that at Finchley. On my way to Chelsea I called at my office, gave my clerk certain instructions, and looked up my scrap-book. I found the newspaper account of the chloroform business, and also a photograph of Gillard—I keep as many of these things as I can collect. What I did at Chelsea you know. I saw that one panel was of old wood and the rest new. I saw the hole in old panel, and I asked one or two questions. The case was complete."

We proceeded with our dinner. Presently I said: "It all rests with the police now, of course?"

"Of course. I should think it very probable that Challitt and Gillard will be caught. Gillard, at any rate, is pretty well known. It will be rather hard on the surviving Kingscote, after engaging me, to have his dead brother's diamond transactions publicly exposed as a result, won't it? But it can't be helped. *Fiat justitia*, of course."

"How will the police feel over this?" I asked. "You've rather cut them out, eh?"

"Oh, the police are all right. They had not the information I had, you see; they knew nothing of the panel business. If Mrs. Lamb had gone to Scotland Yard instead of to the policeman on the beat, perhaps I should never have been sent for."

The same quality that caused Martin Hewitt to rank as mere "common-sense" his extraordinary power of almost instinctive deduction, kept his respect for the abilities

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of the police at perhaps a higher level than some might have considered justified.

We sat some little while over our dessert, talking as we sat, when there occurred one of those curious conjunctions of circumstances that we notice again and again in ordinary life, and forget as often, unless the importance of the occasion fixes the matter in the memory. A young man had entered the dining-room, and had taken his seat at a corner table near the back window. He ad been sitting there for some little time before I particularly observed him. At last he happened to turn his thin, pale face

"And, turning, leaped upon the sill of the window."

in my direction, and our eyes met. It was Challitt—the man we had been talking of!

I sprang to my feet in some excitement.

"That's the man!" I cried. "Challitt!"

Hewitt rose at my words, and at first attempted to pull me back. Challitt, in guilty terror, saw that we were between him and the door, and turning, leaped upon the sill of the open window, and dropped out. There was a fearful crash of broken glass below, and everybody rushed to the window.

Hewitt drew me through the door, and we ran downstairs. "Pity you let out like that," he said, as he went. "If you'd kept quiet we could have sent out for the police with no trouble. Never mind—can't help it."

Below, Challitt was lying in a broken heap in the midst of a crowd of waiters. He had crashed through a thick glass skylight and fallen, back downward, across the back of a lounge. He was taken away on a stretcher unconscious, and, in fact, died in a week in hospital from injuries to the spine.

During his periods of consciousness he made a detailed statement, bearing out the conclusions of Martin Hewitt with the most surprising exactness, down to the smallest particulars. He and Gillard had parted immediately after the crime, judging it safer not to be seen together. He had, he affirmed, endured agonies of fear and remorse in the few days since the fatal night at Finchley, and had even once or twice thought of giving himself up. When I so excitedly pointed him out, he knew at once that the game was up, and took the only desperate chance of escape that offered. But to the end he persistently denied that he had himself committed the murder, or had even thought of it till he saw it accomplished. That had been wholly the work of Gillard, who, listening at the window and perceiving the drift of the conversation, suddenly beat down Kingscote from behind with a life-preserver. And so Harvey Challitt ended his life at the age of twenty-six.

Gillard was never taken. He doubtless left the country, and has probably since that time become "known to the police" under another name abroad. Perhaps he has even been hanged, and if he has been, there was no miscarriage of justice, no matter what the charge against him may have been.

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IN VARYING MOODS.

VERY RATIONAL!

ESCAPED CONVICT (*to burly constable about to arrest him*): "Well, I like that; I'm a lady in rational dress, I am!"

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A HINT FROM DEAD-AND-GONE TIMES.

A HOUSEHOLDER OF THE MIDDLE AGES REQUESTING A STREET SINGER TO GO INTO THE NEXT STREET.

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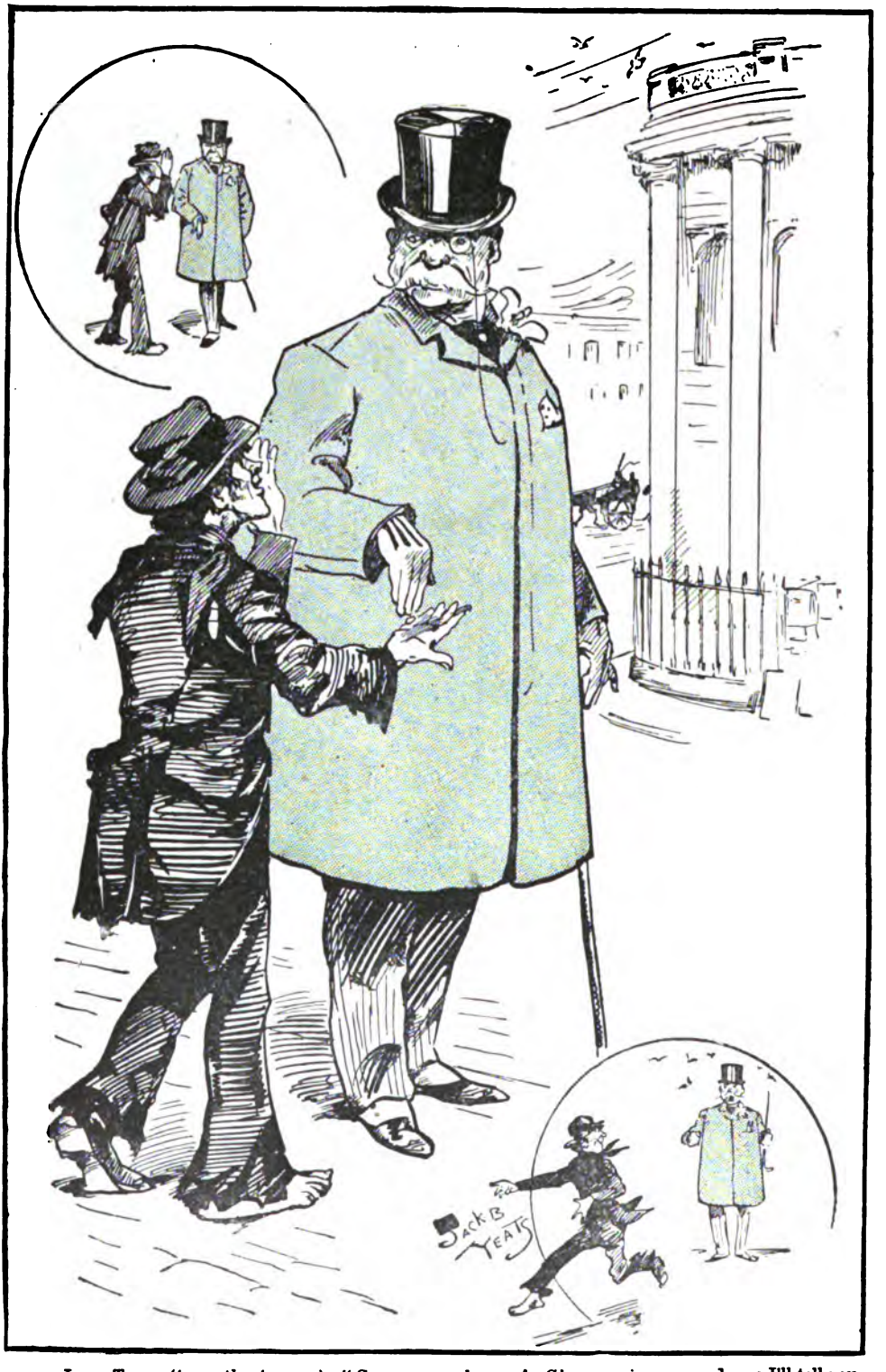
VERY VALUABLE.



IRISH TRAMP (*to portly stranger*): "Gomorra, yer honour! Give me sixpence and sure I'll tell you something worth knowing!" HIS HONOUR: "Here you are, now will you tell?" TRAMP: "Troth I will. When ye're on the treadmill keep close to the wall!"

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GREAT MARRIAGE INSURANCE SCHEME.

No Longer need Girls be Left Unprovided for.—Projected Revival of the Dowry System.

Safe and Certain Provision against Poverty.—Old Age Pensions.

By CHARLOTTE O'CONOR ECCLES

(Member of the Orphan Fund Committee of the Institute of Journalists).

"WHAT will become of my girls when I am dead?" is the anxious thought that has kept many a father wakeful during the long watches of the night. "What will become of me in my old age?" is the reflection that saddens many an unmarried woman as she looks forward to the day when her power of earning money will be gone, and without husband or children to fall back on, she sees before her the dreary prospect of penury.

In no civilised country in the world is the outlook for unmarried women more cheerless than in the British Islands. In no civilised country are parents of all ranks, but especially amongst the professional classes, as careless in providing for the future of their daughters. In France when a girl marries she brings to her husband a *dot* proportionate to the position in life of her father and mother, and accumulated by them, often in small sums, from the hour of her birth to her wedding-day. In England, even well-to-do parents give their daughters—too often untrained, undomesticated daughters—empty-handed to their suitors, and see no cause for apologising because their girls do not contribute their fair share towards the establishment of a joint home.

And yet it is not right to throw all the burden of provision on the young man. It prevents men marrying early unless they happen to be wealthy, or belong to the lowest ranks of society, whose members are used to live from hand to mouth. It sometimes throws on the world the girls whom these men cannot afford to marry. It wastes their youth. By the time their contemporaries are in a position to offer them a home, they have drifted into old maidenhood, and younger and lovelier girls win the affection that ought to have been theirs.

Every day one sees the saddest cases; long families of daughters of professional men, reared in comfort if not in luxury, educated after a fashion more or less superficial, all, or nearly all, unmarried, and in country places still restrained by happily decaying caste prejudices from any attempt to make a living for themselves. One poor life alone stands between them and poverty. Their future is absolutely unprovided for. There may be a good current income; but household expenses are heavy, while the entertainments and so on which many parents think themselves bound to give with a view to settling their daughters in life, run away with a good deal.

Still the girls, somehow, do not marry. Whether the prospect, not only of a penniless wife, but of six or more sisters-in-law, frightens the average man, it is hard to say; but one day the father is stricken for death, and the family breaks up; one or two of the daughters live with the mother a dreary life in shabby genteel lodgings, one or two depend upon a struggling brother, and the rest join the sad army of inefficient governesses, secretaries, writers, or artists—poor creatures who are lucky if they make bread without any butter at all.

If each of these had an independence, a fortune, say, of £500 or £1,000, or £10,000, more or less, according to her father's position in life, she might have married happily, or, realising the capital sum at a certain age, might have studied and qualified herself to take up, if unmarried, some money-making profession or occupation, in accordance with modern ideas, which do not condemn a girl to idleness merely because she has been born a lady.

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A father reading these lines may say, "Yes, this is all very well. I should like to provide my daughters with fortunes. I believe that my girls should be started in life and given a chance as well as their brothers. I desire to enable them to set up housekeeping when they meet the man of their choice, or, if they do not marry, am anxious to make a provision for their old age; but how am I to compass it? I can save small sums of money, a little here and a little there, but I cannot afford to put away anything considerable. What means is there of investing these odds and ends so that they may mount up to anything worth having?" This is the vital question I have taken on myself to answer before long in these pages.

Again, there is to be considered the position of girls less helpless and more sensibly educated. To them the failure of their matrimonial chances means less from the point of view of securing a living. Their parents may have been unwilling or unable to leave them any fortune, but they did their duty in helping their daughters to earn for themselves; or else the daughters, being clear-sighted and practical girls, made a determined stand to secure a useful education.

We will suppose at any rate that, thanks either to their parents' common-sense or their own energy, the young women have had a good training, have passed examinations and possibly taken a degree, are certificated or have learned a business, and whether as High School teachers, governesses, or the best-class nurses, lecturers on hygiene, cookery, or science, or simply as clever dressmakers, milliners, clerks, accountants, forewomen, or what not—for we wish our scheme to be available for all ranks—are earning a livelihood. They can supply their modest wants and save a little—perhaps, with economy, a pound or two a month—but this mounts up slowly. From the Post Office Savings Bank they draw an excessively low rate of interest, only 2½ per cent., and every now and then the idea rises up like a spectre before them—"If I do not marry, what is to become of me when I can no longer work?"

Especially to governesses does this thought present itself. Once their youth is past, they find it more and more difficult to get a situation. No occupation has more unmarried women in its ranks, for governesses, and more particularly resident governesses, rarely get a chance of making masculine acquaintances, and when the day comes that they and their methods are treated as old-fashioned, when younger and stronger women pass them in the race for favour, they feel the bitterness of death. What a godsend to them would be a little annuity of even a pound a week at the age of fifty or fifty-five.

Take the following case—a genuine instance—of three old ladies, sisters, who had been the proprietors of a flourishing school that in its heyday seemed likely to be a permanent source of income. They made a good deal, put by very little, and spent freely. The years went on; times, manners, and methods changed; they were left stranded high and dry by the tide of modern education. Parents sent their children elsewhere. Their piety, their simple conscientiousness, their old-world idea of "accomplishments," were appreciated but by the few who entrusted them with their little ones to be grounded in religious knowledge and "the elements of a polite education," but even these withdrew their girls as they grew older, and sent them to schools more fashionable and up to date. For a time they lived on their meagre savings, but these soon dwindled away. There was something tragic in the brave front these poor women showed the world and in the desperate struggle they made against odds to keep a roof over their heads and fight the wolf at the door.

Old, feeble, uncomplaining, they worked day and night in their good, if narrow, way to do their duty and to hide the straits to which they were reduced. That was a sad and sorrowful day for them when they first admitted to each other that the school was no longer paying its way, and determined to lower their pride and add to their income by taking boarders. The boarders were neither numerous nor profitable. The three excellent women had dealt for so many years with children that they accommodated themselves with difficulty to the erratic ways of children of a larger growth, and so things went from bad to worse. Many a time my heart has bled for them, and never in my life did I so long to be rich as in the days of their misfortunes; but the end was not to be averted nor the crash postponed.

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What it would have been to them if they had had but one pound, or thirty shillings, a week each from the age of fifty or fifty-five onwards, can only be appreciated by people who have known similar cases. At one time they might very well have each put by eighteen pounds ten shillings yearly. If they had done this from the age of five-and-twenty onwards for thirty years, which, taking one year with another, would have been by no means an unreasonable amount, they would, if the plan we are about in our next number to propose had then been thought of and adopted, have entered on a life annuity from the comparatively early age of fifty-five onward of £87 3s. 4d. each, or £268 10s. a year for the three—a very comfortable and sufficient income.

And now our readers who have followed so far with patience may ask, "What is your plan? What do you propose to do to remedy the present state of things?" This is my answer. We propose, in conjunction with the Norwich Union Life Insurance Company, one of the oldest and most soundly established life offices in the world, to start a grand Marriage Insurance Scheme, whereby parents will be enabled by easy payments to secure for their girls a portion on marriage, or, if they do not marry, with an annuity beginning, as may be arranged, at the age of fifty or fifty-five, the entire sum invested to be returnable in case of death before marriage or the age selected. We propose that this may be absolutely secured to the daughter in question, so that it may be for her sole use and benefit, and cannot possibly be mortgaged nor otherwise alienated. If a girl does not touch her *dot* at marriage, but prefers to let it remain out at interest without further payments until she is fifty, she may then be in such circumstances that the pound, two pounds, three pounds, or more a week, absolutely secured to her like a Government pension, an annuity over which a drunken, gambling, or spendthrift husband has no control, may be the salvation of herself and of her children.

We further propose to enable women workers, whether in professions or businesses, and all women in receipt of an income that may one day cease, to secure themselves against a poverty-stricken old age by making monthly or annual payments. These will provide a sum down, or an annuity, after any number of years specified from ten to thirty-five, a plan requiring no statement of age nor any information as to family, or personal history, or health, but merely providing a fixed sum at the end of a given number of years for a definite annual payment, with the option of terminating the transaction in the event of marriage, and receiving back the whole of the premiums paid.

There is no honest system in existence whereby one puts a penny in the slot and draws a thousand a year for life. The thousand pounds must come out of someone's pocket, and in any mere gambling transaction an individual wins out of the losings of a dozen. Things cannot be done for nothing, and foolish are they who expect it. What we offer is no chance; it is a certainty, a definite and reliable business arrangement whereby those who wish to secure advantages to their daughters or to themselves may do so through the medium of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE, and the WINDSOR MAGAZINE alone, at the lowest possible rates.

To save a competence for one's old age always means the exercise of a certain amount of thrift and self-denial; but owing to certain arrangements which we have made, and certain advantages to ourselves which we have resigned in favour of our readers, we are able to secure to them terms nowhere else available.

What our plans are, and what the conditions under which women will be placed above want by the exercise of a little prudence on their own part or that of their parents, we propose to state fully in our next number.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF MEN'S CLOTHES.

"In this one pregnant subject of clothes, rightly understood, is included all that men have thought, dreamed, done, and been: the whole Eternal Universe and what it holds is but clothing; the essence of all science lies in the PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES."—*Carlyle.*

BE CORRECT! Thus saith Fashion, and Fashion is an imperious mistress; at times, it must be said, whimsical and unreasonable, albeit in the main considerate for her devotees and their requirements. Nor is he a wise man who holds it unbecoming to follow Fashion's laws, and year by year to pay no heed to the changes which take place, for on the contrary it is just the strict observance of the tenets laid down that should assuredly emphasise any natural gifts that are already his.

No doubt there are men whose aim and object it is to be looked upon as being *bizarre*, as standing aloof from the common herd of humanity, and these are the men who, for a transient gleam of cheap notoriety, succeed in making themselves and fashion, whom they have thus distorted, ridiculous.

"What's this?" I hear the cynic say; "Why this fuss about dress? Clothes do not make the man!" And doubtless Shakespeare in a bagman's coat would have seemed trebly more distinguished than Beau Nash tricked out in all his finery, but then—we are not all Shakespeares.

All right cynic! scoff away! Grovel on as you will in your obsoleteness. I for one will endeavour to keep pace with the times.

I have just got my new winter overcoat, and I must say it strikes me as being particularly smart. In tailor's parlance it is known as "a frock overcoat, made to button four," of warm milled cheviot, and cut to reach a trifle more than half way down the calf of the leg.

Satinette makes a beautiful lining, being light and stylish, in addition to wearing well, while as to buttons none look better than those of fancy silk.

For travelling—and weather prophets predict a hard winter—I saw a remarkably stylish check homespun ulster, with detachable cape. It reached nearly to the feet and was lined with warm check angola, of a somewhat startling hue, be it said, which nevertheless was *en règle* and most effective.

The Newmarket and Paddock coats are greatly *en évidence* just about this time, and for a tall, well-proportioned man they are undoubtedly very becoming.

But I saw a horsey little scrap of humanity the other day—height about 5 ft. 2 in.—arrayed in one of these, a huge bandanna tie around his neck, a brown bowler poised jauntily on his head, and white-topped boots as a finale. Since then I have been rather prejudiced against Newmarkets!

In evening dress there is no startling development. The roll silk collar for the coat seems to be steadily gaining in favour, though it is by no means incorrect to wear the ordinary lapel collar turned down with rich ribbed silk. The tails of the coat should reach fully down to the bend of the knee.

Simplicity is always to be advocated, and I feel convinced that nowhere is it more commendable than in the matter of evening dress.

The butterfly tie was doomed—thank heaven—some time ago, and now a simple self-tied white bow is all that is necessary

to ensure one's tie being irreproachably fashionable.

Now that the butterfly is dead I sincerely hope it will not be long before the new collar — the variation, I mean, which resembles a stuck-up Eton—follows it to its grave. It has nothing, so far as I can see, to recommend it, and is worn, for the most part, by the "bizarres" of the *beau monde*.

Piqué shirts have cropped up again, while I saw a man at a dinner-party the other night with a snowy frill running down his front, which I must say impressed me as looking rather neat.

For ordinary shirts the one and two hole varieties are mostly worn, and good taste dictates that the studs should be of the plainest.

For morning wear coloured shirts are still to be seen, though it is as well to choose a shade which suits the complexion. I saw a sallow man some time ago with a pale green shirt and a flaming red tie! The effect was heartrending! Had he not a solitary relation or a friend to take pity on him, I wondered.

Now as to ties. Two new varieties, which I saw in Messrs. Drew's window, in the Burlington Arcade, are worth recording.

Both are based on the ordinary sailor's knot and are not so difficult to tie as they look. No. 1 is very simple, but requires two

No. 1.

safety pins to keep it in good shape, though only one need be of gold.

Get a soft wide tie, say, the Marlborough, and having made your knot, take the under end, twist it rather tightly, and arrange as shown in the illustration, clipping each end of the horse-shoe thus made, with the pin crossing the tie. The superfluous silk must then be tucked out of sight and secured underneath.

No. 2 is slightly more difficult to explain, as what is usually the *back* of the sailor's knot is here turned outwards, and the end of

No. 2.

the tie then hanging straight is turned up and twisted through, the silk pulled into shape, and the inevitable safety pin adjusted.

As to other forms of neck-gear the only startling innovation seems to be the revival of bandannas of fearful and wonderful hues, which personally I am content to admire at a distance.

The gold safety pins which should accompany these are about two inches long, while of other forms of scarf pins some are exceedingly pretty. A single pearl, having the hilt of the pin buried in the tie, is extremely fashionable.

A rather fascinating colour for a bow tie is a combination of dull reds and green, though it is perhaps needless to point out that this mixture would not suit everybody. Black and white hopsack is always safe.

I have as yet said nothing about boots. Pointed toe caps do not seem to be so fashionable, broadish toes and wide welts being displayed in most of the shop windows. At Moykoff's, in the Burlington Arcade, I "spotted" some really striking evening boots. They were of course of the shiniest and plainest patent leather, with neat silk bows and silk tops to simulate silk stockings. These ought to be a decided improvement on the ordinary dancing pumps.

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As to winter gloves no one could do better than to buy a pair of Fowne's English-made and of the finest leather. Silk makes a beautiful lining, being warm and light, and besides this, the facility with which the gloves are then put on and off is another argument in their favour.

I have heard it said that a large proportion of the better-class English gloves are made by hand for the manufacturers, in the cottages of Warwickshire and Worcestershire.

I have myself been into one of these lovely old homes of rural England, and have seen gloves in the process of being made with the help of the old-fashioned and primitive "glover." I once asked an old woman to sell me a pair of calf-skin riding gloves at which she was working, but she shook her head and told me that she was under contract to Messrs. ———

And here I should like to put in a word of warning against buying cheap gloves. When I was young and inexperienced, I was once tempted to buy a pair of "reindeer," "made in Austria," for 1s. 6½d. I incautiously went out in the rain, wearing my newly purchased treasures. I wished afterwards that I had given my 1s. 6½d. to the Home for Lost Dogs. I should have had more for my money.

BRUMMEL.

PICKINGS AND STEALINGS.

A MAN likes his wife to be just clever enough to comprehend his cleverness, and just stupid enough to admire it.

"*Old Maids' Club*"—I. ZANGWILL.

* * *

I do not think a statement is necessarily false because it appears in the newspapers. There is hardly a paper in which I have not at some time or other come across a true piece of news.

"*Old Maids' Club*"—I. ZANGWILL.

* * *

Man is a theory-making, theory-loving animal, and, as a result, there are about a thousand theories in this world to every solid fact. But still it happens that the facts have the best of it, because no fact can confound another: they live together in eternal peace, whereas theories lead but a cat-and-dog existence, and the mortality amongst them is frightful to contemplate.

"*In Sugar-Cane Land*"—EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

* * *

A humourist would often no ken 'at he was ane if it wasna by the wy he maks other fowk lauch. A body canna be expeckit baith to mak the joke an' to see't. Na, that would be doin' twa fowks' wark.

"*A Window in Thrums*"—J. M. BARRIE.

* * *

I have never had the opportunity of examining the idol-worshipping mind of a savage; but it seems possible that the immutability of aspect of his little wooden god may sometimes touch him with an astounded awe; even when, and indeed especially after, he has thrashed it.

"*Rhoda Fleming*"—GEO. MEREDITH.

* * *

Let me especially warn the reader, particularly the newly-married reader, against the type of friend from the country who, so soon as they learn you have set up a house in London, suddenly discovers an interest in your fortunes which, like certain rivers, has run underground further than you can remember. They write and tell you they are thinking of coming to town, and would like to spend a few days with you. They leave their London address vague. It has the look of a blank which you are expected to fill up. You shrewdly surmise that, so to say, they meditate paying a visit to Euston, and spending a fortnight with you on the way. But if you are wise, and subtle and strong, you cut this acquaintance ruthlessly, as you lop a branch. Cut it away and cast it into the oven of oblivion. Don't fear to hurt it. These people care as little for you as you for them. All they want is board and lodging, and if you give it to them you may be an amateur hotel-keeper all your days.

"*Prose Fancies*"—LE GALLIENNE.

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Written and Illustrated by FRED MILLER.

RINGS are with us usually associated with marriage or the giving in marriage, but in the past they appear to have been used for many other purposes than as a symbol of marriage. Though the early Athenians were given to luxury, and were used to appear in public with their hair done up in a bunch and decorated with a cigale of gold and other ornaments of that metal, they did not wear finger rings; yet later on Greek luxury went to its furthest lengths in this form of ornamentation.

Rings found in Greek tombs are hollow and light and set with round convex pastes, and were made not for the living, but the dead—the economic invention of ages when faith was waxing dim, and when therefore a cheap make-believe served the purpose of an expensive reality. Many of these rings, indeed, are so thin that it was necessary to fill them with mastic varnish to preserve their shape.

These hollow rings of the Romans were used to contain poison, and Pliny relates the story that after Crasseus had stolen the gold treasure from under the stone of the Capitoline Jupiter, the custodian, to escape torture, broke the gem of his ring in his mouth and expired immediately from the effects of the poison secreted in it. The gems themselves were even hollow at the back in order to make the ring hold a large dose. The most remarkable modern instance of a similar refuge from persecuting fate is that of Condorcet, who, proscribed by the convention and arrested, swallowed the dose he carried in readiness for such an emergency inclosed within his ring, and was found dead next morning in his cell. The poison was a concentrated mixture of stramonium and opium, prepared by Cabanis, and produced death by apoplexy without spasm or pain.

In ancient Babylonia and Assyria finger rings were not used, but cylinders with a cord through them were worn on the wrist like a bracelet. The earliest rings found in Egypt of the 18th to the 20th dynasty are of pure gold, and have usually the name of the owner deeply sunk in hieroglyphic characters on the oblong gold bezel. The ring Fig. 1 is a massive gold ring with a revolving scarab of glazed carthenware partially encased in gold, and is of the 11th or 12th dynasty. Fig. 2 is a black stone with a broad thick hoop, the bezel carved in the form of a scarab, and is Egypto-Roman.

Fig. 1.

The earliest use of rings and the form which they most generally took was of the nature of a signet, for when the art of writing was unknown, except to professional scribes, the signet was used to give authenticity to documents, and also to hand to representatives as a token that power was delegated to the holder of the ring. Rings soon became symbols of power and authority, and we remember the Duke in "Twelfth Night" sent his ring by Viola to his mistress Olivia.

Fig. 2.

In more recent times we find that merchants used rings with their own private marks, equivalent to our modern trade marks, to stamp documents instead of signing their names. Indeed the signet was the form that

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rings took for a very long period. The Etruscans used the gold swivel ring mounted with a scarab, a form of signet probably introduced from Egypt. The Etruscan ring, Fig. 3, has a large circular bezel, set with a cabochon garnet, with a radiated pattern around it.

Various laws were passed by the Romans as to the wearing of rings. Tiberius made a large property qualification necessary to the wearing of gold rings. Severus conceded the right to all Roman soldiers, but Pliny notices that so late as under Augustus the majority of knights kept to their ancient rings of iron. But in time iron rings came to be held as a badge of servitude, and even freed men could only obtain the right to wear solid gold rings by express decree of the State. For many years, however, not even senators wore gold rings in private life; they were issued by the Treasury to such as were sent on embassies to foreign missions, to invest them with greater respectability.

Fig. 3.

In Pliny's day it was fashionable to wear but one ring, and that on the little finger, whereas in Horace's time to sport three rings at once on the left hand was a mark of the finished exquisite. As a relic of ancient usage, the bride's betrothal ring continued in Pliny's time to be made of iron and not set with a gem. A curious form many Roman rings took was that shown in Fig. 4, in which a key is attached to the hoop. Possibly these rings opened the lock of some coffer or treasure chest. These rings are generally made of bronze.

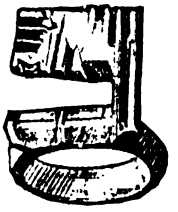

Fig. 4.

An interesting Roman ring is shown in Fig. 5. It is of the 3rd or 4th century, and is engraved with Christian symbols. It was found at a Roman villa in Dorsetshire.

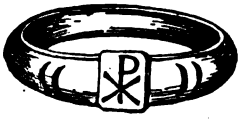

Fig. 5.

The use of the ring as an emblem of marriage was not an introduction of the Christian Church, as some suppose. The Egyptian gold, before the introduction of coinage, had usually circulated in the form of rings, and the Egyptian at his marriage placed one of these pieces of gold on his bride's finger, as a token of entrusting her with all his property. The early Christians, says Clement, saw no harm in following this custom, and in our marriage ceremony the man places the same plain gold ring on his bride's finger when he says, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow."

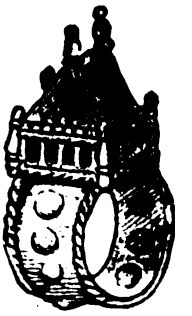

Fig. 6.

Jewish wedding rings of the 16th and 17th centuries were often quite elaborate structures, as is seen in Fig. 6, where the bezel has a conventional representation of the ark or temple, with an inscription in Hebrew characters on either side. It is of Venetian workmanship, and could only have been worn on ceremonial occasions, as it would be too much in the way of household work.

Another form of Jewish wedding ring of the 16th century is shown in Fig. 7, which is highly elaborate, with projecting sockets holding small rings, making it a cumbrous ornament for the finger. The owners of these elaborate rings, which must have been costly, not only from the amount of metal used, but also for the workmanship, would have been loth, one would say, to have consigned them to the melting-pot as did the women of Prussia during the War of Liberation in 1813, who, in lack of other coin, contributed their wedding rings, receiving back others made of iron, upon which was the legend, "ICH GABE GOLD FUR EISEN." You remember Shylock's regret when he heard that his daughter had given the ring which had belonged to his wife, Leah, for a monkey. "I would not have lost it for a wilderness of monkeys," he said.

In looking at old rings one is struck with the fancy and symbolism suggested by the design of the ring itself, while in the present day the value of jewellery as art work is very small, the weight of metal and the costliness of the gems being their only value. Yet Cellini, the celebrated metal-worker, used to make rings of chiselled steel, their value depending upon the skill of work-

Fig. 7.

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manship and design. St. Dunstan, who was celebrated as a worker in metal, is said to have made rings.

I notice among the peasant rings at South Kensington much more fancy, beauty, and symbolism than in our own rings. Take Fig. 8, consisting of a flower-shaped bezel set with crystals in gold, the price of which in Valencia is 28s., or the silver-gilt ring, Fig. 9, consisting of a broad hoop chased with flowers, worn by peasants of the Grödener and Eisack valleys, the cost of which is 2s. 1d. What could we offer for this sum?

Fig. 8.

Patriotism is shown in such rings as Fig. 10, made in Strasbourg, to keep up the idea of once more uniting Alsace and Lorraine to France. Symbolism of another kind is seen in Figs. 11 and 12 and 13, the prices of which are 6d., 16s. and 4s. respectively, the 16s. one being gold, and the other two silver.

Fig. 9.

Another form of peasant ring, and one for use more than ornament, is seen in Fig. 14, which has been used as a weapon of defence—the five projecting points making it an ugly weapon—by peasant lads in upper Bavaria from about the beginning of the 18th century to the present day.

The rings known as Fede rings (the present name in Italy for a wedding ring is Fede) present several features of interest.

Fig. 10.

They are twin rings, and are also known as "gimmel" (a corruption of "jumelle," twin). They are usually composed of two flat hoops, the one fitting accurately within the other, and kept in its place by a corresponding projections on either extreme edge, so that the two form, to all appearance, one body. On each is engraved a name, or often one line of a distich in old French. These two hoops could be worn singly (as they could be separated) and thus be used as a means of recognition when again compared together.

The *dénouement* of Dryden's "Don Sebastian" turns upon a love-token of the kind:

These rings when you were born and thought another's,
Your parents, glowing yet in sinful love,
Bade me bespeak: a curious artist wrought them,
With joints so close as not to be perceived,
Yet are they both each other's counterpart.
His part had *Juan* inscribed, and hers had Zayda—
You know these names are theirs—in the midst
A heart divided in two halves was placed.
Now if the rivets of these rings inclosed
Fit not each other, I have forged this lie;
But if they do, you must for ever part.

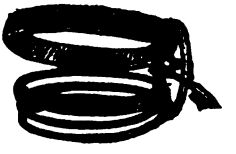

Fig. 11.

Fig. 12.

Fig. 13.

Figs. 15, 16, and 17 show three forms of these Fede rings. The first is perhaps the most interesting, and it is inscribed within: "Quod deus conivnxit non separet." It is a Florentine ring of the 16th century. The puzzle rings, as shown in Fig. 18, are ingeniously contrived, as the four hoops comprising the ring are all separate, and the ring therefore falls to pieces when removed from the finger. A friend of mine had one made by one of the Indian goldsmiths at the Colinderies Exhibition in 1886.

Episcopal rings are among some of the most interesting and beautiful that have come down to us. Such rings we may

Fig. 14.

regard as wholly symbolical, though in the earlier days they were used as signets, bishops sealing with their rings the profession of faith which the neophyte made in writing. They also sealed their pastoral letters, and in conformity to a decree of

St. Sergius (687-701), the bishops of France and Spain used to seal up the baptismal fonts with their rings from the beginning of Lent to Holy Saturday. The Sacramental of St. Gregory the Great (590) prescribes for a bishop the use of the ring and pastoral staff. In 1194, the fashion of

Fig. 15.

Fig. 16.

Fig. 17.

the episcopal ring was settled by Innocent III., who ordained that the ring should be of solid gold and set with a precious stone, on which nothing was to be cut.

The episcopal ring is now always worn on the annular finger of the right hand, and

Fig. 18.

bishops never wear more than one, though in Raphael's portrait of Pope Julius II. in the National Gallery he is represented as wearing six rings. According to Durandus the episcopal ring was regarded as symbolical, first, of perfect fidelity; of the duty of sealing and revealing, and, lastly, of the gift of the Holy Ghost.

Fig. 19 represents a papal ring of the 15th century. It is of bronze gilt, and is very massive, the bezel being square and set with a green chalcedony; on two sides the lion of St. Mark in relief, and on the shoulders shields of arms. The ring Fig. 20 has the symbols of the four Evangelists, and it has also shields of arms. These papal rings, dating from the 15th to the 17th centuries, appear to have been given by the popes to new-made cardinals. The ring Fig. 21 is of much more beautiful workmanship and design. Another very interesting ring is Fig. 22. It is of gold, and massive, the hoop formed of eight divisions alternately circular and lozenge-shaped, nielloed and inscribed "ALHETA," and is supposed to have been the property of Alhastan, Bishop of Sherborne (817-867).

Fig. 19.

It was found at Llysfaen, in the north-east of Carnarvonshire, previous to December, 1773, and is valued at £140.

Fig. 23 is associated with the Church, as it is said to have been given by Charles I. to Bishop Juxon on the day of his execution. Around the edge of the bezel is engraved the sentiment, "Rather death than fals fayth."

Fig. 24 is another interesting Anglo-Saxon ring. Fig. 25 is a ring of the same period, the ornamentation of the bezel being

Fig. 20.

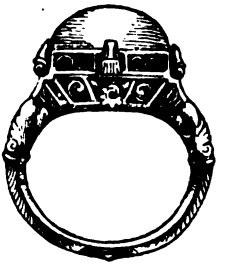

Fig. 21.

Fig. 22.

Celtic in design. It was found in the Thames at Chelsea in 1856.

Thumb rings were often worn from the 14th to the 17th centuries, and Falstaff boasts that in his youth he was "slender

enough to creep into any alderman's thumb ring." The Jade ring (Fig. 26) is of Indian workmanship, and is for the thumb.

Fig. 23.

Fig. 24.

Fig. 25.

Poison rings with a hollow bezel were used in classical times, as for example that by which Hannibal killed himself and the poison ring of Demosthenes. The mediæval *ancello della morte*, supposed to be a Venetian invention, was used as a method of murder. Among the elaborate ornaments of the bezel a hollow point made to work with a spring was concealed. It communicated with a receptacle for poison in a cavity behind, in such a way that the murderer could give the fatal scratch while shaking hands with his enemy. The Borgias have the reputation of having used these rings for ridding themselves of people in their way, and the poison is said to have been obtained from snakes.

Fig. 27 is a South German ring of the 16th century and is set with three wolves'

Fig. 26.

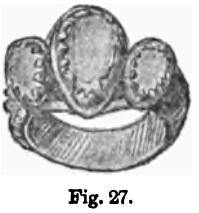

Fig. 27.

teeth, the shoulders chased with two roses in relief. It was probably used as a charm, as were many rings of this period, to ward off certain diseases. Specimens of rings for this purpose, set with toad-stones and amber, can be seen in the Kensington Museum. The ring Fig. 28, found in Ireland, is an incantation ring. The bezel is engraved with a rose, rudely scored with a cross, inscribed outside the hoop: "Ihesus nasarenus rex judeorum," and inside, "Iasper, melchior, baltasar" These

Fig. 28.

Fig. 29.

three names occur on many of these incantation rings, and are supposed to have been the names of the three wise men.

The Giardinetti rings, such as Fig. 29, are purely decorative rings, and take their name from the design, which is in the form of a basket of flowers, composed of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds.

The memorial rings of the 18th century, three of which are given (Figs. 30, 31, 32),

Fig. 30.

Fig. 31.

Fig. 32.

are typical of the age. They are interesting as marking an epoch when grief expressed

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itself in a purely conventional language. The abstract symbolism of the cypress, urn, and weeping figure were superseded by miniatures of the person commemorated, and rings that were not memorial had their bezels formed of a miniature covered with a crystal. The minute work on a miniature not so large as a threepenny-piece is a form of art that finds little place in an age when impressionism is the vogue. Ladies no longer wear portraits of their friends in brooches, bracelets, or rings.

ITALIAN RING, 17TH CENT.

MEROVINGIAN, 7TH CENT.

ROMAN RING.

DUTCH RING, 17TH CENT.

The first Duke of Wellington, meeting Miss Dawson Damer at a dinner, was observed to look intently at a ring worn by that lady. After dinner he accosted her, and requested to be allowed to see it, as the children say, in his own hands. "Where did you get this ring?" said the Duke. "It belonged to the late Mrs. Fitzherbert." "Yes." "Do you know the trick of it? Have you opened it?" "Opened it? I know of no trick," exclaimed the lady. The Duke touched a spring and showed behind the ring a tiny miniature of the Regent in his best days. "There were two of these rings," explained the Duke. "They were exactly alike, so my attention was drawn to yours. The fellow ring to this differed from it in that it enclosed the likeness of Mrs. Fitzherbert. The King gave that one to me before he died and ordered me to place it on his breast before the coffin was closed down. I did so."

[We are indebted for the photographs of H.R.H. Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, to Mr. Heath, Plymouth; T.R.H. the Children of the Duke of Connaught, to Messrs. Hughes & Mullins, Ryde; Lady Marjorie Gordon, to Messrs. Lafayette, Dublin; the Duke of Manchester, to Mr. A. Kissack, Eton; the Daughter of Sir Augustus Harris, to Messrs. Elliott & Fry, Baker Street; the Daughter of Judge Green, to Messrs. Lafayette, Dublin; the Children of Dr. J. Frederick Bridge, to Mr. C. Vandyk, Gloucester Road; the Children of Dr. Hans Richter, to Höffert, Berlin; the Daughter of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, to Messrs. Byrne & Co., Richmond; the Son of Mr. Hamish McCunn, to Mr. L. Lowe, St. John's Wood.]

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TALKS ON HOME TOPICS.

By Mrs. Humphry.

HOUSEKEEPING.

HAT is housekeeping? Someone ought to offer a prize for the best definition. Mine would be about a mile long. Housekeeping means abundance for everybody without an atom of waste; the best of cookery applied to every sort of food; perfect cleanliness from attic to cellar; taste and nicety in details; comfort in furniture and appointments, not only in drawing-room and dining-room, but in the kitchen and the servants' bedrooms; plenty of fresh air, but no draughts; kindness and consideration pervading the home atmosphere, but no foolish weakness; and a careful attention to providing as much sunshine as may be secured, both in our rooms and in our hearts. I could go on for ever so long, translating the true womanly meaning of housekeeping, but long sentences are contrary to my literary creed; and after all, a light sketch is sometimes more effective than a carefully filled-in picture.

I have sometimes heard people say: "She is a born housekeeper." That amuses me! If any task in this workaday world needs experience and knowledge of human nature, it is this very task of housekeeping.

First of all, one has to dive deep into the nature of servants, and discover the strange depths and the sudden shallows that bring one up short when sounding warily the pools of ignorance and obstinacy. Servants are very like children, and we have to remember that they inherit suspicion and distrust from a long line of servitors.

Then we have to learn something of the ways of tradesmen; and if any human being was ever born with that sort of knowledge innate in her mind, she must be a miracle, and by no means an agreeable one. The poet may be born, and the philosopher; also the cook, by grace of certain natural gifts of palate; but the housekeeper, never! She may have certain qualities born with her which are favourable to the development of domestic talent, but that is all that the fairy godmothers can do for her at her birth in the way of equipping her for the post of Queen of the Home. It is experience that is needed, and that must be bought by each one of us for herself.

And after all, some of us who have undergone perfect cataracts of experience, seem never to learn at all! There is a lady of my acquaintance who was married fifteen years ago, enjoys a good allowance from her husband, in addition to some pin-money of her own, and is in the possession of excellent health. And yet she is seldom happy. Every fresh servant that she engages seems to be a fresh trial, another buffet hurled at her by circumstances.

Her tradespeople would seem to be in a never-ending conspiracy against her. Her conversation is one long chapter of lamentations, and is extremely tiresome to listen to. And all because she will not learn her lessons. I can truly say that I have never yet had a servant from whom I have not learned something towards the great lesson of understanding them as a class; and I have never yet dealt with an unsatisfactory tradesman without profiting by the experience gained in dealing with others.

But Mrs. Threestars goes on her erratic course after each fiasco, just as though each attempt to obtain efficient service were her first. With every fresh servant she begins by locking everything up, a proceeding that puts them on the defensive immediately. After a few days she loses her keys, is obliged to have all the locks picked, and then everything is left at the mercy of the cook, who is much more inclined to be careless and wasteful than she would have been had her mistress trusted to her discretion in the first instance. The least fault entails dismissal, and I have known her to have ten different servants in the space of a twelvemonth.

One of her cooks broke a dinner dish and was dismissed for doing so. A housemaid coming into the dining-room one dull afternoon and not perceiving her mistress on the sofa, walked up to the sideboard and began admiring herself in the glass, turning her head this way and that, and trying the effect of her best smiles on her reflection. Any kind-hearted, wise woman would have imitated Brer Rabbit during this perform-

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ance. You remember he "lay low and said nuffin;" but this impetuous person, who after all had probably often done the same thing herself, made such a scathing remark to the unfortunate girl that a prompt "notice" was the result.

When I heard this story I asked my friend, "Have the servants a good looking-glass in their room?" It is a small thing, you know, a trifle of the slightest when you look at it down from the heights of your superior intelligence and attainments. But it is not such a small thing when you are trying on your new hat or investigating the fit of the new gown just sent home from the dressmaker's.

It is one of my housekeeping articles of faith to give the maids a good looking-glass. If they are at all untidy, it is not difficult to say, "Ann, if you will run upstairs and look at yourself in the glass you will find that your gown has given way in one of the seams." But if the only available mirror is a bit of broken glass propped up against the wall, as I have seen it in the servants' room of a house where the dinners were excellent and the champagne first-rate, you cannot with any consistency expect your maids to be neat and immaculately tidy.

To make home happy is the real object of good housekeeping, and no home can be quite happy in which any member, even the lowliest, is uncomfortable, unappreciated, her good points not elicited and her bad ones diminishing by degrees under kindly but judicious treatment. It is by our failures that we learn in the great art of keeping house, and the most successful are those who know how to make a good servant out of an indifferent one. There are not many really bad ones, and if they do crop up in life's patchwork, the only thing to do is to get rid of them as soon as possible.

But housekeeping is not all servants. By no means! How many a girl who thought when she was young, and in her father's house, that she had no taste for housekeeping, has learned to love it with the background of a home of her own? How pleasant it is to feel that everything is going smoothly, on oiled wheels, in consequence of our own administrative faculties rendered proficient by constant use.

There are the meals, served to the moment, on tables rendered attractive by snowy damask, glittering silver and dainty china, sparkling glass and pretty flowers. The house itself is the abode of peace, no confusion, no door-banging, no loud voices, but cheerfulness expressed in every face. The domestic routine is conducted with such order and regularity that no interruption to the pursuits of the châtelaine occurs to worry and annoy her. And this delightful climax is reached by her own skilful planning of all the work of the household, the secret of the smooth working of the whole.

NEW CORAL AND SHELL TABLE DECORATION.
(MESSRS. OSLER.)

Few servants are methodical. It is difficult for them to acquire systematic habits, alternating, as they do, between families of such various ways and customs. Consequently it falls to the mistress of the house to apportion to them the duties that fill the morning hours. The afternoons they should have to themselves, not to wander about the streets, as some good souls have proposed in newspapers and periodicals whenever the great servant question crops up, as it periodically does, but to employ it in doing their own sewing and mending, or in reading, if they enjoy it.

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A household in which the afternoons are given to the servants for their own occupations is almost sure to be one where servants remain long and do their best to please, for they know very well that such consideration is not always meted out to them. And they appreciate it. How can they fail to do so? It also makes them alert and industrious with their morning work, so that it may be quite completed by the luncheon hour, and they can then enjoy to the full the pleasant leisure that follows it.

But it is useless to initiate any such arrangement of the kind unless breakfast is an early meal, and a punctual one. This is one of the great secrets of successful housekeeping. The early breakfast gives such a delightfully long morning to both mistress and maids, that those who have tried it are very unlikely ever to give it up. Is 7.45 too soon? Let it be 8 then, or 8.30 at the latest. Our breakfast hour is 7.45, and the maids breakfast at the same time and have the same dishes as we do. They have to work hard till lunchtime, their dinner, and they need good food, and plenty of it, at their morning meal. It prevents their having that curious "sinking," as they describe it, which is such a prominent circumstance in the mornings of a charwoman, seamstress, or other lady of that class, who comes to work after a probably meagre meal at her own home.

When the work is planned out for both cook and housemaid, it must be so arranged that when the former has the servants' bedroom to clean, the latter may be occupied downstairs. It is a good plan to let the housemaid have her plate-cleaning set down for that morning, and she can then "answer the door-bell," as the phrase somewhat quaintly runs, while cook is aloft "turning out" her bedroom.

Every room in the house should have its turn once a fortnight for a thorough cleaning. Let us suppose, for instance, a house with six bedrooms and three sitting-rooms; "reception-rooms" the house agents call them, for some occult reason best known to themselves. As a race, they seem to magnify everything. The work list for a fortnight might run somewhat as follows:

COOK'S WORK LIST.

First Week.

Monday—Wash towels, socks, and flannels.
Tuesday—Mangle, air, and iron washing.
Wednesday—Help housemaid turn out drawing-room.
Thursday—Turn out her bedroom.
Friday—Clean down hall and kitchen stairs.
Saturday—Clean kitchen and scullery.

Second Week.

Monday—Wash towels, socks, and flannels.
Tuesday—Mangle, air, and iron washing.
Wednesday—Turn out dining-room, with housemaid's help.
Thursday—Clean all cupboards.
Friday—Clean down hall and kitchen stairs.
Saturday—Clean kitchen and scullery.

HOUSEMAID'S WORK LIST.

First Week.

Monday—Turn out best bedroom and dressing-room.
Tuesday—Turn out second-best bedroom.
Wednesday—Turn out drawing-room.
Thursday—Clean plateroom.
Friday—Do stairs down thoroughly.
Saturday—Clean all brasses, door-handles, chests of drawers, etc., all through house.

Second Week.

Monday—Turn out two smaller bedrooms.
Tuesday—Turn out two more bedrooms.
Wednesday—Help cook with dining-room.
Thursday—Clean plate.
Friday—Do stairs down thoroughly.
Saturday—Turn out third sitting-room.

FURNITURE.

There are well-furnished rooms that do not attract, just as there are handsome women who have not the subtle gift of charm. It is often difficult to say exactly where the failure lies in either case, but in that of the room it is safe to set it down to its proprietress.

There is now every chance for a woman to express her individuality in her drawing-room and her dining-room, as compared with the old days when chairs and tables were almost invariably in middle-class homes arranged upon a set plan, in which the table was as the sun to a solar system of minor pieces of furniture. Drawing-room suites have long since vanished from the homes of the up-to-date, and there is not a table or a chair in the drawing-room of to-day that does not in some way express the owner's personality.

When Napoleon looked at the map of Paris, and perceived what an incomprehensible jumble it was, the streets being arranged without any coherent plan, he took a pencil out of his pocket, drew two lines with it across Paris from end to end, the lines traversing each other in the centre, and said: "There shall be two wide thoroughfares where I have drawn those

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lines." And so it was—houses had to come down, hospitals, churches, schools, hotels, all that lay in the way, and Paris is now one of the best-planned cities in the world.

How often, when I go into the drawing-rooms of my friends do I ardently wish that a Napoleon would arise and reform them. What I should like him to do would be to insist upon two clear lines from the door—one to the fireplace, the other to the hostess, who always has a special nook of her own. In most cases the direct route to both points of interest is littered with all sorts of *impedimenta*. One has to coast round tables on which precious "bits" of china are deposited and warily look out for hidden traps in the shape of small footstools. It is extremely embarrassing to be precipitated into some stranger's arms or to knock over a pretty little vase or cup, especially on paying a first call at some house. After such a feat, one feels that one has earned, though not deserved, a character for clumsiness which will probably stick close for years.

JARDINIERE WITH PALM FOR LANDING

There are three things to consider in the furnishing of a drawing-room: form, colour, and composition. In this way it resembles a painting. The shape of the various pieces is an important matter. Tables must not be too large, and it is now almost an essential that no two of them shall be alike.

In these days of card-playing, when poker and bézique have each their fervent disciples, at least one card-table must find a place, and the devotees of Halma expect to discover in some nook a low, flat table such as is suited to their needs. A small army of tiny tea tables in every kind of wood, bamboo, and wicker come forth from corners at the witching hour of five, now sacred to that delicious beverage that plays so pleasant a part in our daily lives. Is not the thirst for tea that begins to assail us about half-past four quite different from any other sort of thirst? There is something in it that brings the whole of our sex to a feeling of affinity. The Duchess and the dairy-maid share the longing for tea, and though the former takes hers out of a dainty china cup, while the latter probably drinks it out of a mug that has no connection with the aristocracy of porcelain, the tea itself is equally delicious and refreshing to both of them.

Let us, then, have plenty of tables, and more particularly of that convenient kind that has an undershelf or two for baskets of cake, or fruit, or those delicious *foie gras* sandwiches that no well-conducted and self-respecting tea table should be without.

As to chairs, they may be large or small and of any shape, but they must never be high. Those with high seats are nowadays reserved exclusively for the dining-room. And above all, the drawing-room chairs should be dependable.

It is a curious fact, and one for which there is no accounting, that the heavier and more robust your caller is, the more certain is it that he or she will select the most

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fragile-looking chair in the room to sit upon. A very stout person hates a very low chair, because of the difficulty he foresees in getting himself up out of it when he wants to go away. Consequently, he selects one of those gilt ones that are to be found in every drawing-room, or else a trifle in bamboo and papier-maché, which instantly begins to give at the joints when a matter of fourteen stone or so is suddenly flumped down upon it. Fat people do not sit down in the ordinary fashion. They flop. This is a method that tries the chair to its utmost. And yet there are hostesses who, knowing that a chair is broken, still leave it in their drawing-room, a direct invitation to disaster. This is simply unpardonable. Gingerbread seats, such as are sold by hundreds just now, are bad enough, but wounded veterans should be sent to hospital at once, and not re-admitted until completely cured.

Some of the so-called easy chairs are extremely uneasy seats. They are not devised with any appropriateness to the outlines of the human figure. Sometimes the back is so straight that one has to sit bolt upright upon them, an attitude of uncomfortable stiffness which, if prolonged, actually affects the mood itself. The most *débonnair* of human beings, full of the milk of human kindness, genial, amiable, sympathetic, could not possibly retain these pleasant characteristics to the full when his body is at direct right angles with his knees.

Others, again, incline so far back as to involve quite a strain upon the muscles of those who occupy them, if they attempt to lean back in them. It is a good plan never to buy a chair without trying it. Sitting in it for a few seconds will not do. One must nestle into it with a book—the catalogue of the firm where it is being purchased will do—and find out if it supports the shoulders just where they need support, and if it permits the back, that most easily wearied portion of the frame, to enjoy perfect rest.

One or two rather deep chairs are advisable in a room that is too small to hold a couch, since they admit of repose in a recumbent attitude. But there should be a Chesterfield couch in every house where women are; and it should be certainly seven feet long. If the whole family runs small, as occasionally happens, this length would be unnecessary, but for a woman of five foot five a couch length of seven feet is not at all beyond the mark, since the scroll support at either end of the Chesterfield absorbs several inches. With growing girls it is an absolute necessity that they should be able to lie down at full length when tired. If they rest in a cramped position they are apt to grow crooked, with one shoulder out further than the other or one hip disproportionately high.

In ways like these the ideal drawing-room combines comfort with beauty. It is too often a room set apart for company use, and oddly enough it will be found that the lower the grade of society the more inflexible is the family rule that the drawing-room shall not be in general use. And yet it is the poor family with cramped house room that can least afford to set apart any space for this special purpose.

Look at the cottages of the poor. Is there not always a best room in which the inmates would be very comfortable if they would only use it. But it is as much lost to them in everyday life as though it did not exist, except indeed for the trouble involved in dusting it and covering every atom of the furniture with newspapers. Only on great days when honoured guests or family gatherings are to be entertained does it come out of its curl papers and gratify the hearts of its owners by its (to their idea) noble proportions and fine contents.

It is a mistake to have anything too grand for our means, and it is a good old rule to buy nothing that we could not afford to replace were it to be destroyed. One loses one's head sometimes and invests in a lordly sideboard or a very handsome suite of furniture only to regret it afterwards as a deviation from the strict line of true symmetry and proportion in expenditure.

The only exception to this rule, to my thinking, is in the case of carpets. I should always advise the purchase of a good Turkey carpet where the means are in hand to pay for it. It costs thrice the amount of a Brussels, if not more, but then it gives ten times the wear and imparts to the room an aspect of comfort and luxury that improves the appearance of the furniture in it. With good pictures and a Turkey carpet the furnishing is half done.

However, it is not always possible to command the price of either, and at the present time there are carpets cheap enough to buy for what we may call temporary purposes. If a young couple expect to be in a few years better off financially than when they begin housekeeping together, they probably take a much smaller house than they will eventually occupy, and though all

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the pieces of furniture they buy should be essentially good, with a view to its use later on in a more ambitious dwelling, the carpets need not be of the luxurious sort, but can consist of those inexpensive kinds which occasionally flood the market.

And now we come to the consideration of colour, a delightful theme to which a whole volume could hardly do justice. We do not sufficiently love colour in our cold grey and brown atmosphere. Or perhaps we love it at heart, but fear to audaciously encourage ourselves to indulge in it. A sort of self-distrust in the matter of taste influences us in the contrary direction, and we feel compelled to confine ourselves to those neutral tints that make sometimes so depressing an environment. There is a puritanic vein in most of us, possibly inherited from some rigorous ancestor, or possibly caused by a severe upbringing in our early youth. Contradictory as it seems, this instinct of self-repression is often accompanied by an inconsistent adoration of lively brightness and a love of the cheery side of life. And we express both occasionally in our drawing-rooms.

DESIGN FOR WINDOW DECORATION.

I know one in which the slate-coloured walls seem almost to hurt the eyes with their harsh contradiction to the glowing tints of the carpet and the lovely brown and yellow of the hangings. I often wish I could wave a wand and make those walls white and yellow. What a perfect room that would be then! The windows are draped with short blinds of yellow silk in many a fold and frilled at the edges, and from the top of the windows hang half-length curtains of brown velvet, almost chestnut in their bright warmth of tone, and yet with a dash of old gold in them. The material is the beautiful English mohair velvet, which is softer and better than Utrecht and yet is much cheaper. One or two small tables have covers of yellow velveteen stamped in a design of brown, almost sepia in tone. One of the large standard lamps has a big yellow silk shade, and another, a glorious bit of colour, is shaded with a diaphanous mass of poppy red. The carpet is an Axminster, soft and thick, with a geometrical pattern in tones of oak brown upon a ground of warm cream colour, and a rich border in which a deep tint of wallflower is introduced.

When I saw that room last week there was a very thick and fluffy white sheepskin rug in front of the square marble fender, and on the tiles within the latter an "Ardent" lamp was burning, the flame showing crimson and gold through the tinted chimney, and staining the snowy rug with a glow of brilliant colour that conveyed the idea of warmth and cosiness.

Few people use coal in their drawing-rooms now, when so many different ways of heating the room exist without the dirt and inconvenience inseparable from the "black diamonds." Coal fires ruin pretty dainty lampshades in a very short time. Asbestos, with its freedom from smoke, is seen in many a pretty room, the fumes of the gas being carefully conducted up the chimney.

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In others oil stoves, such as the "Ardent," are adopted. In a drawing-room that I know a very effective arrangement takes the place of the now obsolete coal fire.

Within the square white marble fender stands the "Ardent" lamp, shedding its ruby golden light upon the tiles, and also upon the small glancing mirrors, woven in with the deep yellow silk embroidery of an Indian phoolkari curtain, which is draped across the fireplace, at either end of which, outside the fender, is a palm standing in an ornamental *jardinière* of Delhi brasswork. The whole thing is so pretty that the owner and designer of it stands before it in a kind of rapture as she shows it to her friends.

The chimneypiece has a long slip of yellow velvet, finished at the edge with a band of gimp in brown, black, and gold. On it is an alabaster and gilt clock with candelabra to match, the candles fitted with shades in a design representing white lace on a ground of gold. Two small Delhi pots hold shaded chrysanthemums on either side of the clock.

The overmantel in this room is in unpolished light oak, the supports of the chimney being very finely carved in relief. It runs up to the ceiling and has three medallions half-way up, in which family portraits are inserted, each medallion being framed round with carved oak leaves.

The grouping of the furniture is sometimes a puzzle, when the room is at all eccentric in shape. The placing of the piano is often quite a problem. It must be arranged so that the performer faces the room, and this is the difficult point, for the back of the ordinary cottage piano is about as hideously commonplace an object as one could see. It should be draped in such a manner as to apparently defeat its straightness and squareness of line by leading the eye away from it. On this and other topics relative to drawing-rooms I hope to write next month.

COOKERY.

The really delightful cook is one who makes up her mind that every dish she prepares, however simple it may be, shall be as perfect as she can contrive to make it.

Some of us have such unspoiled palates that simple dishes, if well prepared, give us as much pleasure as the costliest preparations. I do not refer to coarse, unrefined tastes, such as those of the untutored rustic who eats almost indiscriminately, enjoys fat bacon and beans, and perceives no difference between rancid butter and fresh. His is an uneducated palate. I refer to that of the cultivated which has not been spoiled by a long course of highly seasoned dishes, strongly flavoured condiments of various kinds, and a daily *menu* in which for the mere sake of variety, a number of incongruous meats are grouped together and eaten in a sequence that only the finest culinary skill can render innocuous to the digestion.

Let us take the hashes and stews that it is so much the fashion to deride. They are among the most nutritious forms of food when composed chiefly of meat that has not already been overcooked; and they also have the advantage of extracting the greatest amount of value from the meat, from a financial point of view.

Try it. Take three pounds of meat and roast it. See how far it will go for four people. The same quantity, stewed long and slowly, will suffice them, and probably leave something over.

If the English working man's wife only understood the value of stewing, she would make her husband's money go a long way further. But there are thousands of her superiors in the social scale who know nothing of the tender meanings of the verb "to simmer." As for cooks, two-thirds of them consider that the correct way to make a hash of cold meat is to prepare the gravy and lay the meat in just long enough before serving it to let it become thoroughly hot. The usual result of this ignorant process is to make it into the consistency of leather. The unfortunate teeth struggle vainly with it, and it has to be "bolted" in a semi-masticated state that passes on the trial to the digestive organs.

Now friends and countrywomen, lend me your ears while I discourse on the humble subject of stews. Don't despise the topic! I did once, when I was young, and regarded food as a matter far beneath the notice of an intellectual being. How we keep our heads in the clouds when we are young! At meal-times we probably descend with surprising punctuality and with admirable promptitude fall to upon the victuals prepared for us, but as to how they are bought, cooked, and served, these are matters far too earthly and mundane for our attention.

As to our digestive organs, we know nothing about them, and care nothing as a rule. They are equal to any task when we are young, and perform their duties without obtruding themselves in any way upon the notice of their proprietors. It is pleasant to

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look upon those far-away days of delightful youth, with its freedom from care, and amusing to recollect that, in my salad days, I never suspected for an instant that every human being had a liver. I fully believed that only those persons who resided in hot climates were possessed of this apparently doubtful blessing, and was well on in my teens before I discovered that it was not something abnormal that grew outside.

But as we grow older we recognise what a wonderful influence—incredibly great—good cookery exercises upon health and happiness. When a man is suffering from indigestion he cannot do his work well in the world. His energies droop, and his acuteness diminishes. Very often his temper is affected by the disagreeable sensations he is experiencing, and upon the results of this I need not dwell.

Women, it is true, suffer in the same way. but I prefer to dwell upon the miseries of the man, as he is often so impartial in revenging them upon all around him. Is that a libel upon Englishmen, dear readers? Not at all, the majority of our countrymen are just, gentle, and agreeable; pleasant companions and trustworthy helpmeets. It is only of a small proportion of them, rapidly diminishing, that I discourse in the above unflattering terms. They are bears, and growl even during feeding time.

But even the best-tempered of men incline to a certain mild grumpiness when they have partaken of indigestible dishes, and it is one of the pleasant tasks of the clever housewife to see that the food placed before them is well cooked. And to do this she must know how to prepare it herself. If she trusts to the queen of her kitchen, she will soon find that sovereign of the saucepans far from fit to reign in her own right. She may be Prime Minister. She must not be Autocrat.

When I first began housekeeping I fully believed in the agreeable fiction that cooks knew how to cook, that housemaids understood the care of furniture, and that parlourmaids were expert in the art of laying a table. I very soon discovered my mistake. They all have to be taught how to do their work.

There must be thousands of middle-class families whose households jog along somehow in the midst of endless muddle. There is no system, no order, no regularity. Will my readers set me down as a martinet when I say that there is no practical medium between this condition of chaos and clockwork punctuality and precision? It is my firm belief that it is so.

What is there about order and system that sometimes makes even uncongenial work tolerable, and renders congenial occupation delightful? Are some of us born mathematical?

Now let us get back to this stew of ours and study it with minds imbued with the importance of the topic. First of all remember that your meat must be cut thick, not thin, otherwise it will not retain to the same extent the juices that give it value as nutritious food.

Take a perfectly clean dry stewpan, and cover the bottom of it closely with pieces of the meat, whether cooked or uncooked. Put it over a moderate fire, or on a gas stove, or one with oil for fuel. When the underside of the meat is perfectly brown, turn it over and brown the other side.

In adding the stock or water, whichever you use, remember that it must be as hot as the meat; otherwise it will be likely to harden it. Cooked meat will need stock, probably made from the bones of the joint from which the meat has been cut. Fresh meat will make good stock for itself. Let it simmer gently for at least an hour, whether it has been previously cooked or not. Then brown a teaspoonful of sugar in an iron spoon, and add it with a thickening of flour to the stew—onion to taste after having fried it in rings in a little good dripping and a fresh chili if you have one. If not, put in instead of it a dessert-spoonful of Captain White's pickles, and a dessert-spoonful of the sauce that accompanies it in the well-known bottles. There is nearly always some of this sauce wasted in the bottom of a pickle bottle, but it can always be utilised to advantage in stews, giving them a delicious flavour.

A green chili gives a very delicate flavour to almost any stew, especially a fowl or pheasant; but the great secret is to slowly simmer the meat. Even very inferior meat can be eaten with pleasure if only it be stewed sufficiently long and sufficiently slowly. Leg of beef, which is about the very meanest part of the whole animal, can by this means be converted into a dish fit to set before a king.

Look into your larder and add any nice sweet gravy that may be about, bones of game or poultry, or the remains of potted meat, game, or soups. So long as these remnants are fresh and good, they all come in nicely and prevent waste while adding to the charms of the stew.

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CHAPTER I.*

TWO IN THE FIELD.

"Qui n'accepte pas le regret n'accepte pas la vie."

THE train technically known as the "Flying Dutchman," tearing through the plains of Taunton, and in a first-class carriage by themselves, facing each other, two boys.

One of these boys remembers the moment to this day. A journey accomplished with Care for a travelling companion usually adheres to the wheels of memory until those wheels are still. Grim Care was with these boys in the first-class carriage. A great catastrophe had come to them. A Fitz-Henry had failed to pass into her Majesty's Navy. Back and back through the generations — back to the days when England had no navy—she had always been served at sea by a FitzHenry. Moreover, there had always been a Henry of that name on the books. Henry, the son of Henry, had, as a matter of course, gone down to the sea in a ship, had done his country's business in the great waters.

There was, if they could have looked at it from a racial point of view, one small grain of consolation. The record was not even now snapped—for Henry had succeeded, Luke it was who had failed.

Henry sat with his back to the engine, looking out over the flat meadow-land, with some moisture remarkably like a tear in either eye. The eyes were blue, deep, and dark like the eastern horizon when the sun is setting over the sea. The face was brown, and oval, and still. It looked like a face that belonged to a race, something that had been handed down with the racial love of blue water. It is probable that many centuries ago, a man with a face such as this, with eyes such as these, with crisp closely curling hair, had leapt ashore from his open Viking boat, shouting defiance to the timid Briton.

This son of countless Henrys sat and thought the world was hollow, with no joy in it, and no hope, because Luke had failed.

We are told that there shall be two in the field, that the one shall be taken and the other left. But we have yet to learn why, in our limited vision, the choice seems invariably to be mistaken. We have yet to learn why he who is doing good work is called from the field, leaving there the man whose tastes are urban.

Except for the sake of the record—and we cannot really be expected in these busy times to live for generations past or yet unborn—except for the record it would have been more expedient that Henry should fail and Luke succeed. Everybody knew this. It was the common talk on board the "Britannia." Even the examiners knew it. Luke himself was aware of it. But there had always been a fatality about Luke.

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And now, when it was quite apparent that Luke was a sailor and nothing else, the Navy would have none of him. Those who knew him—his kindly old captain and others — averred that, with a strict and unquestionable discipline, Luke FitzHenry could be made a first-class officer, a brilliant

"She'll be a fool," he said, "if she does not give you another chance."

"I would not take it," answered Luke mechanically.

He was darker than his brother, with a longer chin and a peculiar twist of the lips. His eyes were lighter in colour,

"Grim Care was with these boys in the first-class carriage."

sailor. No one quite understood him, not even his brother Henry, usually known as Fitz. Fitz did not understand him now; he had not understood him since the fatal notice had been pasted on the broad main-mast, of which some may wot. He did not know what to say, so, like the wise old duke, he said nothing.

In the meantime the train raced on. Every moment brought them nearer to London and to the Honourable Mrs. Harrington.

Fitz seemed to be realising this, for he glanced uneasily at his brother, whose morose, sullen face was turned resolutely towards the window.

and rather too close together. A keen observer would have put him down as a boy who in manhood might go wrong. The strange thing was that no one—not even the dullest, and Heaven knows the world is blind enough!—no one could have hesitated for a moment in picking out Luke as the cleverer of the two.

Fitz paused. He was not so quick with his tongue as with his limbs. He knew his brother well enough to foresee the effect of failure. Luke FitzHenry was destined to be one of those unfortunate men who fail badly.

"Do not decide in too great a hurry," said Fitz at length, rather lamely. "Don't be a fool!"

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"No, it has been decided for me by my beastly bad luck."

"It *was* bad luck . . . deuced bad luck."

They had bought a packet of cigarettes at Exeter, but that outward sign of manhood lay untouched on the seat beside Fitz. It almost seemed as if manhood had come to them both in a more serious form than the swaggering indulgence in tobacco.

They were twins, these two boys, without, however, any striking resemblance of feature. They were obviously brothers, but not aggressively twins. For Luke was darker than his brother and somewhat shorter in stature.

It is probable that neither of them had ever seriously contemplated the possibility of failure for one and not for the other. Neither had ever looked onward, as it were, in life to see himself there without the other. The life that they both saw was that life on the ocean wave, of which home-keeping poets sing so eloquently; and it had always been vaguely taken for granted that no great difference in rank or success could sever them. Fitz was too simple-minded, too honest to himself, to look for great honours in his country's service. He mistrusted himself; Luke mistrusted Providence.

Such was the difference between these two boys—the thin end of a wedge of years which, spreading out in after days, turned each life into a path of its own, sending each man inexorably on his way.

These two boys were indeed almost alone in the world. Their mother had died in giving birth to them. Their father, an old man when he married, reached his allotted span when his sons first donned her Majesty's brass buttons, and quietly went to keep his watch below. Discipline had been his guiding star through life, and when Death called him he obeyed without a murmur, trusting confidently to the Naval Department in the first place, and the good God in the second, to look after his boys.

That the late Admiral FitzHenry had sorely misplaced his confidence was a fact which the two boys were now called upon to face alone in their youthful ignorance of the world. Fitz was uneasily conscious of a feeling of helplessness, as if some all-powerful protector had suddenly been withdrawn. Their two lives had been pre-committed to the parental care of their country, and now it almost took their breath away to realise that Luke had no such protector.

His was the pride that depreciates self. During the last twenty-four hours Fitz had heard him boast of his failure, holding it up with a singularly triumphant sneer, as if he had always distrusted his destiny and took a certain pleasure in verifying his own prognostications. There are some men who find a satisfaction in bad luck which good fortune could never afford them.

In a large house in Grosvenor Square two ladies were at that same moment speaking of the FitzHenrys. It was quite easy to see that the smaller lady of the two was the mistress of the house, as also of that vague abstract called the situation. She sat in the most comfortable chair, which was, by the way, considerably too spacious for her, and there was a certain aggressive sense of possession about her attitude and manner.

Had she been a man one would have said at once that here was a *nouveau riche*, ever heedful of the fact that the big room and all the appurtenances thereof were the fruits of toil and perseverance. There was a distinct suggestion of self-manufacture about Mrs. Harrington—distinct, that is to say, to the more subtle-minded. For she was not vulgar, neither did she boast. But the expression of her keen and somewhat worldly countenance betokened the intention of holding her own.

The Honourable Mrs. Harrington was not only beautifully dressed, but knew how to wear her clothes *en grande dame*.

"Yes," she was saying, "Luke has failed to pass off the 'Britannia.' It is a rare occurrence. I suppose the boy is a fool."

Mrs. Harrington was rather addicted to the practice of calling other people names. If the butler made a mistake she dubbed him an idiot at once. She did not actually call her present companion, Mrs. Ingham-Baker, a fool, possibly because she considered the fact too apparent to call for note.

Mrs. Ingham-Baker, stout and cringing, smoothed out the piece of silken needlework with which she moved through life, and glanced at her companion. She wanted to say the right thing. And Mrs. Harrington was what the French call "difficult." One could never tell what the right thing might be. The art of saying it is, moreover, like an ear for music, inasmuch as it is not to be acquired. And Mrs. Ingham-Baker had not been gifted thus.

"And yet," she said, "their father was a clever man—as I have been told."

"By whom?" inquired Mrs. Harrington blandly.

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Mrs. Ingham-Baker paused in distress.

"I wonder who it was," she pretended to reflect.

"So do I," snapped Mrs. Harrington.

Mrs. Ingham-Baker's imagination was a somewhat ponderous affair, and, when she trusted to it, it usually ran her violently down a steep place. She concluded to say nothing more about the late Admiral Fitz-Henry.

"The boy," said Mrs. Harrington, returning to the hapless Luke, "has had every advantage. I suppose he will try to explain matters when he comes. I could explain it in one word—stupidity."

"Perhaps," put in Mrs. Ingham-Baker nervously, "the brains have all gone to the other brother, Henry. It is sometimes so with twins."

Mrs. Harrington laughed rather derisively.

"Stupid woman to have twins," she muttered.

This was apparently one of several grievances against the late Mrs. FitzHenry.

"They have a little money of their own, have they not?" inquired Mrs. Ingham-Baker, with the soft blandness of one for whom money has absolutely no attraction.

"About enough to pay their washerwoman."

There was a pause and then Mrs. Ingham-Baker heaved a little sigh.

"I am sure, dear," she said, "that in some way you will be rewarded for your great kindness to these poor orphan boys."

She shook her head wisely, as if reflecting over the numerous cases of rewarded virtue which had come under her notice, and the action made two jet ornaments to her cap wobble, in a ludicrous manner, from side to side.

"That may be," admitted the lady of the house, "though I wish I felt as sure about it as you do."

"But then," continued Mrs. Ingham-Baker, in a low and feeling tone, "you always were the soul of generosity."

The soul of generosity gave an exceedingly wise little smile—almost as if she knew better—and looked up sharply towards the door. At the same moment the butler appeared.

"Mr. Pawson, ma'am," he said.

The little nod with which this information was received seemed to indicate that Mr. Pawson had been expected.

Beneath her black curls Mrs. Ingham-Baker's beady eyes were very much on the alert.

"In the library, James," said Mrs. Harrington—and the two jet ornaments bending over the silken needlework gave a little throb of disappointment.

"Mr. Pawson," announced the lady of the house, "is the legal light who casts a shadow of obscurity over my affairs."

And with that she left the room.

As soon as the door was closed Mrs. Ingham-Baker was on her feet. She crossed the room to where her hostess's key-basket and other belongings stood upon a table near the window. She stood looking eagerly at these without touching them. She even stooped down to examine the address of an envelope.

"Mr. Pawson!" she said in a breathless whisper. "Mr. Pawson—what does that mean? Can she be going to alter her—no! But—yes it may be! Perhaps Susan knows."

Mrs. Ingham-Baker then rang the bell twice, and resumed her seat.

Presently an aged servant came into the room. It was easy to see at a glance that she was a very old woman, but the years seemed to weigh less on her mind than on her body.

"Yes," she said composedly.

"Oh—eh, Susan," began Mrs. Ingham-Baker almost cringingly. "I rang because I wanted to know if a parcel has come for me—a parcel of floss-silk—from that shop in Buckingham Palace Road, you know."

"If it had come," replied Susan, with withering composure, "it would have been sent up to you."

"Yes, yes, of course I know that, Susan. But I thought that perhaps it might have been insufficiently addressed or something—that you or Mary might have thought that it was for Mrs. Harrington."

"She don't use floss silks," replied the imperturbable Susan.

"I was just going to ask her about it, when she was called away by someone. I think she said that it was her lawyer."

"Yes, Mr. Pawson."

Susan's manner implied—very subtly and gently—that her place in this pleasant house was more assured than that of Mrs. Ingham-Baker, and perhaps that stout diplomatist awoke to this implication, for she pulled herself up with considerable dignity.

"I hope that nothing is wrong," she said, in a tone that was intended to disclaim all intention of discussing such matters with a menial. "I should be sorry if Mrs.

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Harrington should be drawn into any legal difficulty; the law is so complicated."

Susan was engaged in looking for a speck of dust on the mantelpiece, not for its own sake or intrinsic value, but for the benefit of Mary's future. She had apparently no observation of value to offer upon the vexed subject of the law.

"I was rather afraid," pursued Mrs. Ingham-Baker gravely, "that Mrs. Harrington might be unduly incensed against that poor boy, Luke FitzHenry; that in a moment of disappointment, you know, she might be making some—well, some alteration in her will to the detriment of the boy."

Susan stood for a moment in front of the lady, with a strange little smile of amusement among the wrinkles of her face.

"Yes, that may be," she said, and quietly left the room.

"Yes, that may be," she said.

CHAPTER II.

A MAN DOWN.

"Caress the favourites, avoid the unfortunate, and trust nobody."

The atmosphere of Mrs. Harrington's drawing-room seemed to absorb the new-found manhood of the two boys, for they came forward shyly, overawed by the consciousness of their own boots, by the conviction that they carried with them the odour of cigarette smoke and failure.

"Well, my dears," said the Honourable Mrs. Harrington, suddenly softened despite herself by the sight of their brown young faces. "Well, come here and kiss me."

All the while she was vaguely conscious that she was surprising herself and others. She had not intended to treat them thus. Mrs. Harrington was a woman who had a theory of life—not a theory to talk about, but to act upon. Her theory was that "heart" is all nonsense. She looked upon existence here below as a series of contracts entered into with one's neighbours for purposes of mutual enjoyment or mutual advantage. She thought that life could be put down in black and white. Which was a mistake. She had gone through fifty years of it without finding out that for the sake of some memory—possibly a girlish one—hidden away behind her cold grey eyes, she could never be sure of herself in dealing with man or boy whose being bore the impress of the sea.

The strange thing was that she had never found it out. We speak pityingly of animals that do not know their own strength. Which of us knows his own weakness? There was a man connected with Mrs. Harrington's life, one of the contractors in black and white, who had found out this effect of a brown face and a blue coat upon a woman otherwise unmovable. This man, Cipriano de Lloseta, who contemplated life, as it were, from a quiet

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corner of the dress circle, kept his knowledge for his own use.

Fitz and Luke obeyed her invitation without much enthusiasm. They were boyish enough to object to kissing on principle. They then shook hands awkwardly with Mrs. Ingham-Baker, and drifted together again with that vague physical attraction which seems to qualify twins for double harness on the road of life. There was trouble ahead of them, and without defining the situation, like soldiers surprised, they instinctively touched shoulders.

It was the psychological moment. There was a little pause, during which Mrs. Harrington seemed to stiffen herself, morally and physically. Had she not stiffened herself, had she only allowed herself, as it were, to go—to call Luke to her and comfort him and sympathise with him, it would have altered every life in that room, and others outside of it. Even blundering, cringing, foolish Mrs. Ingham-Baker would have acted more wisely, for she would have followed the dictates of an exceedingly soft, if shallow, heart.

"I had hoped for a more satisfactory home-coming than this," said Mrs. Harrington in her hardest voice. When she spoke in this tone there was the faintest suggestion of a London accent.

Fitz made a little movement, a step forward, as if she had been unconsciously approaching the brink of some danger, and he wished to warn her. The peculiar twist in Luke's lips became momentarily more visible, and he kept his deep, despondent eyes fixed on the speaker's face.

There are two kinds of rich women. The first spends her money in doing good, the last pays it away for the gratification of her love of power. Of the Honourable Mrs. Harrington it was never reported that she was lavish in her charities.

"I think," she said, "that I ought to tell you that I have been paying the expenses of your education almost entirely. I was in no way bound to do so. I took charge of you at your father's death because— I—because he was a true friend to me. I do not grudge the money, but in return I expected you to work hard and get on in your profession."

She stiffened herself with a rustling sound of silk, proudly conscious of injured virtue, full of the charity that exacteth a high interest.

"We did our best," replied Fitz, with a simple intrepidity which rather spoilt the awesomeness of the situation.

"I am not speaking to you," returned the lady. "You have worked and have passed your examination satisfactorily. You are not clever—I know that—but you have managed to get into the Navy, where your father was before you and your grandfather before him. I have no doubt you will give satisfaction to your superior officers. I was talking to Luke."

"We all knew that," said Luke, in a dangerous voice—which trite observation she chose to ignore.

"You have had equal advantages," pursued the dispenser of charity. "I have shown no favour; I have treated you alike. It had been my intention to do so all your lives and after my death."

Mrs. Ingham-Baker was so interested at this juncture that she leant forward with parted lips, listening eagerly. The Honourable Mrs. Harrington allowed herself the plebeian pleasure of returning the stare with a questioning glance which broke off into a little laugh.

"Have you," she continued, addressing Luke directly, "any reason to offer for your failure—beyond the usual one of bad luck?"

Luke looked at her in a lowering way and made no reply. Had Mrs. Harrington been a poor woman she would have recognised that the boy was at the end of his tether. But she had always been surrounded—as such women are—by men, and more especially women, who would swallow any insult, any insolence, so long as it was gilded. The world had, in fact, accepted the Honourable Mrs. Harrington because she could afford to gild herself.

"It was bad luck and nothing else," burst out Fitz, heedless of her sarcastic tones. "Luke is a better sailor than I am. But he always was weak in his astronomy, and it all turned on astronomy."

"I should imagine it all turned on stupidity," said Mrs. Harrington.

"I'm stupid, if you like," said Fitz; "Luke isn't. Luke is clever; ask any chap on board!"

"I do not need to ask any chap on board," said Mrs. Harrington. "My own common sense tells me that he is clever. He has proved it."

"It's like a woman—to hit a fellow when he is down," said Luke, with his hands deep in his pockets.

He turned to Mrs. Ingham-Baker for sympathy in this sentiment, and that soft-hearted lady deemed it expedient to turn

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hastily away, avoiding his glance, denying all partisanship.

Mrs. Ingham-Baker was not a person given to the disguise of her own feelings. She was plausible enough to the outer world. To herself she was quite frank, and she hardly seemed to recognise this as the event she had most desired. It is to be presumed that her heart was like her physical self, a large unwieldy thing over which she had not a proper control. The organ

"It's like a woman to hit a fellow when he's down," said Luke.

mentioned had a way of tripping her up. It tripped her now, and she quite forgot that this quarrel was precisely what she had wanted for years. She had looked forward to it as the turning-point in her daughter Agatha's fortunes.

Mrs. Ingham-Baker had in fact wondered more than a thousand times why the Honourable Mrs. Harrington should do all for the FitzHenrys and nothing for Agatha. She did not attempt to give reasons or find them. She knew her sex too well for that. She merely wondered, which means that she cherished a question until it grew into a grievance. The end of it she knew would be a quarrel. This might not come until the FitzHenrys should have grown to man's estate and man's privilege of quarrelling with his female relatives about the youthful female relative of some other person. But it would come, surely. Mrs. Ingham-Baker, the parasite, knew her victim, Mrs. Harrington, well enough to be sure of that.

And now that this quarrel had come—much sooner than she could have hoped—providentially brought about by an astronomical examination-paper, Mrs. Ingham-Baker was forced to face the humiliating fact that she felt sorry for Luke.

It would have been different had Agatha been present, but that ingenuous maiden was at school at Brighton. Had her daughter been present, Mrs. Ingham-Baker's motherly instinct would have narrowed itself down to her, and the narrow end of a thing is usually hard. But in the absence of her own child, Luke's sorry plight appealed to that larger maternal instinct which makes good women in unlikely places.

Mrs. Ingham-Baker was, however, one of

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the many who learn to curb the impulse of a charitable intention. She looked out of the window and pretended not to notice that the culprit had addressed his remark to her. To complete this convenient deafness she gave a simulated little cough of abstraction which entirely gave her away.

Mrs. Harrington chose to ignore Luke's taunt.

"And," she inquired sweetly, "what do you intend to do now?"

Quite suddenly the boy turned on her.

"I intend," he cried, "to make my own life—whatever it may be. If I am starving I will not come to you. If half-a-crown would save me, I would rather die than borrow it from you. You think that you can buy everything with your cursed money. You can't buy me. You can't buy a Fitz-Henry. You—you can't——

He gave a little sob—remembered his new manhood, that sudden complete manhood which comes of sorrow—pulled himself up, and walked to the door. He opened it—turned once and glanced at his brother—and passed out of the room.

So Luke FitzHenry passed out into his own life—a life which he was to make for himself. Passionate, quick to love, to hate, to suffer, deep in his feeling, susceptible to ridicule or sarcasm—an orphan. The stairs were dark as he went down them.

Mrs. Harrington gave a little laugh as the door closed behind him. She had always been able to repurchase the friendship of her friends.

Fitz made a few steps towards the door before her voice arrested him. "Stop!" she cried.

He paused, and the old sense of discipline that was in his blood made him obey. He thought that he would find Luke upstairs on his bed with his face buried in his folded arms, as he had found him a score of times during their short life.

"I think you are too hard on him," he answered hotly. "It is bad enough being ploughed without having to stand abuse afterwards."

"My dear," said Mrs. Harrington, "just you come here and sit beside me. We will leave Luke to himself for a little. It is much better. Let him think it out alone."

What was there in this fair-haired boy's demeanour, voice, or being that appealed to Mrs. Harrington, despite her sterner self?

So Fitz was pacified by the lady's gentler manner, and consented to remain. He made good use of his time, pleading Luke's cause, explaining his bad fortune, and modestly disclaiming any credit to himself for having succeeded where his brother failed. But all the while the boy was restless, eager to get away and run upstairs to Luke, who was living years in every moment, as children do in those griefs which we take upon ourselves to call childish.

At last he rose.

"May I go now?" he asked.

"Yes, if you like. But do not bring Luke to me until he is prepared to apologise for his ingratitude and rudeness."

"What a dear boy he is!" ejaculated Mrs. Ingham-Baker almost before the door was closed. "So upright and honest and straightforward."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Harrington, with a sigh of anger.

"He will be a fine man," continued Mrs. Ingham-Baker. "I shall die quite happy if my Agatha marries such a man as Henry will be."

Mrs. Harrington looked at her voluminous friend rather critically.

"You do not look like dying yet," she said.

Mrs. Ingham-Baker put her head on one side and looked resigned.

"One never knows," she answered. "It is a great responsibility, Marian, to have a daughter."

"I should imagine, from what I have seen of Agatha, that the child is quite capable of taking care of herself."

"Yes," answered the fond mother, "she is intelligent. But a girl is so helpless in the world, and when I am gone I should feel happier if I knew that my child had a good husband, such as Fitz, to take care of her."

Neither of these ladies being of the modern school of feminine learning, the vague theology of this remark was allowed to pass unnoticed. These ladies belonged to a generation wherein women knew more of this world and less about the next.

Mrs. Harrington drummed with her thin wrinkled fingers on the arm of her chair, and waited with a queer anticipatory little smile for her friend to proceed.

"But, of course," continued Mrs. Ingham-Baker," blundering into the little feminine snare, "a naval man can scarcely marry. They are always so badly off. I suppose poor Fitz will not be able to support a wife until he is quite middle-aged."

"That remains to be seen," said Mrs. Harrington, with a gleam in her hard grey

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eyes, and Mrs. Ingham-Baker pricked her finger.

"I am sure," said the latter lady unctuously, when she had had time to think it out, "I am sure I should be content for her to live very quietly if I only knew that she had married a good man. I always say that riches do not make happiness."

"Yes, a number of people say that," answered Mrs. Harrington, and at the same moment Fitz burst into the room.

"Aunt Marian," he cried, "he has gone!"

"Who has gone?" asked the lady of the house coldly. "Please close the door."

"Luke. He has gone. He went straight out of the house, and the butler does not know where he went to! It is all your fault, aunt Marian; you had no right to speak to him like that. You know you hadn't. I am going to look for him."

"Now, do not get excited," said Mrs. Harrington soothingly. "Just come here and listen to me. Luke has behaved very badly. He has been idle and stubborn on board the 'Britannia.' He has been rude and ungrateful to me."

She found she had taken the boy's hand, and she dropped it suddenly, as if ashamed of showing so much emotion.

"I am not going to have my house upset by the tantrums of a bad-tempered boy. It is nearly dinner time. Luke is sure to come back. If he is not back by the time we have finished dinner I will send one of the men out to look for him. He is probably sulking in some corner of the gardens."

Seeing that Fitz was white with anxiety she forgot herself so much as to draw him to her again.

"Now, Fitz," she said, "you must obey me and leave me to manage Luke in my own way. I know best. Just go and dress for dinner. Luke will come back—never fear."

But Luke did not come back.

CHAPTER III.

A SEA DOG.

"There is one that slippeth in his speech, but not from his heart."

The glass door of the dining-room of the hotel of the Four Nations at Barcelona was opened softly, almost nervously, by a shock-headed little man, who peered into the room.

One of the waiters stepped forward and drew out a chair.

"Thank ye—thank ye," said the newcomer, in a thick though pleasant voice.

He looked around, rather bewildered—as if he had never seen a *table d'hôte* before. It almost appeared as if a doubt existed in his mind whether or not he was expected to go and shake hands with someone present, explaining who he was.

As, however, no one appeared to invite this confidence he took the chair offered and sat gravely down.

The waiter laid the *menu* at his side, and the elderly diner, whose face and person bespoke a seafaring life, gazed politely at it. He was obviously desirous of avoiding hurting the young man's feelings, but the card puzzled him as much as it distressed him.

Observing with the brightest of blue eyes the manners and customs of his neighbours, the old sailor helped himself to a little wine from the decanter set in front of him, and filled up the glass with water.

The waiter drew forward a small dish of olives and another containing slices of red sausage of the thickness, consistency, and flavour of a postage stamp. The Englishman looked dubiously at these delicacies and shook his head—still obviously desirous of giving no offence. Soup was more comprehensible, and the sailor consumed his portion with a non-committing countenance. But the fish, which happened to be of a Mediterranean savour—served up in little lumps—caused considerable hesitation.

"Is it slugs?" inquired the mariner guardedly—as if open to conviction—in a voice that penetrated half the length of the table.

The waiter explained in fluent Castilian the nature of the dish.

"I want to know if it's slugs," repeated the sailor, with a stout simplicity.

One or two commercial travellers, possessing a smattering of English, smiled openly, and an English gentleman seated at the side of the inquirer leant gravely towards him.

"That is a preparation of fish," he explained. "You won't find it at all bad!"

"Thank you, sir," replied the old man, helping himself with an air of relief which would have been extremely comic had it been shorn of its pathos. "I am afraid," he went on confidentially, "of gettin' slugs to eat. I'm told that they eat them in these parts."

"This," replied the other with stupendous gravity—there are occasions when one must be very much or nothing—"this is not the slug season. Besides, if you did get 'em, I daresay you would be pleasantly surprised."

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"Maybe, maybe! Though I don't hold by foreign ways."

Such was the beginning of a passing friendship between two men who had nothing in common except their country; for one was a peer of the realm travelling in have set foot in Spain, though I've heard the language spoken, having sailed in the Spanish Main, and down to Manilla one voyage likewise. It is a strange-sounding language, I take it—a lot of jabbering and not much sense."

"The waiter explained in fluent Castilian the nature of the dish."

Spain for the transaction of his own private affairs, or possibly for the edification of his own private mind, and the other was Captain John Thomas Bontner, late of the British mercantile service.

Being a simple-minded person, as many seamen are, Captain Bontner sought to make himself agreeable.

"This is the first time," he said, "that I

He spoke somewhat slowly, after the manner of one who had always had a silent tongue until grey hairs came to mellow it.

The young man, his hearer, looked slightly distressed, as if he was suppressing some emotion. He was rather a vacuous-looking young man—startlingly clean as to countenance and linen. He was shaven, and had he not been distinctly a gentleman he might

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have been a groom. He apparently had a habit of thrusting forward his chin for the purpose of scratching it pensively with his forefinger. This elegant trick probably indicated bewilderment, or at all events a slight mystification (he had recourse to it now), on the question of the Spanish language.

"Well," he answered gravely, "if you come to analyse it, I daresay there is as much sense in it as in other languages—when you know it, you know."

"Yes," murmured the captain, with a glowing sense of satisfaction at his own conversational powers. He felt he was becoming quite a society man.

"But," pursued the hereditary legislator, "it's tricky—deuced tricky. The nastiest lot of irregular verbs I've come across yet. Still, I get along all right. Worst of it is, you know, that when I've got a sentence out all right with its verbs and things, I'm not in a fit state to catch the answer."

"Knocks you on to your beam ends," suggested Captain Bontner.

"Yes."

Lord Seahampton settled his throat more comfortably in his spotless collar, and proceeded to help himself to a fourth mutton cutlet.

"Staying here long?" he inquired.

"No, not long," answered Captain Bontner slowly, as if meditating; then suddenly he burst into his story. "You see, sir," he said, "I'm getting on in years, and I'm not quite the build for foreign travel. It sort of flurries me. I'm a bit past it. I'm not here for pleasure, you know."

This seemed to have the effect of sending Lord Seahampton off into a brown study—not apparently of great value so far as depth of thought was concerned. He looked as if he were wondering whether he himself was in Barcelona for pleasure or not.

"No," he murmured, encouragingly.

"It is like this," pursued Captain Bontner confidentially. "My sister, Aurelia Ann, married above her."

"Very much to her credit," said Lord Seahampton, with a stolid face and a twinkle in his eye. And? —— "

"Died."

"Dear, dear!"

"Yes," pursued the captain, "she died nineteen years ago leaving a little girl. He's dead now, Mr. Challoner. He's my brother-in-law, but I call him Mr. Challoner because he's above me."

"I trust he is," said Lord Seahampton cheerfully, with a glance at the painted ceiling. "I trust he is."

The captain chuckled. "I mean in a social way," he explained. "And now he's dead, his daughter Eve is left quite alone in the world, and she telegraphed for me. She is living in the island of Majorca."

"Ah!"

The kindly old blue eyes flashed round on his companion's face.

"Do you know it?"

The peer thrust forward his chin and spoilt what small claims he had to good looks.

"No; I've heard of it, though. I know of a wom—a lady—who has large estates there—a Mrs. Harrington."

"The Honourable Mrs. Harrington is a sort of relation of my niece's, Miss Challoner. I call her Miss Challoner although she is my niece, because she is above me."

His lordship glanced at the ceiling again.

"I mean she is a lady. And I'm going to Majorca to fetch her. At least I'm trying to get there, but I cannot somehow find out about the boat. They're a bit irregular, it seems, and this stupid jabbering of theirs does flurry me so. Now, what's this? Eh? Pudding, is it? Well, it doesn't look like it. No, thank ye!"

The poor old man was soon upset by insignificant trifles, and after he had given way to a little burst of temper like this, he had a strange, half-pathetic way of staring straight in front of him for a few seconds as if collecting himself again.

It happened that Lord Seahampton was a good-natured young man, with rather a soft heart, such as many horsey persons possess. Something in Captain Bontner touched him, some simple British quality which he was pleased to meet with, thus, in a foreign land.

"Look here," he said, "I'll go out with you afterwards and find out all about the boat, take your ticket, and fix the whole thing up."

"I'm sure you're very kind," began the old sailor hesitatingly. He fumbled at his necktie for a moment with unsteady, weather-beaten hands. "But I shouldn't like to trespass on your time. I take it you're here for pleasure?"

Lord Seahampton smiled.

"Yes, I'm here for pleasure; that's what I'm in the world for."

Still Captain Bontner hesitated.

"You might meet some of your friends," he began tentatively, "in the streets, you

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know." He paused and looked down at his own hands; he turned one palm up, showing the faint tattoo on the wrist. "I'm only a rough seafaring man," he went on. "They might think it strange — might wonder whom you had picked up."

The spotless collar seemed to be very uncomfortable.

"I've always made a practice," mumbled Lord Seahampton rather incoherently, "of letting my friends think what they damned well please. May I ask your name?"

"Bontner's my name. Captain Bontner, at your service."

"My name's Seahampton."

Captain Bontner turned and looked at him.

"Yes, I'm Lord Seahampton."

"Oh!" ejaculated Captain Bontner, under his breath. His social facilities did not quite rise to an occasion like this.

"As soon as you've finished," went on his companion rather hurriedly, "we'll go out and look up these steamer people. Miss Challoner will be anxious for you to get there as soon as you can."

"Yes, yes!"

The captain laid aside his napkin and began to show signs of getting flurried again.

"Her name is Eve," he said, in the hurried way which was rather pathetic. "Now, I wonder what I should call her. Poor young thing! if she's distressed about her father's death—which is only natural, I'm sure—it would sound a bit chilly like to call her Miss Challoner. What do you think Mr. —eh—er—Lord—sir?"

"Well, I think I should call her Eve—it's a pretty name—and take her by the hand and—yes, I think I'd kiss her. Especially if she was a nice-looking girl," he added for his own personal edification as he preceded his companion into the hall.

He was fumbling in the tail pocket of his short tweed coat as he went. In the hall he turned.

"Got anything to smoke?" he asked, in his most abrupt manner, as if the cut of his collar did not allow of verbosity.

The old man shyly produced some cigars in a leather case, which had never been of great value, even in the far-off days of its youth.

"I hardly like to offer them to you," he said slowly. "T-they're not expensive, and I couldn't explain to the young woman what I wanted."

"Rather like the look of them," said Lord Seahampton, taking one and cutting the end off with a certain show of eagerness. This young man's reputation for personal bravery was a known quantity on the hunting field. "Old sailors," he continued, "generally know good tobacco."

And all the while he had half-a-dozen of the best havanas in his pocket. Some instinct which he was much too practical to define, and possibly too stupid to detect, told him that this was one of those occasions where it is much more blessed to receive than to give.

"And so," continued Captain Bontner, as they were walking down the shady side of that noisiest street in the world, the Rambla, "and so you would just call her Eve if you was me?"

"I should."

"Remember that she is a lady, you know. Quite a lady."

"I am remembering that," replied the peer stolidly; "that's why I am of the opinion just expressed."

Captain Bontner gave a little sigh of relief as if one of his many difficulties had been removed. At the same time he glanced furtively towards the inexpensive cigar, which was affording distinct if somewhat exaggerated enjoyment.

Together they walked down the broad street and turned along the quay. And here Captain Bontner found himself talking quite easily and affably about palm-trees and tramways, and other matters of local interest, to the first peer whom he had ever seen in the flesh.

Out of sheer good nature, and with a vague question in his mind as to whether Miss Challoner knew what sort of help she had called in, Lord Seahampton obtained the necessary information—no easy matter in this country—and took the necessary ticket. Ticket and information alike were obtained from a grave gentleman who smoked a cigarette, and did the honours of his little office as if it had been a palace—showing no desire to sell the ticket, and taking payment as if he were conferring a distinct favour.

The steamer left that same afternoon, and Lord Seahampton sent his *protégé* back rejoicing to his hotel to pack up. Then the youthful peer bestowed the remainder of the cheap cigar upon an individual in reduced circumstances and lighted one of his own. He was quite unconscious of having done a good action. Such actions are supposed to bring their own reward, but experience suggests that it is best not to count upon anything of a tangible nature.

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CHAPTER IV.

PURGATORIO.

"Like lutes of angels, touched so near
Hell's confines, that the damned can hear."

TIME: Five o'clock in the afternoon. Five o'clock, that is to say, by the railway time. There is another time in Barcelona—the town time, to wit—which differs from the hour of the iron road by thirty minutes or thereabouts. But then the town time is Spanish, that is to say that no one takes any notice of it. For into Spanish life, time comes but little. If one wishes to catch a train (but, by the way, in Spain we do not catch, we take the train—a subtle difference), if then we wish to take the train, we arrive at the station three-quarters of an hour before the time indicated for departure, and there we make our arrangements with due dignity.

Place: The Rambla, which for those who speak tongues has an Arabic sound, and tells that this, the finest promenade in the world, was once a sandy river bed. Here now the grave caballero promenades himself from early morning to an eve that knows no dew.

Priest and peasant, great lady and the gentleman who sells one a glass of water for a centimo, brush past each other. The great lady is dressed in black, as all Spanish ladies are, and on her head she wears the long-lived mantilla, which will last our time and the time of our grandsons. The humbler women-folk wear bright handkerchiefs in place of the mantilla; in dress they affect bright colours.

With the sterner sex, the line of demarcation is equally distinct. There is the man who wears the peasant's blouse, and the man who wears the cloak.

It is with one of the latter that we have to deal—a tall, grave man with quiet eyes and a long, pointed chin. The air is chilly, and this promenader's black cloak is thrown well over the shoulder, displaying the bright-coloured lining of velvet, which is all the relief the Spaniard allows his sombre self.

The caballero's face is brown as of one whose walk is not always beneath the shady trees. The expression of it is chastened, as are many Spanish faces. One sees the history of a country in the faces of its men. In this face there is the history of a past, it is the face of a man living in the past. He notes the interest of the moment with grave surprise, but his life is behind him.

This man has the Spaniard's thoughtful interest in a trifle. He pauses to note the number of the sparrows, as thick as leaves upon the trees. He carefully unfolds his cloak,

"He pauses to watch the result of an infantile accident."

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gives the loose end a little shake, and casts it skilfully over his left shoulder so that it falls across his back, and hanging there displays the bright lining. He pauses to watch the result of an infantile accident. The baby picks itself up and brushes the dust from its diminutive frock with all the earnestness of early youth. And the cavalier walks on.

All this with a contemplative grandeur of demeanour worthy of larger if not better things.

In the roadway at the side of the broad promenade a beautiful carriage and pair followed this gentleman—carriage and horses which were beautiful even in this land of horses. For this was Cipriano de Lloseta de Mallorca, a great man in Barcelona if he wished it, a greater in his own little island of Majorca whether he wished it or not.

Leading out of this same fascinating Rambla to the left, up towards the impenetrable fortress of Juich—impenetrable except once, and then it was the pestilent Englishman as usual—leading then to the left is the Calle de la Paz. In the Street of the Peace there is a house, on the left hand also, into the door of which one could not only drive a coach and four, but eke a load of straw. Moreover, the driver could go to sleep and leave it to the horses; for there is plenty of room. This is the Casa Lloseta, the town residence since time immemorial of the family of that name. There are servants at the door, there are servants on the broad marble staircase, there are servants everywhere! for the Spaniard is unapproachable in the gentle art of leaving things to others. In the *patio*, or marble courtyard, there plays a monotonous little fountain, peacefully plashing away the sunny hours.

In England el Señor Conde de Lloseta de Mallorca would be looked upon as a mystery, because he lived in a large house by himself; because it was not known what his tastes might be; because the interviewer interviewed him not, and because the Society rags had no opportunity of describing his drawing-room.

In Spain things are different. If the Count chose to live in his own cellar his neighbours would shrug their shoulders and throw the end of their *capa* well over to the back. That was surely the business of the Count.

Moreover, Cipriano de Lloseta was not the sort of man of whom it is easy to ask questions. His was the pride of pride, which is a vice unbreakable. When the Moors went to Majorca in the eighth century they found Llosetas there, and Llosetas were left behind eight hundred years later, when the southern conqueror was driven back to his dark land. In all Catalonia it is known that Cipriano de Lloseta lived alone because he was faithful to the memory of one who, but for the hand of God, would have lived with him until she was an old woman, filling perhaps the great gloomy house in the Calle de la Paz with the prattle of children's voices, with the clatter of childish feet in the marble passages.

The younger women looked at him surreptitiously and asked each other what sort of wife this must have been; while their elders shrugged their ample shoulders with a strange little Catalonian contraction of the eyes and said:

"It is not so much the woman herself as that which the man makes her."

For they are wise, these stout and elderly ladies. They were, you see, once young, and they learnt the lesson.

This man, Cipriano de Lloseta, leads a somewhat lonely life, inasmuch as he associates but little with the men of his rank and station. It is, for instance, known that he walks on the Rambla, but no one of any importance whatever, no one that is likely to recognise him, is aware of the fact that another favourite promenade of his is the Muelle de Ponente, that forsaken pier where the stone works are and where no one ever promenades. Here Cipriano de Lloseta walks gravely of an evening—to be more precise, of a Tuesday or a Friday evening—about five o'clock when the boat sails for Majorca.

He stands, a lonely cloaked figure at the end of the long stone pier, and his dark Moorish eyes rest on the steamer as it glides away into the darkening east and south.

Often, often this man watches the boats depart, but he never goes himself. Often, often he gazes out in his chastened, impenetrable silence over the horizon, as if seeking to pierce the distance and look on the bare heights of the far-off island.

For there, over the glassy smoothness of the horizon, behind those little grey clouds is Majorca—and Lloseta.

Lloseta, a bare brown village standing on the hillside, as if it had economically crept up there among the pines, so as to leave every inch of the wonderful soil of the plain available for cultivation. Below, the vast fertile plain, cultivated like a garden, lies to the westward, while to the east the rising

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undulations terminate in the bare uplands of Inca. Olive-trees cover the plain like an army, trees that were planted by the Moors a thousand years ago.

Behind the rugged heights of the mountains, here at their highest, and in the fastness of a gorge Lloseta itself.

From the heights above a subtle invigorating odour of marjoram, rosemary, lavender, growing wild like heather, comes down to mingle with the more languid breath of tropic plant and flower.

Such is Lloseta—a home to live for, to die for, to dream of when away from it.

The steamer has loosed its moorings, is slowly picking its way out of the crowded harbour, and it will pass the pier-head by the time that Cipriano de Lloseta reaches that point.

The man walks slowly, cloaked to the mouth, for the evening breeze is chilly. He gravely descends the steps and begins to walk on the little path around the circular tower at the end of the pier, something in the nature of a fortress. He usually stands at the very end, so as to be as near to Majorca as possible, one might almost think.

"The dark eyes looking across towards Majorca were not pleasant to contemplate."

As a man is dreaming of it now, just across that hundred miles of smooth sea, on the end of the Muelle de Ponente at Barcelona.

He is always dreaming of it—in Spain, where he is a Spaniard—in England, where he might be an Englishman. It is not every one of us who has a home from whence his name is derived, who signs his letters with a word that is marked upon the map.

Such is Cipriano of that name, who has now left the Rambla and is wandering along the deserted pier.

He gravely walks on, and quite suddenly he comes upon a youthful British peer smoking a cigar and dangling a thick stick.

"Ah!" the two men exclaim.

"What are you doing in Barcelona?" asks the Spaniard.

"The devil only knows, my dear man. I don't."

"I hope he had nothing to do with your coming here—idle hands, you know."

The Englishman sat gravely down on a small granite column and reflected.

"No," he answered after a pause, "it was not that. I left England because I

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wanted to get away from—— Well, from an old woman who wants me to marry her daughter. I went to Monte Carlo, and, if you don't mind my saying so, I'm hanged if she didn't follow me, bringing the poor girl with her."

The Spaniard smiled gravely.

"A willing victim!"

"No, Lloseta, you're wrong there. That's the beastly part of it. That girl, sir, was actually shivering with fright one night when the old woman managed to leave us on the terrace together. Someone else, you know!"

The dark eyes looking across towards Majorca were not pleasant to contemplate.

"However," pursued the ingenuous *parti*, "I spoke to her as one might have done to another chap, you know. I said, 'You're frightened of something.' She didn't answer. 'You're afraid that I'm going to ask you to marry me.' 'Yes,' she answered. 'Well, I'm not. I'm not such a cad.' And after that we got on all right. She would have told who it was if I had let her."

"Two days later I sloped off here, Spain, choked her off—the old lady, I mean."

Lloseta laughed, and the young man began to think that he had said something rude.

"She did not know what a nice place it is," he added, with a transparency which did no harm. "Yes, you're right. The devil had something to do with my coming here. Match-making old women are the devil."

He paused and attended to his cigar. The steamer passed within a hundred yards of them.

The Englishman nodded towards it.

"Steamer's going to Majorca," he said.

Lloseta nodded his head.

"Yes," he answered gravely, "I know."

"I came down to see it off!"

The Spaniard looked at him sharply.

"Why?" he asked.

"I know an old chap on board—going across to fetch an English girl, a Miss Challoner. Her father's dead."

Lloseta said nothing. Presently he turned to go, and as they walked back together he arranged to send a carriage for the Englishman and his luggage to take him to the big house in the Street of the Peace, which he explained with a shadowy smile was more comfortable than the hotel.

"So," he said to himself, as he walked towards his vast home alone, "so the Caballero Challoner is dead. They are passing off the stage one by one."

(To be continued next month.)

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WHAT OUR SISTERS SHOULD WEAR.

WOMEN owe most of their pleasure in life to men, and men like women to be pretty, or at any rate to look pretty; they are not particular which. For the most part they find difficulty in believing that good qualities and ugliness can possibly go together. The plain woman's existence is consequently dull—but, then, no one need be plain unless she likes.

An old story is told of a bridegroom who asked a friend's opinion of the bride. The friend was a conscientious man, and candid to a fault, so he hesitated. There was a brief but terrible struggle in his breast between politeness and truth; then he faltered out, "She—ah—seems to me to be—a—*scrupulously clean.*"

Even that bride might have been improved if she had had sense and knew how to dress.

The world is not exacting; it does not require everyone to attain the standard of classic beauty, to be tall, dark, statuesque. Fortunately it is able to admire the tiny, blonde coquette with swift movements and a mass of sunny curls, as well as the maid whose irregular features are united to a clear complexion and lit up by sparkling eyes. "Give me a pair of fine eyes; I will do the rest," said a well-known Frenchwoman. She might have added, "and that, too, without employing artificial means."

Almost every defect may be remedied by acquiring grace of manner and of movement, by care in dress, and by selecting those styles, shapes, and colours needed to bring out good points and conceal imperfections. There is no need to display what is worst in face and figure, to accentuate it as some people do. On certain matters men like to be deceived, and they are right. What is life, what is love without its illusions? One owes a grudge to those who remorselessly show us how very unattractive they can be.

The woman who has learned to be graceful, to sit down and rise up with ease and dignity, to move her hands and arms with charming gestures, not with short jerks from the elbow or wrist, who can smile sweetly and bow graciously, has already, whatever be her features and figure, made an immense stride on the road to good looks.

If, in addition to this, she has studied her face, piling her hair in a mass on the top of her head if her features are small and insignificant, and giving them dignity by a novel arrangement of her fringe, say a single curl playing on the temple, a division at an unexpected angle; or fluffing her locks to the side over the ears if her features be sharp and pointed, she has made a still further advance in the desired direction. The mouth is the most difficult feature to improve. Its shape nothing can alter, but let it at least be filled with white and regular teeth. If one's incisors have been neglected by careless parents, have the long, unsightly fangs examined by a competent dentist and filed down, or otherwise treated so that the lips may close over them. If this be impossible, the plain woman who wants to be pretty will take a bold resolution and have them extracted, replacing them by a set that do her no discredit.

Finally, if our imaginary plain woman has discovered what colours suit her—there are several colours to be found for everyone—and restricts herself to these, with such modifications in cut and ornamentation as are necessary to keep in touch with the prevailing fashions without following them blindly—which is a course fatal to all but the beautiful, since fashions are meant for the few who can wear anything and yet look well—she may attain her object.

The average girl (aye, and her mother) goes to a milliner and says, "Is not that a sweetly pretty hat?"—or "bonnet," as the case may be. "I really must have it. What does it cost?" If the price be suitable, she carries it off, and is quite proud of her purchase. Now, the point on such occasions is, not that the hat should be pretty in itself, but that it should look pretty on the purchaser. If it fails in this, its good qualities are wasted.

Fashion is very elastic. If the broad lines be followed, it allows all sorts of adaptations and modifications to meet individual requirements; thus if a woman looks her best in a high-crowned hat, while low-crowned headgear alone is in vogue, she may wear the latter, but pile up the feathers and trimmings wherewith it is adorned so as to give the effect of height.

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To be well dressed does not necessarily mean to spend large sums on finery. It means having the faculty whereby one's costume is always suited to the occasion. If poor women had the good sense to put aside certain styles and fabrics as being unsuited to their means, and chose certain others, the best of their kind, but quieter and more modest in texture, they would be far better dressed than they are at a less cost. Because the Duchess of Dash, who spends two thousand a year on her wardrobe, wears a velvet train, it is no reason why Mrs. Blank, who has to clothe herself on five-and-twenty guineas per annum, should don velveteen at one and elevenpence halfpenny a yard. It will never look as well as the robe of her rival, and she only points the contrast; but she might design a gown in gauze and silk crêpon over a silk slip that would make the velvet seem cumbrous and hot, and that by ingenious variety in ribbons and colourings would look pretty for a long time.

A golden rule, both for dress and looks, is this: "Never challenge unfavourable comparisons." They are proverbially odious. If you go to a party in blue nun's veiling that looked very pretty at home, and find your best friend arrayed in an exquisite blue satin designed by Wörth, don't, if you are wise, stand beside her, but after a hasty if cordial greeting, take up your position at quite the other end of the room, where, amidst whites, and pinks, and yellows, your poor blue may have a chance of shining. If you cannot have something finer than the gowns of other people, have something quite different. If you cannot be stately, be fresh. If you possess no jewels, make sure that your gloves and flowers are the best procurable—for as to gloves, shoes, stockings, petticoats, and underlinen, one should always be fastidious.

Again, do not invite comparison in looks between yourself and women of the same colouring, but prettier and younger. You are at once placed at a disadvantage, and merely serve as a foil to their charms. All this is not deceitfulness; it is common sense if you want to look well, and for a woman to look well is half the battle. As the world stands—and we must take it as we find it—the most convincing arguments, the most powerful reasoning from the lips of a short-haired, bespectacled, and eccentrically costumed personage, will not be half as impressive as inanities sweetly uttered by a graceful and prettily costumed girl. That dress and manner should be more powerful than truth and eloquence is hateful; every woman who is not a beauty feels the injustice of it at least once in her life; but so it is, and we must get over it as best we can.

Dress, there can be no doubt of it, has an influence on the character. With women especially, the consciousness of being well and suitably attired gives a confidence and a self-possession they never feel under less fortunate circumstances. Dress is a part of one's very individuality, as any of my readers may know if they reflect how seldom their acquaintances change their style of costume, however varied their wardrobe. One recognises them at any distance by their clothes. Self-respect demands, therefore, that we should make as good an appearance as possible.

It is not merely to win admiration that a woman may be recommended to cultivate taste in dress; by its means she may often preserve affection, which is much more important, for a man likes to be proud of his wife, and may often be flattered into loving her.

Englishwomen, when married, too often tacitly declare that the end of their life is accomplished, and this is neither wise nor dignified, nor even true. They settle down at once to grow old, and dowdiness would seem to be attractive to them, judging by the trouble they take to attain it. Absorbed by their home, their children, they seem to expect no future for themselves except through those they love.

While one cannot but respect the feeling from which this rises, it is very doubtful whether it is well to manifest it. To gain a man's love is one thing, to keep it quite another; and little things affect domestic happiness more than some wives believe. No husband likes to see that his partner is so sure of his affection that she takes no pains to retain it. Any dress or dressing-gown, any style of *coiffure* does for him; while all the time, though his dear Emma never suspects it, he may be wishing that she looked a little more like other people, and presented a less grotesque appearance when, attired in a short scarlet flannel petticoat and calico jacket, she ties up her scanty locks before the glass.

Yes, sad to say, even in married life, with all its sacred ties and associations, one must have an eye for appearances. The confidence, the familiarity that permit the husband to be rude and the wife to be slatternly, are fatal to happiness. Appear-

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A WALKING COSTUME.—(*See page* 110.)

(*Designed by Mr. St. Clair Simmons.*)

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ances are mighty; they retain love and maintain authority. The child at school is proud of having a pretty, well-dressed mother to show to his companions. The very servants—especially servants, I may say—judge one unconsciously by one's apparel.

It sounds strange to say that a woman may be too unselfish, but many spoil their own lives and those of others by giving up all that goes to make them beautiful and attractive that there may be the more to spend on husband and children. They destroy their power and defeat their ends more surely than the greedy, grasping women one sometimes meets, true daughters of the horse-leech, crying "Give, give!" draining their husband's resources to gratify their insatiable vanity, yet often better loved, more fondly cherished, than any patient Grisel.

With good looks and good temper a woman is all-powerful. She can get what she likes if she dresses well and does not "nag." One must learn to rule without governing, and for this, the first essential is to be winning.

While, as remarked above, a wise woman never follows the fashions too closely for her own advantage, she at the same time avoids singularity, for, after all, it is better to run with the crowd than to strike out an original but ill-considered path which may land one in eccentricity. Better any day be dowdy than queer. The woman whose appearance raises a laugh, or even excites smiles and uplifting of eyebrows, had better never be born. Her case is hopeless, for she never improves, and her good qualities are as naught when weighed in the balance with her sins against taste. A mad world, my masters, is this, wherein the infinitely little decides one's destiny.

I firmly believe that the lack of an eye for appearances has turned more women into revolutionists and social reformers than any other cause whatsoever. They looked odd, they were slighted; they resented this, the injustice weighed on them, the bitterness of life oppressed them, and hey, presto! they took to the platform or dynamite. To know what to select and what to leave is, in dress, the secret of success. *Je prends mon bien là où je le trouve* is the maxim of the well-dressed woman, and to make a choice, she must know what is worn.

Brighton is always in advance of London in the matter of fashion; consequently a visit to the principal shops there, and a survey of the gaily dressed people that at this time of year throng the "Church Parade" on Sundays, gives a very fair notion of what is being worn.

The tailor-made gown of cloth, serge, or thick woollen is, as might be expected in December, first favourite, and very neat and trim it looks on the wind-swept "front." Greens, fawns, navy blues, and for children various shades of scarlet, are most worn, nearly all being trimmed with braid, passementerie, or *appliqués* in cloth on velvet or velveteen of a darker shade. The severity of this style leaves little room for modifications. Over the gown the popular golf cape, showing its plaid lining and held in place by straps across the chest, is often worn, but does not look as elegant as the double *collet* to match the dress, say in tan cloth, with arabesques of the same at the corners, over brown velvet, and high "First Consul" collar, like that to be seen in most portraits of Napoleon.

Cloth jackets are greatly worn by young and fairly young women. One of the newest just reaches to below the hips, has a fitting back, strapped seams, and quite plain, straight, cross-over fronts fastening on the shoulder, and adorned all the way down with a leading novelty—namely, square buttons. Another lately seen is in mastic cloth with white cloth vest fronts, draped cloth boléro, and collar of shot ribbon with outstanding loop bows on each side. Both these have the true Parisian *cachet* and differ from the neat commonplaces of ordinary Brighton wear.

Petticoats are always much in evidence at Brighton, and this year are mostly in dark or black silk, with many little flounces round the hem and fancy stitching in colours, but no lace.

For hats, the shape that takes its name from the cheery Sussex watering-place is most used, or toques in felt or bright-coloured velvet. One of the most useful head coverings is made to fold up quite flat, and may be carried in the pocket or under the arm. When expanded it proves to be a boat shape of very fine soft felt with silk band and neatly bound brim, adorned with a single feather of the Himalayan pheasant. The ubiquitous and seemingly immortal sailor-shape, that suits so few faces, has turned up once more in felt with a leather band, and the "Toreador" comes third in the race for favour.

Shoes are more worn than boots, and are supplemented by particularly long gaiters

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either black or matching the gown, if of a neutral tint. Umbrella handles have changed in character of late. While still costly and

The above, with an admixture of long coats, chinchilla-trimmed gowns of bright colours, spencer jackets with sleeves and revers of

SOME BRIGHTON COSTUMES.

elaborately wrought, they are much shorter and thinner than heretofore; in fact, they now have the appearance of those we have been for a long time calling "old-fashioned."

astrachan, and velvet mantles lined with brocade and trimmed with beads, fairly represents the moving panorama of everyday walking costumes, which always tend to uniformity.

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Those who desire to see bolder and more original flights of fancy must look for them not in streets, but in salons, since women of taste do not dress for the public, but for the few. It is on visiting, reception, and evening toilettes that invention has full play.

The amplitude of the newest skirts is in proportion to that of the sleeves. Those whose ambition it is to be ultra-elegant are wearing their dresses pleated at the sides, and forming great flutes like organ pipes behind, the whole measuring from six to eight yards in circumference. These skirts are deeply gored, have a straight front breadth, and the flutes behind are kept in place by an elastic. Fortunately it is only by very grand toilettes indeed that this size is attained; four and a half yards is the limit for more modest costumes, as the question of raising these off the ground has to be considered, which nowadays is not a trifling matter.

In Paris the greater number of women simply pick up their skirts at each side, and hold them out in front *à la paysanne*, as our mothers did about six or eight-and-twenty years ago; and there is some talk of shortening them to the ankle, an idea that, after the lengths (?) to which daring bicyclists have gone in discarding skirts altogether, may not perhaps be voted down.

While awaiting this consummation devoutly to be wished, an admirable little "grip" for skirts has been invented. It takes the form of a brooch, in oxydised metal, with two bent fish-hook pins at each side. The lower two are caught into the material at any point desired, and grip it securely, then the other two are inserted higher up, and the dress held out of the mud. As the weight is not all on one place, as with a single pin, the material is not liable to be torn, and a couple of these are most satisfactory in leaving pedestrians a hand free. For dress collars too, where hooks are likely to come unfastened, these grips are better than any brooch.

To return to our wide skirts. If they are to set out satisfactorily, and cease to cling round one's feet, they must be interlined with stiff muslin or French canvas, especially those that are so deeply gored as to have few or no gathers at the waist, and the full breadth of six or eight yards at the hem.

Vests, plastrons, yokes, cuffs, and panels of white cloth on grey, chestnut-brown, dark green, petunia, and other shades, are much used on visiting toilettes. One such gown had a shield-shaped loose front or plastron of white cloth, embroidered at the corners, and deep, turned-down collar to match over black velvet. Another very handsome and uncommon gown, a French model, intended for a reception, was in velveteen of the shade of blue known as "old Sèvres," the entire front of the princess bodice being in white cloth, continued down the front in a wedge-shaped tablier, widest on the hips and narrowing to the hem. This inset closed to the left side and on the shoulder, small *choux* of black satin ribbon being affixed all along the edge at intervals on both sides to the waist, four placed opposite each other finishing the neck. The very full *gigot* sleeves were inserted right off the shoulder, beginning at the turn of the arm and prolonged into close-fitting cuffs, the armholes being dotted round with *choux*. A tiny bejewelled toque of "old Sèvres," with a white osprey caught by a paste buckle, completed the costume.

Velveteen, though very handsome and very fashionable, is by no means practical for people of limited means and wardrobe. In the first place it is too showy for general wear, and in the next it soon becomes shabby; but charming blouses may be made of it, which are suitable for most occasions, and very warm.

The peculiarity of dresses just now lies chiefly in the odd positions wherein buttons are placed, running from waist to knee, or from knee to hem, down the sides, down the back breadth, and in other unusual places. Bodices of astrachan and similar furs are not uncommon. These are sometimes prolonged in front into points which meet at the knee with fan-shaped insertions of accordion-pleating, now much used on each side of a plain front breadth.

The so-called "collegian's jacket," opening over a velvet plastron, and reversed with the same material, is particularly smart, and usually adorned with buttons of cut steel, mother-o'-pearl, or wrought metal. If the back be prolonged into a short postillion basque, the sides of this are set with similar buttons, but of smaller size. Satin blouses, embroidered all over, or of broché, with the design, whatever it may be, worked in gold and coloured silks, are much worn at weddings. Movable yokes of lace, plain, spangled, or placed over colours, are greatly used to further ornament handsome dresses, or, if the expression be allowed, to "smarten up" plain ones. Shaded spangles, beads,

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steel passementerie, everything, in a word, that glitters is used for trimming. At afternoon "at homes," and for "dressy" dresses, a square yoke in écru guipure, intersected by narrow bands of sable or beaver, is often seen.

Amongst the winter novelties, may be reckoned the idea of outlining the design of old lace with narrow rows of fur, for nothing is sacred either to a sapper or a seamstress. The decline and fall of the yoke is said to be at hand; meantime it is lavishly decorated. If of guipure, the pattern is darned with gold or silver thread, and set with cabochons. Black ostrich feathers are extensively used for trimming, especially when set close together to form an edging, and beaded with cut jet.

As an example of an up-to-date visiting costume, we may take a grey-green velveteen (more grey, however, than green), edged with sable, made up over an aubergine silk lining, and split to the left side to show a triangular panel of rich rose point-lace, laid on the brighter colour beneath. The sides are kept in place by bias cross-folds of aubergine velvet, each secured by *chour*. A short velvet cape, lined with brocade and trimmed with long black ostrich plumes, has stole ends, and a hat of black silk such as men wear, forming a poke in front, slit at the temples, and rolled back from thence, showing a lining of aubergine velvet, black plumes being placed at the apex, has a very handsome effect. With this short gloves of light colour are worn.

Before quitting the subject of gowns for day wear, we may add that pockets are as inaccessible as ever, and that in self-defence every well-dressed woman carries a reticule, or, as the French call it, a "ridicule," to match her costume. How this useful little bag obtained in Paris what I may be permitted to term its "ridiculous" name, was as follows:—In the reaction from the gigantic hoops and paniers of the Bourbons, the dames of the French Revolution adopted gowns so narrow that, with all the will in the world, they afforded no place for the humble, necessary pocket. David, the famous painter, loved the antique, and remembering that the Roman ladies carried a little net, which they called "reticulum," he suggested a similar practice to the beauties of his own day, and Frenchified the Latin name into "reticule." The fair Parisians adopted the idea, but mispronounced the word. They would call it "ridicule," and "ridicule" it remains until now.

SOME WINTER NOVELTIES.

Mantles next engage our attention. In addition to the simple styles already described as in vogue for everyday wear, some cloth capes for special occasions are cut out into elaborate open-work designs, and lined with coloured satin, a form of ornamentation used on the front breadth of handsome dresses, as also for corslets, belts and braces to brighten up gowns of last winter.

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Jet is all the rage as a trimming for robes and mantles alike, and is employed with particular success on light grounds. Seal plush made tight-fitting at the waist behind and loose in front, with deep collar slit up to form two points behind, and trimmed with chinchilla and jet embroidery, is handsome for a matron. Black moiré of the kind known as Sans-Gêne, with a double Watteau pleat behind and a full pelerine trimmed with square tabs in embroidered velvet, bordered with black ostrich trimming and lined with old gold satin, is equally suitable.

In furs, besides such old favourites as seal, sable, and astrachan, we have caracul and chinchilla.

Ostrich feathers of considerable length, and generally black, often edge yokes, and a kind of second capelet is sometimes formed on plush or velvet capes by a circle of long ostrich feathers set close and flat from the neck band, their tips turning up all round. Big bows of lace, tulle, or chiffon are still worn, though less frequently than when the weather was warmer. An arrangement of wide ribbon in a bow of six loops, three at each side, under the chin and long ends, looks very *chic*. Some of the handsomest jackets have the sleeves trimmed with diagonal lines of jet.

The most novel hat is very much the shape of those worn by men in the old coaching days, with a wide crown narrowing in like a wedge where it joins the curly brim. One sees such, minus the feathers, in Cruikshank's sketches of the elder Mr. Weller and his companions, while one of the recollections of the writer's childhood is an old-fashioned portrait of the ill-fated Caroline of Brunswick in riding costume, with just such a hat on her head, as extensively beplumed as its modern imitations. The most recently noted was in a warm shade of fawn felt, with *panache* of black ostrich feathers at the back, and innumerable straps of black silk braid, like those adorning clerical head-gear, looped over the brim. Another similar, but lower in the crown, was of the glossy silk beaver affected by our brothers, and besides its adornment of feathers, had in front a long paste buckle. A hat of olive green velvet, with feathers shaded from blue to green, had an original feature in the shape of a trimming of chamois caught in on the crown, shaded and veined in colours like yellow marble. Amongst the new bonnets was a model copied apparently from one of the many of the quaint peasant headdresses still to be seen in out-of-the-way corners of Europe. The front consisted of a band of gold embroidery about two inches wide. At the back was an arrangement of green velvet, which can only be described as a Marie Stuart bonnet reversed, a heart-shaped piece of velvet with the point caught in so as to puff out the widest end that joined the embroidered band. A bonnet of black velvet was heavily worked with steel sequins, and edged by bands of racoon resting on the hair and caught by steel clasps. Steel looks particularly well on grey velvet, and is often used with it. Never were bonnets so bedecked with glittering ornaments, paste, steel, gold, jewels, but those in the best taste are placed tone on tone—rubies on crimson, steel on grey, turquoises on blue. Black and white striped ribbon is everywhere used for trimming in varying widths. Magenta and black is as popular.

Dahlias are greatly worn, not only on bonnets but at the neck; and dahlia colour, a shade wherein pink, red, and mauve are mingled, is still quite new. Of other novel tints, we have "Cigale," "grasshopper," and "Caspian" greens; in yellows, "broom;" in violets "Escurial;" a pretty purplish pink called "mignardise," "Sans-gêne," a richer hue, "Thais," and "Rajah;" in blues, "periwinkle" and "humming bird;" in fawns, "gazelle" and "ortolan;" in pinks—those bright pinks, somewhat daring in their strength, yet elegant—we have "hawthorn," "queen rose," and "Jacqueminot."

Now that for a time long gloves are ousted by long sleeves, only four-button length is worn, but light colours continue as fashionable as in summer. Doeskin for the morning, suède for the afternoon, are to be seen in pale tan, straw, mauve, white and light grey. Those who suffer from cold hands will rejoice in gloves lined with thin silk, which are warm without being bulky.

The design by Mr. St. Clair Simmons on page 105 shows a dress of fawn-coloured faced cloth, sable round bottom of hem, with green velvet boléro jacket edged with sable. Two paste buttons to jacket. Sable collarette with jabot of cream lace. Hat of white beaver, purple and mauve-coloured dahlias, black feathers and green velvet wings under hat.

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BY GLEESON WHITE.

At five o'clock let weightier themes be still.
What though old empires to their centres rock,
Doom and disaster crowd each contents bill—
At five o'clock?

Dismiss the things that irritate or shock,
To play with fancies worth a moment's thrill;
So they allure us on to praise—or mock.

The latest novel—if not off the chill—
Sonnets or bonnets, or a modish frock;
Pictures or music; chat of which you will
At five o'clock.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, M.D.! —what name could be fitter to begin a chat "Across the Teacups," as he himself called the latest successor to his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." As I take down the rare first edition—to recall its exact date: Boston, 1858—of that famous book, which earned its author the title of "Everybody's Friend," and remember how I picked it up on a stall outside a nigger shanty near the docks in New York in 1891, it also reminds me of a call at Dr. Holmes's house but a few days after, when he received me in his delightful library, looking over Boston Harbour. There, as in course of conversation I told him of my lucky treasure trove, he said in an introspective way, "I really must read that book again; I haven't seen it for years," and, looking up, continued, "Do you know I think it must give me a great deal of pleasure to read steadily through the three Breakfast Table volumes. When these proofs of a complete edition of poems I am correcting are through the press I shall try to do so."

* * *

Once fairly launched he continued a delightful monologue, trying to prove in a whimsical way that there were seasons when each man found more comfort in reading his own rhymes than those by "Homer, Shakespeare, Swinburne, or anybody else, and," he added with a twinkle in his eye, "I must say I think he is quite justified in quoting them on those occasions." "To others?" I queried. He shook his head doubtfully and said, "That is not so easy to decide offhand." I asked him which of his own poems was his favourite. "The Nautilus," he replied without considering a moment. "I have it on my book-plate, you know."

* * *

Then, as we strolled round the room, he pointed out with pride two framed pictures of Derby winners, with fifty years between, and claimed the singular honour of seeing two "Derbys" run half a century apart. But what pleased him most seemed to be a silver loving-cup, given him on his eightieth birthday, if I remember aright, by certain lady friends. As he turned it up to show me the names of the donors engraved beneath it, he said, "I told them this was a very wrong thing to give me—a distinct temptation to drinking—for of course every time it is used I am bound to empty it to turn it up and read their names."

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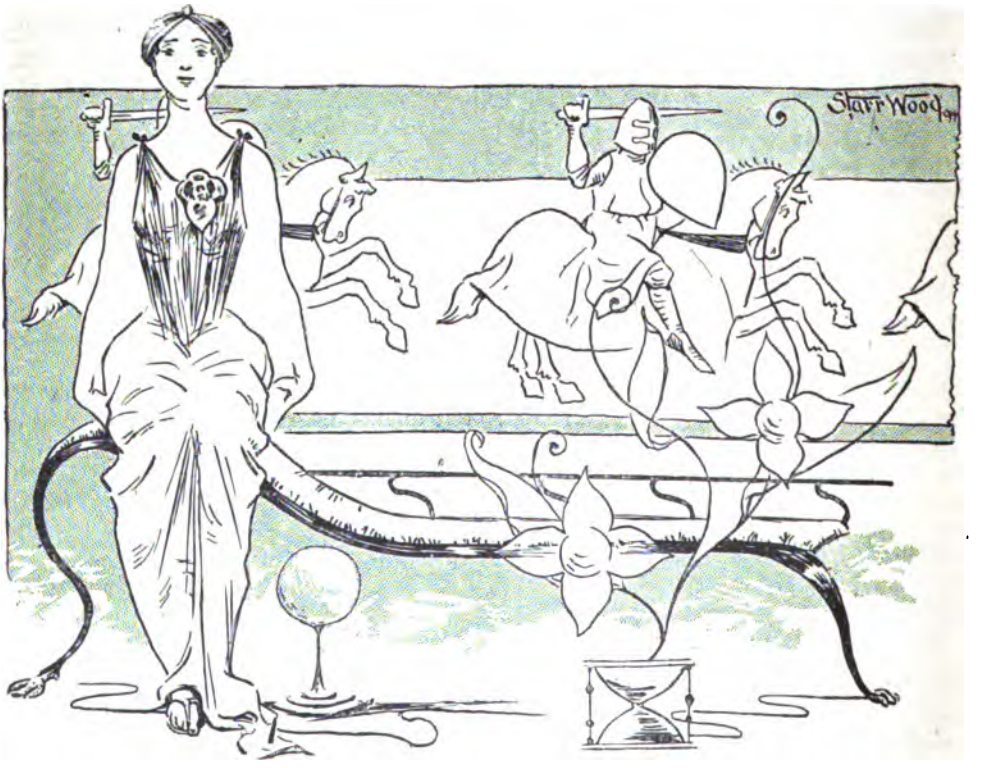
But anecdotes, even if unpublished hitherto, must not usurp too much space here. Some one wrote a funeral march on the death of Meyerbeer, and took it to a friend for criticism, who said, "Good! but how much better had you been dead and Meyerbeer had composed it." Therefore, in place of gossiping about the past master of gossip—past master, alas! now in every sense—it would be better to avoid comparisons, and report no more of his pleasant conversation at present, lest by sparkling in a clumsy setting it would but make the rest even less attractive. Delightful as retrospection may be, it is best for solitude.

* * *

Probably no wish is more universal than the desire to step back into the past, to meet dead heroes face to face, to wander through stately cities in their primal vigour, and to find therein a simpler life and a happier people than any journey may discover for us to-day. The nearest approach to such an expedition—since Andersen's Goloshes of Happiness were lost—is to turn to the pages of some garrulous chronicler, some shrewd journalist of his day, where you may catch the accent of his time, only to find, as always, discontent with the present the dominant note. For it is the mere journalist bent on reporting curious incidents—not on fashioning strange sentences, or arranging facts to suit his previously arrayed theories for the elaborate fiction men call history—who re-edifies the past for us with all its domesticity and commonplace details.

* * *

You light perhaps on this passage: "But London was never so ill as is now. In times past men were full of pity or compassion, but now there is no pity; for in London their brother shall die in the street for cold, he shall lie sick at the door between stock and stock, I cannot tell what to call it, and perish there for hunger." So spake Maister Hugh Latimer, at Paules Church, January 18th, 1548, as you find on opening at random that delightful "Book of English Prose," edited by W. E. Henley and Charles Whibley (Methuen). Does not this take you right back to the London of four hundred years since to find it a really human



THE COMFORT OF THE MODERN SOFA.

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place, not a city merely of shadowy, if historic, personages and abstract political movements?

* * *

Such a volume provides the guide we need for these retrospective journeys. Small use is it to-day for Sir John Lubbock, or anyone else, to give us a list of the hundred best books, since he cannot bestow at the same time a hundred quiet years in which to read and digest them. Therefore, when the solemn miles of rarely disturbed tomes which fill the shelves of those silent corridors that encircle the reading-room of the British Museum are explored, and their very best pages printed anew for our benefit, who would not be grateful?

* * *

For in such a book new joys await us in fine passages of prose that have never come under our eyes before, sandwiched between still more pleasing extracts once familiar, but out of reach in rare volumes, or possibly in hiding-places to which we have lost the clue. For instance, to light on Sir Walter Raleigh's "Last Fight of the Revenge" unawares, is to feel the thrill of patriotism only Rudyard Kipling can awaken to-day. This enjoyed, as you read it once more for its style, you recognise afresh the marvellous skill Tennyson displayed in re-arranging Raleigh's own words, in that wonderful poem which Dr. Villiers Stanford clothed with such spirited music. So that three separate items, each in its own way a masterpiece, are vividly recalled from a single dip into the stores of the past.

* * *

But in these rambling notes of things that may chance to flit across one's mind in odd moments, it would be foolish to deem books the first and most important topics of conversation. As a general rule it may be safely affirmed that even the most worthless book is a little more valuable than gossip about it. Still, in the Christmas month books bulk large to the eye; not merely are their battalions recruited more rapidly than at any other season, but the holiday-time, with its cessation of those duties called pleasures, concerts and the like, throws the average stay-at-home person into contact with books more than at any other season of the year. A fire is distinctly provocative to reading, and the weather outside tempts you to shiver from it, and pass in a moment through the gates of Wonderland into that region into which the printing-press has given entry for millions to spend their leisure hours happily.

* * *

Do people sympathise enough with those unlucky nations or individuals who are "historic" or have to live up to their legends? How sad it is for a moderate genius to be always contrasted with his ancestors. A William Shakespeare to-day, if there were such an one, who would fain write plays; or a Siegfried Wagner who would conduct—not even compose—operas, is never likely to be assessed at his true merit, but always unduly praised or censured by the accident of heredity, or by, rather, the mere external "label-word," as George Macdonald called it, which he bears to distinguish him from his species.

CHRISTMAS CARDS!

* * *

Here it would be pleasant to discuss contemporary art—"as she is expressed" on

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Christmas cards. Yet apart from being personally satiated with the subject at this particular moment, the art seems mostly to have escaped. One has but to look at contemporary "black and white" work to see that the designers are here; but "no man hath hired them" to produce cards. Look at Mr. Walter Crane's latest work, his illustrations to an edition of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," Mr. Allen is issuing in nineteen parts, at half-a-guinea each; or at Mr. Morris's Kelmscott Chaucer, with Sir E. Burne-Jones's drawings, and imagine what either artist had produced if he had tackled a Christmas card.

ONE OF MR. WALTER CRANE'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

* * *

Or see the cards (not so called) which are actually published—the charming book of carols, Noël (D. Nutt), with new and dainty music by H. V. Ransom, and original lyrics and pictures by a very clever new artist, C. J. ffoulkes; or the dainty "Fairy Books" (Dent), crammed with R. Anning Bell's designs; or the "Lullabies from Many Lands" (Allen): these are delightful substitutes for the useless card. Who would not rather give a shilling for "Beauty and the Beast," with its delicious drawings, or five shillings for a book of carols, than the same prices for decorated pasteboard, which after a glance becomes a mere piece of lumber, and ultimately finds its way to a hospital scrap-book or the waste-paper basket?

* * *

But although Christmas cards, with a very few exceptions, fail to tempt one this year, there is sign of a new departure in private cards which may develop into a very interesting branch of the minor arts. So far a "private" card has been, as a rule, either a mere arrangement of type or a card prepared in the ordinary way, with space left for the special lettering to be printed to order for each customer. The "new" card will be designed specially by, or for, its sender—a custom not new indeed, but hitherto confined to a few artists and their friends. To have a block made that any jobbing printer can work should not cost over five shillings for an ordinary size. Of course if one's acquaintances are limited, to a dozen or so, it is somewhat more costly than buying a mixed packet of cards; but that a personal design is "nicer" than one shared by anybody who cares to purchase it goes without saying. When large numbers are sent, even if a first-rate artist is commissioned (and many of the best of the younger men would probably accept three to five guineas for a special design), then the cost is actually less than buying a quantity of moderately expensive cards, and the result, embodying as it naturally would the idea of its sender, with armorial bearings

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a local-view, or some distinctly individual subject relating to him (or her), brings back the personal courtesy which is at present confined to the address on the envelope, or the message that people who do not wish their cards to be redespatched write on the backs, to the consternation rather than appreciation of equally economic receivers.

* * *

One is driven to conclude the season of Christmas, once well-beloved — if contemporaries of the Dickens period are to be trusted—is now accepted by most people as an annual infliction, tolerated only for the sake of the children. Is it because the average diet of the nation has so improved that a feast of turkey and plum-pudding no longer attracts, or that the average digestion has deteriorated; or do we dread the involuntary generosity that custom demands of us then?

* * *

How far has the new craze of the moment spread? Beginning in Paris, it attacked America years ago, and now

THE POSTER ARTISTIC.

descends in force upon London. That Art, which has always protested against the desecration of our streets by hoardings covered with placards, should suddenly resolve to mend and not end them, should patronise the poster, and bestow upon it the latest eccentricities by the most "advanced" decorators, is even less wonderful than that folks should collect them. Yet the movement is already well established. Collectors of repute, learned fellows of societies, are turning from prints and pottery, carvings and coins, to the illustrated poster. At present, indeed, they are drawing the line at genuinely artistic specimens, but the craze once started may soon throw aside any trammels, and then all the horrors of the hoarding will be hunted for and carefully mounted, catalogued, described, and sold at high prices. Already £10 is not the highest sum paid, or asked—the thing is not quite the same—for one of the rarest modern *d'affiches illustrés* (it sounds prettier in French). The exhibition organised so admirably by Mr. Edward Bella will do much to promote the craze. Those who are interested should send to him, at 113, Charing Cross Road, for a most daintily-produced illustrated catalogue of posters.

* * *

Crazes and hobbies enough and to spare,
Our forbears have left us. Now, say, is it right
For leaders of taste a new cult to declare,
Exploiting new hobbies our greed to excite?
Postage stamps, book-plates, blue china and quite
Dozens of things most æsthetic and mystic,
Pass for the moment away out of sight—
Now is the cult of the poster artistic.

A thing on the walls, brave in sun-laden air,
Is dragged within doors for our cultured delight;
Mounted and framed as if masterpiece rare,
Bought with much gold, after terrible fight.
So the collectors—although it be trite—
Declare that this fallacy sounds syllogistic:—
A placard's a beauty, though beauty's a fright—
Now is the cult of the poster artistic.

What can we do with them? treasure them, where?
Cupboards are full, and chests packed over tight,
Walls are all crowded, each table and chair
Piled up with rolls that disaster invite.
Well may a Philistine—cynical wight!—
Say "This is folly"—that's just euphemistic
For words he would use that should slaughter and smite—
Now is the cult of the poster artistic.

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Chêret, with fantasies dainty and bright,
Grasset with maidens a shade ritualistic—
Shall we collect them? we could if we might!
Now is the cult of the poster artistic.

* * *

Has anyone recognised that "shopping" is the one universal pastime that never palls—that clings to a Briton no matter where his fate may lead him? Half the

MODERN SHOPPING.

pleasure of travelling consists in hunting up the various wares of the country. One need not even make purchases to enjoy the pleasure; indeed, the true devotee looks upon the final consummation as almost an anti-climax. Still, there is a subtle satisfaction in bearing off the articles, be they bonnets or *bric-à-brac*; for the moment of appreciation is never so keen as when the expectant possessor is carrying home his or her latest acquisitions.

* * *

If memory be not treacherous, Robert Louis Stevenson, in a most delightful paper, "The Day after To-morrow," which has not been reprinted so far, I believe (although no doubt the new Edinburgh edition will contain it), says that "not pleasure nor content, but excitement is the ruling passion of humanity." So in this bloodless quest of bargains—for anything we desire to possess more than the money paid for it becomes a bargain—we see human nature in its most simple aspect. Whether bartering with a bumboat woman for bananas in the West Indies or dallying with costly trifles in Bond Street, whether hunting old books on the Paris quays or selecting cheap superfluities at a big West-End emporium, the sporting instinct of humanity is aroused, and all travellers or stay-at-homes, gentle or simple, find the same delight awaiting them.

* * *

Those who love beauty will welcome the new change in hairdressing which Paris is beginning to introduce. Every photograph dealer in the city—and to a visitor it seems as if every other shop displayed a few portraits of celebrities—has one of a very lovely face, *Théo Merode*, with hair dressed in the demure virginal fashion that makes the busts of the Italian Renaissance so saint-like. Of course it will not suit every style, but the long, full loops in vogue when Leech portrayed the English maiden do not add to the age of their wearer, and by their rigid lines impart additional suavity to the subtle curves of girlish cheeks. For more mature wearers a memory of the so-called false front, with its two narrow velvet bands on the forehead, still surviving on the brows of seaside landladies, come back to one as a warning. Yet so clever is a charming woman, whatever be her age, in conveying the impression that she has adopted the one perfect mode, that soon we shall all recognise what artists have seen for years past, the exquisite beauty of this simpler arrangement of the hair, which imparts dignity and a certainly modest grace to even an uncomely face.

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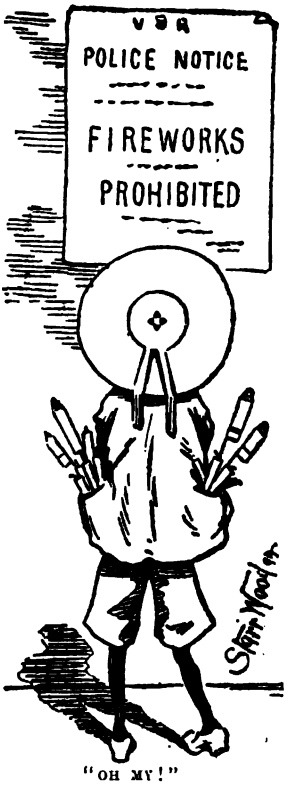
The fifth of November was singularly quiet so far as London was concerned this year, possibly because of the reason pictured on this page. As it happened, a long journey along the house-tops from North to South-West London, afforded me a fine



"OH MY!"

birdseye view of miles of streets, yet hardly a single rocket was visible against the sky, nor the flash of the economic but irritating cracker. But the weather was not favourable to keeping one's powder dry, and this, probably, quite as much as any other reason, left the glorious fifth of November shorn of its glories.

* * *

The present popularity of "yellow" as a colour is likely to be elevated to a party cry, it would seem. Because certain things—the Yellow Book, the Yellow Aster, the yellow jacket of Li Hung Chang, etc.—are much paragraphed, shall we choose yellow who like it not, or abjure it if we do? There is no doubt that as a furnishing colour it is a most useful one; with the gaiety of white it is not so impossible for use in smoky towns. It is quite true to assert that a yellow wall paper makes a room look twice as large as it otherwise would, and is, besides this, a pleasant background for people or pictures. But let us hope that colours will not become "party" badges or evidence of anything beyond personal preference. It is not so many decades since yellow was in every piano-front, and in striped stuff for the most part was in very frequent use for chairs, sofas, curtains, and the like. The magenta and green rep period discarded these; then the Morris blue and green, and the æsthetic, low-toned shades usurped uncontrolled supremacy in the homes of people of taste.

Now yellow is welcomed, pure scarlet even is being timidly beckoned back for use in large quantities. Venturesome people are talking of rooms in pale heliotrope and plum colour, and it appears that colour chosen by the owner for his room as he likes it, may replace colour ordered accordingly to the prevailing style of the moment. That such a plan will admit untold horrors is probable, but if it restores individuality and breaks up the stupid English habit of trying to make each drawing-room or boudoir as much as possible like those of one's friends, it will be a change for the better.

* * *

At five o'clock, if ever, the respite from the fret of the day should let one's thoughts stray to the thousands of human beings in this overgrown city who never have an oasis of leisure or a satisfied moment of creature comfort. When amid our gossip of books and trifles, of follies and fashions, the shadow of poverty falls across our path how we shudder and hasten to turn our backs upon it. Yet on any day, if the misery that looks out of the despairing eyes of not merely the beggars, but of many of the fairly well-dressed men and women who crowd the Strand, were realised, something might be done in earnest. Those who, after most strenuous work, can only manage to help themselves, are apt to think how much they would do for others were it in their power. Yet even when we indulge in the opiate of such logic, we do not believe it; and know all the time that we cannot escape responsibility for the misery just below the surface, which is enough to drive the most selfish person mad—did he but grasp it fully. Shall we be thankful for our dull sympathies, and quote the maxims of political economists to justify our position; or, at Christmas, remember that goodwill towards men is not merely a passive wish that others may be happy, but entails some effort on our parts to endeavour to make them so?

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CYCLING AS A PURSUIT.

BY F. W. SHORLAND.

PART I.—SOME ADVANTAGES AND DRAWBACKS.

YCLING, as a pursuit, is probably the most pleasurable of modern pastimes, and every year is gaining in favour with all classes of the community, and with persons of all ages, from children to veteran men and women. One great advantage of this pursuit is the infinite variety of pleasure obtainable on the wheel. Tours at home and abroad, evening runs, Saturday to Monday excursions, give a rider infinite freedom to wander in different directions and have new experiences continually.

I know a cyclist who made it a practice for several consecutive years to cover a new piece of road, however small, on every occasion on which he used his machine; and after hundreds of rides there is still room in a day's journey for endless explorations of lanes and cross-roads. The mere pleasure of riding is in itself a very great attraction, which puts cycling on a high level compared with most pastimes. Cricket, golf, and football require specially prepared fields and co-operation with others, but for cycling the whole country is at one's disposal. It has this superiority of vast variety over boating also, because every man has some sort of a road or path up to his home, but for many a river is wholly inaccessible, and the sea very far off.

There is no reason why cycling should not become almost a universal practice. I have known little girls of six or seven who ride well, and old men of seventy who have not considered themselves too elderly to learn to manage a machine. There is a keen pleasure to be obtained in the mere act of riding, a physical delight generally known under the hackneyed phrase, "the poetry of motion." That pleasurable experience of movement is at its best in cycling, under favourable circumstances, when one's craving for wandering about obtains the fullest and most delightful satisfaction imaginable in the easiest possible manner. Cycling is to a healthy person just as preferable to a stay-at-home pursuit as to a boy a model locomotive is a jollier toy than ever so good a representation of a stationary engine.

In addition to the enjoyment of cycling for its own sake as a mere bodily pleasure, there is no limit to the adaptability of the practice to all kinds of other pursuits. Many a clergyman visits his parishioners in a quarter the time that he could as a pedestrian. Many a photographic artist reaches precious "bits" that he might never have found at all but for his bicycle.

I once came across an entomologist hunting for specimens along a hedgerow, riding very quietly on a low-geared tricycle; and there are a good many volunteers who find cycling mixes pleasurably with their military manœuvrings. As a time-saving appliance, rural postmen, early workmen, and in some districts, where conventionalities are not particularly strong, clerks and merchants, find the advantage of adding cycling to their business. There is no limit to the adaptability of the pursuit both to pleasure and to health, and indirectly to profit as a means of saving time.

Cycling as a pleasurable pursuit ceases to be enjoyable when it becomes sheer hard work. In nothing is it so easy to make a toil of a pleasure, and therefore, strange and contradictory as it may seem for me to say so, my strongest advice to everyone indulging in the pastime is to take it easy, and not to overdo it. This is, of course, a personal matter entirely. One man's pottering pace is another man's high-pressure effort, and I have often noticed how inferior riders will utterly ruin their enjoyment of a run by dreading to acknowledge that they cannot keep up as high a rate of speed as other men with whom they may happen to fall in during a spin upon a frequented road.

Club runs are often spoiled this way by weaker members not caring to ask for the pace to be moderated, and so enduring discomfort rather than be shown up. Pace is all very well at times, but there are plenty of other ways of enjoying cycling besides the calculation of miles per hour. Numbers of our fastest men specially avoid travelling at excessive speed except when occasion calls. They have enough of that at the right time, and love to potter and crawl, as well as to hurry.

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The first consideration in choosing a companion for a tour is to know that his views of pace are not very different from your own. To be tied to a crawler is no whit worse than to have to make violent efforts to keep going in sight of the back wheel of a cross-bred speed-tourist. The speed-man showing off on a quiet tour is just as much a nuisance and out of place as a long-mark man parading around some laps to the rear in a scratch race.

This same principle of taking things easily underlies my next piece of advice to those contemplating a tour, namely, not to frame a huge programme. If you do, you will probably enjoy the first day or two, and no more. Remember that freedom from time-tables, schedules, and fixed plans is one of the features of cycling. If the wind is with you and the day fair enjoy your run and be happy, but do not grind through mud against a gale just because you have set down a fixed programme. Have a general idea of your country, and leave the details in a very elastic and stretchable state.

One of the drawbacks to touring is the conveyance of luggage, which tells, every pound of it, against the enjoyment of a tour. It is therefore an excellent plan to carry only the merest essentials for a night out, and have completer changes and extra store of clothing sent on from time to time by railway at the cardinal points of one's tour. Carrying vast quantities of luggage is a mistaken notion of the novice, and as he gains experience he will come to learn how large a number of things he can easily do without; for the pleasure of riding is directly proportional to the smallness of the quantity of the luggage carried on one's machine.

It is a mistake to expect the best enjoyment of a cycling tour in a district like the north of Devonshire, where every rise is rideable only with excessively severe exertion, and every down grade is more or less dangerous to negotiate except on foot. Riders do penetrate even to unlikely districts and combine plenty of walking with their rides, using, in fact, their machines as an adjunct to a walking tour; but in very hilly or very wild districts it sometimes happens that the presence of one's machine is somewhat of a hindrance.

The example of a rider who started from Edinburgh and visited the Lake District of Cumberland, seeing all the lakes save one in the course of twenty-four hours, riding two hundred miles and walking twenty with his machine before he was satisfied, is not one to be widely recommended. On the other hand, it is equally a mistake to fancy that the best districts for cycling are plains. The best engineered roads usually occur in mountainous regions. In a difficult country the roads have been skilfully constructed, while in an open undulating district very often the roads are taken up and down over every obstacle without any attempt at the selection of the most suitable direction or the avoidance of unnecessary hills.

The old roads were notorious for this method of construction. Why does the old road to the North go straight over the highest point of Highgate Hill, or why does the only serious hill in West Middlesex of necessity have the main road climb to its summit, as is the case at Harrow? New roads have been made to go around these hills. In a mountainous district the roads simply cannot be taken over the hill-tops, and are therefore more carefully planned. North Wales with, say, Bettws-y-Coed as a centre, forms an ideal touring ground for a cyclist, and both the Wicklow and Killarney districts in Ireland are eminently suitable.

A Scottish tour centred from Perth is hard to beat, while in the home counties there are endless attractions. A few days' run in the Weald of Kent and through Surrey will open out a grandly diversified country to a wanderer; or a Midland trip embracing Shakespeare's country, and a return by the pleasant byways of Warwick, Northamptonshire, and Bedfordshire, will be found throughout to be most suitable districts for riding comfortably. An undulating country is far better for touring than the dead level of the Fens, where the monotony is very distressing, and the scenery far from attractive.

The sort of country to be avoided is where roads are notoriously bad, as on Yorkshire moors, Salisbury Plain, and the unkept districts of West Suffolk; or where the country is so hilly as to turn riding into a toil, as in the Devon and West Dorset districts, or the remote parts of Leicestershire and Rutland. None of these places are absolutely impenetrable to an energetic rider; they are, however, not those to be recommended for one's first choice of a touring ground.

There is one remark I very often hear in conversation with people who do not race, and that is that they only ride for pleasure; and from the way they say it, and the tone

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of the remark, I am forced to believe that they see no pleasure in racing. Racing is a pleasure, but it soon palls upon a man, especially when he comes to make a business of it as a professional.

A. A. Zimmerman, the professional champion, very recently announced that he was growing a little sick of the game, and that it was a nuisance to have to keep in a constant state of training. Zimmerman is probably the fastest sprinter ever seen on a safety, and has won more than a hundred first prizes in one year, so that it is understandable that such a devotee to racing should cease to find much pleasure in the sport. His case is like that of the ordinary cyclist who overdoes it, and gets sickened, for racers and non-racers can only find the pursuit of cycling enjoyable in moderation.

After all, the tourist and the "merely-for-pleasure" rider imitates the racing man in many ways. He can best enjoy his tour and find the greatest pleasure in his riding, when he is in a certain condition of fitness. It is as miserable to be done up on tour as to be exhausted in a race; so that nearly all that applies to the proper preparation, in general, of a racing man applies in some smaller degree to the "merely-for-pleasure" rider, who wants to find his enjoyment in a non-competitive manner. A tour will be all the better for a few preliminary evening spins before the holiday, and it would be just as unwise for anyone to suddenly leave an inactive sedentary occupation for a long ride, as for a racing man to attempt to score without undergoing some kind of preparation.

So another word of advice, in addition to the fundamental "take-it-easy," is, be prepared. You cannot enjoy going slowly unless you are able to go faster, or else your slow pace is really fast for you. There is no fun in going all-out, the fun comes in in riding well within one's powers.

The finest time for riding is unquestionably the evening, in the hour or two just before and after sunset. If in a day's ride the afternoon seems wearying, experience will show that the evening comes as a freshening and delightful addition to a long ride; and a summer or autumn evening after dark, with a decent lamp and a dash of moonlight, is almost as good a time as the sunset hours.

Of course, it should be hardly necessary to give advice to road riders to be cautious, but so many accidents are happening, due to carelessness, that a hint or two may be useful. There is nothing more offensive and annoying to other users of the road than to be peremptorily rung out of the way or shouted at by passing cyclists. A continuous alarm is irritating and unnecessary. Traffic can be well negotiated with scarcely a sound of the bell. The Local Government Act only requires warning of one's approach in an audible and sufficient manner when overtaking traffic.

It is a good plan to roughly calculate the orbit—so to speak—of a passing pedestrian or carriage, and take care that your paths intersect at such a point that you pass safely and quietly behind the other moving body: always, however, on the look-out for comets, and, of course, having your machine under perfect control. You should carry a bell but be sparing in the use of it; and in a real emergency it is always quicker to give a warning with the mouth than with a mechanical whistle or bell.

In country roads pigs are the worst animals to encounter. They start to run away and give up flight for attack the moment they feel tired, and double about all over the road helplessly. Sheep are silly enough, but a little practice enables a rider to push them away with one foot. It is best to go on one side of the flock, not through the middle, as a split flock is really two obstacles at once. Oxen are not so bad as sheep or pigs. They never see you until quite close, they are all near-sighted or slow-witted, and are big enough to be dodged more easily. Sheep can pack themselves together closely, but you can nearly always thread a way through a herd of cows.

Be very careful of strange cyclists. You never know whether they are able to ride or not, and the wobblings of a novice are the most dangerous obstructions of the highway. Even one's own companions are sometimes the cause of collision, especially if they are not used to riding in company. One man can squeeze through a tight place where two cannot, and it is customary for men not used to riding at close quarters to cut in front very dangerously.

(To be continued.)

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MR. RUSKIN.

(FROM A PLATE TAKEN BY MISS ACLAND AT BRANTWOOD.)

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AN UNQUALIFIED PILOT.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.*

Illustrated by CECIL ALDIN

ALMOST any pilot will tell you that his work is much more difficult than you imagine; but the pilots of the Hugli know that they have one hundred miles of the most dangerous river on earth running through their hands — the Hugli between Calcutta and the Bay of Bengal—and say nothing. Their service is picked and sifted as carefully as the bench of the Supreme Court, for a judge can only hang the wrong man, but a careless pilot can lose a four thousand ton ship with crew and cargo in less time than it takes to reverse the engines.

There is very little chance of getting off again when once you touch in the furious current of this river, loaded with all the fat silt of the fields of Bengal, where soundings change two feet between tides, and new channels make or efface themselves in a season. Men have fought the Hugli for two hundred years, till now the river owns a huge building, with drawing, survey, and telegraph departments, devoted to its exclusive service, as well as a body of wardens, who are called the Port Commissioners.

They and their officers govern absolutely from the Hugli bridge to the last buoy at Pilots Ridge, one hundred and forty miles away, and out in the Bay of Bengal, where the steamers first pick up the pilots from the brig.

A Hugli pilot does not bring papers aboard, or scramble up rope ladders. He arrives in his best clothes, with a native servant or an assistant to wait on him, and he behaves as a man should who can earn ten thousand dollars a year after twenty years' apprenticeship. He has beautiful rooms in the Port Office at Calcutta, and generally keeps himself to the society of his own profession, for though the telegraph reports the more important soundings of the river daily, there is much to be learned between trip and trip.

Some millions of tons of shipping must find their way to and from Calcutta each twelvemonth, and unless the Hugli were watched as closely as men watch the Atlantic cables, there is a fear that it might silt up, as it has silted up round the old Dutch and Portuguese ports twenty and thirty miles behind Calcutta. So the Port Office sounds and scours and dredges, and builds spurs and devices for coaxing currents, and labels all the buoys with their proper letters, and attends to the semaphores and the lights and the drum, ball and cone storm signals, and the pilots of the Hugli do the rest; but, in spite of all the care, the Hugli swallows a ship or two every year.

When Martin Trevor had followed this life from his boyhood; when he had risen to be a senior pilot, entitled to bring up to Calcutta the big ships, drawing over twenty-four feet, that can (or could till a few years ago) only pass by special arrangement; when he had talked nothing but Hugli and pilotage all his life, he was exceedingly indignant that his only son should decide upon following his father's profession. Mrs. Trevor had died when the boy was a child, and as he grew older, Trevor, in the intervals of his business, noticed that the lad was very often by the

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"Little Trevor replied by reeling off the list of all the house-flags in sight at the moorings."

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river-side—no nice place for a boy. Once, when he asked him if he could make anything out of the shipping, little Trevor replied by reeling off the list of all the house-flags in sight at the moorings.

"You'll come to a bad end, Jim," said Trevor. "Little boys haven't any business to know house-flags."

"Oh, Pedro at the Sailors' Home taught me. He says you can't begin too early."

"At what, please?"

"Pilcting. I'm nearly fourteen now, and —and I know where all the shipping in the river is, and I know what there was yesterday over the Mayapur Bar, and I've been down to Diamond Harbour—oh, a hundred times, and I've——"

"You'll go to school, son, and learn what they teach you, and you'll turn out better than a pilot," said his father, but he might just as well have told a shovel-nosed porpoise of the river to come ashore and begin life as a hen. Jim held his tongue; he noticed that all the best pilots in the Port Office did that, and devoted his young attention and all his spare time and money to the river he loved.

Trevor's son became as well known as the Bankshall itself, and the Port police let him inspect their launches, and the tug-boat captains had always a place for him at the table, and the mates of the big steam dredgers used to show him how the machinery worked, and there were certain native row-boats that Jim practically owned; and he extended his patronage to the rail that runs to Diamond Harbour, forty miles down the river. In the old days nearly all the East India Company's ships used to discharge at Diamond Harbour, on account of the shoals above, but now ships go straight up to Calcutta, and they have only some moorings for vessels in distress there, and a telegraph service, and a harbour-master, who was Jim's intimate friend.

He would sit in the office and listen to the soundings of the shoals as they were reported every day, and attend to the movements of the steamers up and down (Jim always felt he had lost something if a boat got in or out of the river without his knowing it), and when the big liners with their rows of burning portholes, tied up in Diamond Harbour for the night, Jim would row from one ship to the other through the sticky hot air and the buzzing mosquitoes and listen respectfully as the pilots conferred together.

Once, for a treat, his father took him down clear out to the sandheads and the pilot brig, and Jim was joyfully sea sick as she tossed and pitched in the bay. So he had to go down three or four times more with friendly pilots till he had cured his weakness. The cream of life though was coming up in a tug or a police boat from Diamond Harbour to Calcutta, over the "James and Mary," the terrible sands christened after a royal ship they sunk two hundred years ago. They are made by two rivers that enter the Hugli six miles apart and throw their own silt across the silt of the main stream, so that with each turn of weather and tide the sands shift and change like a cloud. It was here (the tales sound much worse when they are told in the rush and growl of the muddy waters) that the *Countess of Stirling*, fifteen hundred tons, touched and capsized in ten minutes, and a two thousand ton steamer in two, and a pilgrim ship in five, and another steamer literally in an instant, holding down her men with the masts and shrouds as she lashed over. When a ship touches on the "James and Mary," the river knocks her down and buries her, and the sands quiver all around her and reach out under water and take new shapes.

Young Jim would lie up in the bows of the tug and watch the straining buoys kick and smother in the coffee-coloured current, and the semaphores and flags signal from the bank how much water there was in the channel, till he learned that men who deal with men can afford to be careless on the chance of their fellows being like them; but men who deal with things dare not relax for an instant. "And that's the very reason," old McEwen said to him once, "that the 'James and Mary' is the safest part of the river," and he put the big black *Bandoorah*, that draws twenty-five feet, through the

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Eastern Gat, with a turban of white foam wrapped round her foot and her screw beating as steadily as his own heart.

If Jim could not get away to the river there was always the big, cool Port Office, where the soundings were calculated and the maps were drawn; or the pilot's room, where he could lie in a long chair and listen to the talk about the Hugli; and there was the library, where if you had money you could buy charts and books of directions against the time that you actually steamed over the places themselves. It was exceedingly hard for Jim to hold the list of Jewish kings in his head, and he was more than uncertain as to the end of the verb *audio* if you followed it far enough down the page, but he could keep the soundings of three channels distinct in his head and, what is more confusing, the changes in the buoys from "Garden Reach" down to Saugor, as well as the greater part of the *Calcutta Telegraph*, the only paper he ever read.

Unluckily, you cannot peruse about the Hugli without money, even though you are the son of the best known pilot on the river, and as soon as Trevor understood how his son was spending his time he cut down his pocket money—and Jim had a very generous allowance. In his extremity he took counsel with Pedro, the plum-coloured mulatto at the Sailors' Home, and Pedro was a bad man. He introduced Jim to a Chinaman in Muchuatollah, a nasty place in itself, and the Chinaman, who answered to the name of Erh-Tze, when he was not smoking opium talked pigeon-English to Jim for an hour.

"S'pose you take. Can do?" he said at last.

"He introduced Jim to a Chinaman."

Jim considered the chances. A junk he knew would draw about eleven feet and the regular fee for the qualified pilot, outward, would be two hundred rupees. On the one hand he was not qualified, so he could not

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ask more than half. *But* on the other hand, he was fully certain of a thrashing from his father for piloting without license. So he asked one hundred and seventy-five rupees, and Erh-Tze beat him down to a hundred and twenty; and that was like a Chinaman all over. The cargo of his junk was worth anything from fifty to a hundred thousand rupees, and Erh-Tze was getting enormous freight on the coffins of thirty or forty dead Chinamen, whom he was taking to be buried in their native country.

Rich Chinamen will pay fancy prices for this service, and they have a superstition that the iron of steamships is bad for the health of their dead. Erh-Tze's junk had crept up from Singapore, *viâ* Penang and Rangoon, to Calcutta, where Erh-Tze had been staggered by the pilot dues. This time he was going out at a reduction with Jim, who, Pedro said, was just as good as a pilot.

Jim knew something of the outside of junks, but he was not prepared when he went down that night with his charts, for the confusion of cargo and coolies and coffins and day-cooking places, and other things that littered the decks. Jim had sense enough to haul the rudder up a few feet; he knew that a junk's rudder goes far below the bottom, and he allowed a foot extra to Erh-Tze's estimate of the ship's depth. Then they staggered out into mid-stream very early, and never had the city of his birth looked so beautiful to Jim as when he feared he would not come back to see it.

Going down "Garden Reach" he discovered that the junk would answer to her helm if you put it over enough, and that she had a fair though Chinese notion of sailing. He took charge of the tiller by stationing three Chinese on each side of it, and standing a little forward, gathered their pigtails into his hands, three right and three left, as though they had been the yoke lines of a row boat. Erh-Tze almost smiled at this: he felt he was getting good care for his money, and took a neat little polished bamboo to keep the men attentive, for he said this was no time to teach the crew pigeon-English. The more way they could get on the junk the better would she steer, and as soon as he felt a little confidence in her, Jim ordered the big rustling mat sails to be hauled up tighter and tighter. He did not know their names—at least any name that would be likely to interest a Chinaman—but Erh-Tze had not banged about the waters of the Malay Archipelago for nothing, and he went; he rolled forward with the bamboo, the sails rose like Eastern incantations.

Early as they were on the river a big American kerosene ship was ahead of them in tow, and when Jim saw her through the driving morning mist he was thankful. She would draw all of seventeen feet, and if he could steer by her they would be safe. It is one thing to scurry up and down the "James and Mary" in a police-tug without responsibility, and quite another to cram a hard-mouthed old junk across the same sands alone, with the certainty of a thrashing if you came out alive.

Jim glued his eyes to the American, and saw that at Fultah she dropped her tug and stood down the river under sail. He all but whooped aloud, for he knew that the number of pilots who preferred to work a ship through the "James and Mary" without a tug was strictly limited. "If it isn't father, it's Dearsley," said Jim, "and Dearsley went down yesterday with the *Bancoora*. If I'd gone home last night instead of going to Pedro, I'd have met father. He must have got his ship quick, but—father is a very quick man." Then Jim reflected that they kept a piece of knotted rope on the pilot brig that stung like a wasp; but this thought he dismissed as beneath the dignity of an officiating pilot who need only nod his head to set Erh-Tze's bamboo to work.

As the American came round, just before the "Fultah Sands," Jim raked her with his spy-glass, and saw his father on the poop with an unlighted cigar between his teeth. That cigar, Jim knew, would be smoked on the other side of the "James and Mary," and Jim felt so entirely safe and happy that he lit a cigar on his own account. This kind of piloting was child's

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"Gathered their pigtails into his hands, three right and three left, as though they had been the yoke-lines of a row boat."

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play! His father could not make a mistake if he tried; and Jim, with his six faithful pigtails in his two hands, had leisure to admire the perfect style in which the American was handled—how she would point her bowsprit jeeringly at a hidden bank, as much as to say, "Not to-day, thank you, dear," and bow down lovingly over a buoy as much as to say, "You're a gentleman, at any rate," and come round sharp on her heel with a flutter and a rustle, and a slow, steady swing something like a woman staring round a theatre through opera-glasses.

It was hard work to keep the junk near her, though Erh-Tze set everything that was by any means settable, and used the bamboo very generously. When they were almost under her counter, and a little to the left, Jim would feel warm and happy all over, thinking of the nautical and piloting things he knew. When they fell more than half a mile behind, he was cold and miserable thinking of all the things that he did not know or was not quite sure of. And so they went down, Jim steering by his father turn for turn, over the Mayapur Bar, with the semaphores on each bank, signalling the depth of water, through the Western Gat, and round the Makoaputti Lumps, and in and out of twenty places, each more exciting than the last, and Jim nearly pulled the six pigtails out for pure joy when the last of the "James and Mary" had gone astern, and they were walking through Diamond Harbour.

From there to the mouth of the Hugli things are not so bad—at least, that was what Jim thought, and held on till the swell from the Bay of Bengal made the old junk heave and snort, and the river broadened into the inland sea, with islands only a foot or two high scattered about it. The American walked away from the junk as soon as they were beyond Kedgeree, and the night came on and the water looked very big and desolate, so Jim promptly anchored somewhere in grey water, with the Saugor light away off toward the east. He had a great respect for the Hugli, and no desire whatever to find himself on the Gasper Sand or any other little shoal. Erh-Tze and the crew highly approved of this piece of seamanship. They set no watch, lit no lights, and at once went to sleep.

Jim lay down between a red and black lacquer coffin and a little live pig in a basket. As soon as it was light he began studying his chart of the Hugli mouth, and trying to find out where in the river he might be. He decided to be on the safe side and wait for another sailing ship and follow her out. So he made an enormous breakfast of rice and boiled fish, while Erh-Tze lit fire-crackers and burned gilt paper with ostentation. Then they heaved up their rough-and-tumble anchor and made after a big, fat, iron four-masted sailing-ship heavy as a hay wain. The junk, which was really a very weatherly boat, and might have begun life as a private pirate in Annam thirty years ago, followed under easy sail; and the four-master would run no risks. She was in old McEwen's hands, and she waddled about like a broody hen, giving each shoal wide allowances. All this happened near the outer Floating Light, some hundred and twenty miles from Calcutta, and apparently in the open sea.

Jim knew old McEwen's appetite, and had often heard him pride himself on getting his ship to the pilot brig between meal hours, so he argued that if the pilot brig was get-at-able (and Jim himself had not the ghost of a notion where she would be), McEwen would find her before one o'clock.

It was a blazing hot day, and McEwen fidgeted the four-master down to "Pilots Ridge" with what little wind remained, and sure enough there lay the pilot brig, and Jim felt cold up his back as Erh-Tze paid him his hundred and twenty rupees and he went overside in the junk's crazy dinghee. McEwen was leaving the four-master in a long, slashing whale-boat, that looked very spruce and pretty, and Jim could see that there was a certain amount of excitement among the pilots on the brig. There was his father too. The ragged Chinese gave way in a ragged fashion, and Jim felt very unwashen and disreputable when he heard the click of McEwen's oars

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alongside, and McEwen saying, "James Trevor, I'll trouble you to come along with me."

Jim obeyed, and from the corner of one eye watched McEwen's angry whiskers stand up all round his face like the frill of a royal Bengal tiger, while his face turned purple and his voice shook.

"An' is this how you break the regulalations o' the port o' Calcutta? Are ye aware o' the penalties ye've laid yourself open to?"

"That," said Trevor, reaching for Jim's left ear, "is something we can remedy," and he led him down below.

Jim said nothing. There was not very much to say; and McEwen roared aloud: "Man, ye've perrsonated a Hugli pilot, an' that's as much as to say ye've perrsonated

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ME! What did yon yellow heathen give you for an honorarium?"

"Hundred and twenty," said Jim.

"An' by what manner o' means did ye get through the 'James an' Mary'?"

"Father," was the answer. "He went down the same tide—and I—we steered by him."

McEwen whistled and choked, perhaps it was with anger. "Made a stalkin' horse o' your father. Jim, boy, he'll make an example o' you."

The boat hooked the brig's chains, and McEwen said, as he rolled on deck, "Yon's an enterprising cub o' yours, Trevor. Ye'd better put him to the regular business, or one o' these fine days he'll be acting as pilot before he's qualified, and sinkin' junks in the Fairway. If ye've no other designs I'd take him in as my cub, for there's no denying he's a resourceful lad for all that he's an unlicked whelp."

"That," said Trevor, reaching for Jim's left ear, "is something we can remedy," and he led him down below.

The little knotted colt that they keep for general purposes on the pilot-brig stung like hornets, but when it was all over Jim was an unlicked cub no longer. He was McEwen's property, and a week later, when the *Ellora* came along he bundled over side with McEwen's enamelled leather hand-bag and a roll of charts and a little bag of his own.

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THE MONK.

WHEN in my narrow cell I lie,
The long day's penance done at last,
I see the ghosts of days gone by
And hear the voices of the past.

I see the blue-grey wood-smoke curled
From hearths where life has rhymed to love
I see the kingdoms of the world—
The glory and the power thereof,

And cry, "Ah, vainly have I striven!"
And then a voice calls, soft and low:
"Thou gavest My Earth to win My Heaven;
But Heaven-on-Earth thou mayst not know!"

It is not for Thy Heaven, O Lord,
That I renounced Thy pleasant earth—
The ship, the furrow, and the sword—
The mysteries of death and birth!

Weary of vigil, fast, and prayer,
Weak in my hope and in my faith—
O Christ, for whom this cross I bear,
Meet me beside the gate of Death!

When the night comes, then let me rest
(O Christ, who sanctifiest pain!)
Falling asleep upon Thy breast,
And, if Thou wilt, wake never again!

E. NESBIT.

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THE MONK. A Study by Phil May.

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EXTERIOR OF THE RUSKIN MUSEUM.

THE RUSKIN MUSEUM AND ITS TREASURES.

By Alfred Sprigg.

TRAVELLING from London on the Midland main line to the north, three hours and a quarter after leaving St. Pancras Station, and at a distance of about a mile from Sheffield Station, the train crosses the little stream which divides Derbyshire from Yorkshire, and the observant passenger has a glimpse of Meersbrook Park, within which lies sheltered the Museum of the St. George's Guild.

For many years this unique museum of treasures, which Mr. Ruskin founded in connection with the Guild, stood upon one of the steep hills on the other side of the city, overlooking the valley of the Don. A charming spot it was, but most inconvenient of access, while the house itself proved all too small for the further objects awaiting exhibition, greatly crippling its educational influence. Still many distinguished visitors from every part of England, as well as from lands over the sea, where the fame of the author of "Modern Painters" had spread, braved the climb, and in 1879 the late Prince Leopold spent some time there with Mr. Ruskin himself for his guide.

Why the museum ever came to Sheffield at all has puzzled many people, especially those whose only acquaintance with the great cutlery capital is that gathered by a rush through in the darkness, when the view from the train is of rows of dull, dingy houses and of huge factories lighted up by the fitful glare of furnace fires. These persons regarded Sheffield as about the last place for a museum rich in artistic treasures, many of them of priceless worth. Nor was the surprise lessened when they read that the Guild regarded a museum not as a place of entertainment simply, but a place of education, and that its founder desired it to be regarded as a place of noble instruction, where persons so minded could "devote a certain portion of secluded, laborious, and reverent life to the attainment of the Divine Wisdom, which the Greeks supposed to be the gift of Apollo, or the Sun, and which

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the Christian knows to be the gift of Christ." Such a museum would be suitably housed at Durham, or at Oxford, or at Worcester, or at Coniston. But why Sheffield, with its smoke and dirt, its rush and bustle, and its peculiar dialect, instead of a quiet town with educational or artistic associations? Mr. Ruskin has supplied the answer himself by saying that he acknowledges iron work as a necessary art; that the cutlers' art at its best, as manifested in Sheffield, is "unsurpassable by that of any living nation; that the Yorkshire temper is capable yet of the ideas of honesty and piety by which old England lived;" and once again "because Sheffield is within easy reach of beautiful natural scenery."

The Sheffield Corporation, not unmindful of the honour bestowed upon the city by Mr. Ruskin, long desired to see the treasures housed in befitting style, and having bought a park on the south side of the city, really within the Peak county, which contained a fine Georgian mansion, an arrangement was come to by which the trustees of St. George's Guild lent the collection for twenty years (which term it is hoped will be renewed from time to time), and the migration was effected in 1890. Tramcars and trains run from the centre of the city almost to the park gates, and after a stroll through the park with its old trees — in summer the haunts of blackbirds, thrushes, and especially rooks—the visitor reaches Meersbrook Hall, its outer walls gay with rose trees and clematis—the home of the Ruskin Museum. "*Très petite*" is said to have been the verdict of a French visitor who drove up one day last year, rushed round the galleries, and passed on to see the next "lion" which Sheffield had on show. Yes, "it is small." But if that be a fatal objection, I might retort upon the French visitor by asking him what of French art as represented by Meissonier?

The exhibits cannot be counted by the thousand, but there is no confusion here, no mere display. Every picture and cast on the walls, every book and print in the library, every stone in the mineralogical gallery, was selected for a special purpose, plays its part in the general scheme of art education, and in its own peculiar department is the best that could be procured.

INTERIOR OF PICTURE GALLERY, RUSKIN MUSEUM.

After this, it is hardly needful to add that the pilgrim who comes in the right spirit to this shrine is never sent empty away. Indeed, if it were not obviously improper to cast the light of publicity on such episodes, I could tell of many men, whose names are familiar to magazine readers, who thought to see the museum in a few

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hours, but found it so full of interest they were constrained to take up their temporary abode in Sheffield and pay half-a-dozen visits to Meersbrook. As one who has spent many pleasant mornings there, I make bold to affirm that only the veriest Philistine could examine these treasures and gossip about them with Mr. William White, the curator, who is *au fait* on everything connected with Mr. Ruskin and with the works of J. M. W. Turner, and not rejoice in his visit, and praise the skill and judgment of those responsible for the collection.

Upon entering the museum the first objects to attract attention are the plaster casts of Venetian and French mural sculpture which adorn the walls of the staircase, passages, and mineral room. Readers of Mr. Ruskin's "Stones of Venice" and "Seven Lamps of Architecture" will know

PLASTER CAST FROM PEDIMENT OF PILLAR, STAIRCASE, DUCAL PALACE, VENICE.

the importance he attaches to sculpture, which, indeed, he regards as "the foundation and school of painting." Mr. Ruskin looks upon the Venetian architecture of the Early Renaissance as furnishing the finest examples of the art that have come down to us. The chief specimens shown here include casts from St. Mark's, Venice—of the allegories of the Virtues, "entirely splendid twelfth century sculpture," and of the carved bosses of the central archway of the façade taken by Mr. Ruskin; casts from various sculptures in the Ducal Palace at Venice, including its finely carved capitals; while from Rouen Cathedral there are panels of the "Creation" and copies of the "Virtues and Vices," described in the fifth chapter of "The Seven Lamps of Architecture."

The mineral room, though not much larger than the dining-room in many an ordinary country house, has several cases of much interest, and in certain sections the collection is complete, Mr. Ruskin having devoted several years of study to the Silica class—especially the formation of agates and quartz crystals. Readers of that delightful book, "The Ethics of the Dust," will hardly have forgotten the fourth lecture on the "crystal orders," in which Mr. Ruskin, having told the girls of his class that most of the books on crystals are "a little too dreadful," proceeds in a quite fascinating manner to describe the formation of the crystal order and to apply the principles to the formation and crystallisation of human character.

Many of the crystal group there dealt with, as well as of the minerals described in "Deucalion," are to be found at Meersbrook. "I am proud to say that unlike other collectors I never spare cutting my specimens, always looking to that which will best show texture. My main aim is to get things to show their beauty." So said Mr. Ruskin himself to Prince Leopold as he proceeded, in 1879, to point out to the Prince the beauties which those who seek will find in the structure of flint in its various forms, in quartz or fluor spar, or in the native metal ores. Mr. Ruskin has also lavishly contributed to the museum "precious stones," from sapphires to diamonds, and from topazes to emeralds and opals, the specimens being all in their natural condition, most of them still embedded in the rocks in which they were formed. The topazes and opals are quite exceptional examples. The former include a unique example of the pale blue form from the Ural Mountains, associated with smoky quartz and mica; a huge single topaz of dark sherry brown colour, probably the largest known; and an example of the yellow form in small crystals, completely covering a massive block of quartz. The opals include both the common and the noble or fiery opal, the latter resplendent in its iridescence, and comprising examples

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from Mexico, Brazil, Hungary, and Queensland.

It was when looking at one of these brilliant specimens a few years back that the late Mr. Swan, the curator at Walkley for many years, told me a rather good story. Some fifteen years ago it was well known that Mr. Ruskin was willing to buy unique gems for St. George's Museum, and an enterprising dealer wrote to him offering what he described as an opal in its native state of quite exceptional size. The Master of Brantwood never cared to be worried, but the dealer was persistent, and so at last Mr. Ruskin wrote that if he cared to go to Sheffield and show it to Henry Swan, and he reported favourably, the matter might be entertained. So off to Walkley went the dealer, and was received with the usual courtesy. "Come and see our gems first," said the curator, "and then I will look at yours." The cases were opened and the opals displayed for inspection. The dealer seemed sad and crestfallen as he retorted, "It is no use showing my opal after that; it isn't to be compared with yours." Nor is this an isolated instance.

The picture gallery, though it contains many examples both in oil and water-colour, which could not fail to please the casual spectator, is no mere collection for entertainment. The careful observer will, even at the first glance, be impressed by the prominence given to architectural subjects, and to the work of the early Italian masters. Every picture, ancient or modern, which finds a place on the walls, is there because it illustrates or helps to expound some truth taught by Mr. Ruskin in his works on art. The close relationship of art to architecture, especially in its historical connection, he has insisted upon throughout his writings, while his almost passionate love of the pre-Raphaelite school is a matter of common knowledge. "Only that picture is noble which is painted in love of the reality," says Mr. Ruskin in one place, and, again, "If you desire to draw that you may represent something you care for, you will advance swiftly and steadily. If you desire to draw that you may make a beautiful drawing, you will never make one." This spirit pervades the whole gallery, which seems lit by the Lamp of Truth.

The most valuable picture in the collection is, I presume, the original "Verrocchio Madonna." From every point of view this is a work which strongly appeals to the student. Verrocchio, besides being an artist of commanding ability in the fifteenth century, the master of Perugino and other celebrated Florentine painters, was also a sculptor and worker in bronze and iron. Mr. Ruskin, in describing this picture, which he obtained from Venice, to the late Prince Leopold on his visit to Sheffield, grew enthusiastic in praise of its teaching and of its technical merits. It was, he declared, "perfect in all ways—in drawing, in colouring; on every part the artist had worked with the utmost toil a man could give."

CARPACCIO'S "ST. GEORGE BAPTISING THE SULTAN"
(Fairfax Murray).

Under recent and careful restoration this "Madonna" stands out as a typical example of the method of pre-Raphaelitism in art, the

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colouring of the robe of the Virgin being especially noteworthy—and of it Mr. Ruskin once wrote: "This picture teaches all I want my pupils to learn of art; it is one of the most precious pictures in the country."

For the rest of his illustrative examples of the old masters, Mr. Ruskin has had specially executed copies in water-colours. Most of these reproduce portions of the original picture only, the main purpose being to indicate the superior qualities of the master in particular points, and to serve as illustrations of the critical analysis of the masterpieces which engaged Mr. Ruskin's attention in his various books. Nearly a dozen of the old masters, from Fra Angelico to Tintoretto, are treated in this manner. But one typical example must here suffice—Carpaccio's "St. George Baptising the Sultan and his Daughter." It may fairly be said that Mr. Ruskin re-discovered Carpaccio, for even the Italians had almost forgotten this master. His characteristics are the gift of colour and fidelity to truth, and on the latter point Mr. Ruskin testifies that whatever he introduces must be natural. "His first condition is that it shall be real." The painting of "St. George Baptising the Sultan and his Daughter" is in the chapel of St. George of the Sclavonians at Venice, and Mr. Fairfax Murray was employed to copy the portion which I am here allowed to reproduce, and which is described in bright and somewhat humorous terms by Mr. Ruskin himself in "St. Mark's Rest."

"The quaintest thing of all," he writes, "is St. George's own attitude in baptising. He has taken a good platterful of water to pour on the Sultan's head. The font of inlaid bronze below is quite flat, and the splash is likely to be spreading. St. George, carefullest of saints, it seems, in the smallest matters, is holding his mantle back well out of the way. I suppose, really and truly, the instinctive action would have been this, pouring at the same time so that the splash might be towards himself, and not over the Sultan. With its head close to St. George's foot, you see a sharp-eared white dog, with a red collar round his neck. Not a greyhound, by any means, but an awkward animal; stupid-looking, and not much like a saint's dog. Nor is it in the least interested in the baptism, which a saint's dog would certainly have been. The mumbling parrot and he, what *can* they have to do with the proceedings? A very comic picture!" Another sample of Carpaccio's work is the "Head of St. George," copied by Mr. Ruskin for "St. George Slaying the Dragon," in the Chapel of St. George of the Sclavonians.

FAÇADE OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE (*John W. Bunney*).

Of architectural drawings there are many, varying in size and method of treatment, but all intended to emphasise the teaching

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of the Master of the Guild as to the beauty of form and colour in truly great architecture. Venice and Florence furnish, of course, the chief examples, but Pisa and Rome, Chartres, Laon, and Amiens, with other towns, are brought into requisition. The most conspicuous picture in the gallery is the oil painting by the late Mr. John W. Bunney, which represents the façade of St. Mark's, Venice, to the study of the beauties of which cathedral Mr. Ruskin devoted some of the best years of his life, and about which he has written at great length in the "Stones of Venice," in "St. Mark's Rest," and elsewhere. Mr. Bunney was specially commissioned on behalf of the St. George's Guild to paint this picture. It occupied him for no less than six hundred days, and his marvellous fidelity in the reproduction of the architectural beauties of St. Mark's has been generally recognised. Near by is a large water-colour drawing by the same artist, of the north-west angle, showing the veining and carving of the various marbles with which the cathedral is enriched. Looking upon these pictures, it is easy to understand the enthusiasm Mr. Ruskin must have felt when he penned, for the "Stones of Venice," the passage describing St. Mark's as "a vast illuminated missal, bound with alabaster instead of parchment, studded with porphyry pillars instead of jewels, and written within and without in letters of enamel and gold."

Of an entirely different character, yet teaching the same gospel, is a small water-colour by Mr. Ruskin himself, depicting sprays of wood-sorrel, wild strawberry, and fern, upon a rugged river bank. This drawing is entirely executed in violets and Chinese white, and its main purpose is to show the adaptation of nature to sculpture. The fidelity to nature is beyond question, and yet even the casual onlooker can hardly fail to be impressed by the suggestiveness of sculpture in almost every line.

I have no space to describe in detail the brilliant drawings by Mr. Ruskin of the single plume of a peacock's breast (described in the "Laws of Fésole"), or his "Panorama of the Alps" ("Deucalion," p. 175), and can only pen a word in passing on Mr. Rooke's fine water-colours of ecclesiastical and street architecture in Auxerre, Chartres, Laon, etc., all specially executed for the Guild. Some of these illustrate the subjects dealt with in the first volume of "Our Fathers Have Told Us," and, as readers of the prospectus know, it was Mr. Ruskin's idea to deal with Chartres, with Pisa, Rouen, and Florence, as he has dealt with Amiens. Commissions were given to Mr. Rooke with this end in view; but unfortunately the health of the Master has interfered with the completion of the task. The text to these illustrations is still wanting, and if supplied will be by other hands than those which gave us "The Bible of Amiens," though some reference to the architecture of these cities will be found in "The Seven Lamps." Much interest also centres around what are familiarly styled "The St. Ursula pictures," nine studies from Carpaccio's paintings in the Academy at Venice, about which Mr. Ruskin has written much, and two facsimiles of which (by Angelo Alessandria and Fairfax Murray) I am allowed to reproduce. The head of St. Ursula is a really fine work and much admired.

In this gallery, too, are drawings by Miss Francesca Alexander, reproduced in "Roadside Songs of Tuscany," and concerning

CARPACCIO'S "HEAD OF ST. URSULA"
(Angelo Alessandria.)

which Mr. Ruskin wrote: "Never before have I seen such penmanship. In faithful expression of human feeling there is nothing yet, that I know of, that has been done like them."

If anyone should ask to see some evidence of Mr. Ruskin's power over his disciples, I would ask him to study for a quarter of an hour the frame which hangs in this room, and which contains ten small drawings headed "The Life History of a Cherry." In his Oxford "Lectures on Art," Mr. Ruskin says in one place (p. 100), "What we especially need at the present time for educational purposes is to know,

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not the anatomy of plants, but their biography. We want them drawn from their youth to their age, from bud to fruit." And Mr. W. H. Gill has, in his own way, fulfilled this mission. He studied a cluster of cherry blossom from the 17th of April to the 30th of June, and noted what he saw in a series of brilliant pen-and-ink sketches (the last two coloured); and Mr. White, the curator, who is I believe a personal friend of Mr. Gill, has recently secured this "tribute to my Master" for the museum. There are not many persons who can look closely at these drawings without seeing the influence of Mr. Ruskin, and admitting that this influence is entirely for good.

The library and print department, like everything else at Meersbrook, is rich, not so much in quantity as in quality. I have visited more than one library which could count its volumes by the thousand, as here we count them by the score. But, as has been well said, "It is in Literature as in Finance, much Paper and much Poverty may co-exist." Here you may start in the morning, whether your tastes be literary or artistic, and by dusk will not have exhausted the treasures of a single bookcase.

In natural history alone there are several scores of volumes, many of them unique, all rare and beautiful in the highest degree, which it would require days to examine properly. For example, here are four large volumes of original drawings from nature of invertebrate animals, by Edward Donovan. They were executed a hundred years ago, yet to-day as fresh as when they left his hand. Whether we look at the fidelity of delineation, the brilliance of colour, the firmness of touch, or the artistic grouping, these drawings are impressive in the highest degree.

In some of the entomological studies the insects are portrayed in all their stages, and in a style which has never been excelled, if indeed it has ever been equalled; and hence these volumes may be consulted by scientific men with the utmost pleasure, and no small profit. Mr. Ruskin does not believe in teaching either natural history or botany by the aid of stuffed or dried specimens, and in this room there are examples of illustrations from nature showing the life history of plants, well calculated to convince anyone of the soundness of this view. These include the most beautiful and complete works obtainable on the Flora of England (by Curtis, Hooker, and others), with hand-coloured plates, showing the entire plant, and indicating its seasonal changes; while zoology and mineralogy are also provided for with similar care.

In the fine arts and classical departments, too, the library is rich; while there are eight choice manuscripts treasured with the fond care they deserve, for they represent some of the best productions of the tenth to the sixteenth century. These include a Lectionary from the Benedictine Abbey of Ottobeuern, on vellum, of about 1160; two thirteenth century Bibles; a fourteenth century French Psalter (which is said to

MISSAL ALBUM OF LADY DIANA DE CROY, 1572.

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represent the culminating point of the illuminative art); a large volume of the Homilies of Popes Gregory IX. and Sextus IV.; and the Missal Album of Lady Diana de Croy.

Though by no means the most ancient, the last-named is probably the most interesting from a popular point of view. "Lady Diana's Prayer-book" is a pocket volume of 178 pages (sixteenth century date), written on vellum, enriched with twenty

THE BISHOP'S HOUSE, MEEBSBROOK PARK.

full page miniatures and numerous ornamental borders. It was made for Lady Diana de Croy, of the house of Lorraine, who was cousin to Mary Queen of Scots, whose autograph is given on the margin of one of the pages. There are also in the volume autographs of many French dignitaries, dated between 1572 and 1590, whilst as specimens of illumination of the later French style the miniatures and scroll-work are exquisite. They include the Virgin and Child; the Three Persons in the Trinity, in white robes adored by angels clad in scarlet; the Pentecost; Actæon turned into a stag by Diana at the bath; and David and Goliath, with basilisk, peacocks, and goldfinches in the scroll-work.

One portion of the library is devoted to an extensive series of photographs, including illustrations of the Ducal Palace, St. Mark's, and many other specimens of notable architecture. I hear that some visitors express surprise at this, having imagined that Mr. Ruskin is opposed to all kinds of mechanical processes, and favours only handwork. This, however, is a popular error. Mr. Ruskin welcomed photography, and has utilised it in many ways, even sending photographers abroad for the purpose of obtaining exact representations of famous architecture. He also generally prefers photographs of pictures taken direct from the work to engravings of them. The St. George's Guild recognises the important place which photography fills in the truthful reproduction of architectural beauties, and there are here hundreds of large and carefully selected photographs of continental buildings, which stock will be added to from time to time, in accordance with Mr. Ruskin's intentions.

The library also contains volumes of the original pencil drawings by John Leech, for the comic English and Latin Grammar and other books, besides many original sketches for *Punch*, most interesting as showing the wonderful power Leech possessed of conveying ideas by the aid of only a few lines of his pencil.

Another cabinet contains, among other treasures, the original etchings on copper by Dürer of "The Knight and Death" (1513), "Melancholia," and of his portrait of "Erasmus." These have to be handled lovingly, for they represent a small fortune in themselves and are entirely artistic and

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beautiful, apart from the memories they evoke of bygone ages. My pleasure in them was considerably heightened by the fact that Mr. White had recently discovered, while on the continent, Dürer's original sketch, drawn to scale, of the knight seated on his horse, and was fortunate enough to obtain an excellent photograph of it, which he handed me to examine alongside the etching for comparison.

The Turner prints are especially fine, including not merely the "Liber Studiorum," the "England and Wales," and "The Rivers of France" series; but a brilliant set of proofs before letters of the vignettes to "Rogers' Poems" and "Italy," as well as a complete list of the illustrations to Scott's works.

An hour or two with these prints is a capital preparation for the "Turner room" downstairs. Three years ago Mr. White was fortunate enough to secure the loan from the National Gallery of a collection of Turner's sketches, specially selected from those which had never before been exhibited, still less engraved. The drawing of Tintern Abbey is practically complete, and one of a storm on the Alps is essentially typical in its treatment. Of great interest, too, is a sketch of Inverary, which was the first study for the subject in the "Liber Studiorum" series, it having been previously supposed that Turner made no sketch for it but engraved it direct.

On leaving the museum the visitor would do well to walk a short distance up the road which leads by the edge of the park to the "Bishop's House," which dates back from the fifteenth century.

Though not connected with the museum, this house affords a fine example of old oak and plastering, with a buttery hatch in the dining-room and a draw-well in the kitchen. It is called the Bishop's House because here were two sons of William Blythe—John, created Bishop of Salisbury in 1493, and Geffery, consecrated Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield in 1503.

JOSEF HOFFMANN

(From the Portrait by Mr. J. J. Shannon, in the New Gallery).

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THE GREY LADY.*

By Henry Seton Merriman.

Author of "With Edged Tools," "The Sowers," etc.

Illustrated by R. Jack.

INTRODUCTION.

The first chapter of this story introduces Henry and Luke FitzHenry, who have served as cadets on the *Britannia*. Their father, it seems, left but small provision for them at his death, when the Honourable Mrs. Harrington, a wealthy though cold-hearted woman, undertook to provide for their future. Luke, though decidedly the more gifted of the two, fails to pass his examination, and is so incensed by Mrs. Harrington's sarcastic remarks anent this disgrace, that he walks straight out of her town house and disappears. In the next chapter the reader finds the action of the story is changed to a *table d'hôte* in an hotel in Barcelona. Bewildered by a strange language, one Captain Bontner turns to an English peer, Lord Seahampton, and explains that he is on his way to Majorca to bring back to England his niece, Miss Eve Challoner, who has been suddenly left an orphan; but he is in difficulties about the way he should pursue his travels. Lord Seahampton thereon acts as interpreter, and sees him safely on board the Majorca boat. The scene then shifts to the fine promenade in Barcelona, known as the *Rambla*, where Cipriano de Lloseta de Mallorca, a Spanish Count of ancient pedigree, encounters Lord Seahampton, who relates the fact of his meeting with Captain Bontner. The news of Challoner's death interests de Lloseta. "So," he says to himself, as he walks towards his vast home alone, "So! Caballero Challoner is dead. They are passing off the stage one by one."

CHAPTER V.

The Valley of Repose.

"A home where exiled angels might forbear
Awhile to moan for paradise."

HERE is a valley far up in the mountains behind the ancient city of Palma — the Val d'Erraha. Some thousand years ago the Arabs found this place. After toils and labours, and many battles by sea and land, a roaming sheikh settled here, calling it El Rahah—the Repose.

He dug a well—for where the Moor has been there is always sparkling water—he planted olive trees, and he built a mill. The well is there to-day; the olive trees, old and huge and gnarled as are no other olive trees on the earth, yield their yearly crop unceasingly; the mill grinds the Spaniard's corn to-day.

In the Val d'Erraha there stands a house—a strange, ungainly farm, as such are called in Majorca. It runs off at strange angles, presenting no unbroken face to any point of the compass. From a distance it rather resembles a village, for the belfry of the little chapel is visible and the buildings seem to be broken up and divided. On closer inspection it is found to be self-contained, and a nearer approach discloses the fact that it presents to the world four solid walls and that it is only to be entered by an arched gateway.

In the centre of the open *patio* stands the Moorish well surrounded, overhung by orange trees. This house could stand a siege—indeed, it was built for that purpose; for the Moorish pirates made raids on the island almost within the memory of living persons.

Such is the Casa d'Erraha—the House of Repose. It stands with its back to the pine slopes, looking peacefully down the valley, over terraces where grow the orange, the almond, the fig, the lemon, the olive; and far below, where the water trickles, the feathery bamboo.

The city of Palma is but a few miles away, in its strong thirteenth century restriction within high ramparts. It has its cathedral, its court-house—all the orthodox requirements of a city, and, moreover, it is the capital of the whilom kingdom of Majorca. King Jaime is dead and gone. Majorca, after many vicissitudes, has settled down into an obscure possession of Spain; and to the old-world ways of that country it has taken very kindly.

But with the unwritten history of Majorca we have little to do, and we have much with the Casa d'Erraha and the owner thereof—a plain Englishman of the name of Challoner — the last of his line, the third of his race, to own the Casa d'Erraha.

Edward Challoner lay on his bed in the large room overlooking the valley and the distant sea. In the House of Repose he lay awaiting the call to a longer rest than earthly weariness can compass. The grave old Padre of the neighbouring village of St. Pablo stood near the bed—not to administer the consolation of his church, for these two

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had thrashed out the question peacefully over many a cup of coffee and a thousand cigarettes during twenty years. Eve Challoner had sent for the Padre, with the instinct that makes us wish to be seen off on a long journey by a good man, of whatsoever creed or calling.

At times the old priest gently patted the hand of Eve Challoner as she stood by his side.

Climate and country and human habit have a greater influence over the human frame than we ever realise. Eve Challoner had been subject to these subtle influences to a rare extent. Born in Majorca, of English parents, she had inhaled some of the inimitable grace of Majorcan maidenhood. It was, of course, a mere chance that her hair was black, but it was not entirely chance that it should be long and thick and rich, hanging in a great plait down her back, as all Majorcan maidens wear it. Tall and upright, clad in black, as all Spanish ladies are, she was English and yet Spanish. Of a wonderfully clear white, her skin was touched slightly by the sun and the warm air which blows ever from the sea, blow which way it may across the little island.

Romance tells of Andalusian beauty, of Catalonian grace—and in sober British earnest (a solid thing) there are few more beautiful women than high-born Spanish ladies. Eve Challoner had caught something—some trick of the head—which belongs to Spain alone. Her eyes had a certain northern vivacity of glance, a small something which is noticeable enough in Southern Europe, though we should hardly observe it in England, for it means education. In the matter of education, be it noted in passing, the ladies of the Peninsula are not so very far above their duskier sisters of the harem farther south and east.

THE CITY OF PALMA.

The girl's eyes were dull now, with a sort of surprised anguish, for sorrow had come to her before its time. The man lying on the bed before her had not reached the limit of his years. Quite suddenly, twelve hours before, he had complained of a numb feeling in his head and the voice he spoke in was thick and strange. In a surprisingly short time Edward Challoner was no longer himself—no longer the cynical, polished gentleman of the world—but a hard-breathing, inert deformity, hardly human. From that time to this he had never spoken, and Heaven knew there was enough for him to

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say. Death had caught him unawares—as after all he generally does catch us. There were several things to set in order as usual; for it is only in books and on the stage that folks make a graceful exit, clearing up the little mystery, forgiving the wrongs, boasting with feeble voice of the good they have done—with lowering tone and soft music slow working together, to the prompter's bell. It is not in real life that dying men find much time to prattle about their own souls. They usually want all their breath for those they leave behind. And who knows! Perhaps those waiting on the other side think no worse of the man who dies thinking of others and not of himself.

In Edward Challoner's paralysed brain there was a great wish to speak to his daughter, but the words would not come. He looked at those around him with a dreamy indistinctness as from a distance, almost as if he had begun his long journey and was looking back from afar.

And so the afternoon wore on to the short southern twilight, and the goat-bells came tinkling up from the valley—for nature must have her way though men may die, and milking-time rules through all the changes.

While the light failed over the land two men were riding through it as fast as horse could lay hoof to the ground. They were on the small road running from the Soller highway up to the Val d'Erraha, and he who led the way seemed to know every inch of it. This was Henry FitzHenry, and his companion, ill at ease in a Spanish saddle, was the doctor of Her Majesty's gunboat *Kittiwake*.

Four months earlier, by one of those chances which seem no chance when we look back to them, the *Kittiwake* had broken down on leaving the anchorage of Port Mahon. Towed back by a consort, she had been there ever since, awaiting some necessary pieces of machinery to be made in England and sent out to her. Hearing by chance that the navigating lieutenant of the *Kittiwake* was Henry FitzHenry—usually known as Fitz—Mr. Challoner had written to Minorca from the larger island, introducing himself as the Honourable Mrs. Harrington's cousin, and offering what poor hospitality the Val d'Erraha had to dispense.

In a little island there is not very much to talk about, and the gossips of Majorca had soon laid hold of Fitz. They said that the English señorita up at the Casa d'Erraha had soon found a lover, and a fine, handsome one at that; else, they opined, why should this English sailor thrash his boat through any weather from Cuidadela in Minorca to Soller in Majorca, riding subsequently from that small and lovely town over the roughest country in the island to the Valley of Repose as if the devil were at his heels. That was only their way of saying it, for they knew as well as any of us that love in front can make us move more quickly than ever the devil from behind.

At Alcudia they watched his boat labour through the evil seas. The wind was never too boisterous for him, the waves never too high.

"It is," they said, "the English mariner from Mahon going to see the Señorita Challoner. Ah! but he has a firm hand."

And they smiled dreamily with their deep eyes, as knowing the malady themselves.

This time there had been two figures clad in black oilskin in the stern of the long white boat. Two horses had been ordered by cable to be ready at Soller instead of one. For Eve Challoner had telegraphed to her countrymen at Port Mahon when this strange and horrid numbness had seized her father.

The sun was setting behind the distant line of the sea when Fitz and his companion urged their tired horses up the last slope to the Casa d'Erraha. Within the gateway Mrs. Baines, the only English servant in this English house, was awaiting them. She curtseyed in an old-fashioned way to the doctor, who had not seen an Englishwoman's face for two years and more, and asked him to follow her. Fitz did not offer to accompany them—indeed, he made it quite obvious that he did not want to do so. Two of the vague attendants who are always to be found in their numbers about the doorway and stable yard of a Spanish country-house took the horses, and Fitz wandered round the *patio* to the southern door which led to the terrace.

There was not very much change in Henry FitzHenry since we last saw him in Mrs. Harrington's drawing-room six years earlier. The promise of the boy had been filled by the man, and here was a quiet English gentleman, chiefly remarkable for a certain directness of purpose which was his, and seemed to pervade his being. Here was one who had commanded men—who had directed skilled labour for the six impressionable years of his life. And he

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"He gave a little half-pettish groan, and a stillness came over the room."

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who directs skilled labour is apt to differ in manner, in thought and habit, from him whose commands are obeyed mechanically.

The naval commander is a man of detail—he tells others to do that which they know he can do better himself. Thus your naval officer is a very thorough man.

They said on board the *Kittiwake*, which was a small ship, that Fitz—"old" Fitz, they used to call him—was too big for a seafaring life. In height he was nearly six feet—six feet of spare muscle and bone—such a man as one sees on the north-east coast of England, the east coast of Scotland, or the west coast of Norway—anywhere, in fact, where the Vikings passed.

The deep blue eyes had acquired a certain quiet which had been absent in the boyish face—the quiet that comes of a burden on the heart; of the certain knowledge that the burden can never be removed. Luke's life was not the only one that had been spoiled by an examination paper. Examination papers have spoilt more lives than they have benefited. A twin brother is something more than a brother, and Fitz went through life as if one side of him was suffering a dull, aching pain. The face of this man walking alone on the terrace of the House of Repose was not happy. Perhaps it was too strong for complete happiness—some men are so, and others are too wise. This was the face, not of a very wise or a brilliant man, but of one who was strong and simple—something in the nature of a granite rock. Sandstone is more easily shaped into a thing of beauty, but it is also the sandstone that is worn by weather, while a deep mark cut on granite stays there till the end.

Fitz had no intention of going upstairs. He was not a man to take the initiative in social matters. His instinct told him that if Eve wanted him she would send for him. She had cabled to him to bring the doctor. He had brought the doctor, and now he went out on the terrace to "stand by," as he put it to himself, for further orders. If, as the gossips averred, he was the señorita's lover, he deemed it wiser to relinquish that position just now.

As a matter of fact, however, no word of love had passed between them.

Fitz was standing by the low wall of the terrace looking down into the hazy, dim depths of the valley, when the further orders which he awaited came to him.

Hearing a light step on the pavement behind him, he turned, and faced Eve, who was running towards him.

"Will you come upstairs?" she said. "I think he wants to see you."

"Certainly," he answered.

She had hurried out, but they walked back rather slowly. Nevertheless, they did not seem to have anything to say to each other.

Mentally, Fitz was conscientiously "standing by," and perhaps Eve rather appreciated the attitude.

When they entered the room upstairs together, a faint little smile full of wisdom hovered for a second round the old priest's clean shaven lips.

The dying man had evidently wanted something or someone, but there was nothing

"The priest got down upon his knees."

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to indicate that the desire which he was unable to express had any connection whatever with the young sailor. The old priest knew something of human nature, hence the little shadowy smile called up by Eve's simple action and transparently partial interpretation of her father's desire.

Edward Challoner looked at him, but did not seem to recognise his face. It seemed that he had left the earth so far behind now that the faces of those walking on it were no longer distinguishable.

He gave a little half-pettish groan, and a stillness came over the room.

The old padre and the doctor, who did not know a word of any common language, exchanged a glance, and in a very business-like way, as of one whose trade it was, the priest got down upon his knees. Then the doctor, half-shyly, approached Eve, and taking her by the arm, led her gently out of the room.

Fitz stayed where he was, standing by the dead man, looking down at the priest's bowed head, while the bell of the little chapel attached to the Casa d'Erraha told the valley that a good man had gone to his rest.

CHAPTER VI.

AN ACTOR PASSES OFF THE STAGE.

"We pass; the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds."

THE priest was the first to speak.

"You are his friend, I also; but we are of different nations."

He paused, drawing the sheet up over the dead man's face.

"He was not of my church. You have your ways; will you make the arrangements?"

"Yes," replied Fitz simply, "if you like."

"It is better so, my son"—the padre took a pinch of snuff—"because—he was not of my church. You will stay here, you and your friend. She, the Señorita Eve, cannot be left alone, with her grief."

He spoke Spanish, knowing that the Englishman understood it.

They drew down the blinds and passed out on to the terrace, where they walked slowly backwards and forwards, talking over the future of Eve and of the Casa d'Erraha.

In Spain, as in other southern lands, they speed the parting guest. Two days later Edward Challoner was laid beside his father and grandfather in the little churchyard in the valley below the Casa d'Erraha. And who are we that we should say that his chance of reaching heaven was diminished by the fact that part of the Roman Catholic burial service was read over him by a Spanish priest?

Fitz had telegraphed to Eve's only living relative, Captain Bontner, and Fitz it was who stayed on at the Casa d'Erraha until that mariner should arrive; for the doctor was compelled to return to his ship at Port Mahon, and the priest never slept in another but his own little vicarage house.

And in the Casa d'Erraha was enacted at this time one of those strange little comedies that will force themselves upon a tragic stage. Fitz deemed it correct that he should avoid Eve as much as possible, and Eve, on the other hand, feeling lonely and miserable, wanted the society of the simple-minded young sailor.

"Why do you always avoid me?" she asked suddenly on the evening after the funeral. He had gone out on to the terrace, and thither she followed him in innocent anger, without afterthought. She stood before him with her slim white hands clasped together, resting against her black dress, a sombre, slight young figure in the moonlight, looking at him with reproachful eyes.

He hesitated a second before answering her. She was only nineteen; she had been born and brought up in the Valley of Repose amidst the simple islanders. She knew nothing of the world and its ways. And Fitz, with the burden of the unique situation suddenly thrust upon him, was, in his chivalrous youthfulness, intensely anxious to avoid giving her anything to look back to in after years when she should be a woman. He was tenderly solicitous for the feelings which would come later, though they were absent now.

"Because," he answered, "I am not good at saying things. I don't know how to tell you how sorry I am for you."

She turned away and looked across to the hills at the other side of the valley, a rugged outline against the sky.

"But I know all that," she said softly, "without being told."

A queer smile passed over his sunburnt face, as if she had unintentionally and innocently made things more difficult for him.

"And," she continued, "it is—oh, so lonely."

She made an almost imperceptible little movement towards him. Like the child that she was, she was yearning for sympathy and comfort.

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"I know—I know," he said, standing his ground like a man.

Outward circumstance was rather against Fitz. A clear, odorous Spanish night, the young moon rising behind the pines, a thousand dreamy tropic scents filling the air. And Eve, sweet, half-tearful, wholly loveable, standing before him, innocently treading on dangerous ground, guilelessly asking him to love her.

She, having grown almost to womanhood, pure as the flowers of the field, ignorant, a child, knew nothing of what she was doing. She merely gave way to the instinct that was growing within her—the instinct that made her turn to this man, claiming

"I won't be a coward—if you will only speak."

his strength, his tenderness, his capability, as given to him for her use, for her happiness.

"You must not avoid me," she said. "Why do you do it? Have I done anything you dislike? I have no one to speak to, no one who understands, but you. There is the padre, of course—and nurse; but they do not understand. They are—so *old!* Let me stay here with you until it is time to go to bed, will you?"

"Of course," he answered quietly. "If you care to. To-morrow I should think we shall hear from your uncle. He may come by the boat sailing from Barcelona to-morrow night. It will be a good thing if he does; you see I must get back to my ship."

"You said she would not be ready for sea till next month."

"No, but there is discipline to be thought of."

He looked past her, up to the stars, with a scrutinising maritime eye, recognising them and naming them to himself. He did not meet her eyes—dangerous, tear-laden.

"There is something the matter with you," she said. "You are different. Yes, you want my uncle to come the day after to-morrow—you want to go away to Mahon as soon as you can. I—— Oh, Fitz, I don't want to be a coward!"

She stood in front of him, clenching her little fists, forcing back the tears that gleamed in the moonlight. He did not dare to cease his astronomical observations.

"I *won't* be a coward—if you will only speak. If you will tell me what it is."

Then Fitz told his first deliberate lie.

"I have had bad news," he said, "about my brother Luke. I am awfully anxious about him."

He did it very well; for his motive was good. And we may take it that such a lie as this is not writ very large in the Book.

The girl paused for a little, and then deliberately wiped the tears from her eyes.

"How horribly selfish I have been!" she said. "Why did you not tell me sooner? I have only been thinking of my own troubles ever since—ever since poor papa—— I am a selfish wretch! I hate myself! Tell me about your brother."

And so they walked slowly up and down the moss-grown terrace—alone in this wonderful tropic night—while he told her the little tragedy of his life. He told the story simply, with characteristic gaps in the sequence, which she was left to fill up according to the taste of her imagination.

"I shall not like Mrs. Harrington," said Eve when the story was told. "I am glad that she cannot come much into my life. My father wanted me to go and stay with her last summer, but I would not leave him alone, and for some reason he would not accept the invitation for himself. Do you know, Fitz, I sometimes think there is a past—some mysterious past—which contained my father and Mrs. Harrington and a man—the Count de Lloseta."

"I have seen him," put in Fitz, "at Mrs. Harrington's often."

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The girl nodded her head with a quaint little assumption of shrewdness and deep suspicion.

"My father admired him—I do not know why. And pitied him intensely—I do not know why."

"He was always very nice to me," answered Fitz, "but I never understood him."

Talking thus they forgot the flight of time. It sometimes happens thus in youth. And the huge clock in the stable yard striking ten aroused Eve suddenly to the lateness of the hour.

"I must go," she said. "I am glad you told me about—Luke. I can call him Luke as he is not here. I feel as if I knew you better and understood—a little more. Good-night."

She left him on the terrace, and walked sorrowfully away to the house which could never be the same again.

Fitz watched her slight young form disappear through an open doorway, and then he became lost in the contemplation of the distant sea, lying still and glass-like in the moonlight. He was looking to the north, and it happened that from that same point of the compass there was coming towards him the good steamer *Bellver*, on whose deck stood a little shock-headed man—Captain Bontner.

There is a regular service of steamers to and from the Island of Majorca to the mainland, and in addition steamers make voyages when pressure of traffic may demand. The *Bellver* was making one of these supplemental journeys, and her arrival was not looked for at Palma.

Eve and Fitz were having breakfast alone in the gloomy room overshadowed by the trailing wings of the Angel of Death, when the servant announced a gentleman to see the señorita. The señorita requested that the gentleman might approach, and presently there stood in the doorway the quaintest little figure imaginable.

Captain Bontner, with a certain sense of the fitness of things, had put on his best clothes for this occasion, and it happened that the most superior garment in his wardrobe was a thick pilot jacket, which stood out from his square person with solid angularity. He had brushed his hair very carefully, applying water to compass a smoothness which had been his life-long and hitherto unattained aim. His shock hair—red turning to grey—stood up four inches from his honest, wrinkled face. It was unfortunate that his best garments should have been purchased for the amenities of a northern climate. His trousers were as stiff as his jacket, and he wore a decorous black silk tie as large as a counterpane.

He stood quaintly bowing in the doorway, his bright blue eyes veiled with shyness and a pathetic dumb self-consciousness.

"Please come in," said Eve in Spanish, quite at a loss as to who this might be.

"Stood quaintly bowing in the doorway."

Then Fitz had an inspiration. Something of the sea seemed to be wafted from the older to the younger sailor.

"Are you Captain Bontner?" he asked, rising from the table.

"Yes, sir, yes! That's my name!"

He stood nervously in the doorway, mistrusting the parquet-floor, mistrusting himself, mistrusting everything.

Fitz went towards him holding out his hand, which the captain took after a manfully repressed desire to wipe his own broad palm on the seam of his trousers.

"Then you are my uncle?" said Eve coming forward.

"Yes, miss, I'm afraid—that is—Yes, I'm your uncle. You see—I'm only a rough sort of fellow."

He came a little nearer and held his arms

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apart, looking down at his own person in humble deprecation.

Eve was holding out her hand. He took it with a vague, deep-rooted chivalry, and she, stooping, very deliberately kissed him.

This seemed rather to bewilder the captain, for he shook hands again with Fitz.

"I——" he began, nodding into Fitz's face. "You are—eh? I didn't expect—to see—I didn't know——"

At that moment Eve saw. It came to her in a flash, as most things do come to women. She even had time to doubt the story about Luke.

"This," she said, with crimson cheeks, "is Mr. FitzHenry of the *Kittiwake*. He kindly came to us in our trouble. You will have to thank him afterwards—uncle."

"And in the meantime I expect you want breakfast?" put in Fitz, carefully avoiding Eve.

"Yes," added the girl, "of course. Sit down. No, here!"

"Thankye—thankye, miss—my dear, I mean. Oh, anything 'll do for me. A bit of bread and a cup o' tea. I had a bit and a sup on board before she sheered alongside the quay."

He looked round rather helplessly, wondering where he should put his hat—a solid, flat-crowned British affair. Eve took it from him and laid it aside.

Captain Bontner sat very stiffly down. His square form did not seem to lose any of its height by the change of position, and with a stiff back he looked admiringly round the room, waiting like a child at a school treat.

As the meal progressed he grew more at ease, telling them of the little difficulties of his journey, avoiding with a tact not always found inside a better coat all mention of the sad event which had caused him to take this long journey after his travelling days were done.

That which set him at ease more than all else was the fact, at length fully grasped, that Fitz was, like himself, a sailor. Here at least was a topic upon which he could converse with any man. General subjects only were discussed, as if by tacit consent. No mention was made of the future until this was somewhat rudely brought before their notice by the announcement that a second visitor desired to see the señorita.

With a more assured manner than that of his predecessor, a small, dark man came into the room, throwing off his cloak and handing it to the servant. He bowed ceremoniously and with true Spanish grace to Eve, with less ceremony and more dignity to the two men.

"I beg that your excellency will accept the sympathy of my deepest heart," he said. "I regret to trouble you so soon after the great loss sustained by your excellency, indeed, by the whole island of Majorca. But it is a matter of business. Such things cannot be delayed. Have I your excellency's permission to proceed?"

"Certainly, señor."

The man's clean-shaven face was like a mask. The expressions seemed to come and go as if worked by machinery. Sympathy was turned off, and in its place Polite-Attention-to-Business appeared. From under his arm he drew a leather portfolio, which he placed upon the table.

"The affairs of the late Cavalier Challoner were perhaps known to your excellency?"

"No; I knew nothing of my father's affairs."

Sympathy seemed to be struggling behind "Polite-Attention-to-Business," while for a moment a real look of distress flitted over the parchment face. He paused for an instant, reflecting while he assorted his papers.

"I am," he said, "the lawyer of his excellency, the Count de Lloseta."

Eve and Fitz exchanged a glance, and as silence was kept the lawyer went on.

"Three generations ago," he said, "a Count de Lloseta, the grandfather of this present excellency, made over on 'rotas' the estate and house known as the Val d'Erraha to the grandfather of the late Cavalier Challoner—a Captain Challoner, one of Admiral Byng's men."

Again he paused, arranging his papers.

"The Majorcan system 'rotas' is known to your excellency?"

"No, señor."

"On this system an estate is made over for one or two or three generations by the proprietor to the lessee who farms or sublets the land, and in lieu of rent hands over to the proprietor a certain proportion of the crops. Does your excellency follow me?"

Eve did not answer at once. Then the lawyer's meaning seemed to dawn upon her.

"Then," she said, "the Casa d'Erraha never belonged to my father?"

"Never"—with a grave bow.

"And I have nothing—nothing at all! I am penniless?"

The lawyer looked from her to Fitz, who

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was standing beside her listening to the conversation, but not offering to take part in it.

"Unless your excellency has private means—in England, perhaps."

"I do not know—I know nothing. And

"Again he paused, arranging his papers."

we must leave the Casa d'Erraha. When, señor? Tell me when."

The lawyer avoided her distressed eyes.

"Well," he said slowly, "the law is rather summary. I—your excellency understands I only do my duty. I am not the principal. I have no authority whatever—except the law."

"You mean that I must go at once?"

The lawyer's parchment face was generously expressive of grief now.

"Excellency, the lease terminated at the death of the late Caballero Challoner."

Eve stood for a moment, breathing hard. Fate seemed suddenly to have turned against her at every point. At this moment Captain Bontner made bold—one could see him doing so—to take her hand.

"My dear," he said, "I don't quite understand what this foreign gentleman and you are talkin' about. But if it's trouble, dear, if it's trouble—just let me try."

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE STREET OF THE PEACE.

"Measure thy life by loss instead of gain,
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth."

"MY DEAR MISS CHALLONER,—I learn that you are in Barcelona, and at the same time I find with some indignation that my lawyer in Mallorca, with a deplorable excess of zeal, has been acting without my orders in respect to the property of the Val d'Erraha. I hasten to place myself and possessions at your disposition, and take the liberty of writing to request an interview, instead of calling on you at your hotel, for reasons which you will readily understand, knowing as you do the gossiping ways of Spain. As an old friend of your father's, and one who moved and lived in neighbourly intercourse with him before your birth, and before the deplorable death of your mother, I now waive ceremony, and beg that you and your uncle will come and take tea with me this afternoon at my humble abode in the 'Calle de la Paz.'

"Believe me, dear Miss Challoner,
"Yours very sincerely,
"CIPRIANO DE LLOSETA DE MALLORCA."

Eve read this letter in her room in the hotel of the Four Nations at Barcelona. She had only been on the mainland twenty-four hours when it was delivered to her by a servant of the Count's, who came to her room and delivered it into her own hands, as is the custom of Spanish servants.

Eve Challoner had grown older during the last few days. She had been brought face to face with life as it really is, and not as we dream it in the dreams of youth. She was not surprised to receive this letter, although she had no idea that the Count de Lloseta was in Spain. But the varying emotions of the last week had, as it were, undermined the confident hopefulness with which we look forward when we are young, and sometimes when we are old, to the management of our own lives here below. She was beginning to understand certain terms which she had heard applied to human existence, and to which she had hitherto attached no special meaning as applying

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to herself. More especially did she understand at this time that life may be compared to a stream, for she was vaguely conscious of drifting she knew not whither.

Fitz had come suddenly into her life; Captain Bontner had come into it; and now this man, Cipriano de Lloseta, seemed to be asserting his right to come into it too. And she did not know quite what to do with them all. She had never, in the quiet, dreamy days of her youth, pictured a life with any of these men in it, and the future was suddenly tremendous, unfathomable. There were vast possibilities in it of misery, of danger, of difficulty; and behind these a vague, new feeling of a possible happiness far exceeding the happiness of her peaceful childhood.

Without consulting her uncle, who had gone out into the street to walk backwards and forwards before the door, as he had walked backwards and forwards on his deck for forty years, she sat down and accepted the Count's informal invitation. She seemed to do it without reflection, as if impelled thereto by something stronger than *pro* or *con*, as if acknowledging the Spaniard's right to come into her life, bringing to bear upon it an influence which she never attempted to fathom.

Thus it came about that Eve and Captain Bontner found themselves awaiting their host in the massive, gloomy drawing-room of the Palace in the Calle de la Paz at five o'clock that afternoon.

Captain Bontner had learnt a great deal during the last few days; among other things he had learnt to love his niece with a simple, doglike devotion, which had a vein of pathos in it for those who see such things. He placed himself well behind Eve, and looked around him with a wondering awe.

"I think, my dear," he said, "that it would have been better if you had come alone. I—you know I am getting too old to learn manners now—eh—he! he! Yes. Having been so long at sea, you know."

"I think the sea teaches men manners, uncle," said Eve, with a little smile which he did not understand. "At any rate," she went on, touching his rough sleeve affectionately, "it teaches them something that I like."

"Does it, now? What now? Tell me."

"I do not know," answered the girl, as if speaking to herself, and at this moment the door was opened.

The man who came in was of medium height, with a long, narrow face, and singularly patient eyes.

"I should have known you," he said, approaching Eve, and holding out his hand. "You do not remember your mother? I do, however. You are like her—and she was a good woman. And this is Captain Bontner—your uncle."

He shook hands with the old sailor without the faintest flicker of surprise at his somewhat incongruous appearance.

"I am glad," he said suavely, "to make Captain Bontner's acquaintance."

He turned to draw forward a chair, and the light from the high-barred window falling full on his head betrayed the fact that his hair, close cut as an English soldier's, was touched and flecked with grey. His lithe youthfulness of frame rather surprised Eve, who knew him to be a contemporary of her father's.

"It is very good of you to come," he went on in a low, musical voice. "I took the privilege of the elder generation, you see! Captain, pray take that chair."

He did the honours with a British easiness of tone, strangely touched by a Spanish dignity.

"When I heard of your great bereavement," he said, turning to Eve with a grave bow, "I ought perhaps to have gone to Mallorca at once to offer you what poor assistance was in my power. But circumstances—over which I had no control, prevented my doing so. My offer of help is tardy, I know, but it is none the less sincere."

"Thank you," replied Eve, conscious of a feeling of pleasant reliance in this newfound ally. "But I have good friends—the Padre Fortis, my uncle, and—a friend of ours, Mr. FitzHenry."

"Of the *Kittiwake*—at Mahon?"

"Yes."

"I have the pleasure of knowing Mr. FitzHenry," murmured the Count. "Now," he said, with a sudden smile which took her by surprise by reason of the alteration it made in the whole man, "will you do me a great favour?"

"I should like to," answered Eve with some hesitation.

"And you?" said the Count, turning to Captain Bontner.

"Oh yes," replied that sailor somewhat bluntly, "if it's possible."

"I want you," continued the Count de Lloseta, "to forget that this is the first time we meet and to look upon me as a

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"He did the honours with a British easiness of tone strangely touched by a Spanish dignity."

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friend — one of the most intimate — of your father."

"My father," said the girl, "always spoke of you as such."

"Indeed, I am glad of that. Now, tell me, who have you in the world besides Captain Bontner?"

"I have no one. But——"

"We was thinking," put in the Captain in ungrammatic haste, "that Eve would come and live with me. It isn't a grand house—just a little cottage. But such as it is, she'll have a kindly welcome."

"And, I have no doubt, a happy home," added the Count with one of his dark smiles. "I was merely wondering whether Miss Challoner intended to live in the Casa d'Erraha or to let it?"

Eve looked up in surprise, and Captain Bontner's blue eyes wandered from her face to the dark and courteous countenance of Cipriano de Lloseta.

"Perhaps," continued the Spaniard imperturbably, "you have not yet made up your mind on the subject."

"But the Casa d'Erraha does not belong to me," said Eve, and Captain Bontner wagged his head in confirmation. "Your own lawyer explained to me that my father only held it on 'rotas.'"

"My own lawyer, my dear young lady, thereby proved himself an ass."

"But," said Eve, somewhat mystified, "the Val d'Erraha belongs to you, and you must know it. I have no title deeds—I have nothing."

"Except possession, which is nine points of the law. Will you take tea; and cream? I do not know how many points the law has, but one would naturally conclude that nine is a large proportion of the whole."

While he spoke he was pouring out the tea. He handed her cup to her with a grave smile, as if the matter under discussion were one of a small and passing importance.

"I suppose," he added, "you have learnt to love the Casa d'Erraha. It is a place—a place one might easily become attached to. Do you know"—he turned his back to her, busying himself with the silver teapot—"Lloseta?" he added jerkily.

"Yes. My father and I used to go there very often."

"Ah——" He waited—handing Captain Bontner a cup of tea in silence. But Eve was not thinking of Lloseta; she was thinking of the Casa d'Erraha.

"My father did not speak to me of his affairs," she said. "He was naturally rather reserved, and—and it was very sudden."

"Yes. So I learnt. That indeed is my excuse for intruding myself upon your notice at this time. I surmised that my poor friend's affairs had been left in some confusion. He was too thorough a gentleman to be competent in affairs. I thought that perhaps my small influence and my diminutive knowledge of Majorcan law—the Roman law, in point of fact—might be of some use to you."

"Thank you," she answered, "I think we settled everything before we left the island, although we did not see Señor Peña, your lawyer. I—the Casa d'Erraha belongs to you!" she added, suddenly descending to feminine reiteration.

"Prove it," said the Count quietly.

"I cannot do that."

He shrugged his shoulders with a smile.

"Then," he said, "I am afraid you cannot shift your responsibility to my shoulders."

The girl looked at him with puzzled young eyes. He stood before her, dignified, eminently worthy of the great name he bore—a solitary, dark-eyed, inscrutable man, whose whole being subtly suggested hopelessness and an empty life. She shook her head.

"But I cannot accept the Casa d'Erraha on those terms."

The Count drew forward a chair and sat down.

"Listen," he said, with an explanatory forefinger upheld. "Three generations ago two men made a verbal agreement in respect to the estate of the Val d'Erraha. To-day no one knows what that agreement was. It may have been the ordinary 'rotas' of Minorca. It may not. In those days the English held Minorca; my ancestor may therefore have been indebted to your great grandfather, for we have some small estates in Minorca. You know what the islands are to-day. They are two hundred years behind Northern Europe. What must they have been a hundred and twenty years ago? We have no means of finding out what passed between your great grandfather and my grandfather. We only know that three generations of Challoners have lived in the Casa d'Erraha, paying to the Counts of Lloseta a certain proportion of the product of the estate. I do not mind telling you that the smallness of that proportion does away with the argument that the agree-

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ment was the ordinary 'rotas' of the Baleares. We know nothing—we can prove nothing. If you claimed the estate I might possibly wrest it from you—not by proof, but merely because the insular prejudice against a foreigner would militate against you in a Majorcan court of law. I cannot by law force you to hold the estate of the Val d'Erraha. I can only ask you as the daughter of one of my best friends to accept the benefit of a very small doubt."

Eve hesitated. What woman would not?

Captain Bontner set down his cup very gravely on the table.

"I don't rightly understand," he said sturdily, "this 'rotas' business. But it seems to me pretty plain that the estate never belonged to my late brother-in-law. Now what I say is, if the place belongs by right to Miss Challoner she'll take it. If it don't; well, then it don't, and she can't accept it as a present from anybody. Much obliged to you all the same."

The Count laughed pleasantly.

"My dear sir, it is not a present."

The Captain stuffed his hands very deeply into his pockets.

"Then it's worse—it's charity. And she has no need of that. Thank ye all the same," he replied.

He stared straight in front of him with the vague and rather painful suggestion of incapability that sometimes came over him. He was wondering whether he was doing right in this matter.

"If," he added half to himself, as a sort of afterthought on the crying question of ways and means. "If it comes to that, I can go to sea again. There's plenty would be ready to give me a ship."

The Count was still smiling.

"There is no question," he said, "of charity. What has Miss Challoner done that I should offer her that. I am in ignorance as to her affairs. I do not know the extent of her income."

"As far as we can make out," said Eve gently, "there is nothing. But I can work. I thought that my knowledge of Spanish might enable me to make a living."

"No," said Captain Bontner, "I'm d—— I mean I should not like you to go governessing, my dear."

The Count was appparently reflecting.

"I have a compromise to propose," he said, addressing himself to Eve. "If we place the property in the hands of a third person—you know the value of land in Majorca—to farm and tend; if at the end of each year the profits be divided between us?"

But Eve's suspicions were aroused, and her woman's instinct took her further than did Captain Bontner's sturdy sense of right and wrong.

"I am afraid," she said, rising from her chair, "that I must refuse. I—I think I understand why papa always spoke of you as he did. I am very grateful to you. I know now that you have been trying to *give* me D'Erraha. It was a generous thing to do—a most generous thing. I think people would hardly believe me if I told them. I I can only thank you; for I have no possible means of proving to you how deeply I feel it. Somehow"—she paused, with tears and a sad little smile in her eyes—"somehow it is not the gift that I appreciate so much as—as your way of trying to give it."

The Spaniard spread out his two hands in deprecation. As she moved towards the door he took her gloved hand and raised it to his lips with a courtly grace.

"Took her gloved hand and raised it to his lips.'

"My child," he murmured gently, "I have not another word to say."

(To be continued.)

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KENSINGTON PALACE.
(From an Engraving by R. Reeve, from a Drawing by W. Westall, A.R.A.)

THE QUEEN'S TUTORS.

By Alfred T. Story.

IT is extremely doubtful whether any sovereign ever enjoyed such a fortunate combination of circumstances in respect to education as that which fell to the lot of the Princess Victoria, our present Queen. In every department of life Her Majesty had the best of exemplars, beginning with her mother, who was devotion itself, and ending with her first Prime Minister, who to perfection of temper united a sagacity of statesmanship, a patience, and chivalry of conduct, seldom found combined in any one person.

Everyone has read of the noble devotedness of the Duchess of Kent, how she literally sacrificed her life during the Queen's girlhood to the training and education of her daughter, who was in the direct line of succession to the throne. It is said, indeed, that from the time of the Duke of Kent's death (which occurred when the Princess was but a year old) until the Queen's accession, her Majesty had been scarcely ten minutes out of the sight of the Duchess either by day or by night, except, in her infant years, during her daily airings, and on the very rare occasions of Her Royal Highness dining away from home. What an example to the fashionable mothers who oftentimes see their children—left to the care of servants—but once or twice in the course of a week!

This exemplary mother may be said to have spent her entire life in the duties that centre in and surround the home. To that fact is undoubtedly due the charming domesticity which has ever characterised the life of the Queen, in which, indeed, have been rooted those shining virtues that might well be a pattern to all maternal womanhood.

The Duchess's household was always early astir, and when it happened that the Queen's own maid was away on a holiday, the Duchess dressed her with her own hands. In fact, throughout her childhood and youth, the Queen was entrusted as little as possible

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to servants. From ten to twelve every morning the Duchess of Kent devoted herself to the instruction of her infant daughter. She was at this early period the Queen's chief instructress in languages; for the Queen, we are told, became familiar with three several languages at a time of life when other children have scarcely acquired the rudiments of their native tongue. And in the use of them the Queen soon made a discovery which did great credit to her heart and her intelligence. If she had a favour to ask, or a request to prefer, she readily perceived that it was most agreeable to the maternal ear when lisped in the Teutonic accents of the Duchess of Kent's beloved fatherland, whereupon many caressing phrases were addressed by the little Princess to the royal mother in German. But the vernacular language of the heiress-presumptive to the throne of Great Britain was English; and though the love she bore her mother stimulated her to speak German occasionally, yet she spoke it with effort, and lapsed into English with an alacrity and ease that showed that English was truly her native tongue.

At the early age of four the Queen took the greatest delight in music, in connection with which an interesting anecdote is related. There was at that time before the world one of those musical prodigies which the idle public seems ever ready to encourage, when it should rather denounce the mercenary parents for their inhumanities. This was a girl performer on the harp, known as "Lyra." In consequence of the Queen's great pleasure in music, the Duchess consented to have the infant harpist introduced into her apartment to amuse her daughter with her astounding performances.

The Queen was greatly delighted with Lyra, towards whom she behaved in the most engaging manner. While the infant musician was playing one of her most fascinating solos, the Duchess, perceiving how deeply the Princess Victoria's attention was engrossed by the music, ventured to leave the room for a few minutes. On her return she found the harp deserted, the juvenile minstrel having been beguiled from the instrument by the display of some of the little Princess's costly toys. Both were seated side by side on the hearthrug in a state of high enjoyment, surrounded by the Princess's playthings, from which she was making the most liberal selection for the acceptance of poor little Lyra. This surprising musical prodigy was supposed to be then about five years old, and she died a few years later.

Equally with her scholastic was the moral training of the little Princess under the care of her excellent mother. There can be no doubt but that it was largely due to that constant monitress and guardian that the Queen acquired those qualities of strenuous self-sacrifice and unflinching devotion to the call of right and duty, that deafness to the syren voice of pleasure and self-gratification, which have characterised her all through life. Incidentally it may be remarked that, as part of that moral education which the Duchess carried out so systematically, the Queen was from childhood accustomed to the plainest and most wholesome food, as well as to the most regular hours for meals. Indeed, all her daily duties were regulated by system and method, the Princess being thus taught how to make the best use of her time. And the lesson thus learned was never forgotten, for Her Majesty has always been the soul of order and punctuality in all her duties, both public and private.

It is no slight testimony to the character and conduct of the Duchess that she was the only parent since the Restoration who had the uncontrolled power of bringing up the heir to the throne, and that her constant recommendation to her daughter to live simply, practise self-denial, cultivate to the utmost her abilities for study, and put her trust in God, has borne such good and abundant fruit.

The Duchess of Kent was ably seconded in the training of the Princess Victoria by the Baroness Lehzen. This lady was the daughter of a Hanoverian clergyman, and first appeared in England in the year 1818, as governess of the Princess Fedora, the daughter of the Duchess of Kent by her first husband. She was thus brought in contact with the future Queen of England almost from her cradle.

It was not, however, until 1824, when the Princess Fedora was married, that she formally entered upon the duties of governess to Princess Victoria. This duty she undertook by the command of George IV., and at the earnest wish of the Duchess of Kent, between whom and Mademoiselle Lehzen there had grown up a very close and affectionate friendship. Three years later—that is, in 1827—Mademoiselle Lehzen was raised by George IV. to the rank of Baroness of the kingdom of Hanover, as a reward for her services as instructress to his

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nieces. She continued to act as lady companion, and to aid in the education of the heir to the throne until Her Majesty's accession in 1837. The Baroness subsequently remained at Court as the Queen's friend, finally retiring to Germany in 1842, and dying there in 1870.

All who knew this excellent lady bear testimony to her many good and great qualities, and to her exceptional fitness for the duty of forming the mind and manners of the future Sovereign. Nor was the task a light one, for the young Princess possessed a strong will, and had to be persuaded by gentle words rather than controlled. But the Baroness Lehzen had the gift of diplomacy, and what she could not effect in one way she did in another.

It was this lady who, if we are rightly informed, originated the happy idea of instructing her pupil in the forms and ceremonies of the Court by means of the dolls which the Queen as a child loved so well. Thus a juvenile pastime was made use of to attain an important end in education. Indeed, right up to the Princess's tenth year no inconsiderable portion of her play hours was given to rehearsing court receptions and presentations by means of her numerous retinue of dolls, which were put into Court costume, with plumes and lappets for the occasion. A long board full of pegs, which fitted into holes in the feet of the little manikins, served as the stage upon which the mimic ceremonials took place. In this way the future Queen and Empress, while holding her make-believe drawing-rooms and levees, with all their attendant *dramatis personæ* of state, learned unconsciously to perform her part in the functions of her high position with that ease and grace which has since characterised her every act.

About the time that the Baroness Lehzen was appointed governess to the Princess Victoria, another tutor came upon the scene who, as regards the future Queen's general education and training from that point until she ascended the throne, was destined to have as much influence as perhaps all her other instructors put to-togethe. This was the Rev. George Davys, afterwards, through the gratitude of his royal pupil, Bishop of Peterborough.

When the Princess was in her fifth year, the Duchess of Kent deemed it necessary to begin her education in a more regular and systematic manner; and Mr. Davys was the preceptor chosen for the high duty. Mr. Davys, who was born at Loughborough in 1780, graduated as tenth wrangler at Cambridge in 1803, and was shortly afterwards elected a Fellow of Christ's College. He presented himself soon after ordination to the small family living of Willoughby. Subsequently he held curacies at Chesterford and Swaffham Prior, whence he removed to Kensington, and devoted himself to tuition

THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND PRINCESS VICTORIA.
(Etched by W. Skelton, after Sir Wm. Beechey.)

and literary pursuits. There he trained a number of men, who afterwards became of note, such as the late Lord Carrington, for Eton and the Universities. He was also engaged in what to him was ever a congenial, and proved a most successful task, writing simple books for the poor. Parish magazines were then unheard of; but his *Cottagers' Monthly Visitor* was edited by him till he became a bishop, while the appreciation of his shilling "History of England" (chiefly for use in schools) may be judged of by the

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fact that shortly before his death a publisher purchased its copyright for £1,000.

Mr. Davys's call to become Her Majesty's tutor was rather remarkable. He had, it seems, dined with some literary men at Mr. Rivington's, and was walking home with the then Vicar of Kensington, who incidentally told him that the Duchess of Kent had sent for him that day to ask if he could spare an hour to read English with her every morning; that he had found the task impossible, but he had informed her Royal Highness that he thought he could find her someone who could do so, and that someone was none other than Mr. Davys himself.

Mr. Davys said he would do his best, and accordingly was summoned to Kensington Palace. A month later Her Royal Highness said to him, "You teach me so well, I think you shall teach my little daughter;" and so began the course of study, from "a box of letters to the delivery of a Queen's Speech," with which the Bishop's life in Her Majesty's service is identified.

In due course Mr. Davys was placed over the Princess as the general director of the "solid department" of her studies, "in which," we are told, "the useful as well as the learned branches were cultivated," the Baroness Lehzen continuing to preside over the "more ornamental departments," such, for instance, as dancing; in which elegant accomplishment the Queen was trained by Madame Bourdin, always, however, under the surveillance of the governess. Indeed, no matter who may have been the teacher, the young Princess was never long out of the sight of her mother or the Baroness. So solicitously was she guarded, in fact, that Sir Walter Scott writes in his diary, after a visit to the Duchess of Kent, "The little lady is educated with such care and watched so closely that no busy maid has a moment to say, 'You are the heir of England.'"

When Mr. Davys first entered upon his important office he is said to have found his royal pupil somewhat headstrong, and possibly a little beyond ordinary control. This the Duchess lamented, saying that the ladies of her household would spoil the little girl—an evil which she did not exactly know how to remedy. During the period of tuition, however, we are told, "the characteristic firmness occasioned by the determining organisation from which springs most of the good and ill actions of the Brunswick line nearly disappeared," and the Princess became perfectly docile on all points, except as regards the taking of medicine when her health was supposed to require it. In this respect she was always a little difficult—which possibly may account for Her Majesty's uniform good health; although she was willing to compromise matters to some extent, and to swallow her physician's prescriptions on condition that the doctor drew upon his budget of interesting stories, to which she was always very partial.

On one occasion when this gentleman called to see her the Princess asked as usual for a story, but was told that he had not one to relate—she had heard them all. "Well, can't you make one up?" said the Princess. "But then it would not be true," replied the physician. "Oh, that doesn't matter—very few are," returned the Princess; "that is why they are called stories."

From a very early age Her Majesty was noted for her quick sense of humour, and some very remarkable *jeux d'esprit* are recorded of her. For instance, on one occasion when she was reading before her tutor how Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, introduced her sons to the first of Roman ladies with the words, "*These* are my jewels," the Princess looked up from her book and remarked, "She should have said my Cornelians."

Whilst but a mere child she used to delight George IV. by her quiet wit. One day when staying at the Royal Lodge, the King entered the drawing-room leading his little niece by the hand. The band was stationed as usual in the adjoining conservatory. "Now, Victoria," said His Majesty, "the band is in the next room and shall play any tune you please; what shall it be?" "Oh, uncle," replied the Princess with great readiness, "I should like 'God save the King' better than anything else."

A similar instance of childish quickness is related in regard to her early studies in music. Being one day required to practise at the pianoforte, she objected, desiring to know why it was necessary to spend so much time in the drudgery of running up and down scales. She was told that there was no royal road to music, and that she must practise like other children. The little autocrat did not agree with this, and quietly locked the piano, and put the key in her pocket, saying, "There, you see! There is no *must* in the matter." Having made her point, however, she was soon prevailed

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upon to reopen the instrument, and so proceed with her lesson.

This occurred under the tuition of Mr. John Bernard Sale, who was her chief instructor in music, both vocal and instrumental. He was the son of John Sale, the composer, and was for a time chorister at St. George's church, Windsor. Subsequently he became the organist at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and later, by the appointment of his royal pupil, organist of the Chapel Royal. He became instructor to the Princess in 1826, and continued to direct her musical studies for many years.

It was largely owing to this gentleman's careful tuition (aided later by lessons under the famous vocalist, Luigi Lablache) that Her Majesty became so accomplished a musician. Her voice was a mezzo-soprano, and in Her Majesty's younger days was admired for its flexibility and richness of tone. It was probably from Mr. Sale that the Queen acquired her preference for Italian music. She was, however, always an admirer of the compositions of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, and Mozart.

It is not a little remarkable—and a circumstance that could not perhaps be paralleled in the early experience of many ladies—that Her Majesty had so few instructors. This arises from the fact that they were rarely, if ever, changed. Those who commenced with her on a given subject remained with her until her studies were completed. Moreover, so charming was her manner to all, that she was universally beloved by them; and to nearly all she manifested her gratitude in one way or another when it fell to her lot to be able to serve them. Even to her riding-master, Mr. Fozard, a well-known professor in his day, she showed her consideration by making a place for him when she came to the throne by appointing him her royal stirrup-holder. It is only those of the past generation who can remember Her Majesty as a horsewoman; but it used to be one of the most pleasing sights of the earlier years of her reign to see the young Queen galloping in the Row, admired by all for the ease and grace of her carriage.

LUIGI LABLACHE (ONE OF THE QUEEN'S SINGING MASTERS).

Respecting the young Princess's attitude to her tutors, an interesting illustrative

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anecdote is recorded. Her drawing-master, Richard Westall, R.A., once ventured to make known to Her Royal Highness that a lady of his acquaintance had expressed a wish to possess something sketched by her hand. "Indeed!" replied the Princess, "I wish it were in my power to gratify the wish of everyone as easily!" and, dipping her pen in the ink as she spoke, she rapidly executed a very graceful sketch of a horse's head, and presented it to Mr. Westall for his friend.

The lady was astonished at the beauty of the design and execution, but observed that no one would believe it was really the work of Her Royal Highness unless it were signed by the artist. When this was repeated to the Princess, she good humouredly completed the happiness of the fortunate possessor of the drawing by adding her autograph.

Mr. Westall was for many years Her Royal Highness's instructor, and he was justly proud of the progress she made under his tuition. Indeed, she showed so much natural talent for art that Mr. Westall used to say that, had the Princess not been born to wear the crown, she would have made the first woman-artist of the day. Nor was the saying a mere compliment, for in her early years the Queen was extremely fond of drawing, and on one occasion told her tutor that "her pencil was a source of great delight to her, and when fatigued by severer studies, it was always refreshment to her mind to devote an hour to drawing—an employment in which she would willingly spend more of her time than any other."

A very beautiful and pathetic story is told of Westall's relation to Her Majesty and the Duchess of Kent. When originally asked to undertake the art tuition of the young Princess, he consented only on one condition—that he should do it gratuitously. He became a great favourite with both the Princess and her mother, and was ever treated with more than common kindness and consideration, for he was now getting old. In consequence of unfortunate speculations in "Old Masters," Westall eventually became pecuniarily embarrassed, and a pensioner of the Academy. More than once he was asked by the Duchess, in the most delicate way, if she could do anything for him. But he always replied that he needed nothing. "As his end drew near, however, he became troubled about a blind sister, who was dependent upon him, and whom he feared to leave unprovided for.

"He therefore wrote a letter to the Duchess, telling her of his poverty and his consequent inability to make any provision for his sister, and begging her and the Princess's consideration on her behalf. He gave directions that the letter should be posted immediately after his death. This was done, and the Duchess received it the morning following his decease, which

RICHARD WESTALL, R.A.

occurred in December, 1836, and before the news of the event had reached the Palace.

"Knowing the handwriting, the Duchess exclaimed, 'Oh, here is a letter from Mr. Westall,' and immediately opened it to read its contents to the Princess.

"Both were naturally very much surprised to learn the contents of the letter. It need hardly be added—so well is Her Majesty's sympathy and bounty in such cases known—that the dying Academician's request was nobly responded to, Miss Westall being at once granted a pension of £100 a year from Her Majesty's private purse, which she continued to receive until her death at an advanced age at Brighton, where she lived."*

Another of Her Majesty's tutors who

* From the "Life of George Holmes: Artist and Courtier."

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ought not to be forgotten was a Mr. Steward. He was the writing and arithmetic master at Westminster School, and instructed the Princess in those two essential branches of education. Little is known of this gentleman, although old scholars who can carry their recollections back as far as 1827—and they are not many—remember him as a man of great geniality and good nature.

Whatever Mr. Steward's mental or physical characteristics might have been, he certainly proved himself a good teacher, and his royal pupil very soon under his tuition excelled in both writing and arithmetic. It is on record that on the accession of William IV. to the throne the Princess sent him a letter, written and indited entirely by herself, which drew from the King a public expression of his pleasure "at the eloquence and spirit of its diction and its penmanship."

Shortly after this time, we learn that Her Royal Highness commenced the study of mathematics, and evinced peculiar aptness for that "science of reality." In other respects also the Princess, before the completion of her eleventh year, gave evidence of abilities and positive accomplishments very rare in one of so tender an age in any rank of life. Her Majesty spoke French, German, and English, and was acquainted with Italian. She had likewise made some progress in Latin, reading Virgil and Horace with ease, and had commenced Greek. It may be added, also, that about the same time she entered upon the study of the English constitution under the direction of Mr. Amos, a gentleman deeply versed in that subject.

As long as it was possible, the young Princess was kept in ignorance of her nearness to the throne. But at length it was deemed advisable to acquaint her with her position. In a letter written to her Majesty by her old governess, so late as 1867, Baroness Lehzen tells the story of the way in which she was let into the secret. The Baroness placed a genealogical table in the history book from which her tutor had been giving Her Royal Highness a lesson. The letter proceeds: "When Mr. Davys was gone, the Princess Victoria opened as usual the book again, and seeing the additional pages, said, 'I never saw that before.' 'It was not thought necessary you should, Princess,' I answered. 'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought.' 'So it is, madam,' I said.

"After some minutes the Princess remarked, 'Now, many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendour, but there is more responsibility.' The Princess having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand, saying, 'I will be good! I understand now why you urged me so much to learn Latin. My aunts Augusta and Mary never did; but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished it; but I understand all better now,' and the Princess again gave me her hand, repeating, 'I will be good!'"

When it became certain that the Princess would be Queen of England, a change had to some extent to be made in her studies; that is, they had, if possible, to be broadened and deepened. For one thing book learning alone was not considered sufficient for the future sovereign, and so a series of object lessons were given to her by means of tours, repeated year after year during her girlhood, in different parts of the country. Much cheap ridicule was made at the time of these so-called "royal progresses;" but there is no doubt they served an excellent purpose in making the future Sovereign acquainted with the varied industries and commercial interests of the kingdom, and so laying the foundation of that sympathy with the workers in the different branches of labour for which Her Majesty has ever been characterised.

In this way, besides visiting many of our manufacturing towns, the Princess and her mother were the guests of some of the most distinguished members of the peerage, including the Marquis of Westminster, at Eaton Hall; the Earl of Shrewsbury, at Alton Towers; and the Duke of Devonshire, at Chatsworth. Nor should we omit to mention her youthful visits to Claremont (then the residence of her uncle Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians), where occurred some of her earliest meetings with Prince Albert, and where they had many lessons together in music and other sciences.

Another important change in respect to the training of the future Queen, introduced at this time, was the placing of the Dowager Duchess of Northumberland as her instructress in matters relating to State ceremonies and so forth.

Seeing the altered condition of things in regard to his royal pupil, Dr. Davys (now Dean of Chester and D.D. of Cambridge) felt a natural anxiety that his work should

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be tested, and the nation made aware of the education he had imparted. The Royal Family were satisfied; but he begged that some inquiry and examination might take place. Accordingly Archbishop Horley, of Canterbury, and Bishop Blomfield, of London, were sent for, and expressed themselves so gratified with the result of their questions, that they added they were sure that no tuition could have been, or could be, more successful.

Dr. Davys's beneficent influence was therefore continued, and it would be difficult to overestimate the effect his instruction had upon his royal pupil. It was a saying of his that he would rather be good than great, and one can imagine that the future Queen may have taken the words for her motto, so well has she lived up to them.

It was early deemed advisable, however, that the Princess should not attend the parish church for fear lest her thoughts might be diverted from her religious duties by finding herself the object of undue attention on the part of the congregation. Accordingly Dr. Davys used to preach every Sunday morning in the private chapel in the Palace, and both the Princess Victoria and her mother became greatly attached to his ministrations. The Duchess once complimented him upon his preaching in a way that caused him many a laugh in after days. "I like your sermons so much, Mr. Dean," said she, then adding, when he was in the midst of his bow, "because they are so short."

Dr. Davys was not what would be called a great preacher, and had not the gift of extemporaneous speaking, but there was a simplicity and earnestness about his addresses that always claimed the marked attention of his hearers.*

It is said that the Dean had a few favourite texts, one of which was "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." After preaching once from these words, his young pupil asked him, "Do not men reap anything but what they sow?" "Yes," answered the Dean, "if they allow someone to come and sow tares amongst their wheat." "Ah, I know who that someone is," said the Princess, and I must keep him at arm's length." "At arm's length only, your Royal Highness?" rejoined Dr. Davys. "Well, if I keep him there he won't do much harm," was the prompt response.

Witty replies like this from his pupil greatly delighted the reverend tutor, who was noted himself for his quiet humour.

In the affectionate regard of his royal pupil Dr. Davys held a high place, and

CLAREMONT.
(From an Old Print dated 1842.)

* I am indebted for many of these reminiscences of his father to the Rev. Canon Owen W. Davys, rector of Wheathampstead.

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BISHOP DAVYS.

soon after her accession to the throne he was promoted to the bishopric of Peterborough. This was in 1839. There had been some conferences with Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister, and it was settled that the offer should come directly from Her Majesty. A royal servant called at his house in the Old Terrace, Kensington, with a short letter, saying, "The Queen says you are to be Bishop of Peterborough." The writer was the Baroness Lehzen. "Well," was the Dean's reply, "I have not, I hope, disobeyed Her Majesty yet, and I suppose it won't do to begin now."

He held the episcopal chair for twenty-five years, dying in April, 1864. Her Majesty never forgot her old tutor, and her kindness to him and his never ceased. Every Christmas books with some kindly inscription in her own handwriting, as "The Bishop of Peterborough, with best wishes from his old pupil, Victoria R.," arrived, with valuable pictures of herself and her children.

Whenever Her Majesty travelled through Peterborough to Scotland, he was always apprised of the event, and asked to meet her at the station. His funeral—simple as possible by his express direction—had the only one feature of State he would have welcomed—the presence of Her Majesty's carriage; and in the autograph letter of sympathy to his family, Her Majesty called him "my good and kind master."

It remains but to refer briefly to one other person—he also one who might almost be classed amongst Her Majesty's tutors, for his task it was to initiate the young Sovereign into the practical details of government. Reference has already been made to his position in regard to the young Queen, and to the wise counsel and judgment with which he guided her in the early years of her reign. Great as became Her Majesty's respect, and even affection, for her first Prime Minister, equally as great, if not greater, became his admiration and reverence for the high principles and remarkable qualities both of mind and heart with which his early intimacy with the Queen brought him in contact.

Not long had Her Majesty been seated on the throne ere Viscount Melbourne was made aware of his Sovereign's sterling qualities. He put a paper before her to sign, and was proceeding to urge the expediency of the measure, when he was stopped short by the Queen, who observed, "I have been taught, my Lord, to judge between what is right and what is wrong, but expediency is a word I neither wish to

CHARLOTTE FLORENTINA (CLIVE), THIRD DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

Engraved by Robert Graves from a miniature by Lr. J. Robertson.

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hear nor to understand." This and similar scenes it probably was that caused Lord Melbourne to declare on more than one

LORD MELBOURNE.
Mezzotint by C. Turner, A.R.A., from a Painting by George Hayter.

occasion that he would rather have had ten kings to manage than one queen.

On another occasion the Prime Minister used all his eloquence to get a document signed, but finally finished by saying that he had submitted it as a matter of course, but that it certainly was not at that moment a matter of paramount importance. "It is with me," was the quiet reply, "a matter of the most paramount importance whether or not I attach my signature to a document with which I am not thoroughly acquainted."

Equally determined was Her Majesty in those days not to transact any business on the Sunday that could be as well allowed to stand over until the Monday. Her Prime Minister arrived at Windsor late one Saturday night and informed his youthful Sovereign that he had brought some papers of importance for her inspection. "But," said he, "as they must be gone into at length I will not trouble your Majesty with them to-night, but request your attention to them to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning?" replied the Queen; "to-morrow is Sunday, my lord."

"But business of State, please your Majesty."

"Must be attended to, I know," replied the Queen; "and as, of course, you could not get down earlier to-night, I will, if these papers are of such vital importance, attend to them after we come from church to-morrow morning."

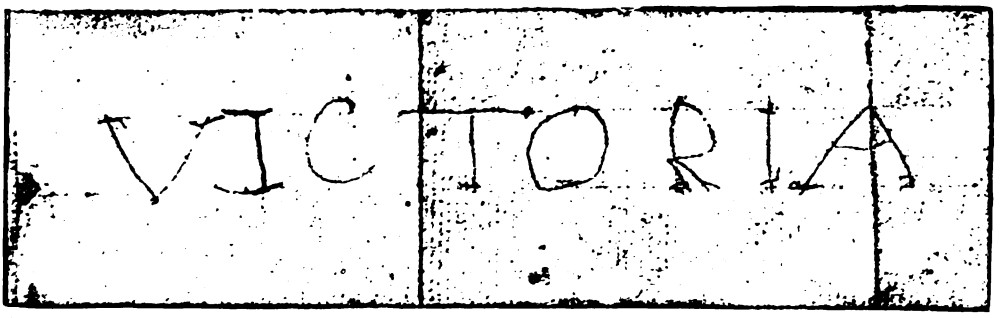
To church went the royal party, and also the noble statesman. Much to his surprise the sermon was on the duties of the Sabbath.

"How did your lordship like the sermon?" asked the Queen.

"Very much, your Majesty," he replied.

"I cannot conceal from you," returned the Queen, "that last night I sent the clergyman the text from which he was to preach. I hope we shall all be the better for his words."

The day passed without a single word on the subject of the papers, and at night when Her Majesty was about to withdraw she said, "To-morrow morning, my lord, at any hour you please we will go into those papers—at seven o'clock, if you like." But so pressing were they that the noble Viscount said nine o'clock would be quite early enough.



PENCIL SIGNATURE OF QUEEN VICTORIA WHEN FOUR YEARS OF AGE (NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

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A Love Song.

by Eric Mackay.

What says the lark to the lea
When it leaps to the sun and is free
With the freedom the poets acclaim
When they bow to the pomp of a name?
What say the eyes of the maid
To the lover whose lips are afraid?
It is Love that endureth for ever!

What says the breeze in its mirth
When it wakes to the wonders of earth?
What says the sea, with its roar,
To the moon that is thrilled to the core,
When the hurricane's having its way,
And the billows are bounding in spray?
It is Love that endureth for ever!

What says the poppy, unfurled,
To the sun that is king of the world?
What says the lily so white
To the rose that is red with delight,
When the lady I love is at hand,
And the summer is sweet in the land?
It is Love that endureth for ever.

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CYCLING AS A PURSUIT.

By F. W. Shorland.

Part II.—Styles of Riding.

IN all road riding, it is a good plan to avoid sudden changes and violent alterations of pace and course. For instance, in passing a cart it is much safer and better to take a long swing round it than to swerve sharply behind and return to one's course immediately in front of it. A sudden and jerky style of riding is the usual cause of slipping sideways on a wet and greasy road. Of course, there are certain conditions of road when the most expert riders cannot avoid slipping, especially with plain-faced tyres, but these states of greasiness are exceptional, and most side slipping is due to spasmodic instead of smooth pedalling, to bad steering and a wrong position.

OUTSIDE CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Bad pedalling is a very common defect in the average rider. No man can race successfully without pedalling well, but the average rider who only uses his machine for pleasure would be astonished at his increase of enjoyment, if only he took the trouble to learn to pedal smoothly. It is noticeable, in nine cases out of ten, that the chains of ordinary riders are not kept continuously tight on the driving, or upper part. Smooth pedalling, with continuous pressure, will change all that. Backlash should never be permitted, as it is evidence of a slovenly, wasteful style, besides being a very frequent source of slipping.

A smooth, continuous style of pedalling gives one a firm seat on the machine, and helps the steering. Everyone knows that in slowing a bicycle by back-pedalling the conditions of steering are different to those of pedalling forward; if then a rider by uneven pedalling introduces a little back-pedalling every revolution, he is continually varying the conditions affecting the steering, which consequently is erratic, if not dangerous. Smooth pedalling and a straight course go naturally together, yet the majority of trails one sees are wonderfully loopy and zigzag: clear

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proofs of the prevalence of uneven driving and the consequent indifferent steering.

Alternate plugging on the pedals is hopelessly wrong, and the first aim of anyone who wants to ride well should be to get his feet round evenly, not to raise one by the down push of the other, in jerks; but by dropping the heel at the bottom of the stroke and, as it were, gripping the pedal, to maintain as nearly as possible a continuously even driving pressure, one foot taking up the strain before the other ceases to drive.

Although steering and pedalling are closely related in this respect, that it is impossible to steer well when one pedals badly, yet that is not the whole secret of good steersmanship. No one is a good steerer who cannot ride a "safety" with his hands off the handles. I do not advise this style of riding, which is merely the showing off of a really very simple accomplishment, but what I mean is that the ability so to steer shows that one's steering has been mastered. It is only a matter of a few trials, provided one's machine has its frame true and its wheels in line. It means that a rider has escaped from the elementary and erroneous impression that his handle-bar is something to keep a tight grip on.

Aching wrists and blistered palms are proofs of bad steering. Handles do not want to be grasped like a try-your-strength machine; they are, when steering is mastered, simply hand-rests, and a light touch is all that is needed. Pulling at the handles and wrenching the front wheel about is all wrong. For very stiff hills it is useful as a change to pull at the handles, but when a hill is severe enough to need this style of riding it is wisest to walk.

The third point of importance in style is the position; that is, the relative positions of the handles, saddle, and pedals. The centre of the crank axle to which cranks and pedal are fastened is a fixed point in the machine, and the handles and saddle are usually adjustable, so it is convenient to measure from this fixed point, and when one's own fit is found to keep a memorandum of it. A very suitable medium position for all-round work is to have the peak of the saddle just so far back that a vertical line from it hangs against the pedal when at its rearmost position.

This is easily found by tying a spanner or any convenient weight to a piece of string, and holding it against the peak of the saddle, and then moving the latter fore and aft until the string, hanging steady and still and free, just passes the hinder pedal pin when the cranks are horizontal. In the old days of the ordinary, a very vertical position right over the work was assumed, and a reaction set in on "safeties," exaggerated immensely on front drivers to a ridiculous far back position of fourteen inches or more, both of which extremes are wrong. The further one sits forward the higher can one's saddle be raised, and in a very far back position a rider has always to be doubled up and cannot sit in comfort.

The reach is best determined by noticing, when riding, whether at the bottom of the stroke you can, while keeping the foot in position on the pedal, drop the heel to the lowest possible extent and then find the leg straight. The leg should never be fully extended at any point of the revolution, that is why if at the lowest part of the stroke you exaggerate the position of ankling, and then find the leg straight, you may be certain that for riding purposes you are, as you should be, just within your reach. In any case it is a far less serious error to be too short than too long.

Handles should be so adjusted that they can be easily reached when sitting in a comfortable posture; not so high that the arms are akimbo, and not so low that a humped-up attitude is enforced. Bicycle hump and a crouched-down stoop are only necessary at sprinting pace, when windage is excessive. The majority of the stoops and humps seen on cyclists are due to the rider having his handles too low and trying to sit up to an easier position. A bicycle rider should not copy either a piano-player or a man pulling up weeds; he wants his hands about level with his knees when his thighs are horizontal; if they are up too high he does not get the best results or have as accurate a control of the steering, but even that is better than being folded in half on the machine by an outrageously dropped handle-bar.

Suitable clothing adds more than could easily be imagined to the enjoyment of cycling, and one of the primary considerations is to use all-wool garments, especially in underclothing. These are the coolest in warm weather, and the warmest in cool weather. Wool is the natural and obvious clothing, and it is essential to avoid all linen or cotton linings and stiffenings whatsoever. There are many medical and scientific reasons for the choice of wool as a material for clothing, into which I do not propose to enter, but the comfort of the system is apparent to anyone who has tried

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it. The cold, wet feeling of cotton or linen when you have got hot from exercise or drenched with rain entirely disappears with the use of woollens, and in conjunction with them it is not only unnecessary, but undesirable, to use a macintosh waterproof. The wet that an impervious waterproof keeps in is worse than the rain it keeps off, and for a shower cape a light porous overall is far preferable to any rubber-treated goods. Stockings should be thin and ungartered.

Nowhere does a cyclist need to be bound up. Waistbelts are wrong, quite as much as garterings, for a free respiration and circulation are absolutely necessary for comfort. The most convenient way of keeping stockings up is to roll the top part over and over so as to form a sort of collar, so that when the knickers are loosely buckled exactly below this they will be held in position. This system is good for another reason: that should one's knees get wet, it is possible to unroll the top portion of the stocking and provide at once, on stopping, a warm, dry covering for them. Of course knickers must be worn; trousers are out of the question on every ground that can be suggested. They should be roomy, and particularly easy round the waist and knees and hips. Do not go in for a double seat. It is not any use thus carrying a patch about with you. When the knickers wear through have them re-seated, but do not carry this additional seating about all the time.

A coat and a very thin waistcoat make better body clothing than a continuously done-up coat, besides affording a convenience in the way of watch-pockets. Shoes are, of course, the only correct foot gear. There is only one thing worse than a tight shoe, and that is a loose one.

AN EASTBOURNE ROAD.

Comfort in cycling depends more on the fit of the shoe than on any other garment, and it is wise to get shoes of the best quality, that will stand plenty of wear. For ordinary riding, blocks such as used by some racing men, or slots or bars to fit the pedals, are not wanted. If a rider finds difficulty in keeping his feet on the pedals, he should use toe-clips, but a good pedaller can dispense with all these fastenings for his feet; and in the case of blocks and bars on the soles of one's shoes, great unpleasantness is experienced when not upon the machine. For the head, the thinnest unlined cap is best, with a small peak.

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CHRONICLES OF MARTIN HEWITT.

By Arthur Morrison.

II.—THE *NICOBAR* BULLION CASE.*

I.

THE whole voyage was an unpleasant one, and Captain Mackrie, of the Anglo-Malay Company's steamship *Nicobar*, had at last some excuse for the ill-temper that had made him notorious and unpopular in the company's marine staff. Although the fourth and fifth mates in the seclusion of their berth ventured deeper in their search for motives, and opined that the "old man" had made a deal less out of this voyage than usual, the company having lately taken to providing its own stores; so that "makings" were gone clean and "cumshaw" (which means commission in the trading lingo of the China seas) had shrunk small indeed. In confirmation they adduced the uncommonly long face of the steward (the only man in the ship satisfied with the skipper), whom the new regulations hit with the same blow. But indeed the steward's dolour might well be credited to the short passenger list, and the unpromising aspect of the few passengers in the eyes of a man accustomed to gauge one's tip-yielding capacity a month in advance. For the steward it was altogether the wrong time of year, the wrong sort of voyage, and certainly the wrong sort of passengers. So that doubtless the confidential talk of the fourth and fifth officers was mere youthful scandal. At any rate the captain had prospect of a good deal in private trade home, for he had been taking curiosities and Japanese oddments aboard (plainly for sale in London) in a way that a third steward would have been ashamed of, and which, for a captain, was a scandal and an ignominy; and he had taken pains to insure well for the lot. These things the fourth and fifth mates often spoke of, and more than once made a winking allusion to, in the presence of the third mate and the chief engineer, who laughed and winked too, and sometimes said as much to the second mate, who winked without laughing; for of such is the tittle-tattle of shipboard.

The *Nicobar* was bound home with few passengers, as I have said, a small general cargo, and gold bullion to the value of £200,000—the bullion to be landed at Plymouth, as usual. The presence of this bullion was a source of much conspicuous worry on the part of the second officer, who had charge of the bullion-room. For this was his first voyage on his promotion from third officer, and the charge of £200,000 worth of gold bars was a thing he had not been accustomed to. The placid first officer pointed out to him that this wasn't the first shipment of bullion the world had ever known, by a long way, nor the largest. Also that every usual precaution was taken, and the keys were in the captain's cabin; so that he might reasonably be as easy in his mind as the few thousand other second officers who had had charge of hatches and special cargo since the world began. But this did not comfort Brasyer. He fidgeted about when off watch, considering and puzzling out the various means by which the bullion-room might be got at, and fidgeted more when on watch, lest somebody might be at that moment putting into practice the ingenious dodges he had thought of. And he didn't keep his fears and speculations to himself. He bothered the first officer with them, and when the first officer escaped he explained the whole thing at length to the third officer.

"Can't think what the company's about," he said on one such occasion to the first mate, "calling a tin-pot bunker like that a bullion-room."

"Skittles!" responded the first mate, and went on smoking.

"Oh, that's all very well for you who aren't responsible," Brasyer went on, "but I'm pretty sure something will happen some day; if not on this voyage on some other. Talk about a strong room! Why, what's it made of?"

"Three-eighths boiler plate."

"Yes, three-eighths boiler plate—about as good as a sixpenny tin money box. Why, I'd get through that with my grandmother's scissors!"

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"All right; borrow 'em and get through. *I* would if I had a grandmother."

"There it is down below there out of sight and hearing, nice and handy for anybody who likes to put in a quiet hour at plate cutting from the coal bunker next door—always empty, because it's only a seven-ton bunker, not worth trimming. And the other side's against the steward's pantry. What's to prevent a man shipping as steward, getting quietly through while he's supposed to be bucketing about among his slops and his crockery, and strolling away with the plunder at the next port? And then there's the carpenter. *He's* always messing about somewhere below, with a bag full of tools. Nothing easier than for him to make a job in a quiet corner and get through the plates."

"But then what's he to do with the stuff when he's got it? You can't take gold ashore by the hundredweight in your boots."

"Do with it? Why, dump it, of course. Dump it overboard in a quiet port and mark the spot. Come to that, he could desert clean at Port Said—what easier place?—and take all he wanted. You know what Port Said's like. Then there are the firemen—oh, *anybody* can do it!" And Brasyer moved off to take another peep under the hatchway.

The door of the bullion-room was fastened by one central patent lock and two padlocks, one above and one below the other lock. A day or two after the conversation recorded above, Brasyer was carefully examining and trying the lower of the padlocks with a key, when a voice immediately behind him asked sharply, "Well, sir, and what are you up to with that padlock?"

Brasyer started violently and looked round. It was Captain Mackrie.

"There's—that is—I'm afraid these are the same sort of padlocks as those in the carpenter's stores," the second mate replied, in a hurry of explanation. "I—I was just trying, that's all; I'm afraid the keys fit."

"Just you let the carpenter take care of his own stores, will you, Mr. Brasyer? There's a Chubb's lock there as well as the padlocks, and the key of that's in my cabin, and I'll take care doesn't go out of it without my knowledge. So perhaps you'd best leave off experiments till you're asked to make 'em, for your own sake. That's enough now," the captain added, as Brasyer appeared to be ready to reply; and he turned on his heel and made for the steward's quarters.

Brasyer stared after him ragefully. "Wonder what *you* want down here," he muttered under his breath. "Seems to me one doesn't often see a skipper as thick with the steward as that." And he turned off growling towards the deck above.

"Hanged if I like that steward's pantry stuck against the side of the bullion-room," he said later in the day to the first officer. "And what does a steward want with a lot of boiler-maker's tools aboard? You know he's got them."

"In the name of the prophet, rats!" answered the first mate, who was of a less fussy disposition. "What a fatiguing creature you are, Brasyer! Don't you know the man's a boiler-maker by regular trade, and has only taken to stewardship for the last year or two? That sort of man doesn't like parting with his tools, and as he's a widower, with no home ashore, of course he has to carry all his traps aboard. Do shut up, and take your proper rest like a Christian. Here, I'll give you a cigar; it's all right—Burman; stick it in your mouth, and keep your jaw tight on it."

But there was no soothing the second officer. Still he prowled about the after orlop deck, and talked at large of his anxiety for the contents of the bullion-room. Once again, a few days later, as he approached the iron door, he was startled by the appearance of the captain coming, this time, *from* the steward's pantry. He fancied he had heard tapping, Brasyer explained, and had come to investigate. But the captain turned him back with even less ceremony than before, swearing he would give charge of the bullion-room to another officer if Brasyer persisted in his eccentricities. On the first deck the second officer was met by the carpenter, a quiet, sleek, soft-spoken man, who asked him for the padlock and key he had borrowed from the stores during the week. But Brasyer put him off, promising to send it back later. And the carpenter trotted away to a job he happened to have, singularly enough, in the hold, just under the after orlop deck, and below the floor of the bullion-room.

As I have said, the voyage was in no way a pleasant one. Everywhere the weather was at its worst, and scarce was Gibraltar passed before the Lascars were shivering in their cotton trousers, and the Seedee boys were buttoning tight such old tweed jackets as they might muster from their scanty kits. It was January. In the Bay the weather was tremendous, and the *Nicobar*

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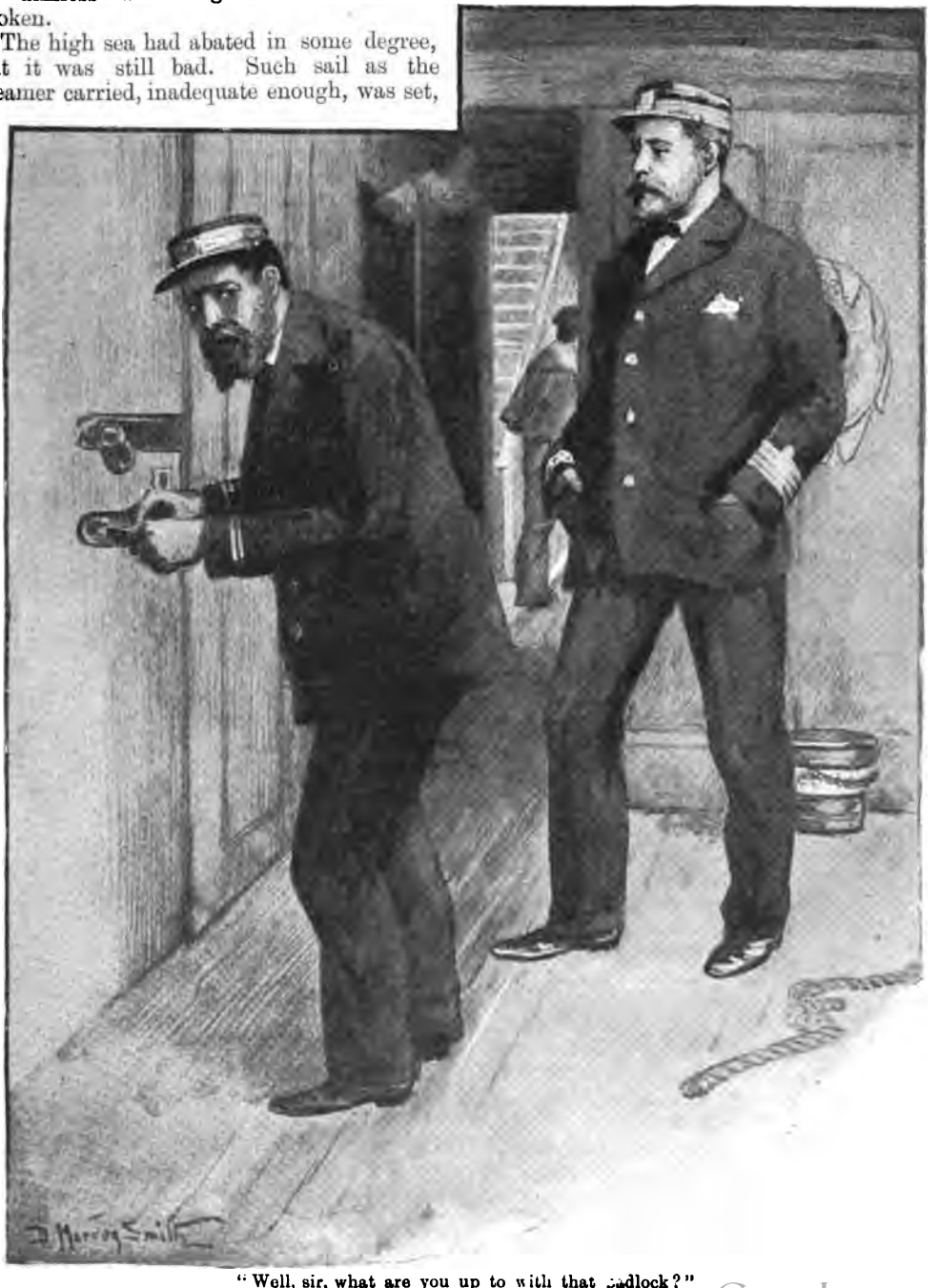
banged and shook and pitched distractedly across in a howling world of thunderous green sea, washed within and without, above and below. Then, in the Chops, as night fell, something went, and there was no more steerage-way, nor, indeed, anything else but an aimless wallowing. The screw had broken.

The high sea had abated in some degree, but it was still bad. Such sail as the steamer carried, inadequate enough, was set, and shift was made somehow to worry along to Plymouth—or to Falmouth if occasion better served—by that means. And so the *Nicobar* beat across the Channel on a rather better, though anything but smooth, sea, in a black night, made thicker by a storm of



"Well, sir, what are you up to with that padlock?"

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sleet, which turned gradually to snow as the hours advanced.

The ship laboured slowly ahead, through a universal blackness that seemed to stifle. Nothing but a black void above, below, and around, and the sound of wind and sea; so that one coming before a deck-light was startled by the quiet advent of the large snowflakes that came like moths as it seemed from nowhere. At four bells—two in the morning—a foggy light appeared away on the starboard bow—it was the Eddystone light—and an hour or two later, the exact whereabouts of the ship being a thing of much uncertainty, it was judged best to lay her to till daylight. No order had yet been given, however, when suddenly there were dim lights over the port quarter, with a more solid blackness beneath them. Then a shout and a thunderous crash, and the whole ship shuddered, and in ten seconds had belched up every living soul from below. The *Nicobar's* voyage was over—it was a collision.

The stranger backed off into the dark, and the two vessels drifted apart, though not till some from the *Nicobar* had jumped aboard the other. Captain Mackrie's presence of mind was wonderful, and never for a moment did he lose absolute command of every soul on board. The ship had already begun to settle down by the stern and list to port. Life-belts were served out promptly. Fortunately there were but two women among the passengers, and no children. The boats were lowered without a mishap, and presently two strange boats came as near as they dare from the ship (a large coasting steamer, it afterwards appeared) that had cut into the *Nicobar*. The last of the passengers were being got off safely, when Brasyer, running anxiously to the captain, said:

"Can't do anything with that bullion, can we, sir? Perhaps a box or two——"

"Oh, damn the bullion!" shouted Captain Mackrie. "Look after the boat, sir, and get the passengers off. The insurance companies can find the bullion for themselves."

But Brasyer had vanished at the skipper's first sentence. The skipper turned aside to the steward as the crew and engine-room staff made for the remaining boats, and the two spoke quietly together. Presently the steward turned away as if to execute an order, and the skipper continued in a louder tone:

"They're the likeliest stuff, and we can but drop 'em, at worst. But be slippy—she won't last ten minutes."

She lasted nearly a quarter of an hour. By that time, however, everybody was clear of her, and the captain in the last boat was only just near enough to see the last of her lights as she went down.

II.

The day broke in a sulky grey, and there lay the *Nicobar*, in ten fathoms, not a mile from the shore, her topmasts forlornly visible above the boisterous water. The sea was rough all that day, but the snow had ceased, and during the night the weather calmed considerably. Next day Lloyd's agent was steaming about in a launch from Plymouth, and soon a salvage company's tug came up and lay to by the emerging masts. There was every chance of raising the ship as far as could be seen, and a diver went down from the salvage tug to measure the breach made in the *Nicobar's* side, in order that the necessary oak planking or sheeting might be got ready for covering the hole, preparatory to pumping and raising. This was done in a very short time, and the necessary telegrams having been sent, the tug remained in its place through the night, and prepared for the sending down of several divers on the morrow to get out the bullion, as a commencement.

Just at this time Martin Hewitt happened to be engaged on a case of some importance and delicacy on behalf of Lloyd's Committee, and was staying for a few days at Plymouth. He heard the story of the wreck, of course, and speaking casually with Lloyd's agent as to the salvage work just beginning, he was told the name of the salvage company's representative on the tug, Mr. Percy Merrick—a name he immediately recognised as that of an old acquaintance of his own. So that on the day when the divers were at work in the bullion-room of the sunken *Nicobar*, Hewitt gave himself a holiday, and went aboard the tug about noon.

Here he found Merrick, a big, pleasant man of thirty-eight or so. He was very glad to see Hewitt, but was a great deal puzzled as to the results of the morning's work on the wreck. Two cases of gold bars were missing.

"There was £200,000 worth of bullion on board," he said, "that's plain and certain. It was packed in forty cases, each of £5,000 value. But now there are only thirty-eight cases! Two are gone, clearly. I wonder what's happened?"

"I suppose your men don't know anything about it?" asked Hewitt.

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"No, they're all right. You see it's impossible for them to bring anything up without its being observed, especially as they have to be unscrewed from their diving-dresses here on deck. Besides, bless you, I was down with them."

"Oh! Do you dive yourself, then?"

"Well, I put the dress on sometimes, you know, for any such special occasion as this. I went down this morning. There was no difficulty in getting about on the vessel below, and I found the keys of the bullion-room just where the captain said I would, in his cabin. But the locks were useless, of course, after being a couple of days in salt water. So we just burgled the door with crowbars, and then we saw that we might have done it a bit more easily from outside. For that coasting steamer cut clean into the bunker next the bullion-room, and ripped open the sheet of boiler-plate dividing them."

"The two missing cases couldn't have dropped out that way, of course?"

"Oh no. We looked, of course, but it would have been impossible. The vessel has a list the other way — to starboard — and the piled cases didn't reach as high as the torn part. Well, as I said, we burgled the door, and there they were, thirty-eight sealed bullion cases, neither more nor less, and they're down below in the after-cabin at this moment. Come and see."

"Did you cord them like this yourself?" said Hewitt.

Thirty-eight they were; pine cases bound with hoop-iron and sealed at every joint, each case about eighteen inches by a foot, and six inches deep. They were corded together, two and two, apparently for convenience of transport.

"Did you cord them like this yourself?" asked Hewitt.

"No, that's how we found 'em. We just hooked 'em on a block and tackle, the pair at a time, and they hauled 'em up here aboard the tug."

"What have you done about the missing two, anything?"

"Wired off to headquarters, of course, at once. And I've sent for Captain Mackrie—he's still in the neighbourhood, I believe—and Brasyer, the second officer, who had charge of the bullion-room. They may possibly know something. Anyway, *one* thing's plain. There were forty cases at the beginning of the voyage, and now there are only thirty-eight."

There was a pause; and then Merrick added, "By the bye, Hewitt, this is rather your line, isn't it? You ought to look up these two cases."

Hewitt laughed. "All right," he said: "I'll begin this minute if you'll commission me."

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"Well," Merrick replied slowly, "of course I can't do that without authority from headquarters. But if you've nothing to do for an hour or so there is no harm in putting on your considering cap, is there? Although, of course, there's nothing to go upon as yet. But you might listen to what Mackrie and Brasyer have to say. Of course I don't know, but as it's a £10,000 question probably it might pay you, and if you *do* see your way to anything I'd wire and get you commissioned at once."

There was a tap at the door and Captain Mackrie entered. "Mr. Merrick?" he said interrogatively, looking from one to another.

"That's myself, sir," answered Merrick.

"I'm Captain Mackrie, of the *Nicobar*. You sent for me, I believe. Something wrong with the bullion I'm told, isn't it?"

Merrick explained matters fully. "I thought perhaps you might be able to help us, Captain Mackrie. Perhaps I have been wrongly informed as to the number of cases that should have been there?"

"No; there were forty right enough. I think though—perhaps I might be able to give you a sort of hint"—and Captain Mackrie looked hard at Hewitt.

"This is Mr. Hewitt, Captain Mackrie," Merrick interposed. "You may speak as freely as you please before him. In fact, he's sort of working on the business, so to speak."

"Well," Mackrie said, "if that's so, speaking between ourselves, I should advise you to turn your attention to Brasyer. He was my second officer, you know, and had charge of the stuff."

"Do you mean," Hewitt asked, "that Mr. Brasyer might give us some useful information?"

Mackrie gave an ugly grin. "Very likely he might," he said, "if he were fool enough. But I don't think you'd get much out of him direct. I meant you might watch him."

"What, do you suppose he was concerned in any way with the disappearance of this gold?"

"I should think—speaking, as I said before, in confidence and between ourselves—that it's very likely indeed. I didn't like his manner all through the voyage."

"Why?"

"Well, he was so eternally cracking on about his responsibility, and pretending to suspect the stokers and the carpenter, and one person and another, of trying to get at the bullion cases—that that alone was almost enough to make one suspicious. He protested so much, you see. He was so conscientious and diligent himself, and all the rest of it, and everybody else was such a desperate thief, and he was so sure there would be some of that bullion missing some day that—that—well, I don't know if I express his manner clearly, but I tell you I didn't like it a bit. But there was something more than that. He was eternally smelling about the place, and peeping in at the steward's pantry—which adjoins the bullion-room on one side, you know—and nosing about in the bunker on the other side. And once I actually caught him fitting keys to the padlocks—keys he'd borrowed from the carpenter's stores. And every time his excuse was that he fancied he heard somebody else trying to get in to the gold, or something of that sort; every time I caught him below on the orlop deck that was his excuse—happened to have heard something or suspected something or somebody every time. Whether or not I succeed in conveying my impressions to you gentlemen, I can assure you that I regarded his whole manner and actions as very suspicious throughout the voyage, and I made up my mind I wouldn't forget it if by chance anything *did* turn out wrong. Well, it has, and now I've told you what I've observed. It's for you to see if it will lead you anywhere."

"Just so," Hewitt answered. "But let me fully understand, Captain Mackrie. You say that Mr. Brasyer had charge of the bullion-room, but that he was trying keys on it from the carpenter's stores. Where were the legitimate keys then?"

"In my cabin. They were only handed out when I knew what they were wanted for. There was a Chubb's lock between the two padlocks, but a duplicate wouldn't have been hard for Brasyer to get. He could easily take a wax impression of my key when he used it at the port where we took the bullion aboard."

"Well, and suppose he had taken these boxes, where do you think he would keep them?"

Mackrie shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "Impossible to say," he replied. "He might have hidden 'em somewhere on board, though I don't think that's likely. He'd have had a deuce of a job to land them at Plymouth, and would have had to leave them somewhere while he came on to London. Bullion is always landed at Plymouth, you know, and if any were found

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to be missing, then the ship would be overhauled at once, every inch of her; so that he'd have to get his plunder ashore somehow before the rest of the gold was unloaded—almost impossible. Of course, if he's done that it's somewhere below there now, but that isn't likely. He'd be much more likely to have 'dumped' it—dropped it overboard at some well-known spot in a foreign port, where he could go later on and get it. So that you've a deal of scope for search, you see. Anywhere under water from here to Yokohama;" and Captain Mackrie laughed.

Soon afterward he left, and as he was leaving a man knocked at the cabin door and looked in to say that Mr. Brasyer was on board. "You'll be able to have a go at him now," said the captain. "Good-day."

"There's the steward of the *Nicobar* there too, sir," said the man after the captain had gone, "and the carpenter."

"Very well, we'll see Mr. Brasyer first," said Merrick, and the man vanished. "It seems to have got about a bit," Merrick went on to Hewitt. "I only sent for Brasyer, but as these others have come, perhaps they've got something to tell us."

"Brasyer made his appearance."

Brasyer made his appearance, overflowing with information. He required little assurance to encourage him to speak openly before Hewitt, and he said again all he had so often said before on board the *Nicobar*. The bullion-room was a mere tin box, the whole thing was as easy to get at as anything could be, he didn't wonder in the least at the loss—he had prophesied it all along.

The men whose movements should be carefully watched, he said, were the captain and the steward. "Nobody ever heard of a captain and a steward being so thick together before," he said. "The steward's pantry was next against the bullion-room, you know, with nothing but that wretched bit of three-eighths boiler plate between. You wouldn't often expect to find the captain down in the steward's pantry, would you, thick as they might be? Well, that's where I used to find him, time and again. And the steward kept boilermakers' tools there! That I can swear to. And he's been a boilermaker, so that, likely as not, he could open a joint somewhere and patch it up again neatly so that it wouldn't be noticed. He was always messing about down there in his pantry, and once I distinctly heard knocking there, and when I went down to see, whom should I meet? Why, the skipper, coming away from the place himself, and he bullyragged me for being there and sent me on deck. But before that he bullyragged me because I had found out that there were other keys knocking about the place that fitted the padlocks on the bullion-room door. Why should he slang and threaten me for looking after these things and keeping my eye on the bullion-room, as was my duty? But that was the very thing that he didn't like. It was

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enough for him to see me anxious about the gold to make him furious. Of course his character for meanness and greed is known all through the company's service—he'll do anything to make a bit."

"But have you any positive idea as to what has become of the gold?"

"Well," Brasyer replied, with a rather knowing air, "I don't think they've dumped it."

"Do you mean you think it's still in the vessel—hidden somewhere?"

"No, I don't. I believe the captain and the steward took it ashore, one case each, when we came off in the boats."

"But wouldn't that be noticed?"

"It needn't be, on a black night like that. You see, the parcels are not so big—look at them, a foot by a foot and a half by six inches or so, roughly. Easily slipped under a big coat or covered up with anything. Of course they're a bit heavy—eighty or ninety pounds apiece altogether—but that's not much for a strong man to carry—especially in such a handy parcel, on a black night, with no end of confusion on. Now you just look here—I'll tell you something. The skipper went ashore last in a boat that was sent out by the coasting steamer that ran into us. That ship's put into dock for repairs and her crew are mostly having an easy time ashore. Now I haven't been asleep this last day or two, and I had a sort of notion there might be some game of this sort on, because when I left the ship that night I thought we might save a little at least of the stuff, but the skipper wouldn't let me go near the bullion-room, and that seemed odd. So I got hold of one of the boat's crew that fetched the skipper ashore, and questioned him quietly—pumped him, you know—and he assures me that the skipper *did* have a rather small, heavy sort of parcel with him. What do you think of that? Of course, in the circumstances, the man couldn't remember any very distinct particulars, but he thought it was a sort of square wooden case about the size I've mentioned. But there's something more." Brasyer lifted his forefinger and then brought it down on the table before him—"something more. I've made enquiries at the railway station and I find that two heavy parcels were sent off yesterday to London—deal boxes wrapped in brown paper, of just about the right size. And the paper got torn before the things were sent off, and the clerk could see that the boxes inside were fastened with hoop-iron—like those!" and the second officer pointed triumphantly to the boxes piled at one side of the cabin.

"Well done!" said Hewitt, "You're quite a smart detective. Did you find out who brought the parcels, and who they were addressed to?"

"No, I couldn't get quite as far as that. Of course the clerk didn't know the names of the senders, and not knowing me, wouldn't tell me exactly where the parcels were going. But I got quite chummy with him after a bit, and I'm going to meet him presently—he has the afternoon off, and we're going for a stroll. I'll find something more, I'll bet you!"

"Certainly," replied Hewitt, "find all you can—it may be very important. If you get any valuable information you'll let us know at once, of course. Anything else, now?"

"No, I don't think so; but I think what I've told you is pretty well enough for the present, eh? I'll let you know some more soon."

Brasyer went, and Norton, the steward of the old ship, was brought into the cabin. He was a sharp-eyed, rather cadaverous-looking man, and he spoke with sepulchral hollowness. He had heard, he said, that there was something wrong with the chests of bullion, and came on board to give any information he could. It wasn't much, he went on to say, but the smallest thing might help. If he might speak strictly confidentially he would suggest that observation be kept on Wickens, the carpenter. He (Norton) didn't want to be uncharitable, but his pantry happened to be next the bullion-room, and he had heard Wickens at work for a very long time just below—on the under side of the floor of the bullion-room, it seemed to him, although, of course, he *might* have been mistaken. Still, it was very odd that the carpenter always seemed to have a job just at that spot. More, it had been said, and he (Norton) believed it to be true, that Wickens, the carpenter, had in his possession, and kept among his stores, keys that fitted the padlocks on the bullion-room door. That, it seemed to him, was a very suspicious circumstance. He didn't know anything more definite, but offered his ideas for what they were worth, and if his suspicions proved unfounded nobody would be more pleased than himself. But—but—" and the steward shook his head doubtfully.

"Thank you, Mr. Norton," said Merrick, with a twinkle in his eye; "we won't forget what you say. Of course, if the stuff is

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found in consequence of any of your information, you won't lose by it."

The steward said he hoped not, and he wouldn't fail to keep his eye on the carpenter. He had noticed Wickins was in the tug, and he trusted that if they were going to question him they would do it cautiously, so as not to put him on his guard. Merrick promised they would.

"By the bye, Mr. Norton," asked Hewitt, "supposing your suspicions to be justified, what do you suppose the carpenter would do with the bullion?"

"Well, sir," replied Martin, "I don't think he'd keep it on the ship. He'd probably dump it somewhere."

The steward left, and Merrick lay back in his chair and guffawed aloud. "This grows farcical," he said, "simply farcical. What a happy family they must have been aboard the *Nicobar!* And now here's the captain watching the second officer, and the second officer watching the captain and the steward, and the steward watching the carpenter! It's immense. And now we're going to see the carpenter. Wonder who *he* suspects?"

Hewitt said nothing, but his eyes twinkled with intense merriment, and presently the carpenter was brought into the cabin.

"Good-day to you, gentlemen," said the carpenter in a soft and deferential voice, looking from one to the other. "Might I 'ave the honour of addressin' the salvage gentlemen?"

"That's right," Merrick answered, motioning him to a seat. "This is the salvage shop, Mr. Wickens. What can we do for you?"

The carpenter coughed gently behind his hand. "I took the liberty of comin', gentlemen, consekins o' 'earin' as there was some bullion missin'. P'raps I'm wrong."

"Not at all. We haven't found as much as we expected, and I suppose by this time nearly everybody knows it. There are two cases wanting. You can't tell us where they are, I suppose?"

"Well, sir, as to that—no. I fear I can't exactly go as far as that. But if I am able to give vallable information as may lead to recovery of same, I presoom I may without offence look for some reasonable small recognition of my services?"

"Oh yes," answered Merrick, "that'll be all right, I promise you. The company will do the handsome thing, of course, and no doubt so will the underwriters."

"Presoomin' I may take that as a promise—among gentlemen"—this with emphasis—"I'm willing to tell something."

"It's a promise, at any rate, as far as the company's concerned," returned Merrick. "I'll see it's made worth your while—of course, providing it leads to anything."

"Purvidin' that sir, o' course. Well, gentlemen, my story ain't a long one. All I've to say was what I 'eard on board, just before she went down. The passengers was off, and the crew was gettin' into the other boats when the skipper turns to the steward an' speaks to him quiet-like, not observin', gentlemen, as I was agin 'is elbow, so for to say. 'Ere, Norton,' 'e sez, or words to that effeck, 'why shouldn't we try gettin' them things ashore with us—you know, the cases—eh? I've a notion we're pretty close inshore,' 'e sez, 'and there's nothink of a sea now. You take one, anyway, and I'll try the other,' 'e says, 'but don't make a flourish.' Then he sez, louder—'cos o' the steward goin' off—'they're the likeliest stuff, and at worst we can but drop 'em. But look sharp,' 'e says. So then I gets into the nearest boat, and that's all I 'eard."

"That was all?" asked Hewitt, watching the man's face sharply.

"All?" the carpenter answered, with some surprise. "Yes, that was all; but I think it's pretty well enough, don't you? It's plain enough what was meant—him and the steward was to take two cases, one apiece, on the quiet, and they was the likeliest stuff aboard, as he said himself. And now there's two cases o' bullion missin'. Aint that enough?"

The carpenter was not satisfied till an exact note had been made of the captain's words. Then after Merrick's promise on behalf of the company had been renewed, Wickens took himself off.

"Well," said Merrick, grinning across the table at Hewitt, "this is a queer go, isn't it? What that man says makes the skipper's case look pretty fishy, doesn't it? What he says, and what Brasyer says, taken together, makes a pretty strong case. I should say, makes the thing a certainty. But what a business! It's likely to be a bit serious for someone, but it's a rare joke in a way. Wonder if Brasyer will find out anything more? Pity the skipper and steward didn't agree as to whom they should pretend to suspect. *That's* a mistake on their part."

"Not at all," Hewitt replied. "*If* they are conspiring, and know what they're about, they will avoid seeming to be both in a tale. The bullion is in bars, I understand?"

"Yes; five bars in each case, weight, I believe, sixteen pounds to a bar,"

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"The two divers looked up at the great hole in the *Nicobar's* side."

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"Let me see," Hewitt went on, as he looked at his watch; "it is now nearly two o'clock. I must think over these things if I am to do anything in the case. In the meantime, if it could be managed, I should like enormously to have a turn under water in a diving-dress. I have always had a curiosity to see under the sea. Could it be managed now?"

"Well," Merrick responded, "there's not much fun in it, I can assure you; and it's none the pleasanter in this weather. You'd better have a try later in the year if you really want to—unless you think you can learn anything about this business by smelling about on the *Nicobar* down below?"

Hewitt raised his eyebrows and pursed his lips. "I *might* spot something," he said; "one never knows. And if I do anything in a case I always make it a rule to see and hear everything that can possibly be seen or heard, important or not. Clues lie where least expected. But beyond that, probably I may never have another chance of a little experience in a diving-dress. So if it can be managed I'd be glad."

"Very well, you shall go, if you say so. And since it's your first venture, I'll come down with you myself. The men are all ashore, I think, or most of them. Come along."

Hewitt was put in woollens and then in indiarubbers. A leaden-soled boot of twenty pounds' weight was strapped on each foot, and weights were hung on his back and chest.

"That's the dress that Gullen usually has," Merrick remarked. "He's a very smart fellow; we usually send him first to make measurements and so on. An excellent man, but a bit too fond of the diver's lotion."

"What's that?" asked Hewitt.

"Oh, you shall try some if you like, afterwards. It's a bit too heavy for me; rum and gin mixed, I think."

A red nightcap was placed on Martin Hewitt's head, and after that a copper helmet, secured by a short turn in the segmental screw joint at the neck. In the end he felt a vast difficulty in moving at all. Merrick had been meantime invested with a similar rig-out, and then each was provided with a communication cord and an incandescent electric lamp. Finally the front window was screwed on each helmet, and all was ready.

Merrick went first over the ladder at the side, and Hewitt with much difficulty followed. As the water closed over his head, his sensations altered considerably. There was less weight to carry; his arms in particular felt light, though slow in motion. Down, down they went slowly, and all round about it was fairly light, but once on the sunken vessel and among the lower decks the electric lamps were necessary enough. Once or twice Merrick spoke, laying his helmet against Hewitt's for the purpose, and instructing him to keep his air-pipe, life-line, and lamp connection from fouling something at every step. Here and there shadowy swimming shapes came out of the gloom, attracted by their lamps, to dart into obscurity again with a twist of the tail. The fishes were exploring the *Nicobar*. The hatchway of the lower deck was open, and down this they passed to the orlop deck. A little way along this they came to a door standing open, with a broken lock hanging to it. It was the door of the bullion-room, which had been forced by the divers in the morning.

Merrick indicated by signs how the cases had been found piled on the floor. One of the sides of the room of thin steel was torn and thrust in the length of its whole upper half, and when they backed out of the room and passed the open door they stood in the great breach made by the bow of the strange coasting vessel. Steel, iron, wood, and everything stood in rents and splinters, and through the great gap they looked out into the immeasurable ocean. Hewitt put up his hand and felt the edge of the bullion-room partition where it had been torn. It was just such a tear as might have been made in cardboard.

They regained the upper deck, and Hewitt, placing his helmet against his companion's, told him that he meant to have a short walk on the ocean bed. He took to the ladder again, where it lay over the side, and Merrick followed him.

The bottom was of that tough, slimy sort of clay-rock that is found in many places about our coasts, and was dotted here and there with lumps of harder rock and clumps of curious weed. The two divers turned at the bottom of the ladder, walked a few steps, and looked up at the great hole in the *Nicobar's* side. Seen from here it was a fearful chasm, laying open hold, orlop, and lower deck.

Hewitt turned away, and began walking about. Once or twice he stood and looked thoughtfully at the ground he stood on, which was fairly flat. He turned over with

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his foot a whitish, clean-looking stone about as large as a loaf. Then he wandered on slowly, once or twice stopping to examine the rock beneath him, and presently stooped to look at another stone nearly as large as the other, weedy on one side only, standing on the edge of a cavity in the claystone. He pushed the stone into the hole, which it filled, and then he stood up.

Merrick put his helmet against Hewitt's, and shouted:

"Satisfied now? Seen enough of the bottom?"

"In a moment!" Hewitt shouted back; and he straightway began striding out in the direction of the ship. Arrived at the bows, he turned back to the point he started from, striding off again from there to the white stone he had kicked over, and from there to the vessel's side again. Merrick watched him in intense amazement, and hurried, as well as he might, after the light of Hewitt's lamp. Arrived for the second time at the bows of the ship, Hewitt turned and made his way along the side to the ladder, and forthwith ascended, followed by Merrick. There was no halt at the deck this time, and the two made their way up and up into the lighter water above, and so to the world of air.

On the tug, as the men were unscrewing them from their waterproof prisons, Merrick asked Hewitt:

"Will you try the 'lotion' now?"

"No," Hewitt replied, "I won't go quite so far as that. But I *will* have a little whisky if you've any in the cabin. And give me a pencil and a piece of paper."

These things were brought, and on the paper Martin Hewitt immediately wrote a few figures, and kept it in his hand.

"I might easily forget those figures," he observed.

Merrick wondered, but said nothing.

Once more comfortably in the cabin, and clad in his usual garments, Hewitt asked if Merrick could produce a chart of the parts thereabout.

"I might easily forget these figures."

"Here you are," was the reply, "coast and all. Big enough, isn't it? I've already marked the position of the wreck on it in pencil. She lies pointing north by east as nearly exact as anything."

"As you've begun it," said Hewitt, "I shall take the liberty of making a few more

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pencil marks on this." And with that he spread out the crumpled note of figures, and began much ciphering and measuring. Presently he marked certain points on a spare piece of paper, and drew through them two lines forming an angle. This angle he transferred to the chart, and, placing a ruler over one leg of the angle, lengthened it out till it met the coast-line.

"There we are," he said musingly. "And the nearest village to that is Lostella—indeed, the only coast village in that neighbourhood." He rose. "Bring me the sharpest-eyed person on board," he said; "that is, if he were here all day yesterday."

"But what's up? What's all this mathematical business over? Going to find that bullion by rule of three?"

Hewitt laughed. "Yes, perhaps," he said; "but where's your sharp look-out? I want somebody who can tell me everything that was visible from the deck of this tug all day yesterday."

"Well, really I believe the very sharpest chap is the boy. He's most annoyingly observant sometimes. I'll send for him."

He came—a bright, snub-nosed, impudent-looking young ruffian.

"See here, my boy," said Merrick, "polish up your wits and tell this gentleman what he asks."

"Yesterday," said Hewitt, "no doubt you saw various pieces of wreckage floating about?"

"Yessir."

"What were they?"

"Hatch-gratings mostly—nothin' much else. There's some knockin' about now."

"I saw them. Now, remember. Did you see a hatch-grating floating yesterday that was different from the others? A painted one, for instance—those out there now are not painted, you know."

"Yessir, I see a little white 'un painted, bobbin' about away beyond the foremast of the *Nicobar*."

"You're sure of that?"

"Certain sure, sir—it was the only painted thing floatin'. And to-day it's washed away somewheres."

"So I noticed. You're a smart lad. Here's a shilling for you—keep your eyes open and perhaps you'll find a good many more shillings before you're an old man. That's all."

The boy disappeared, and Hewitt turned to Merrick and said, "I think you may as well send that wire you spoke of. If I get the commission I think I may recover that bullion. It may take some little time, or, on the other hand, it may not. If you'll write the telegram at once, I'll go in the same boat as the messenger. I'm going to take a walk down to Lostella now—it's only two or three miles along the coast, but it will soon be getting dark."

"But what sort of a clue have you got? I didn't——"

"Never mind," replied Hewitt, with a chuckle. "Officially, you know, I've no right to a clue just yet—I'm not commissioned. When I am I'll tell you everything."

Hewitt was scarcely ashore when he was seized by the excited Brasyer. "Here you are," he said. "I was coming aboard the tug again. I've got more news. You remember I said I was going out with that railway clerk this afternoon, and meant pumping him? Well, I've done it and rushed away—don't know what he'll think's up. As we were going along we saw Norton, the steward, on the other side of the way, and the clerk recognised him as one of the men who brought the cases to be sent off; the other was the skipper, I've no doubt, from his description. I played him artfully, you know, and then he let out that both the cases were addressed to Mackrie at his address in London! He looked up the entry, he said, after I left when I first questioned him, feeling curious. That's about enough I think, eh? I'm off to London now—I believe Mackrie's going to-night. I'll have him! Keep it dark!" And the zealous second officer dashed off without waiting for a reply. Hewitt looked after him with an amused smile, and turned off towards Lostella.

III.

It was about eleven the next morning when Merrick received the following note, brought by a boatman:—

"Dear Merrick,—Am I commissioned? If not, don't trouble, but if I am, be just outside Lostella, at the turning before you come to the Smack Inn at two o'clock. Bring with you a light cart, a policeman—or two perhaps will be better—and a man with a spade. There will probably be a little cabbage-digging. Are you fond of the sport?—Yours, Martin Hewitt.

"P.S.—*Keep all your men aboard*; bring the spade artist from the town."

Merrick was off in a boat at once. His principals had replied to his telegram after Hewitt's departure the day before, giving

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him a free hand to do whatever seemed best. With some little difficulty he got the policemen, and with none at all he got a light cart and a jobbing man with a spade. Together they drove off to the meeting-place.

It was before the time, but Martin Hewitt was there, waiting. "You're quick," he said, "but the sooner the better. I gave you the earliest appointment I thought you could keep, considering what you had to do."

"Have you got the stuff, then?" Merrick asked anxiously.

"No, not exactly yet. But I've got this," and Hewitt held up the point of his walking-stick. Protruding half an inch or so from it was the sharp end of a small gimlet, and in the groove thereof was a little white wood, such as commonly remains after a gimlet has been used.

"Why, what's that?"

"Never mind. Let us move along—I'll walk. I think we're about at the end of the job—it's been a fairly lucky one, and quite simple. But I'll explain after."

Just beyond the Smack Inn Hewitt halted the cart, and all got down. They looped the horse's reins round a hedge-stake and proceeded the small remaining distance on foot, with the policemen behind, to avoid a premature scare. They turned up a lane behind a few small and rather dirty cottages facing the sea, each with its patch of kitchen garden behind. Hewitt led the way to the second garden, pushed open the small wicket gate and walked boldly in, followed by the others.

Cabbages covered most of the patch, and seemed pretty healthy in their situation with the exception of half-a-dozen — singularly enough, all together in a group. These were drooping, yellow, and wilted, and towards these Hewitt straightway walked. "Dig up those wilted cabbages," he said to the jobbing man. "They're really useless now. You'll probably find something else six inches down or so."

The man struck his spade into the soft earth, wherein it stopped suddenly with a thud. But at this moment a gaunt, slatternly woman, with a black eye, a handkerchief over her head, and her skirt pinned up in front, observing the invasion from the back door of the cottage, rushed out like a maniac and attacked the party valiantly with a broom. She upset the jobbing man over his spade, knocked off one policeman's helmet, and lunged into the other's face with her broom, and was making her second attempt to hit Hewitt (who had dodged), when Merrick caught her firmly by the elbows from behind, pressed them together, and held her. She screamed, and people

"The man struck his spade into the soft earth."

came from other cottages and looked on. "Peter! Peter!" the woman screamed, "Come 'ee, come 'ee here! Davey! They're come!"

A grimy child came to the cottage door, and seeing the woman thus held, and strangers in the garden, set up a piteous howl. Meantime the digger had uncovered two wooden boxes, each eighteen inches long or so, bound with hoop-iron and sealed. One had been torn partly open at the top, and the broken wood roughly replaced. When this was lifted bars of yellow metal were visible within.

The woman still screamed vehemently

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and struggled. The grimy child retreated, and then there appeared at the door, staggering hazily and rubbing his eyes, a shaggy, unkempt man, in shirt and trousers. He looked stupidly at the scene before him and his jaw dropped.

"Take that man," cried Hewitt. "He's one!" And the policeman promptly took him, so that he had handcuffs on his wrists before he had collected his faculties sufficiently to begin swearing.

Hewitt and the other policeman entered the cottage. In the lower two rooms there was nobody. They climbed the few narrow stairs, and in the front room above they found another man, younger, and fast asleep. "He's the other," said Hewitt. "Take *him*." And this one was handcuffed before he woke.

Then the recovered gold was put into the cart, and with the help of the village constable, who brought his own handcuffs for the benefit and adornment of the lady with the broom, such a procession marched out of Lostella as had never been dreamed of by the oldest inhabitant in his worst nightmare, nor recorded in the whole history of Cornwall.

"Now," said Hewitt, turning to Merrick, "we must have that fellow of yours—what's his name—Gullen, isn't it? The one that went down to measure the hole in the ship. You've kept him aboard, of course?"

"What, Gullen?" exclaimed Merrick. "Gullen? Well, as a matter of fact he went ashore last night and hasn't come back. But you don't mean to say——"

"I *do*," replied Hewitt. "And now you've lost him."

IV.

"But tell me all about it now we've a little time to ourselves," asked Merrick an hour or two later, as they sat and smoked in the after-cabin of the salvage tug. "We've got the stuff, thanks to you, but I don't in the least see how *they* got it, nor how you found it out."

"Well, there didn't seem to be a great deal either way in the tales told by the men from the *Nicobar*. They cancelled one another out, so to speak, though it seemed likely that there might be something in them in one or two respects. Brasyer, I could see, tried to prove too much. If the captain and the steward were conspiring to rob the bullion-room, why should the steward trouble to cut through the boiler-plate walls when the captain kept the keys in his cabin? And if the captain had been stealing the bullion, why should he stop at two cases when he had all the voyage to operate in and forty cases to help himself to? Of course the evidence of the carpenter gave some colour to the theory, but I think I can imagine a very reasonable explanation of that.

"You told me, of course, that you were down with the men yourself when they opened the bullion-room door and got out the cases, so that there could be no suspicion of *them*. But at the same time you told me that the breach in the *Nicobar's* side had laid open the bullion-room partition, and that you might more easily have got the cases out that way. You told me, of course, that the cases couldn't have *fallen* out that way because of the list of the vessel, the position of the rent in the boiler-plate, and so on. But I reflected that the day before a diver had been down alone—in fact, that his business had been with the very hole that extended partly to the bullion-room: he had to measure it. That diver might easily have got at the cases through the breach. But then, as you told me, a diver can't bring things up from below unobserved. This diver would know this, and might therefore hide the booty below. So that I made up my mind to have a look under water before I jumped to any conclusion.

"I didn't think it likely that he had hidden the cases, mind you. Because he would have had to dive again to get them, and would have been just as awkwardly placed in fetching them to the light of day then as ever. Besides, he couldn't come diving here again in the company's dress without some explanation. So what more likely than that he would make some ingenious arrangement with an accomplice, whereby he might make the gold in some way accessible to him?

"We went under water. I kept my eyes open, and observed, among other things, that the vessel was one of those well-kept 'swell' ones on which all the hatch gratings and so on are in plain oak or teak, kept holystoned. This (with the other things) I put by in my mind in case it should be useful. When we went over the side and looked at the great gap, I saw that it would have been quite easy to get at the broken bullion-room partition from outside."

"Yes," remarked Merrick, "it would be no trouble at all. The ladder goes down just by the side of the breach, and anyone

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descending by that might just step off at one side on to the jagged plating at the level of the after orlop, and reach over into the bullion safe."

"Just so. Well, next I turned my attention to the sea-bed, which, I was extremely pleased to see, was of soft, slimy claystone. I walked about a little, getting further and further away from the vessel as I went, till I came across that clean stone which I turned over with my foot. Do you remember?"

"Yes."

"Well, that was noticeable. It was the only clean, bare stone to be seen. Every other was covered with a green growth, and to most clumps of weed clung. The obvious explanation of this was that the stone was a new-comer—lately brought from dry land—from the shingle on the sea-shore, probably, since it was washed so clean. Such a stone could not have come a mile out to sea by itself. Somebody had brought it in a boat and thrown it over, and whoever did it didn't take all that trouble for nothing. Then its shape told a tale; it was something of the form rather exaggerated of a loaf—the sort that is called a 'cottage'—the most convenient possible shape for attaching to a line and lowering. But the line had gone, so somebody must have been down there to detach it. Also it wasn't unreasonable to suppose that there might have been a hook on the end of that line. This, then, was a theory. Your man had gone down alone to take his measurement, had stepped into the broken side as you have explained he could, reached into the bullion-room, and lifted the two cases. Probably he unfastened the cord, and brought them out one at a time for convenience in carrying. Then he carried the cases, one at a time, as I have said, over to that white stone which lay there sunk with the hook and line attached by previous arrangement with some confederate. He detached the rope from the stone—it was probably fixed by an attached piece of cord, tightened round the stone with what you call a timber-hitch, easily loosened—replaced the cord round the two cases, passed the hook under the cord, and left it to be pulled up from above. But then it could not have been pulled up there in broad daylight, under your very noses. The confederates would wait till night. That meant that the other end of the rope was attached to some floating object, so that it might be readily recovered. The whole arrangement was set one night to be carried away the next."

"But why didn't Gullen take more than two cases?"

"He couldn't afford to waste the time, in the first place. Each case removed meant another journey to and from the vessel, and you were waiting above for his measurements. Then he was probably doubtful as to weight. Too much at once wouldn't easily be drawn up, and might upset a small boat. Well, so much for the white stone. But there was more; close by the stone I noticed (although I think you didn't) a mark in the claystone. It was a triangular depression or pit, sharp at the bottom—just the hole that would be made by the sharp impact of the square corner of a heavy box if shod with iron, as the bullion cases are. This was one important thing. It seemed to indicate that the boxes had not been lifted directly up from the sea-bed, but had been dragged sideways—at all events at first—so that a sharp corner had turned over and dug into the claystone. I walked a little further, and found more indications—slight scratches, small stones displaced, and so on, that convinced me of this, and also pointed out the direction in which the cases had been dragged. I followed the direction, and presently arrived at another stone, rather smaller than the clean one. The cases had evidently caught against this, and it had been displaced by their momentum, and perhaps by a possible wrench from above. The green growth covered the part which had been exposed to the water, and the rest of the stone fitted the hole beside it, from which it had been pulled. Clearly these things were done recently, or the sea would have wiped out all the traces in the soft claystone. The rest of what I did under water of course you understood."

"I suppose so; you took the bearings of the two stones in relation to the ship by pacing the distances."

"That is so. I kept the figures in my head till I could make a note of them, as you saw, on paper. The rest was mere calculation. What I judged had happened was this. Gullen had arranged with somebody, identity unknown, but certainly somebody with a boat at his disposal, to lay the line, and take it up the following night. Now anything larger than a rowing boat could not have got up quite so close to you in the night (although your tug was at the other end of the wreck) without a risk of been seen. *But* no rowing boat could have

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dragged those cases forcibly along the bottom; they would act as an anchor to it. Therefore this was what had happened. The thieves had come in a large boat—a fishing smack, lugger, or something of that sort—with a small boat in tow. The sailing boat had lain to at a convenient distance, *in the direction in which it was afterwards to go*, so as to save time if observed, and a man had put off quietly in the small boat to pick up the float, whatever it was. There must have been a lot of slack line on this for the purpose, as also for the purpose of allowing the float to drift about fairly freely, and not attract attention by remaining in one place. The man pulled off to the sailing boat, and took the float and line aboard. Then the sailing boat swung off in the direction of home, and the line was hauled in with the plunder at the end of it."

"One would think you had seen it all—or done it," Merrick remarked, with a laugh.

"Nothing else could have happened," you see. "That chain of events is the only one that will explain the circumstances. A rapid grasp of the whole circumstances and a perfect appreciation of each is more than half the battle in such work as this. Well, you know I got the exact bearings of the wreck on the chart, worked out from that the lay of the two stones with the scratch marks between, and then it was obvious that a straight line drawn through these and carried ahead would indicate, approximately, at any rate, the direction the thieves' vessel had taken. The line fell on the coast close by the village of Lostella—indeed that was the only village for some few miles either way. The indication was not certain, but it was likely, and the only one available, therefore it must be followed up."

"And what about the painted hatch? How did you guess that?"

"Well, I saw there were hatch-gratings belonging to the *Nicobar* floating about, and it seemed probable that the thieves would use for a float something similar to the other wreckage in the vicinity, so as not to attract attention. Nothing would be more likely than a hatch-grating. But then, in small vessels, such as fishing-luggers and so on, fittings are almost always painted—they can't afford to be such holystoning swells as those on the *Nicobar*. So I judged the grating might be painted, and this would possibly have been noticed by some sharp person. I made the shot, and hit. The boy remembered the white grating, which had gone—'washed away,' as he thought. That was useful to me, as you shall see."

"I made off toward Lostella. The tide was low and it was getting dusk when I arrived. A number of boats and smacks were lying anchored on the beach, but there were few people to be seen. I began looking out for smacks with white-painted fittings in them. There are not so many of these among fishing vessels—brown or red is more likely, or sheer colourless dirt over paint unrecognisable. There were only two that I saw last night. The first *might* have been the one I wanted, but there was nothing to show it. The second *was* the one. She was half-decked and had a small white-painted hatch. I shifted the hatch and found a long line, attached to the grating at one end and carrying a hook at the other! They had neglected to unfasten their apparatus—perhaps had an idea that there might be a chance of using it again in a few days. I went to the transom and read the inscription, '*Rebecca*. Peter and David Garthew, Lostella.' Then my business was to find the Garthews.

"I wandered about the village for some little time, and presently got hold of a boy. I made a simple excuse for asking about the Garthews—wanted to go for a sail to-morrow. The boy, with many grins, confided to me that both of the Garthews were 'on the booze.' I should find them at the Smack Inn, where they had been all day, drunk as fiddlers. This seemed a likely sort of thing after the haul they had made. I went to the Smack Inn, determined to claim old friendship with the Garthews, although I didn't know Peter from David. There they were—one sleepy drunk, and the other loving and crying drunk. I got as friendly as possible with them under the circumstances, and at closing time stood another gallon of beer and carried it home for them, while they carried each other. I took care to have a good look round in the cottage. I even helped Peter's "old woman"—the lady with the broom—to carry them up to bed. But nowhere could I see anything that looked like a bullion-case or a hiding-place for one. So I came away, determined to renew my acquaintance in the morning, and to carry it on as long as might be necessary; also to look at the garden in the daylight, for signs of burying. With that view I fixed that little gimlet in my walking-stick, as you saw.

"This morning I was at Lostella before ten, and took a look at the Garthews' cabbages.

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It seemed odd that half a dozen, all in a clump together, looked withered and limp as though they had been dug up hastily, the roots broken, perhaps, and then replanted. And altogether these particular cabbages had a dissipated, leaning-different-ways look, as though *they* had been on the loose with the Garthews. So, seeing a grubby child near

"I got as friendly with them as possible under the circumstances."

the back door of the cottage, I went towards him, walking rather unsteadily, so as, if I were observed, to favour the delusion that I was not yet quite got over last night's diversions. 'Hullo, my b-boy,' I said, 'Hullo, li'l b-boy, look here, and I plunged my hand into my trousers' pocket and brought it out full of small change. Then, making a great business of selecting him a penny, I managed to spill it all over the dissipated cabbages. It was easy then, in stooping to pick up the change to lean heavily on my stick and drive it through the loose earth. As I had expected, there was a box below. So I gouged away with my walking-stick while I collected my coppers, and finally swaggered off after a few civil words with the 'old woman,' carrying with me evident proof that it was white wood recently buried there. The rest you saw for yourself. I think you and I may congratulate each other on having dodged that broom. It hit all the others."

"What I'm wild about," said Merrick, "is having let that scoundrel Gullen get off. He's an artful chap, without a doubt. He saw us go over the side, you know, and after you had gone he came into the cabin for some instructions. Your pencil notes and the chart were on the table, and no doubt he put two and two together (which was more than I could, not knowing what had happened), and concluded to make himself safe for a bit. He had no leave that night—he just pulled away on the quiet. Why didn't you give me the tip to keep him?"

"That wouldn't have done. In the first place, there was no legal evidence to warrant his arrest, and ordering him to keep aboard would have aroused his suspicions. I

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didn't know at the time how many days, or weeks, it would take me to find the bullion, if I ever found it, and in that time Gullen might have communicated in some-way with his accomplices and so spoilt the whole thing. Yes, certainly he seems to have been fairly smart in his way. He knew he would probably be sent down first as usual alone to make measurements, and conceived his plan and made his arrangements forthwith."

"But now what I want to know is what about all those *Nicobar* people watching and suspecting one another? More especially what about the cases the captain and the steward are said to have fetched ashore?"

Hewitt laughed. "Well," he said, "as to that, the presence of the bullion seems to have bred all sorts of mutual suspicion on board the ship. Brasyer was over-fussy, and his continual chatter started it probably, so that it spread like an infection. As to the captain and the steward, of course I don't know anything but that their rescued cases were *not* bullion cases. Probably they were doing a little private trading—it's generally the case when captain and steward seem unduly friendly for their relative positions—and perhaps the cases contained something specially valuable: vases or bronzes from Japan, for instance; possibly the most valuable things of the size they had aboard. Then, if they had insured their things, Captain Mackrie (who has the reputation of a sharp and not very scrupulous man) might possibly think it rather a stroke of business to get the goods and the insurance money too, which would lead him to keep his parcels as quiet as possible. But that's as it may be."

The case was much as Hewitt had surmised. The zealous Brasyer, posting to London in hot haste after Mackrie, spent some days in watching him. At last the captain and the steward with their two boxes took a cab and went to Bond Street, with Brasyer in another cab behind them. The two entered a shop the window of which was set out with rare curiosities and much old silver and gold. Brasyer could restrain himself no longer. He grabbed a passing policeman, and rushed with him into the shop. There they found the captain and the steward with two small packing cases opened before them, trying to sell—a couple of very ancient-looking Japanese bronze figures, of that curious old workmanship and varied colour of metal that in genuine examples mean nowadays high money value.

Brasyer vanished: there was too much chaff for him to live through in the British mercantile marine after this adventure. The fact was, the steward had come across the bargain, but had not sufficient spare cash to buy, so he called in the aid of the captain, and they speculated in the bronzes as partners. There was much anxious inspection of the prizes on the way home, and much discussion as to the proper price to ask. Finally, it was said, they got three hundred pounds for the pair.

Now and again Hewitt meets Merrick still. Sometimes Merrick says, "Now, I wonder after all whether or not some of those *Nicobar* men who were continually dodging suspiciously about that bullion-room *did* mean having a dash at the gold if there were a chance?" And Hewitt replies, "I wonder."

[We are indebted for the photographs of the children of H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, to Messrs. Hughes & Mullins, Ryde; Lord Leinster, to Messrs. Lafayette, Dublin; The Ladies Sybil and Peggy Primrose, to Mr. Franz Baum, 12, Old Bond Street, W., and St. Ann's Square, Manchester; Lady Gladys Ward, to Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.; The Hon. Annabel Milnes and the Hon. Lilah Wingfield, to Messrs. Lafayette, Dublin; the daughter of Mr. Barry Pain, to Mr. Thos Fall, 6, Fitzjohn Promenade, N.W., and 9, Baker Street, W.]

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Children of Notable People.

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Children of Notable People

NANCY PAIN

HON ANNABEL MILNES

HON. LILAH WINGFIELD.

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UNKNOWN LONDON.

No. II.—IN THE DOCKS.

By H. D. Lowry.

Illustrated by T. S. C. Crowther.

LONDON is essentially a city of marvellous spectacles, and this fact, notable everywhere, is never so strongly realised as when you have spent the whole of a long day in wandering through the Docks, and yet, as you return to everyday life, take with you the knowledge that you have had time to make acquaintance only of a small fraction of their many wonders. To describe by the aid of figures is to choose a none too vivid medium for the conveyance of facts. Yet figures are eloquent if only they be big enough; and this must be an excuse for the quotation of some such details here.

The docks under the management of the London and India Joint Docks Committee, then, are these: St. Katherine Dock, London Docks, the Royal Victoria Dock, Royal Albert Dock, West India Docks, South-West India Dock, East India Docks, and Tilbury Docks. The first-named dock occupies 23 acres, of which 13 are land and 10 water; the London Docks, which adjoin the St. Katherine, occupy a hundred acres, 60 land and 40 water, and are just a mile in length. The West India Dock includes 164 acres; the South-West India, 83; the East India 75; the Royal Victoria, 200, of which 90 are water; while the Royal Albert, opened in 1880, is specially constructed for the largest class of steamers, and runs to 432 acres.

SUPERVISION AT THE DOCK GATES.

These facts should prove sufficient to give a certain impression of the vastness of the undertaking managed by the Joint Committee. A few figures concerning storage capacity should be of assistance in the same direction. The Cutler Street warehouses occupy a space of four acres. They have a floor area of 630,000 square feet, and can accommodate somewhere between 16,000 and 20,000 tons of goods. Moreover, the goods here stored are chiefly of the most valuable kinds: tea, silk, cochineal, carpets, ostrich feathers, and so on. These warehouses hold at any given time between £3,000,000 to £4,000,000 worth of these commodities, and the value passed through them is estimated at three or four times that amount. The Crutched Friars warehouses have a floor area of 240,000 feet, and are used for storing valuable goods—cigars, indigo, and so on—from the Colonies and the East Indies.

As to the warehouses in the London Docks, the floor area is 4,847,000 feet, and when all allowances have been made for gangways and walking space, they can store between 170,000 and 260,000 tons of goods, according to description. In these warehouses there are places set aside for storing, working, and showing tea, coffee, wine, wool, indigo, dried fruits, sugar, flour, ivory, spices, metal, bark, gums, drugs, dates, pepper, and almost every other kind of merchandise. Besides this, there are the

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THE DOCK-SIDE.

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famous vaults, in which 121,000 pipes of wine can be stored.

Mr. H. W. Williams, the manager of the docks, possesses the autographs of many of the great ones of the earth attached to expressions of their wonder and admiration at what they have seen on visiting the wharves and warehouses. And it is in nowise a matter for surprise that they should wonder and admire, for Solomon, the greatest of the kings, had nothing like this to show when the Queen of Sheba came "with a very great train, with camels that bear spices, and very much gold, and precious stones," to see the marvels of his court in Jerusalem. He had the navy of Hiram that brought gold from Ophir, with great plenty of almug trees and precious stones. Also "he had at sea a navy of Tarshish, with the navy of Hiram; once every three years came the navy of Tarshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks." But all the navies of a larger world than Solomon dreamed of are scouring all the seas in search of treasure, and the best part of that treasure comes sooner or later to these docks on Thames-side.

A SOUVENIR FROM AFRICA.

It is probably accidental, but still very appropriate, that one of the first warehouses to which the visitor comes on entering the London Docks is that where ivory and spices are accumulated. The whole place is filled with a strong odour of mace and nutmeg and cloves. On the ground-floor the ivory is collected. There are tusks from the Soudan, tusks from Western Africa, and some from India; some of them have been cleaned by the natives who collected them, others are deep brown in colour, being discoloured with the smoke of native huts, where they have long been stored, or perhaps with the soil of the desert where the elephant which used them dropped and died and rotted and lay unseen for years. Some of the tusks show bullet-holes; sometimes, indeed, a bullet will enter the hollow part of the tusk, drop down into its narrowest part, and finally, if the elephant live long enough, be cut out of solid ivory, which has grown over it. One tusk suggests lamentable visions of a huge elephant suffering protracted agonies of what one must call tooth-ache for want of a better word. A bullet has entered the tusk near the base, but the elephant has escaped its pursuers. In the course of years the wound has spread, and for a foot or more in length the tusk is all carious like a rotten tooth. If the elephant had not been killed by the hunters, the huge mass of ivory would eventually have fallen off and left him without defence in the event of its becoming necessary that he should at any time do battle with his peers.

Along the sides of the warehouse there are shelves, holding tusks cut into lengths. The centre pieces have been used by the native workmen for the manufacture of bangles and such-like adornments. The points and the hollow ends are here. These last are the least valuable portions, being used mainly for the manufacture of knife-handles and such-like articles of small size. The middle part of the tusk is worth more, and is made into combs, the backs of hair-brushes, and so on. But it is the solid "points" which fetch most money. Of these it is that billiard-balls are made, and the raw material sells at somewhere about £101 a hundredweight.

On these shelves are divers valuable curiosities, which will eventually find their way into some museum or other. There is a war-trumpet made out of a medium-sized tusk, which has been pierced through the point, and cut away in places to diminish its weight. Even so it would need a strong man to play on it with any freedom. There are also several heavy clubs, which are merely the solid points of heavy tusks. The

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same warehouse contains specimens of other natural products, more or less after the fashion of ivory. Among these are the long grooved horn of the nar-whale, and the tusks of the hippopotamus, their grinding surfaces worn to the smoothness of glass. The milk-tusks of young elephants suggest the reflection that it would be good for the longevity of the race if adults as well as young had this habit of shedding their ivory from time to time, for so the life of the elephant at all ages would be sacrosanct. The tusks of African wild boars are stored in barrels, and have a most impressive look of savagery. They are mainly used for the handles of umbrellas and walking-sticks.

One could be well content to stop in this ivory warehouse for the half of a long life, and doubtless there would still be new matters of interest, but it is necessary to mount to an upper floor where the spices are stored. And nothing gives one a better idea of the huge scale on which things are done at the docks than the largeness of the place in which spices — commodities which are only used by the consumer in infinitesimal pinches at a time —find a temporary resting-place before they are distributed. For this is no Joseph's store, laid by against seven lean years of famine which may some day fall upon the land. The stuff comes in from the wharves, is examined, and then goes forth very quickly to pass through the hands of wholesale dealers, into those of smaller tradesmen, and so to the great public. Everything is unpacked, sifted, and sorted. The dust goes to make allspice, so also do broken nutmegs, or those upon which the all-devouring worm has practised

THE DOCKER.

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to such an extent that the injuries are beyond repair. But those which have only a single hole in them are put apart, and fetch a very fair price when the time of the sales comes on. Then do the purchasers make them a paste of inferior nutmegs, and

A LASCAR.

hire girls to fill up the holes, so that what was imperfect when it came to them shall go forth to the small grocers with every appearance of being as good as the best nutmegs, and with the added and essential virtue of being cheaper. There are great boxes of mace—which grows around the nutmeg even as the sheath around the filbert—the difference being that in the case of the nutmeg, this sheath has outside it a shell like the outer shell of a walnut, which makes the whole nut, as it grows, as big as a small apple. There are likewise numerous boxes of wild mace, which looks every bit as good as the cultivated variety, and, though it has no fragrance, serves just as well to increase the bulk of allspice.

Outside this warehouse is a great open square in which there lie about many hundreds of casks of wine. Somewhere underfoot are the wine-vaults, vaster than the subterranean kingdoms which exist in fairy-tale, and holding enough liquid to quench the illegitimate thirst of generations without number. Near at hand are endless stores where wool waits awhile on its road to the manufactory, suggesting pictures of flocks larger than any known to the wealthiest of patriarchal farmers. Nor is this to be wondered at, seeing that in these warehouses, which occupy about 1,500,000 feet floor area, one-third of the total wool trade of London is housed and worked. Here also is cork—cork in slabs as it comes from the tree, or bales of it, cut into cylinders and ready to go into the mouths of bottles. Alongside the wharves one or two vessels are discharging their cargo; one of them laden with fruits from Spain, as well as with cork and wine—commodities whose occurrence side by side in nature might suggest all sorts of eloquent reflections to a moralist. And it is best that one first becomes aware of a certain notice which afterwards never gives him a moment's peace, though he travel right down to Blackwall and fondly hope to escape. One is forbidden to smoke in the docks; the officials are instructed to be severe with smokers, and one or two men have been fined for neglecting the notice. Indeed, they could not plead ignorance, for the notice is distributed everywhere at intervals of ten yards, so that one could imagine an unobservant person coming away with no knowledge of the docks save and except this one fact: that you may not smoke within the gates.

Not less interesting than the docks themselves are the streets which lie at the back of them, which you traverse as you go up to Shadwell Station. The shops seem largely to belong to dealers in the second-hand, and in the windows are old mysterious instruments, and books on navigation, which must surely have been out of date before the century began. Men stand in groups at the corners, and look curiously at the intruder. The look of the public-houses is inexpressibly sordid, and if you enter for curiosity's sake you see legends anent the stealing of pots, and another which offers to supply emigrants wholesale: for many emigrants go from these parts to foreign

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countries, and in another place one finds an hotel where they spend their last night in England. Perhaps the generous offer mentioned above is responsible for the necessity of a warning, prominently posted here in the entrance hall: "Emigrants found intoxicated are liable to lose their passage."

Coming out of Blackwall Station one gets a momentary glance of the Pool of London, with ships and barges going further up the river, or making for the open sea again, and seagulls crying and flying. This is hardly the docks; but the entrance to the East India Docks is hard by the station, and the sight of the open river is probably what has caused the feeling which now begins to arise in one: the desire to throw up the life of London and go forth to explore the wonders of those foreign parts to which the ships are going, or whence they come. One takes to remembering a dozen passages out of Longfellow:

"'Would'st thou,' so the helmsman answered,
'Know the secret of the sea?
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery.'"

And in the docks one lingers long and curiously about the three great Castle liners, which are moored alongside the wharves. It is a long and an interesting business to see them open the docks in order to let ships out or in; and though the rain be driving in from the river like the lash of a whip, one waits until all is over and the gates are closed again.

Then it is time to go back to the station, where one sits in semi-darkness until the train chooses to move, on the way to the West India Docks. Upon the one side of the line, where the people live, everything that is to be seen is of a sort to depress one infinitely. The houses are all ugly, all confined and small, and all rigidly alike in their ugliness, save for an occasional eccentricity in the way of chimneys. But for consolation it is only necessary to turn one's head to the left. Upon that side there is a continual reminder of the fact that in England one is never far away from the sea, and the masts and spars and rigging of many good ships stand out gracefully against a forlorn and rainy sky.

There are two gates at the entrance to the West India Dock, one guarded by policemen. As you pass it one of its guardians has stopped a cart which is coming out, mounted upon the hub of the near hind wheel, and is examining its contents to see if there be anything in it which is not mentioned in the pass which has been presented to him by the men in charge. His comrade watches, and explains on being questioned as to the meaning of the scene—that nothing is brought out of the docks, either by hand or wheels, without the presentation of a pass for it. So that the episode is less interesting than it appears; less of an excuse for excitement than the spectacle (come across later on and in another portion of the district) of a stern policeman carefully probing and examining the stock of a peripatetic dealer in rags and other waste who has come under the suspicion of the law.

UNDER THE STERN OF THE "ROSLIN CASTLE."

The inner gate, unguarded by police, is quite unlike any other which is to be discovered in the region of the docks, and has upon the top of it a big model of a fine three-masted sailing ship. The yard inside the gate is strewn confusedly with huge

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"A BIT OF MAHOGANY" AT A DOCK GATE.

balks of mahogany, which are of a most beautiful red in colour, though you would hardly imagine them capable of receiving the polish which will have been imparted to them when they make their appearance in the shape of tables, doors, pianos, and so on.

And here, in the West India Docks, where these wanderings are to cease, one is conscious of a sudden increase in the intensity of the desire to wander unrestrainedly over all the remotest parts of the globe. In the first place, one has by this time been forbidden to smoke so very frequently that it begins to seem above all things else desirable to reach some blessed region "where there ain't no ten commandments" and a cigarette is no heinous sin.

But the chief cause is that the shipping to be seen here is altogether more attractive to the fancy than any we have previously come across. The nature of the merchandise brought hither is such as to fill the adventurous with vague romantic imaginings; for in these docks it is such things as coffee, sugar, spices, rum, mahogany, and teak of which one hears most. And the ships themselves seem to have been long at sea, to have been manned by real sailors, and not, like the average tramp steamer, by a captain, a mate or two, and a polyglot rabble of unskilled labourers. Sometimes they have barnacles at the water-line, and a soft green tint as of copper rivets and sheathing which have endured for a long time the action of the salt water.

A man who has wandered and watched them for a while gets back to the train filled with regrets that he had not the spirit to act up to his boyish resolves and enlist, though it were but as a cabin-boy, in the glorious comradeship of men that go down to the sea in ships. And it takes all the roar and stir of Fleet Street, and more than one night's sleep, to deaden and obliterate his regrets.

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TYPES OF STREET MUSICIANS.—No. I.

THE PIANO ORGAN-GRINDER. [*By H. Jack.*

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In Fancy Free!

FELINE AMENITIES.

SHOPPING. [*By Louis Wain.*

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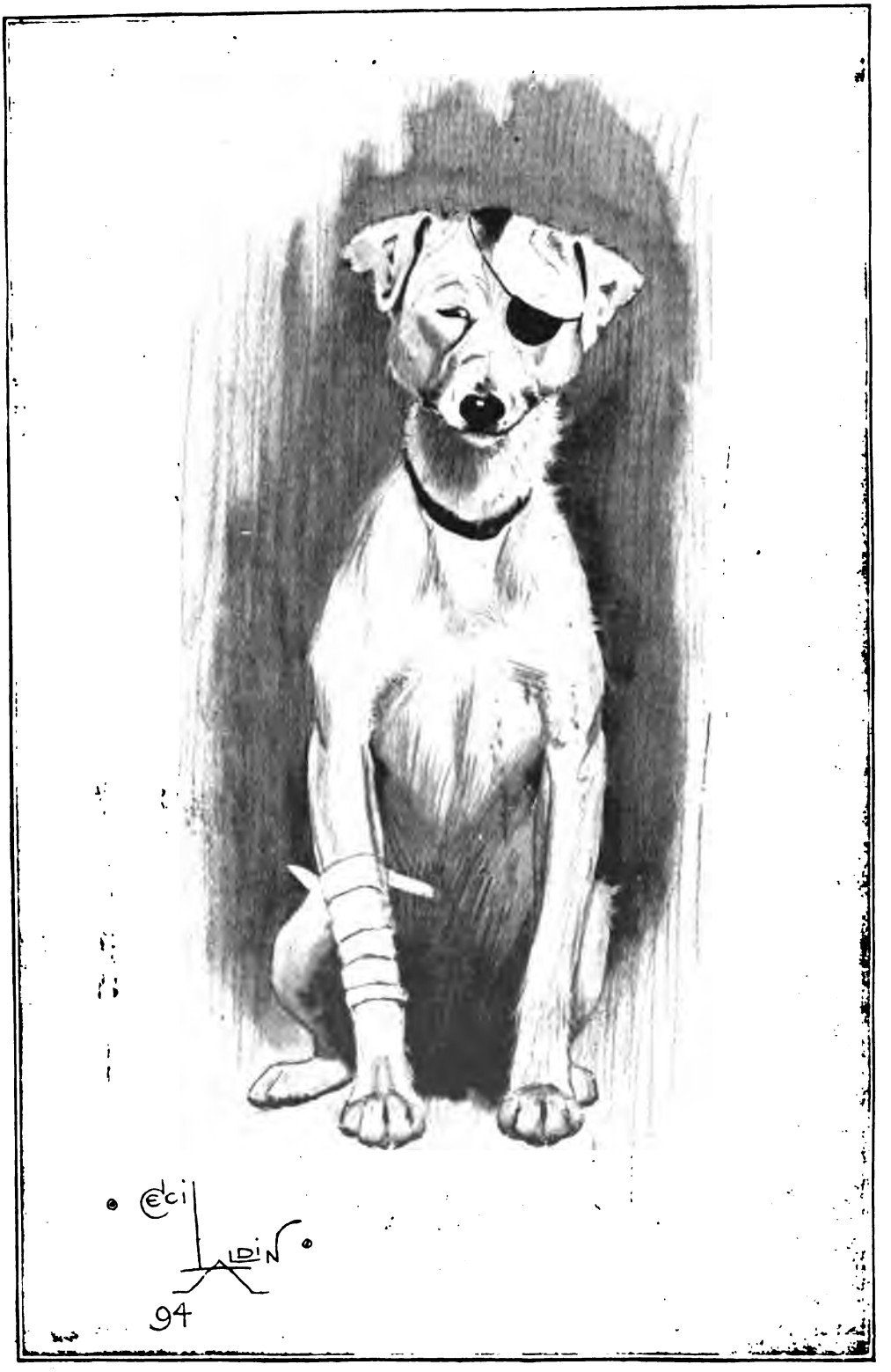

"But things like this you know must be After a famous victory."

[*By Cecil Aldin.*

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DOWRIES FOR OUR DAUGHTERS.

Full Particulars of the "Windsor Magazine" Marriage Insurance Scheme.

By CHARLOTTE O'CONOR ECCLES.

THE kindly notice bestowed by the Press throughout the British Islands on the Marriage Insurance Scheme proposed in the first number of the Windsor Magazine, confirms my belief that the need and desirability of making some provision for girls have been universally felt by parents and by girls themselves. In effect, the papers have said, "This is a good idea, but we doubt whether it is capable of realisation." To prove that the plan is feasible will be the aim of my present article.

The first question in a scheme of this kind naturally is with regard to the persons responsible for carrying it out. Are they people of established reputation and financially sound?

The name of the Norwich Union Life Insurance Society is, in itself, a sufficient guarantee to those familiar with matters financial, but for the benefit of those who are not thus familiar a few words as to the office in question may not be out of place. The Norwich Union was established on the mutual principle in 1808, and has thus existed for eighty-seven years. During the whole of this time it has been favourably known for its strength and solidity, also because it has taken a lead in introducing those popular features to which the rapid spread of life insurance is largely due. In 1866 it took over the business of the old Amicable Society, founded by Royal Charter in the reign of Queen Anne, and the united societies thus constitute the oldest life office in the world.

The Norwich Union prides itself on its exceptionally strong reserves, its great age and honourable history, the enormous sum it has already paid in claims, and its large accumulated funds. These funds are given at nearly £8,000,000, the bonuses added at £8,000,000, and claims paid at £20,000,000. The office states, moreover, that in proportion to its liabilities, its accummulations are larger than those of most offices, that its reserves have been strengthened at each successive investigation, and now exceed the amount required by a strictly net premium valuation on the Institute of Actuaries' table, reckoning three per cent. interest only. The Secretary and Actuary of the Society, Mr. J. J. W. Deuchar, F.F.A., F.I.A., is a man of the highest position and repute in actuarial circles; the Trustees, Sir F. G. M. Boileau, Bart., Mr. William Birkbeck, Mr. Henry Birkbeck, junior, Mr. H. S. Patteson, and Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Bignold, are all well known; and the Board of Directors is thoroughly representative of the Legal, Medical, and Commercial interests involved.

So far, therefore, as any concern not actually Governmental can be sound, the Norwich Union is sound and trustworthy. But let all those who wish to secure a dowry for their daughters or provision for their own old age, investigate everything, and completely satisfy their minds before they commit themselves to any course of action. The officials of the Society, both at Norwich and in London will, I am sure, be glad to afford the fullest information to every *bonâ fide* inquirer. The next point is—How the scheme may be worked out.

It would be manifestly unwise, when insuring a child still in her cradle, or a very young girl, to calculate seriously on the subject's matrimonial chances. There is no certain sign whereby even the wisest can say this girl will marry and that girl will not. It will be seen later on that our scheme provides for this contingency of non-marriage in a simple and extremely effective way. But withal, most girls *do* marry, and that between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, so the essential thing is to make a provision for them about that time. In consideration of this, it has been decided to fix on the ages of twenty and twenty-five as the period at which those insured under this scheme are entitled to receive their dowries. We hope by this means to secure the greatest good of the greatest number. As for the small proportion of girls who marry before they are twenty, these will be entitled to receive on marriage, should they demand it, the return of the full amount of premiums paid on their behalf, which in some instances

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will amount to a not inconsiderable sum. Or, if they are wise, they will continue paying the premiums until they reach the appointed age, and thus become entitled to the whole sum insured for. Thus if a girl marries at eighteen, she may pay for two or for seven years further, as the case may be, and will then receive her dowry in full, but if tired of waiting, she may at any time after marriage claim the return of the paid-up premiums to date. In either case neither she nor her parents will be losers by the transaction.

I shall now proceed to give a table of rates of insurance for girls at any age from one to fourteen:

TO RECEIVE £100 AT AGE STATED,

With Return of Premium in the Event of Earlier Death.

Age next Birthday.	Payable at Age of 20. Annual Premium.	Payable at 25. Annual Premium.	Age next Birthday.	Payable at Age of 20. Annual Premium.	Payable at 25. Annual Premium.
1	£3 12 1	£2 11 8	8	£6 10 7	£4 8 9
2	3 17 6	2 15 2	9	7 5 1	4 10 8
3	4 3 9	2 18 8	10	8 2 8	4 18 7
4	4 10 8	3 2 9	11	9 4 4	5 7 8
5	4 18 7	3 7 2	12	10 11 2	5 18 3
6	5 7 8	3 12 1	13	12 6 1	6 10 7
7	5 18 3	3 17 6	14	14 12 6	7 5 1

It should be noted that the terms are specially reduced in favour of our readers, because, as stated in my first paper, the WINDSOR MAGAZINE has renounced all claim to privileges which should otherwise go to agents, thus enabling the Insurance Office to cut down the premiums to the lowest possible figure. In the above table £100 has been fixed on merely as a convenient unit of measurement. It is, of course, understood that *any* sum can be insured for at proportionate rates.

And it is when dealing with a larger sum of money than £100 that one fully realises the advantages offered by this scheme. In the case of a child under the age of one year an annual premium of £36 0s. 10d. (thirty-six pounds and tenpence) will secure a cash payment of £1,000 down at the age of twenty, or on marriage after that age. Similarly an annual premium of £25 16s. 8d. (twenty-five pounds sixteen shillings and eightpence) will provide a cash payment of £1,000 at the age of twenty-five; and our readers will please note the striking fact that these dowries, if not required when payable, can be exchanged for annuities of some £200 per annum, commencing at the age of 50 and 55 respectively, as explained below.

Now, when one comes to consider that paying the required premium simply means setting aside a fraction over £3 a month (or £2 as in the second case) for the benefit of each girl so insured from her babyhood, it will be conceded that most men who are in receipt of a good current income will find no difficulty in making adequate provision for their girls.

Then the premiums given have an advantage in the fact that they may be paid yearly, half-yearly, quarterly, or even in some cases, by special arrangement, monthly, at the convenience of the insurer—always with one, three, six, or twelve of the coupons, which will be regularly published in the WINDSOR MAGAZINE, purposely to secure the reductions, which, I may say, are obtainable *through no other channel.*

While the development of this scheme will primarily enable the greater number of girls to marry when the right man presents himself, we have no desire to deprive those who remain single of the advantages of an independent dowry.

The mere payment of £100 or £1,000 or £10,000 on marriage is not, however, to my mind the only interesting part of this scheme. One of its chief merits appears to me to lie in the provision that it constitutes for the old age of those girls who do not marry, or who marrying desire to secure themselves against possible changes of fortune.

The dowry, if not required when payable (either because marriage is not in prospect or

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because this very advantageous application of the capital sum is preferred), is exchangeable for an annuity of really serviceable amount commencing at the age of fifty or fifty-five.

Thus in lieu of the endowment of £100 at the age of twenty, the holder will have the option of taking an annuity of £20 2s. 6d., commencing at the comparatively early age of fifty, or of £27 1s. 6d. commencing at the age of fifty-five, with return of the full £100 in the event of death before attaining these ages, and with right to a return of the same on marriage in lieu of the annuity.

Similarly in lieu of the endowment at the age of twenty-five an annuity of £16 12s. commencing at the age of fifty, or of £22 7s. commencing at the age of fifty-five, will be granted.

It will be seen that for every hundred pounds that stands in a girl's name at the age of twenty, she will be entitled to about 7s. 9d. a week at the age of fifty, or of 10s. 4½d. a week at fifty-five, an enormous return for the small capital created.

Where a girl has been insured for £1,000 she can receive in lieu of the payment of £1,000 at the age of twenty an income for life of £201 5s. per annum from the age of fifty onward, or of £270 15s. per annum from fifty-five. The £1,000 could be paid at any time after the age of twenty on marriage if desired. For girls whose parents are able to insure them for any considerable amount, the wisest plan would be for the girls concerned to take half or two-thirds of their dowry on marriage, or if they do not mean to marry, at whatever age after twenty or twenty-five they most need money to fit themselves for some profession or occupation, and let the remainder stand over to purchase an annuity for the time when their powers of work will have decreased, and rest is gradually becoming needful. Whatever then may be the disappointments of their professional or their married life, they will have at least the solid consolation of knowing that they will not be penniless when their strength fails them.

Indeed, when insuring a child for, say, a thousand pounds or over, a parent may very well guard against contingencies, by deciding at the outset how much of the sum insured he desires should form the girl's dowry, and what portion should be held over to provide her with an annuity at the age of fifty or fifty-five. As, roughly speaking, £300 to her credit at the age of twenty means a guinea a week for life from the age of fifty onwards a girl will be fairly well provided if she gets £700 of the total sum of £1,000 as a dowry at the age of twenty, and this modest comfortable annuity in prospect.

The scheme which I have here endeavoured to set forth will benefit, of course, a future generation—the children of to-day, the babes but lately born. Girls verging on womanhood unfortunately came into the world too soon to be eligible for Insurance on Marriage; but there is a chance for them if their parents have set aside a couple of hundred pounds or more to leave them. They may, if they are under twenty or twenty-five, secure at least the advantages of a deferred annuity. The few annuities for women hitherto existing began so late, at sixty or sixty-five, or even seventy, that to a girl of eighteen it seemed impossible that she should live so long. No apparent benefit would result from her interminable payments, so she spent her money instead of saving it; but fifty is quite a different thing.

We all hope to live to fifty, whether we shall or not, and then it is some comfort to know that if we do not survive long enough to reap the fruits of our self-denial, we have at least the original sum intact to will away or transfer for the benefit of another.

To provide a girl with a couple of thousand pounds on marriage or at the age of twenty, and an income for life of £201 5s. from the age of fifty, is a much more satisfactory way of providing for her than for a father to insure his own life for her benefit for a sum of £3,000, receivable at his death. Portion at least of the advantages he desires to secure are likely to fall to her share during his own lifetime.

I have still to consider the case of unmarried women whose parents have been unable to make for them a monetary provision. As their needs are different to those of the girls hitherto dealt with, I shall reserve consideration of their interests until next month, when I will explain the other portion of my scheme.

And now to give practical effect to the scheme I can only add that a "Form of Proposal" will be found on page xxiv. of this issue for the use of all who are anxious to use this plan of Insurance on Marriage. This should be filled up and addressed to "Insurance," c/o The Editor of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE, Salisbury Square, London, E.C., when it will meet with due attention.

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MARY VANCE

WHEN I WAS YOUNG, & HAD THE SKILL
TO TAKE THE TUNE OF CUPID'S MAKING,
AND TEACH MY SWEETHEART FROM THE HILL
A PRETTY TRICK FOR DEAR ESCAPING;
WHEN BY THE CONSTANT LAVENDER,
OR GIPSY ROSE SHE STAYED TO PARLEY,
O, CHEERLY WENT MY FEET TO HER
ALONG THE ROAD TO VARLEY.

AH, MARY VANCE, WHEN YOU WITH ME
WERE KEEPING STARLIT COMPANY,
THE MILE OF BLISS,
THE LAUGH & KISS
FROM SHEPPERTON TO VARLEY!

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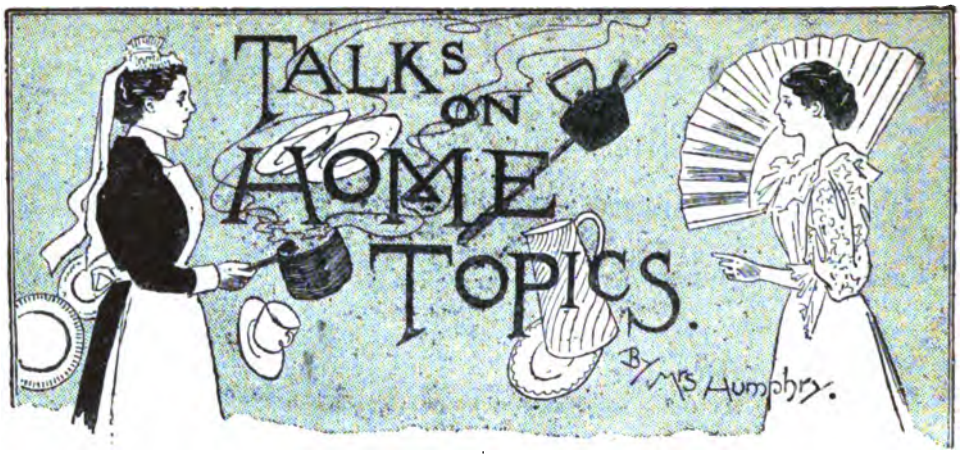
NOT WARM ENOUGH MY LIPS TO KEEP
THE LIPS OF DEATH FROM COLD CARESSES!
O WEARY HEAD, TO NEVER SLEEP
UPON HER HEART, AMID HER TRESSES!
NO MORE TO WATCH THE FOAM OF LIGHT
RUN LIPPING OVER SEAS OF BARLEY,
FOR DEATH THE HARVESTER BY NIGHT
WENT DOWN THE ROAD TO VARLEY!

AH, MARY VANCE, WHEN YOU WITH ME
WERE KEEPING STARLIT COMPANY,
THE MILE OF SWEET
BETWEEN THE WHEAT
FROM SHEPPERTON TO VARLEY!

·NORMAN·GALE·



FURNITURE.

A Girl's Bedroom.

E often admire ignorantly, without knowing why or wherefore. Sometimes on seeing a piece of furniture into which some man has put his best intelligence, his individuality, the very best of himself, we delight in the fine outline, the curves and interwreathing convolutions of the carving, without a guess at the artistic inspiration of which these are the result.

It is the same with architecture, and it is a question if our enjoyment of such things is always improved by intimate knowledge of the subject. In "Ravenshoe," one of the most fascinating novels ever written, and most enjoyable to read in the beautiful edition of Henry Kingsley's works, now being issued by Messrs. Ward, Lock & Bowden, there occurs the following exquisite description of a bit of Oxford: "In front, the Radcliff, the third dome in England, and beyond, the straight façade of St. Mary's, gathering its lines upward ever, till tired of window and buttress, of crocket, finial, gargoyle, and all the rest of it, it leaps aloft in one glorious crystal and carries up one's heart with it to the heaven above."

This exactly suggests the feeling inspired by glorious architecture; and though the mention of mere furniture in the same breath seems a jump from the sublime to the ridiculous, yet there is something akin to the same scarcely definable pleasure of delighted appreciation in the sight of graceful outlines, a consistently thought-out balance of ornamentation, and that particular fitness to the purpose for which the article is intended that gives it a finishing grace.

The introduction of a clumsy table, heavy, unwieldly wardrobe, or one of those well-meaning but disastrously hideous chests of drawers, of which there are, unfortunately, so many thousands throughout the world, is fatal to the whole room. Everything in a girl's bedroom should be light, graceful, and adapted to combine utility with ornament.

Note the carved wardrobe in our sketch, and what a charming background it makes for the pretty figure of the girl. Now imagine the same figure standing in front of one of those substantial, square, puritanically straight-lined chests of drawers, and convince yourself of the advantage it is to even the most charming of girls to be surrounded by dainty furniture. It is all very well to talk of contrast with environments, but in actual fact harmony is a thousand times more attractive.

Now let us imagine the rest of the room, constructing it piece by piece, from the logical sequence of the sketches we have given of some of the contents, just as the great anatomist is said to have deduced the construction of Hercules from the impression made by his foot.

We can divine the pretty white bed in the corner, headed with a fantastically curved brass rail, which is repeated by a lower one at the foot, scrolled and curved, and guiltless of the odious straight line that is such a foe to beauty. The light Madras muslin curtains are gathered into a brass ring suspended from the ceiling over the centre of the bed, and fall from it in a double sweep, tied with delicately tinted ribbons at the head and foot of the bed. The coverlet is made of similar muslin, flowered in loveliest tones of rose-petal pink, soft, pale green and heliotrope, and lined perhaps with green,

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perhaps with pink. The deep frill that borders it all round averts the necessity for the valance, which cannot be too strongly disliked. It is an enemy of cleanliness, harbouring dust itself, and favouring the indolence of the housemaid by hiding the floor under the bed, which she should keep scrupulously clean, but seldom does when there is a valance to conceal her omissions of duty. The pillow-cases have also their daintily frilled "dust-cloaks" of Madras muslin, bordered with frills and lined to match the coverlet, and the sachet on the bed is perhaps also made of the muslin, though more probably of silk or satin, perfumed with lavender and frilled with finest Mechlin or Valenciennes, the monogram of the owner making a suitable ornament in embroidery upon the flap.

The floor will be covered with Oriental rugs, with here and there a strip of matting, and at least two soft, white goatskin rugs, one beside the bed for the pretty little pink and white feet to step out upon, the other in front of the fireplace.

Carpets all over the room are now seldom seen, so strongly is the present generation imbued with the ethics of sanitation. Rugs can be taken downstairs at least once a week, well shaken and beaten, and replaced, whereas a carpet cannot be lifted and cleansed without involving a considerable expenditure of time and trouble.

CARVED WARDROBE (SKETCHED AT MESSRS. MAPLE'S).

A pretty brass fender and an ornamental set of fireirons to match, with high brass dogs for support, stand in front of the low grate, which occupies the proper position of a fire, a lowly one, calculated to warm the feet without toasting the face.

The wonderful improvement that has taken place of late in the form and colouring of pottery and china is as perceptible in the bedroom as in the dining-room, and on the tile-backed, marble-topped wash-stand in our ideal girl's bedroom there will be found a set of those beautiful Staffordshire basins

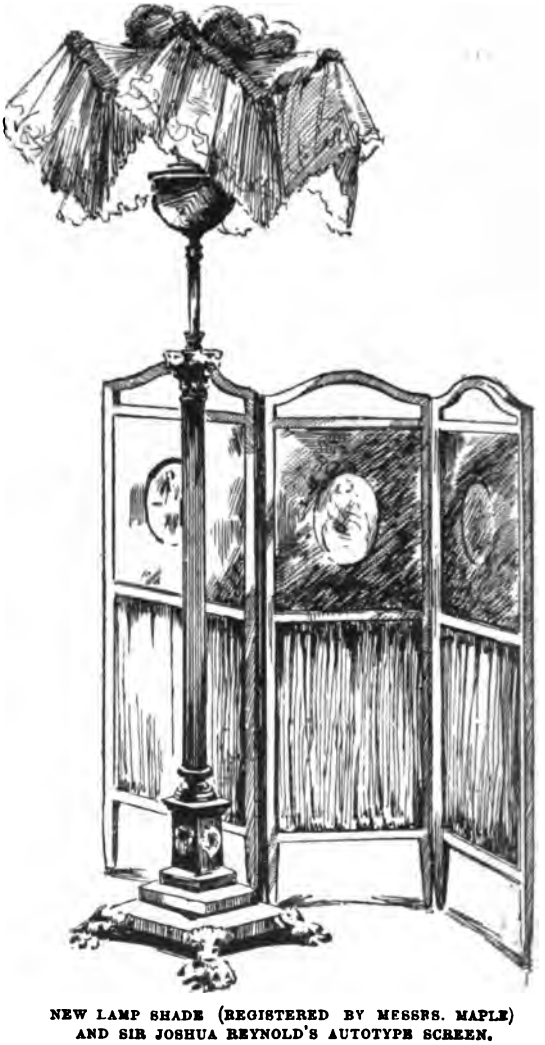
and jugs which are shaped like great shells, and outlined with delicate serratures like the petals of a carnation. One of the loveliest of these sets is encrusted round the dentellated edges with a mixture of green and brown, and a hint of pink, just such as one sees round a seashell, and delicate though telling touches of coral and turquoise add to the marine effect.

Instead of the uncompromising chest of drawers, against which all lovers of graceful things must long have declared war, there will be in an available recess a contrivance in enamelled wood which affords a whole tier of rounded drawers of various sizes. This is built up in the recess, rising to the ceiling, the idea being to avoid the possibility of dust settling upon the top. The upper part opens with cabinet drawers, and within are shelves in which band-boxes, muff-boxes, long boxes containing evening dresses, and many other things not in daily use can be laid away. For boots and shoes in everyday use the best receptacle is a stand made of bamboo, and upholstered in silk of some pretty colour, say reséda green or tapestry blue, if the wall paper is pink and the coverlet lined to match it. It is a mistake to have no relief to the prevailing tint, however beautiful it may be in itself. Its charm is enhanced by a few distinct touches of opposing colour, but care should always be taken not to add these in sufficient quantity to impair the prevalent impression of the dominant tint.

The window hangings are an important matter in arranging a girl's room. In the country nothing is prettier than white, but in cities the purity of snowy curtains is soon impaired by smoke and its remorseless huge family of ever-descending "blacks." The blinds will already have been provided, matching those in the rest of the house, and probably the short blinds will have been arranged upon the same plan.

For curtains, Madras muslin similar to that above the bed and in the coverlet always look well, and can easily be changed when they begin to acquire a shady look. Much of their effect depends upon the draping. Some people have the gift of arranging this with the merest touch. They lift a curtain with a couple of fingers, and one instantly feels that nothing could be better done. Others labour for half an hour, advancing, retreating, head on one side, then on the other, and after all succeed chiefly in giving a look of weary stiffness to the folds. As, however, I am not prepared with any instructions for acquiring an art which seems to be born with its fortunate possessors, I had better quit the subject.

Now we have our hedge-rose wall paper, with its frieze of bramble leaves and blossoms on a pale green ground, our Oriental rugs and fleecy mats, our prettily draped French bed, pale green enamelled wood fittings with brass handles, and our carved wardrobe, with the ornamental table and the dainty draught-screen, filled in with silk below, and ornamented with autotypes of Sir Joshua Reynolds' beauties in the spaces above. We



NEW LAMP SHADE (REGISTERED BY MESSRS. MAPLE) AND SIR JOSHUA REYNOLD'S AUTOTYPE SCREEN.

have also the standard lamp for electricity or oil, with its graceful shade composed of ivory silk and pale pink feathers, and all we want to complete the furniture of the room is the dressing table and some chairs.

A long mirror occupies the centre of the the dressing table of Duchess form, and on either side are ranged small drawers, with embroidered mats on the top, on which rest the china trinket tray, the silk pincushion, the cut glass scent bottles, and the ebony-backed brushes, with the owner's monogram in silver wire upon the backs. It is not every girl who is so fortunate as to possess such luxurious appointments as these, and sometimes the very nicest girls, the best and sweetest, have to manage with the cheapest brushes that money can buy. What a lucky thing it is that they have no deteriorating effect upon the pretty hair that is so carefully tended; that an ugly jug and basin cannot affect the delicate tints of the complexion, and that a small looking-glass in a mean little frame cannot detract from the brightness of the eyes that look into it! Nor does even the hardest bed deduct from the energies of the vigorous young frame, as might a life of indolent enjoyment such as richer girls too often pass.

There is compensation in everything, and for the girls who cannot have a pretty room such as I have endeavoured to describe, there are many happy things in the present, and there is always that vague, rosily tinted future into which they glance with bright, expectant eyes, and a glow of wondering anticipation in their hearts. From it they expect all beautiful things, and the mistaken elders who seek to disenchant them would deprive them of the only thing that makes life tolerable.

COOKERY.

A Study in Pheasants.

Gourmets of all countries and all ages have paid especial attention to the pheasants, and yet at English tables this fine bird is seldom seen prepared in any other form than by roasting, and even this often loosely applied term must be taken in the majority of cases to mean baked.

Pheasants have been so very abundant among us during the last few winters that most people begin to tire of them long before they are out of season, and this is chiefly owing to lack of variety in the methods of cooking them. It is true, the man with a palate could never tire of this most delicately flavoured bird if certain conditions are invariably observed in the roasting of him, and if he is a plump English born native. But the market is full of "foreigners," who have picked up a living as best they might, instead of being fed and tended and looked after as carefully as if they were sacred birds. As a consequence, very weedy specimens are occasionally encountered, and these have to be treated with much skill in their preparation for the table.

There is a particular day after the shooting of this bird when he is ready for the spit, and if it is anticipated or delayed his exquisite flavour is by so much deteriorated. The number of days that should elapse cannot in any way be determined, owing to the great variations in temperature that distinguish our climate. The damp, too, wars against keeping them as long as they should be kept, for no true gourmet likes to eat his pheasant "high," though a mistaken idea on this subject has led to an acquired taste for semi-putrid flesh, on which doctors could say much if they would.

In dry climates the pheasant should be hung until blood begins to run from his bill, which is nominally about a week after he has been killed. He should then be plucked and roasted before a brisk fire.

The hostesses who vie with each other in having pheasants on the table on the 1st or 2nd of October only prove that they are ignorant of their true gastronomic value. Brillat Savarin's recipe for roast pheasant provides a rather elaborate stuffing composed of the flesh of a brace of snipes to each bird, minced with a little lean beef, butter, a few fresh truffles, and the necessary seasoning of pepper and salt. He also advises that a slice of bread considerably larger than the bird should be spread with the chopped livers of the snipe, a few truffles, an anchovy, and a few bits of butter, and that this shall be laid in the dripping pan under the pheasant and served with it.

The environment of Florida oranges, which the great authority also suggests, may appear a fanciful rather than a practical addition to many, and there are numerous persons who contend that the flavour of the bird is in itself so delicate and so excellent that it is a fault in cookery to add that of snipe, truffles, and, worse than all, anchovy.

The difficulty about roasting in ordinary English kitchens is that the average range offers more facilities for baking, and average cooks prefer processes that are simple and easy to those that are troublesome. To put

a baking dish in the oven, turn it once or twice, and baste the contents half-a-dozen times, is much easier than to hang the latter before the fire, see that it revolves continuously, and baste it periodically in the full glare of the hot fire.

Many of us have forgotten what roasted poultry, game, and meat taste like, so universal has the use of the oven and baking now become. Old Dutch families practise a good compromise between the two processes, one that is sometimes adopted in the better class of the Irish peasantry. The joint or bird is placed in a flat oval pot, at least five inches deep, with about a quarter of a pint of cold water, and placed over a moderate fire. The juices of the meat are retained by the closely fitting lid, which is made with a hollow in the centre, and this is filled with live coals when the contents begin to brown.

The other ways of cooking pheasant include broiling, stewing, and grilling. There are various ways of accomplishing all these processes. Stuffed with truffles and slowly stewed in good brown stock, the birds are served with champagne sauce; or they may be browned in a stewpan and then stewed in in sherry or Madeira added hot, with sufficient brown stock to cover the bird.

The sauce is thickened afterwards with butter and flour and served with the bird. Sometimes it is first parboiled in sherry and herbs, then dusted with flour and brushed over with olive oil, and roasted before the fire. Italian cooks, who do not know the pheasant at its best, lard it, roast it, and serve it on a bed of tomatoes, cheese, and macaroni all stewed in gravy, thus combining the processes of roasting and stewing in the preparation of the bird.

The breast and legs of the birds may be boned, stuffed with a forcemeat made of any kind of game, and a little beef and bacon, with the addition of a small quantity of *paté de foie gras*, and then stewed in a buttered cloth for three quarters of an hour in good stock. This can be eaten hot or cold.

Curried pheasant is sometimes served with French plums, another dish that is equally correct, hot or cold. A curious mode of cooking it is with a seasoning of ground ginger, turmeric powder, and cummin seed, all of which must effectually disguise the real flavour of the bird; but as if this were not enough, Spanish onions and tomatoes are added to the stew, and it is served with mushrooms.

This would be an excellent way to treat the somewhat insipid turkey or a fowl that had reached maturity, but with the pheasant so many flavours are out of place. Broiled in joints, in boiling fat of sufficiently high temperature to seal up the juices in the flesh, drained free of all grease, and served with a sauce made of the unused portions of the bird, it makes an excellent breakfast dish.

The shortcomings of cooks have led to a fashion of having on the table a chafing-dish of polished metal, sometimes aluminium, heated by a spirit-lamp, on which choice morsels are sometimes skilfully prepared under the eyes of the eaters. It is usually *réchauffés* of already cooked meat that are arranged in this way, or perhaps the finishing touch is given, as described by Sir Henry Thompson in "Food and Feeding."

He relates how a French *chef* at a Paris restaurant served a lightly roasted wild duck, from which he cut three long slices, placed them on the chafing-dish in front of his customers, and put the whole of the rest of the bird in a press, from which flowed, after a few turns of the handle, a sufficient quantity of hot, rich, red juice to serve as sauce to the slices from the breast.

There are many ways in which the remains of cold pheasant can be utilised. They can be converted into an excellent soup, or can be made into croquets, quenelles, friantines, rissoles, or kromeskys. Old pheasants make excellent purées. Fillets of pheasant, dressed with egg and bread-crumb, and heated in a good brown gravy composed of the bones and remnants of the bird, are rather "better than new," and the legs, broiled in a "devilled" sauce, and served with delicately fried potatoes, may almost be described in the same way, especially if the roasting process of the previous day has left them underdone.

A mayonnaise of pheasant is an agreeable supper or luncheon dish. The birds are roasted, and when still hot, cut into symmetrical pieces, which are skinned and set aside to grow cold. They are then mashed with mayonnaise, and arranged on a number of chopped lettuce hearts on a glass dish, with a garnish of cucumber, tomato, and hard-boiled egg.

The Marchioness of Londonderry recently gave a lecture on cookery to the wives of the miners in her husband's collieries and showed them how to grill a chop. But it would have been more to the purpose to teach them how to stew. This is a branch of cookery to which too little attention is

paid. Chops, as we housewives well know, are about the most expensive part of the whole sheep. The usual price of them is fourteen-pence a pound; and of every pound at least one-third is bone and fat. How does that work out, ye thrifty ones, who have practically studied the subject? And then there remains to be considered the loss of weight in cooking, which is very much greater in grilling than in stewing.

Rice is a very nutritious addition to a stew and by some people is very much liked.

An excellent way of stewing a fowl is to cut it into joints, skin the pieces, and put them into a dry stewpan to brown. Then add sufficient warm water to cover them, a small clove of garlic, two full tablespoonfuls of washed Patna rice, eight cloves, two peppercorns, and a quarter-ounce of allspice. Do not forget a heaped teaspoonful of salt, and you can add a dessert-spoonful of curry powder if you like that flavour. Let all stew together for an hour and a quarter, and it will then be ready for serving.

Pigeons are delicious when cooked in this way. They need not be cut up in joints, but only in halves.

Mrs. Beeton's recipe for a pillau, a kindred dish, is excellent and can be applied to rabbit instead of fowl. Apples can be used if mangoes are not obtainable, and raisins and blanched almonds fried in butter are a delicious addition, strewn over the pillau very hot just before serving it.

A capital mode of stewing turkey or a rather tough fowl is as follows: Stuff the bird with a farce of sausages and bread-crumbs with a scrap of Spanish onion. Put it breast downwards in an enamelled stewpan with a tablespoonful of dripping, two tablespoonfuls of vermicelli, six allspice, six peppercorns, and a blade of mace tied up in a bit of muslin, one tablespoonful of tomato sauce and a glass of sherry. Add sufficient water to cover the whole and let the contents of the stewpan stew for an hour and a half, or more if the bird is a large one. Then take out the bag of spice, dish the bird, and keep it very hot while you stir the yoke of an egg into the strained gravy, heat it thoroughly, and then pour it over the turkey or fowl, which must be served on a hot dish, with plates brought to a similar high temperature.

BY GLEESON WHITE.

AMONG the things which may be labelled "new, in the new sense of the word new," as someone has wittily phrased it, the new stirrup-cup is decidedly a pleasant innovation. In America *bouillon*, as an alternative to tea or coffee, is handed round at evening receptions. This liquid, even if called *beef-tea*, would be greeted with surprise at an evening party in an English house; yet later, just as guests are scurrying for last trains, the temptation of a cup of soup is generally strong enough to detain even the most cautious person. For on a chilly night for an hour's ride in a draughty railway carriage or a hired brougham, the staying, comforting powers of a portion of white-cream soup can hardly be overrated. Served, as it often is, in dark glazed brown pottery, it looks peculiarly inviting. To eat thick soup with

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a spoon is to a modest, if moustached, person something like slow torture; to drink it from a cup almost provokes one to suggest a change in the serving of the first course of an ordinary dinner.

* * *

Only a p-rs-n-ge of the v-ry h-gh-st r-nk could hope to initiate successfully such a radical change without losing caste in the

THE NEW STIRRUP CUP.

attempt; yet how grateful half dinner-accepting mankind would be when the novelty had become the everyday habit. Indeed, if only the scheme of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE permitted it (which, alas! it does not), "Shall we drink soup from teacups?" might start a correspondence of thrilling interest. We all know the self-advertising celebrities who would write to the editor thereon and could guess what many of them would say. The scorn of the young gentleman who lodges in aristocratic Pimlico for the barbarians he calls "surburbans;" the wild anger of those who rarely enough partake of "a dinner," in the conventional sense, would be amusing. For no effete aristocrat is so eager in defence of a custom of polite society, whether affecting morals or manners, as the struggling individuals on its outer margin, whose one aim in life is to cultivate a supercilious sneer at the *bourgeois*, lest that contemptibly Philistine class should count them in its ranks.

* * *

To a philosophical sparrow, or even a cynical fly, who understood human emotions, how ridiculous this constant struggle to be taken for something else than what one actually is would appear! Outside the fauna of fables, no frog tries to appear a bull, no pig attaches a gutta-percha trunk to his homely profile and expects to be treated thereafter with the respect that is the prerogative of an elephant. No real jackdaw struts in peacock's feathers; no ass assumes a lion's skin. These libels on the brute creation are purely human in their conception. The curious part of the illogical position is, that while we all see clearly enough through the feeble disguise which other people adopt, we still wear our own borrowed plumage with undisturbed faith in the obtuse perception of our fellows. This must needs afford the members of the insect world considerable amusement, if they ever chanced to think of it.

* * *

It is evident that for once fashion is well ahead of satire. A single "bloomer costume" aroused the scorn of two continents a generation ago; a single crinoline, worn once for the sake of an experiment, provided columns of gossip for the papers not a year since. But the bicycle costume for ladies sprang into popularity long before its critics thought of attacking it, and one fancies that the satire has come too late. All the sneers of "horsey" people failed to banish the bicycle, "cads on castors" and hosts of other opprobrious epithets fell harmlessly on the heads of cyclists. Indeed, so powerful are they to-day that a "cycle question" of importance only lately sent up the circulation of a paper that advocated the cause of the "knights of the tyred horse," and established its position. We may yet see "cyclists" turning a general election—if any party is indiscreet enough to offend them.

* * *

Automatic servants have been the jest of comic writers ever since the steam-engine was invented, and probably long before. But if an automaton "help" is yet to seek,

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there is a mechanical housemaid actually at work. I hope I am betraying no confidence — I am sure I am divulging no secrets, for the thing is too complex and delicate to make clear in words—when I mention a curious appliance for "dusting" rooms—not for sweeping them, but for merely dusting books or *bric-à-brac*. The point of this invention is that it collects the dust in a receptacle. The cloth of the disastrous housemaid merely disturbs it in haste to resettle at leisure. Especially does she delight in wiping it into the rough top edges of the books. With this appliance superfluous matter is sucked in some mysterious manner into the body of the machine, to be taken quite away. The obvious gain thereby any housewife will appreciate as readily as a librarian will welcome his new ally.

* * *

I wonder how many other Londoners own a copy of a book I have just stumbled upon in an odd corner of my shelves? It was given me

CYCLING COSTUME FOR GIRLS.

in New York by a friend, who trusted that my acquaintance with that delightful city would prevent my regarding this very exceptional volume as a typical local product. The unconscious humour even of the famous "English-as-she-is-spoke" pales beside it. Bound in white vellum, bearing the ordinary word "Gentlemen" on its cover, printed exquisitely by the De Vinne Press, it looks faultlessly dull; but it is not, all the same.

* * *

Aiming to be a manual of "high-toned" etiquette, it treats of the "attire, dress, and manners of gentleman at home or abroad, in summer or winter, when mingling in society." Its prologue of three pages expounds a solemn profession of faith. Two extracts may suffice:—"*No man is a gentleman who merely does the acts of a gentleman.*" "*Proud indeed may be the man who can write after his name—'Gentleman.'*"

* * *

To which you feel inclined to exclaim—as did Charles Lamb when the saintly Hannah More appeared at a party in a turban whence she had forgotten to remove a conspicuous label, "Very chaste, 7s. 6d." —"Very true! but who doubted it?"

* * *

But it is within the book itself the gems of monition and syntax are to be discovered, and the rich vein is so sparkling that it is hard to pick out the best. Where all are so good it is invidious to particularise, as the biblical student remarked when unable to separate the minor from the major prophets.

* * *

Here is a typical example:—"A gentleman should never leave his room without complete attire, as it is essential that he present the same appearance before a servant as a lady. The same rule should apply when he risks encountering an unknown gentleman." Surely the prosody of this passage needs no comment. The "periphrastic circumlocution," as an old writer hath it, of the second sentence is equally delightful.

* * *

Concerning evening dress—which our anonymous instructor says "is the culmination of grandeur in the dress of gentlemen"—many novel hints are at your disposal. For instance: "*The Head.*—The black silk top-hat is supreme and only here." . . . "*The Hand.*—The white kid glove goes with evening dress, excepting at or during a dinner." . . . "In evening dress one must appear a gentleman, if it is in him at all. . . . Knee-breeches may be worn in place of dress trousers at any grand ball, reception, or soirée. They are black silk or same material as dress body coat."

* * *

"The art of dressing the collar" is set forth in six solemn pages; "Umbrellas and

Walking Sticks" occupy nearly four, whereof the final paragraph runs: "*The Umbrella.*—It is worn at any time of day. The material should be silk or part silk. Never wear the case in the street."

* * *

Elsewhere you find: "Fans may be carried at any evening reception by a gentleman, if he desires to do so, where there is dancing." . . . "*Trousers' crease.*—This may be worn in trousers or not, as taste dictates." . . . "The body coat should never be removed in the presence of ladies, no matter how ready they may be to approve of the act, unless it is their expressed and unanimous desire, in which case the better policy, in choosing between the alternative of positive rudeness and a fall of dignity, is to take the course requested."

* * *

Among a final batch of quotations, how full of truth is this advice to people who want to know what to talk about: "The conversation should be of a sensible topic, or if amusing it should be at least interesting." Again, what could be more useful than the warning to people who, in a drawing-room resemble a bull in a china shop: "Take care not to upset or run into ornaments, or stub the toe against them." "Stub the toe" is surely a jewelled phrase, a purple patch of prose. "Never run into a person, if ordinary care will prevent it," is more commonplace, but still sound advice for all pedestrians.

* * *

But one extract more must suffice: "In giving a lady soda-water, or other cooling drink, do not allow her to use her own 'kerchief, but insist upon her using one of your own; a gentleman should always carry two." This strange counsel evidently belongs to a distant people. In this benighted land we rarely give ladies soda-water, in the sense the phrase is used here, which implies a visit to a drug-store, and "treating" your companion therein. So the

doubt which of the two handkerchiefs, the one in use or the duplicate, should be offered under these conditions need not distress us.

* * *

The book is really too funny. To attempt to present a tithe of its humour appals one. Otherwise the original experiments in grammar and manners set forth in its pages might fill half the present number of this magazine.

* * *

Charades are always popular at holiday time, so that an idea, which hails from the United States, may be worth quoting. It is this:—First scene: Maid one. Second scene: Maid won. Third scene: Made one. The modern acted charade is far more full of fun when the guessing of the word itself is one real point, and it fails to attempt a consecutive dramatic sketch. Here are some best known examples:—Scene I.: Two people meet. One says, "How do you do, doctor?" (First word, met-a-physician.) Scene II.: Same people meet again and say the same thing This word is obviously met-afore (metaphor). Come-for-table may be expressed by action in one scene, and with a very little hunting many words that split into a sentence, as acting puns, can be easily found.

* * *

All people do not delight in the school of Rossetti, or appreciate the fantastic convention they nickname "greenery-yallery." So be it! Yet to those who do, Lawrence Housman's "A Farm in Fairyland" (Kegan Paul & Co.) will be a source of great pleasure. To me it seems the most notable work of its class this season; although it is quite possible to dislike the style of its pictures, one must own that they are extremely well done in their own way.

* * *

But when speaking of the text of the work no such reservation is needed; if, in the first story, the

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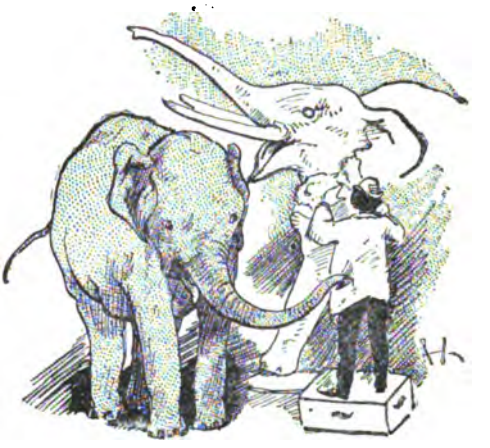
fascinating toy of Prince Fredolin that was labelled, "Break me and I shall turn into something else," and so became by turns "a top, a Noah's ark, a skipping-rope, a man-of-war, a box of bricks, a picture puzzle, a drum, a trumpet, a kaleidoscope, a steam engine, and nine hundred and fifty other things exactly," does not fascinate you, I am sorry! But if the story of the little boy prisoned wide awake and sentient in the palace of the Sleeping Beauty fail to enchain you by its simple narrative, until as the clock strikes and the palace awakens only to see him turned out of its gates a naked old mendicant, you do not feel a lump rising in your throat, then indeed are you to be pitied, as are all who have outlived the delight of make-believe—the secret of childish content.

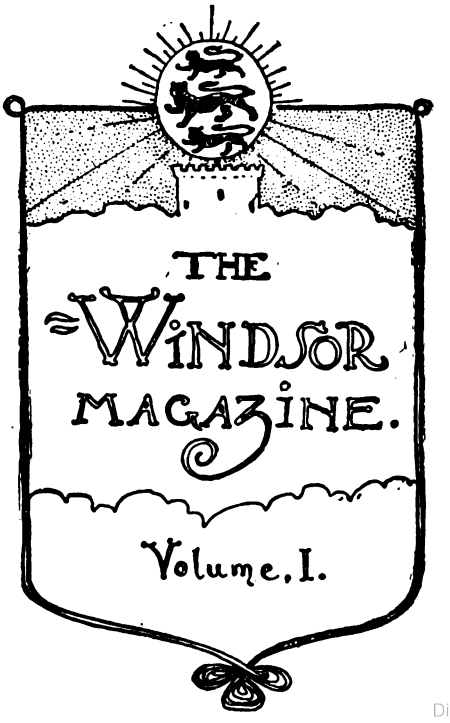
* * *

Nothing is more unsightly in a drawing-room than an untidy periodical, yet who can guarantee the comely appearance of a popular magazine after it has been eagerly read by all the members of a household. A case made of cardboard, covered with some suitable fabric, with a design embroidered or painted upon it, should always be provided for one's favourite monthly. At the bottom of this page is a suggestion for such a reading cover. Fitted with a loose elastic, the current number should be placed in it at once, thereby keeping its pages clean for ultimate binding at the end of the year, besides preventing the dog-eared cover, which provokes the orderly housewife to put it out of sight. The A B C Guide, Bradshaw, Whitaker's Almanac, and other essential volumes for reference, should be provided with similar cases.



A TRUE INCIDENT AT OLYMPIA.

By the time these lines are read, Olympia —with its new show, "The Orient"—will be no longer a novelty; but a pleasant little incident during the modelling of the property elephants is worth a passing record, if only as a hint to beguile the tedious hours of those who have their portrait painted.



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FROM GRAVE TO GAY.

"The Lord has you by the hand, Gavin; and mind, I dinna say that because you're my laddie."

"Yes, you do, mother, and well I know it, and yet it does me good to hear you."

That it did him good I am very sure. The praise that comes of love does not make us vain, but humble rather. Knowing what we are, the pride that shines in our mother's eyes as she looks at us is about the most pathetic thing a man has to face, but he would be a devil altogether if it did not burn some of the sin out of him."

"*The Little Minister*"—J. M. BARRIE.

* * *

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live, and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me,
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

R. L. STEVENSON.

* * *

"When the parlour fire gets low, put coals on the kitchen fire; and a good saying it is to treasure. Such is man; no use in having their hearts if ye don't have their stomachs. Mind me and mark me; don't neglect your cookery. Kissing don't last; cookery do!"

"*Richard Feverel*"—GEORGE MEREDITH.

* * *

"Is not happiness like another circulating medium? When we have a very great deal of it, some poor hearts are aching for what is taken away from them. When we have gone out and seized it on the highways, certain inscrutable laws are sure to be at work to bring us to the criminal bar sooner or later.—*Ibid.*

* * *

"It brought many old things to his remembrance, and there was the tang of the herb bitter-sweet in his mouth that every son of man learns to know the savour of in passing through the world. Every woman is born with a taste for it. She likes to take her smiles with the dew of a tear on the cheek, and that her sorrows should be lighted with alternate remembrance and hope like the sun glinting upon a stormy sea." "*The Playactress*"—T. R. CROCKETT.

* * *

"I am saddest when I sing; so are those who hear me. They are sadder even than I am."

ARTEMUS WARD.

* * *

"But there were some touches which could have come from no other pen; the poor old clerk, about whom there was "every symptom of 'breaking up' except the holidays;" the priest, who knows no more of spiritual matters than an organ monkey knows of music; the literary gentleman, who offers to take charge of the child in the crowd at the illuminations, on the ground that he is accustomed "to see things through the press;" the moralising old general who remarks, "Men of middle age, who omit to play whist in the afternoons, generally get into mischief;" all spoke to me unmistakably of Elizabeth Dart."

"*The Heir of the Ages*"—JAMES PAYN.

* * *

When I hear of a man leaving a widow and six children, I always suspect he left on purpose.

* * *

"The spring is fairly with us now. Outside my laboratory window the great chestnut tree is all covered with the big glutinous gummy buds, some of which have already begun to break into green little shuttlecocks. As you walk down the lanes you are conscious of the rich silent forces of nature working all around you. The wet earth smells fruitful and luscious. Green shoots are peeping out everywhere. The twigs are stiff with sap, and the moist heavy English air is laden with a faintly resinous perfume. Buds in the hedges, lambs beneath them—everywhere the work of reproduction going forward. I can see it without, and I can feel it within. We also have our spring when the little arterioles dilate, the lymph flows in a brisker stream, the glands work harder, winnowing and straining. Every year Nature readjusts the whole machine. I can feel the ferment in my blood at this very moment, and as the cool sunshine pours through my window, I could dance about in it like a gnat."

"*The Parasite*"—CONAN DOYLE.

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A BID FOR FORTUNE.

By GUY BOOTHBY.*

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

INTRODUCTION.

The earlier chapters of this story explain how Dr. Nikola, a person shrouded in much mystery, orders a dinner at the Imperial Restaurant in London, to which he invites three men, named Prendergast, Baxter, and Eastover, neither of whom has ever previously seen him, but with all of whom he has had business dealings in various parts of the globe. On arrival he informs them that he is maturing a plot by which he intends to ruin his bitter enemy—one Wetherell—and in which he needs their co-operation. Promising each £10,000 if he succeeds, he dispatches them separately to different places, instructing them in the initial movement of his scheme, which, however, he does not completely divulge. The scene then changes to Sydney, and the reader is introduced to Richard Hatteras, of Thursday Island, a rich young pearler, who determines to expend some of his wealth on seeing the world. Accordingly he books his passage in the *Orisaba* to England; but while sauntering in a lonely part of Sydney the week before he sails, he is fortunate enough to rescue a young lady from some ruffians who are molesting her. This is a Miss Wetherell, daughter of the Colonial Secretary; and, on calling at her home, he discovers that she and her father are likewise going to England in the *Orisaba* in order that she may be presented at Court. In due course they renew their acquaintanceship on board the vessel, and Hatteras falls deeply in love with her, with the following result.

CHAPTER I. (*continued*).

WITHIN the week we had left Adelaide behind us, and four days later Albany was also a thing of the past. By the time we had cleared the Lewin we had all settled down to our life aboard ship, the bad sailors were beginning to appear on deck again, and the medium voyagers to make various excuses for their absences from meals. It was plainly evident that Miss Wetherell was the belle of the ship. Everybody paid her attention from the skipper downwards. And this being so, I prudently kept out of the way myself, for I had no desire to be thought to presume on our previous acquaintance. Whether she noticed this I cannot say, but at any rate her manner to me when we *did* speak was more cordial than I had any right or reason to expect. Seeing this, there were not wanting people on board who scoffed and sneered at the idea of the Colonial Secretary's daughter noticing so humble a person as myself, and when it became known what my exact social position was, I promise you these malicious whisperings did not cease.

One evening, two or three days after we had left Colombo behind us, I was standing at the rails on the promenade deck a little abaft the smoking-room entrance, when Miss Wetherell came up and took her place beside me. She looked very dainty and sweet in her evening dress, and I felt, if I had known her better, I should have liked to have told her so.

"Mr. Hatteras," said she, when we had discussed the weather and the sunset, "I have been thinking lately that you desire to avoid me."

"Heaven forbid! Miss Wetherell," I hastened to reply. "I don't know what can have put such a notion into your head?"

"All the same, I believe it to be true. Now, why do you do it?"

"I have not admitted that I do do it. But, perhaps, if I seem to deny myself the pleasure of being with you as much as some other people I could mention, it is only because I fail to see what pleasure you can derive from my society."

"That is a very pretty speech," she answered smiling, "but it does not tell me what I want to know."

"And what is it you want to know, my dear young lady?"

"I want to know why it is you are so much changed towards me. At first we got on splendidly—you used to tell me of your life in Torres Straits, of your trading ventures in the Southern Seas, and even of your hopes for the future—now all that is changed. It is 'Good morning, Miss Wetherell,' 'Good evening, Miss Wetherell,' and that is all. I must own I don't like such treatment."

"I must crave your pardon—but——"

"No, we won't have any 'buts.' If you want to be forgiven, you must come and talk to me more. You will like the rest of the people I'm sure when you get to know them. They are very kind to me."

"And you think I shall like them for that reason?"

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"No, no. How silly you are. But I do want you to be friendly."

After that there was nothing for it but for me to push myself into a circle where I had the best reasons for knowing that half its members did not want me. However, it had its good side. I saw more of Miss Wetherell; so much more that I began to see her father did not quite approve of it. But, whatever he may have thought, he said nothing to me on the subject.

A fortnight or so later we were at Aden, leaving that barren rock about four o'clock, and entering the Red Sea the same evening. The Suez Canal passed through, and Port Said behind us, we were in the Mediterranean, and for the first time in my life I stood in Europe.

At Naples the Wetherells were to say good-bye to the boat, and continue the rest of their journey across the Continent. As the hour of separation came closer I must own I began to dread it more and more. And somehow, I fancy, *she* was not quite as happy as she used to be. You will ask what grounds I had for believing that a girl like Miss Wetherell would feel any interest in me—and it is a question I can no more answer than I can fly. And yet, when I came to think it all out, I was not without my hopes.

We were to reach port the following morning. The night was very still, the water almost unruffled. Somehow it came about that Miss Wetherell and I found ourselves together in the same sheltered spot where she had spoken to me before. The stars in the east were just paling preparatory to the rising of the moon. I glanced at my companion as she leant against the rails scanning the quiet sea, and noticed the sweet wistfulness of her expression. Then, suddenly, a great desire came over me to tell her of my love. Surely, even if she could not return it, there would be no harm in letting her know how I felt towards her. For this reason I drew a little closer to her side.

"And so, Miss Wetherell, to-morrow we are to bid each other good-bye, never, perhaps, to meet again."

"Oh, no, Mr. Hatteras, we won't say that. Surely we shall see something of each other somewhere. The world is very tiny after all."

"To those who desire to avoid each other, perhaps, but for those who wish to *find* it is still too large."

"Well, then, we must hope for the best. Who knows but that we may run across each other in London. I think it is very probable."

"And will that meeting be distasteful to you?" I asked, quite expecting that she would answer with her usual frankness. But to my surprise she did not speak, only turned half away from me. Had I offended her?

"Miss Wetherell, pray forgive my rudeness. I ought to have known I had no right to ask you such a question."

"And why shouldn't you?" she replied, this time turning her sweet face towards me. "No, Mr. Hatteras, I will tell you frankly, I should very much like to see you again."

With that all the blood in my body seemed to rush to my head. Could I be dreaming? Or had she really said she would like to see me again? I would try my luck now whatever came of it.

"You cannot think how pleasant our intercourse has been to me," I said. "And now I have to go back to my loneliness again."

"But you should not say that, you have your work in life!"

"Yes, but what is that to me when I have no one to work for? Can you conceive anything more awful than my loneliness? Remember I am absolutely without kith and kin as far as I know. There is not a single soul to care for me in the whole world—not one to whom my death would be a matter of the least concern."

"Oh, don't—don't say that!"

Her voice faltered so that I turned from the sea and contemplated her.

"It is true, Miss Wetherell, bitterly true."

"It is not true. It cannot be true!"

"If only I could think it would be some little matter of concern to you I should go back to my work with a happier heart."

Again she turned her face from me. My arm lay beside hers upon the bulwarks, and I could feel that she was trembling. Brutal though it may seem to say so, this gave me fresh courage. I said slowly, bending my face a little towards her:

"Would it affect you, Phyllis?"

One little hand fell from the bulwarks to her side, and as I spoke I took possession of it. She did not appear to have heard my question, so I repeated it. Then her head went down upon the bulwarks, but not before I had caught the whispered "yes" that escaped her lips.

Before she could guess what was going to happen, I had taken her in my arms and

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smothered her face with kisses. Nor did she offer me any resistance. I knew the whole truth now. She was mine, she loved me—me—me—me! The whole world seemed to re-echo the news, the very sea appeared to ring with it, and just as I learned from her own dear lips the story of her love, the great moon rose as if to listen. Can you imagine my happiness, my delight? She was mine, my very own! Bound to me by all the bonds of love. Oh, happy hour! Oh, sweet delight!

I pressed her to my heart again and again. She looked into my face and then away from me, her sweet eyes suffused with tears, then suddenly her expression changed. I turned to see what ailed her, and to my discomfiture discovered her father stalking along the silent deck towards us.

Whispering to her to leave us, she sped away, and I was left alone with her angry parent. That he *was* angry I judged from his face; nor was I wrong.

"Mr. Hatteras," he said severely, "pray what does this mean? How is it I find you in this undignified position with my daughter?"

"Mr. Wetherell, I can see that an explanation is due to you. Just before you came up I was courageous enough to tell your daughter that I loved her. She has been generous enough to inform me that she returns my affection. And now the best course for me to pursue is to ask your permission to make her my wife."

"You presume, sir, upon the service you rendered my daughter in Sydney. I did not think you would follow it up in this fashion."

"Your daughter is free to love whom she pleases, I take it," I said, my temper, fanned by the tone he adopted, getting a little the better of my judgment. "She has been good enough to promise to marry me—if I can obtain your permission. Have you any objection to raise?"

"Only one, and that one is insuperable! Understand me, I forbid it once and for all! In every particular—without hope of change—I forbid it!"

"As you must see it is a matter which affects the happiness of my whole life, I feel sure you will be good enough to tell me why?"

"I must decline any discussion on the matter at all. You have my answer, I forbid it!"

"This is to be final, then. I am to understand that you are not to be brought to change your mind by any actions of mine?"

"No, sir, I am not! What I have said is irrevocable. The idea is not to be thought of for a moment. Your conduct towards my daughter on board this ship has been very distasteful to me. I have the honour to wish you a very good evening."

"Stay, Mr. Wetherell," I said as he turned to go. "You have been kind enough to favour me with your views. Now I will give you mine. Your daughter loves me. I am an honest and an industrious man, and I love her with my whole heart and soul. I tell you now, and though you decline to treat me with proper fairness, I give you warning, I intend to marry her if she will still have me—with your consent or without it!"

"You are insolent, sir."

"I assure you I have no desire to be. I endeavour to remember that you are her father, though I must own you lack her sense of what is fair and right."

"I will not discuss the question any further with you. You know my absolute decision. Good-night!"

"Good-night!"

With anger and happiness struggling in my breast for the mastery, I paced that deck for hours. My heart swelled with joy at the knowledge that my darling loved me, but it sank like lead when I considered the difficulties that threatened us if her father persisted in his present determination. At last, just as eight bells was striking (twelve o'clock), I went below to my cabin. My fellow-passenger was fast asleep—a fact that I was grateful for when I discovered propped against my bottle-rack a tiny envelope with my name inscribed upon it. Tearing it open I read the following:—

"My own Dearest,

"My father has just informed me of his interview with you. I cannot understand it or ascribe a reason for it. But whatever happens, remember that I will be your wife, and the wife of no other.

"May God bless and keep you always.

"Your own,

"Phyllis.

"P.S.—You must let me know your address in London."

With such a letter under my pillow, can it be doubted that my dreams were good? How little I guessed the troubles to which this introduction was destined to be the prelude!

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CHAPTER II.

Now I come to think the matter out, I don't know that I could give you any definite idea of what my first impressions of London were. One thing at least is certain, I'd never had experience of anything approaching such a city before, and, between ourselves, I can't say that I ever want to again. The constant rush and roar of traffic, the crowds of people jostling each other on the pavements, the happiness and the misery, the riches and the poverty, all mixed up together in one jumble, like good and bad fruit in a basket, fairly took my breath away; and when I went down, that first afternoon, and saw the Park in all its summer glory, my amazement can be better imagined than described.

I could have watched the carriages, horsemen, and promenaders for hours on end without any sense of weariness. And when a bystander, seeing that I was a stranger, took compassion upon my ignorance and condescended to point out to me the various celebrities, my pleasure was complete. There certainly is no place like London for show and glitter, I'll grant you that; but all the same I'd no more think of taking up my permanent abode in it than I'd try to cross the Atlantic in a Malay sampan.

Having before I left Sydney been recommended to a quiet hotel in a neighbourhood of the Strand, convenient both for sight-seeing and my business, I had my luggage conveyed thither, and prepared to make myself comfortable for a time. Every day I waited eagerly for a letter from my sweetheart, but its non-arrival convinced me that they had not yet arrived in London. As it turned out later, they had delayed their departure from Naples for two days, and had spent another three in Florence, two in Rome, and a day and a half in Paris.

But one morning my faithful watch over the letter rack, which was already becoming a standing joke in the hotel, was rewarded. An envelope bearing an English stamp and postmark, and addressed in a handwriting that was as familiar to me as my own, stared me in the face. To take it out and break the seal was the work of a moment. It was only a matter of a few lines, but it brought me news that raised me to the seventh heaven of delight.

They had arrived in London the previous afternoon, were staying at the Hôtel Métropole, would leave town for the country at the end of the week, but in the meantime, if I wished to see her, my sweetheart would be in the entrance hall of the British Museum the following morning at eleven o'clock.

How I conducted myself in the interval between my receipt of the letter and the time of the appointment, I have not the least remembrance; I only know that half-past ten, on the following morning, found me pacing up and down the street before that venerable pile, scanning with eager eyes every conveyance that approached me from the right or left. The minutes seemed to drag by with a slowness I had never before observed in them, but at length the time arrived.

A kindly church clock in the neighbourhood struck the hour, and others all round it immediately took up the tale. Before the last stroke had died away a hansom turned towards the gates from Bury Street, and in it, looking the picture of health and dainty beauty, sat the girl who, I had good reason to know, was more than all the world to me. To attract her attention and signal to the driver to pull up was the work of a second, and a minute later I had helped her to alight, and we were strolling together across the square towards the building.

"Ah, Dick," she said, with a roguish smile, in answer to a question of mine, "you don't know what trouble I had to get away this morning. Papa had a dozen places he wished me to go to with him. But when I told him I had some very important business of my own to attend to before I could go calling with him, he was kind enough to let me off."

"I'll be bound he thought you meant business with a dressmaker," I replied laughing, determined to show her that I was not unversed in the ways of women.

"I'm afraid that he did," she answered blushing, "and for that very reason alone I feel horribly guilty. But my heart told me I must see you at once, whatever happened."

Could any man desire a prettier speech than that? If so, I was not that man. We were inside the building by this time, ascending the great staircase. A number of pretty well-dressed girls were to be seen here and there about the rooms and corridors, but not one who could in any way compare with the fair Australian by my side—at least, not to my thinking. As we entered the long room at the top of the stairs, I thought it a good opportunity to ask the question I had been longing to put to her.

"Phyllis, my sweetheart," I said, with

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almost a tremor in my voice, "it is a fortnight now since I spoke to you. You have had plenty of time to consider our position. Have you regretted giving me your love?"

We came to a standstill, and leant over a case together, but what it contained I'm sure I haven't the very vaguest idea.

She looked up into my face with a sweet smile.

"Not for one single instant, Dick! Having once given you my love, is it likely I should want it back again?"

"I don't know. Somehow I can't discover sufficient reason for your giving it to me at all."

"Well, be sure I'm not going to tell you. You might grow conceited. Isn't it sufficient that I *do* love you, and that I am not going to give you up, whatever happens."

"More than sufficient," I answered solemnly. "But, Phyllis, don't you think I can induce your father to relent? Surely as a good parent he must be anxious to promote your happiness at any cost of pain to himself."

"I can't understand it at all. He has been so devoted to me all my life that his conduct now is quite inexplicable. Never once has he denied me anything I really set my heart upon, and he always promised me that I should be allowed to marry whomsoever I wished, provided he was a good and honourable man, and one of whom he could in any way approve. And you are that, Dick, or I shouldn't have loved you, I know."

"I don't think I'm any worse than the ordinary run of men, dearest, if I am no better. At any rate I love you with a true and honourable love. But don't you think he will come round in time?"

"I'm almost afraid not. He referred to it only yesterday, and seemed quite angry that I should have dared to entertain any thought of you after what he said to me on board ship. It was the first time in my life he ever spoke to me in such a tone, and I felt it keenly. No, Dick, there is something behind it all that I cannot understand. Some mystery that I would give anything to fathom. Papa has not been himself ever since we started for England. Indeed, his very reason for coming at all is to me a mystery. And now that he is here he seems in one continual dread of meeting somebody—but who

"I slipped the ring over her pretty finger."

that somebody is, and why my father, who has the name and reputation of being such a courageous, determined, honourable man, should be afraid, is a thing I cannot understand."

"It's all very mysterious and unfortunate. But can nothing be done? Don't you think if I were to see him again, and put the matter plainly before him, something might be arranged?"

"It would be worse than useless at

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present, I fear. No, you must just leave it to me, and I'll do my best to talk him round. Ever since my mother died I have been as his right hand, and it will be strange if he does not listen to me and see reason in the end."

Seeing who it was that would plead with him I did not doubt it.

By this time we had wandered through many rooms, and now found ourselves in the Egyptian Department, surrounded by strange dead folk and weird objects of all sorts and descriptions. There was something almost uncanny about our love-making in such a place, among these men and women whose wooings had been conducted in a country so widely different to ours, and in an age that was dead and gone over two thousand years ere we were born. I spoke of this to Phyllis. She laughed and gave a little shiver.

"I wonder," she said, looking down on the swathed up figure of a princess of the royal house of Egypt, lying stretched out in the case by which we sat, "if this great lady, who lies so still and silent now, had any trouble with her love affair?"

"Perhaps she had more than one beau to her string, and not being allowed to have one took the other," I answered, "though from what we can see of her now she doesn't look as if she were ever capable of much fascination, does she?"

As I spoke I looked from the case to the girl and compared the swaddled-up figure with the healthy, living, lovely creature by my side. But I hadn't much time for comparison. My sweetheart had taken her watch from her pocket and was glancing at it.

"A quarter to twelve," she cried in alarm. "Oh, Dick, I must be going. I promised to meet papa at twelve, and whatever happens I must not keep him waiting."

She rose and was about to pull on her gloves. But before she had time to do so I had taken a little case from my pocket and opened it. When she saw what it contained she could not help a little womanly cry of delight.

"Oh, Dick! you naughty, extravagant boy!"

"Why, dearest? Why naughty or extravagant to give the woman I love a little token of my affection?" As I spoke I slipped the ring over her pretty finger and raised the hand to my lips.

"Will you try, whenever you look at that ring, to remember that the man who gave it to you loves you with all his heart and soul, and will count no trouble too great, or no hardship too hard, to make you happy?"

"I will remember," she said solemnly, and when I looked I saw that tears stood in her eyes. She brushed them hastily away, and after an interlude which it hardly becomes me to mention here, we went down the stairs again and out into the street, almost in silence.

Having called a cab, I placed her in it and almost nervously asked the question that had been some time upon my mind:

"When shall I see you again?"

"I cannot tell. Perhaps next week. But I'll let you know. In the meantime don't despair, all will come right yet! Good-bye."

"Good-bye and God bless you!"

I lifted my hat, she waved her hand, and next moment the hansom disappeared round the corner.

I wandered slowly down the pavement towards Oxford Street, then, turning to my left hand, made my way citywards. My mind was full of my interview with the sweet girl who had just left me, and almost unconsciously, wrapped in my own thoughts, I wandered on and on, until I found myself in a quarter of London into which I had never hitherto penetrated. The streets were narrow, and, as if to be in keeping with the general air of gloom, the shops were small and of a sordid nature; handcarts, barrows, and stalls lined the grimy pavements, and the noise was deafening.

A clock in a belfry near by struck "One," and as I was beginning to feel hungry, and knew myself to be a long way from my hotel, I cast about me for a lunching-place. But it was some time before I encountered the class of restaurant I wanted. It was situated at the corner of two streets, carried a foreign name over the door, and, though considerably the worse for wear, had a cleaner appearance than any other I had as yet experienced.

Pushing the door open I entered. An unmistakable Frenchman, whose appearance, however, betokened long residence in England, stood behind a narrow counter polishing an absinthe glass. He bowed politely and asked my business.

"Have you a lunching-room?" I asked.

"Oui, Monsieur! Cer-tain-lee. If Monsieur will walk upstairs I will take his order!"

Waving his hand in the direction of a staircase in the corner of the shop he again

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"He half stood, half crouched over the board."

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bowed elaborately, and, following the direction he indicated, I proceeded to the room above. It was long and lofty, commanded an excellent view of both thoroughfares, and was furnished with a few inferior pictures, a much worn oilcloth, half-a-dozen small marble-topped tables, and four times as many chairs.

When I entered three men were in occupation. Two were playing chess at a side table, while the third, who had evidently no connection with them, was watching the game from a distance, pretending at the same time to be absorbed in his paper. Seating myself at a table near the door, I examined the bill of fare, selected my lunch, and then, to amuse myself while it was preparing, fell to scrutinising my companions.

Of the chess-players, one was a big, burly fellow, with enormous arms, protruding rheumy eyes, a florid complexion, and a voluminous red beard. His opponent was of a much smaller build, with pale features, a tiny moustache, and watery blue eyes. He wore a *pince-nez*, and from the length of his hair and a dab of crimson lake upon his shirt cuff, I argued him an artist.

Leaving the chess players, my eyes lighted on the stranger on the other side. He was much more interesting. Indeed, I was surprised to see a man of his stamp in the house at all. He was tall and slim, but exquisitely formed and plainly the possessor of enormous strength. His head, if only from a phrenological point of view, was a magnificent one, crowned with a wealth of jet black hair. His eyes were dark as night and glittered like those of a snake. His complexion was of a decidedly olive hue, though as he sat in the shadow of the corner, it was difficult to tell this at first sight.

But what most fascinated me about this curious individual was the interest he was taking in the game that the other men were playing. He kept his eyes fixed on the board continually, looking anxiously from one to the other as a move trembled in the balance, smiling sardonically when his desires were realised, and sighing almost aloud when a mistake occurred.

Every moment I expected his anxiety or disappointment to find vent in words, but he always managed to control himself in time. When he became excited I noticed that his whole body quivered under its influence, and once when the smaller of the players made an injudicious move a look flew into his face that was full of such malignant intensity that I'll own I was almost frightened by it. What effect it would have had on the innocent cause of it all, had he seen it, I should have been sorry to conjecture.

Just as my lunch made its appearance the game arrived at a conclusion, and the taller of the two players, having made a remark in German, rose to leave. It was evident that the smaller man had won, and in an excess of pride, to which I gathered his nature was not altogether a stranger, looked round the room as if in defiance.

Doing so, his eyes met those of the man in the corner. I glanced from one to the other, but my gaze rested longest on the face of the smaller man. So fascinated did he seem to be by the other's stare that his eyes became set and stony. It was just as if he were mesmerised. The man he looked at rose, approached him, sat down at the table and began to arrange the men on the board without a word. Then he looked up again.

"May I have the pleasure of giving you a game?" he asked in excellent English, bowing slightly as he spoke, and moving a pawn with his long white fingers.

The little man found voice enough to murmur an appropriate reply and they began their game, while I turned to my lunch. But in spite of myself I found my eyes continually turning to see what was happening at the other table. And, indeed, it was a curious sight.

The tall man had thrown himself into the business of the game, heart and soul. He half sat, half crouched over the board, reminding me more of a gigantic hawk hovering over a poultry yard than anything else I can liken him to.

His eyes were riveted first on the men before him and then on his opponent—his long fingers twitched and twined over each move, and seemed as if they would never release their hold. Not once did he speak, but his attitude was more expressive than any words.

The effect on the little man, his companion, was overwhelming. He was quite unable to do anything, but sat huddled up in his chair as if terrified by his demoniacal companion. The result even a child might have foreseen. The tall man won, and the little man, only too glad to have come out of the ordeal with a whole skin, seized his hat and, with a half-uttered apology, darted from the room.

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For a moment or two his extraordinary opponent sat playing with the chessmen. Then he looked up at me and without hesitation said, accompanying his remark with a curious smile for which I could not at all account :

"The limitations of the fool are the birth gifts of the wise ! "

Not knowing what reply to make to this singular assertion, I wisely held my tongue. This brought about a change in his demeanour ; he rose from his seat, and came across to where I sat. Seating himself in a chair directly opposite me, he folded his hands in his lap, after the manner of a demure old spinster, and, having looked at me earnestly, said with an almost incomprehensible sweetness of tone :

"I think you will agree with me, Mr. Hatteras, that half the world is born for the other half to prey upon ! "

Really he was a most extraordinary man.

"My scepticism soon left me."

Now, how on earth did he know my name ? I stumbled out some sort of reply, which evidently did not impress him very much, for he began again :

"Our friend who has just left us will most certainly be one of those preyed upon. I pity him because he will not find the smallest grain of pleasure in his life. You, on the other hand, will, unwittingly, be on the other side. Circumstances will arrange that for you. Some have, of course, no desire to prey ; but necessity forces it on them. Yourself, for instance. Some only prey when they are quite sure there will be no manner of risk. Our German friend who played the previous game, is an example. Others, again, never lose an opportunity. Candidly speaking, to which class should you imagine I belong ? "

He smiled as he put the question, and, his thin lips parting, I could just catch the glitter of the short teeth with which his mouth was furnished. For the third time since I had made his acquaintance I did not know which way to answer. However, I made a shot and said something.

"I really know nothing about you," I answered. "But from your kindness in giving our artist friend a game, and now in allowing me the benefit of your conversation, I should say you only prey upon your fellow men when dire extremity drives you to it."

"And you would be wrong. I am of the

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last class I named. There is only one sport that is of any interest to me in life, and that is the opportunity of making capital out of my fellow humans. You see, I am candid with you, Mr. Hatteras!"

"Pray excuse me. But you know my name! As I have never, to my knowledge, set eyes on you before, would you mind telling me how you became acquainted with it?"

"With every pleasure. But before I do so I think it only fair to tell you that you will not believe my explanation. And yet

"Oh, Dick, Dick, come to me!"

it *should* convince you. At any rate, we'll try. In your right hand top waistcoat pocket you have three cards." Here he leant his head on his hands and shut his eyes. "One is crinkled and torn, but it has written on it, in pencil, the name, Edward Braithwaite, Macquarrie Street, Sydney. I presume the name is Braithwaite, but the *t* and *e* are almost illegible. The second is rather a high sounding one—the Hon. Sylvester Wetherell, Potts Point, Sydney, New South Wales, and the third is, I take it, your own, Richard Hatteras. Am I right?"

I put my fingers in my pocket, and drew out what it contained—a half sovereign, a shilling, a small piece of pencil, and three cards. The first, a well-worn piece of pasteboard, bore, surely enough, the name of Edward Braithwaite, and was that of the solicitor with whom I transacted my business in Sydney; the second was given me by my sweetheart's father the day before we left Australia; and the third was sure enough my own.

Was this witchcraft or only some clever conjuring trick? I asked myself the question, but could give it no satisfactory answer. At any rate you may be sure it did not lessen my respect for my singular companion.

"Ah! I am right then!" he cried exultingly. "Isn't it strange how the love of being right remains with us, when we think we have safely combated every other self-conceit. Well, Mr. Hatteras, I am very pleased to have made your acquaintance. Somehow I seem to think we are destined to meet again—where I cannot say. At any rate, let us hope that that meeting will be as pleasant and successful as this has been."

But I hardly heard what he said. I was still puzzling my brains over his extraordinary conjuring trick — for trick I am convinced it was. He had risen and was slowly drawing on his gloves when I spoke.

"I have been thinking over those cards," I said, "and I am considerably puzzled. How on earth did you know they were there?"

"If I told you, you would have no more faith in my powers. So with your permission I will assume the virtue of modesty. Call it a conjuring trick, if you like. Many curious things are hidden under that comprehensive term. But that is neither here nor there. Before I go would you like to see one more?"

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"Very much, indeed, if it's as good as the last!" I replied.

In the window stood a large glass dish, half full of water and having a dark brown fly paper floating on the surface. He brought it across to the table at which I sat, and drained the water into a jug near by, leaving the paper sticking to the bottom.

This done, he took a tiny leather case from his pocket and a small bottle out of that again. From this bottle he poured a few drops of some highly pungent liquid on to the paper, with the result that it grew black as ink and threw off a tiny vapour, which licked the edges of the bowl and curled upwards in a faint spiral column.

"There, Mr. Hatteras, this is a—well, a trick—I learned from an old woman in Benares. It is a better one than the last and will repay your interest. If you will look on that paper for a moment, and try to concentrate your attention, you will see something that will, I think, astonish you."

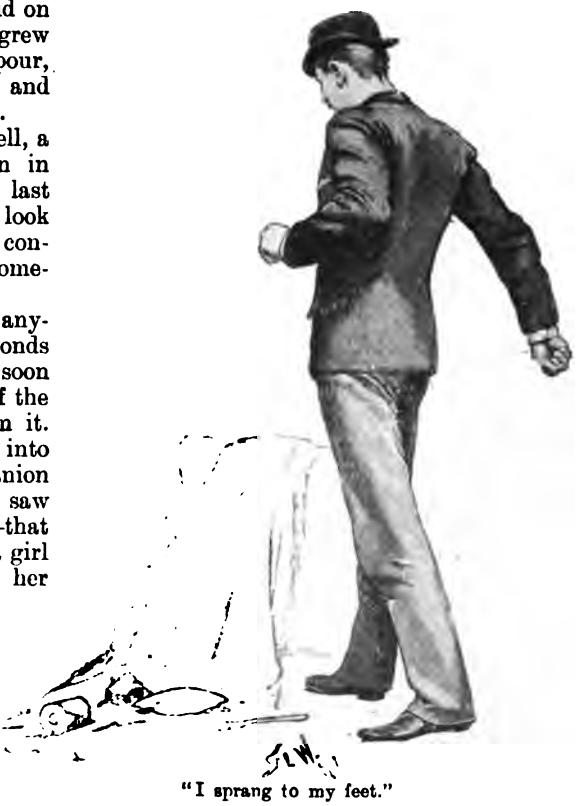
Hardly believing that I should see anything at all I looked. But for some seconds without success. My scepticism, however, soon left me. I saw only the coarse grain of the paper and the thin vapour rising from it. Then the knowledge that I was gazing into a dish vanished. I forgot my companion and the previous conjuring trick. I saw only a picture opening out before me—that of a handsomely furnished room, and a girl sitting in an easy chair crying as if her heart were breaking. The room I had never seen before, but the girl I should have known among a thousand. *It was Phyllis, my sweetheart!*

I looked and looked, and as I gazed at her, I heard her call my name. "Oh, Dick! Dick! come to me!" Instantly I sprang to my feet, meaning to cross the room to her. Next moment I was aware of a loud crash. The scene vanished, my senses came back to me, and to my astonishment I found myself standing alongside the overturned restaurant table. The glass dish lay on the floor shattered into a thousand fragments. My friend, the conjurer, had disappeared.

Having righted the table again, I went downstairs and explained my misfortune. When I had paid my bill I took my departure, more troubled in mind than I cared to confess. That it was only what he had called it, a conjuring trick, I felt I ought to be certain, but still it was clever and uncanny enough, I must own, to render me very uncomfortable.

In vain I tried to drive the remembrance of the scene from my brain, but it would not be dispelled. At length, to satisfy myself, I resolved that if the memory of it remained with me so vividly in the morning I would take the bull by the horns and call at the Métropole to make enquiries.

I returned to my hotel in time for dinner, but still I could not rid myself of the feeling of approaching calamity. Having sent my meal away almost untouched, I called a hansom and drove to the nearest theatre, but the picture of Phyllis crying and calling for me in vain kept me company throughout the performance, and brought me home miserable at the conclusion. All night long I dreamed of it, seeing the same picture again and again, and hearing the same despairing cry, "Oh, Dick! Dick! come to me!"



"I sprang to my feet."

In the morning there was only one thing to be done. Accordingly, after breakfast I set off to make sure that nothing was the matter. On the way I tried to reason with myself. I asked how it was that I, Dick Hatteras, a man who thought he knew the world, should have been so impressed

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with a bit of wizardry as to be willing to risk making a fool of myself before the two last people in the world I wanted to think me one. Once I was almost tempted to turn back, but while the intention held me the picture rose before my mind's eye again, and on I went more determined to solve the mystery than before.

Arriving at the hotel, I paid my cabman off and entered the hall. A gorgeously caparisoned porter stood on the steps, and of him I enquired where I could find Miss Wetherell. Imagine my surprise when he replied:

"*They've left, sir, Started yesterday afternoon, quite suddenly, for Paris, on their way back to Australia!*"

CHAPTER III.

For the moment I could hardly believe my own ears. Gone? When had they gone? Where had they gone? Why had they gone? What could have induced them to leave England so suddenly? I endeavoured to question the hall porter on the subject, but he could tell me nothing save that they had departed for Paris on the previous day, intending to proceed across the Continent in order to catch the first Australian boat at Naples.

Feeling that I should only look ridiculous if I stayed cross-questioning the man any longer, I pressed a tip into his hand and went slowly back to my own hotel to try and think it all out. But though I devoted some hours to a consideration of it, I could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion. The one vital point remained and was not to be disputed—they were gone. But that evening brought me enlightenment in the shape of a letter, written in London and posted in Dover. It ran as follows:

"Monday Afternoon.

"My own Dearest—Something terrible has happened to papa! I cannot tell you what, because I do not know myself. He went out this morning in the best of health and spirits, and returned half an hour ago trembling like a leaf and white as a sheet. He had only strength enough left to reach a chair in my sitting-room before he fainted dead away. When he came to himself again he said, 'Tell your maid to pack at once. There is not a moment to lose. We start for Paris this evening to catch the next boat leaving Naples for Australia.' I said, 'But, papa!' 'Not a word,' he answered. 'I have seen somebody this morning whose presence renders it impossible for us to remain an instant longer in England. Go and pack at once, unless you wish my death to lie at your door.' After that I could, of course, do nothing. I have packed, and now, in half an hour, we leave England again. If I could only see you to say good-bye, but that, too, is impossible. I cannot tell you what it all means, but that it is very serious business that takes us away so suddenly I feel convinced. My father seems frightened to remain in London a minute longer than he can help. He even stands at the window as I write, earnestly scrutinising everybody who enters the hotel. And now, my own——"

But what follows, the reiterations of her affection, her vows to be true to me, etc., etc., could have no possible interest for anyone save lovers. And even those I have, unfortunately, not the leisure now to gratify.

I sat like one stunned. All enjoyment seemed suddenly to have gone out of life for me. I could only sit twirling the paper in my hand and picturing the train flying remorselessly across France, bearing away from me the girl I loved better than all the world. I went to the Park, but the scene there had no longer any interest in my eyes. I went later on to a theatre, but I found no enjoyment in the piece performed. London had suddenly become distasteful to me. I must get out of it, but where could I go? Every place was alike in my present humour. Then one of the original motives of my journey rose before me. And I determined to act on the suggestion.

Next morning I set off for Hampshire to try, if possible, to find my father's old home. What sort of a place it would turn out to be I had not the very remotest idea. But I'd got the address by heart, and, with the help of a Bradshaw, for that place I steered.

Leaving the train at Lyndhurst Road—for the village I was in search of was situated in the heart of the New Forest—I hired a ramshackle conveyance from the nearest innkeeper and started off for it. The man who drove me had lived, so he found early occasion to inform me, in the neighbourhood all his seventy odd years, and it struck him as a humorous circumstance that he had never even been as far as Southampton, a matter of only a few miles by road and ten minutes by rail, in his life.

And that self-same sticking at home is

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one of the things about England and Englishmen that for the life of me I cannot understand. It seems to me—of course, I don't put it forward that I'm right—that a man might just as well be dead as only know God's world for twenty miles around him. It argues a poverty of interest in the rest of creation, I reckon—a sort of mud turtle existence that's neither encouraging nor particularly ornamental. And yet if everybody went a-travelling where would the prosperity of England be? That's a point against my argument, I must confess.

Well, perhaps we'd travelled a matter of two miles when it struck me to ask my charioteer about the place to which we were proceeding, just to find out what he knew about it. Thinks I, perhaps the old party may once have known my father. I'll try him. Waiting till we had passed a load of hay coming along the lane, I put the question to him.

To my surprise he no sooner heard the name than he became as excited as it was possible for him to be.

"Hatteras! Be ye a Hatteras? Well, well, now, dearie me, who'd ha' thought it!"

"Do you know the name so well, then?"

"Ay! ay! I know the name well enough; who doesn't in these parts? There was the old Squire and Lady Margaret when first I remember. Then Squire Jasper and his son, the captain, as was killed in the mutiny in foreign parts—and Master James——"

"James—that was my father's name. James Dymoke Hatteras."

"You Master James' son—you don't say! Well! well! Now to think of that too! Him that ran away from home after words with the Squire and went to foreign parts. Who'd have thought it! Lawksee me! Sir William will be right down glad to see ye, I'll be bound."

"Sir William, and who's Sir William?"

"He's the only one left now, sir. Lives up at the House. Ah, dear! Ah, dear! There's been a power o' trouble in the family these years past."

By this time the aspect of the country was changing. We had left the lane behind us, ascended a short hill, and were now descending it again through what looked to my eyes more like a stately avenue than a public road. Beautiful elms reared themselves on either hand and intermingled their branches overhead; while before us, through a gap in the foliage, we could just make out the winding river, the thatched roofs of the village of which we had come in search lining its banks, and the old grey tower of the church keeping watch and ward over all.

There was to my mind something indescribably peaceful and even sad about that view, a mute sympathy with the Past that I could hardly account for, seeing that I was Colonial born and bred. For the first time since my arrival in England the real beauty of the place came home upon me. I felt as if I could have looked for ever on that quiet and peaceful spot.

When we reached the bottom of the hill, and had turned the corner, a broad, well-made stone bridge confronted us. On the other side of this was an old-fashioned country inn, with its signboard dangling from the house front, and opposite it again a dilapidated cottage lolling beside two iron gates. The gates were eight feet or more in height, made of finely wrought iron, and supported by big stone posts, on the top of which two stone animals, griffins, I believe they are called, holding shields in their claws, looked down in ferocious grandeur. From behind the gates an avenue wound and disappeared into the wood.

Without consulting me, my old charioteer drove into the inn yard, and, having thrown the reins to an ostler, descended from the vehicle. I followed his example, and then enquired the name of the place inside the gates. My guide, philosopher, and friend looked at me rather queerly for a second or two, and then recollecting that I was a stranger in the place, said:

"That be the Hall I was telling 'ee about. That's where Sir William lives!"

"Then that's where my father was born?"

He nodded his head, and as he did so I noticed that the ostler stopped his work of unharnessing the horse, and looked at me in rather a surprised fashion.

"Well, that being so," I said, taking my stick from the trap, and preparing to stroll off, "I'm just going to investigate a bit. You bring yourself to an anchor in yonder, my friend, and don't stir till I come for you again."

He took himself off without more ado, and I crossed the road towards the gates. They were locked, but the little entrance by the tumble-down cottage stood open, and passing through this I started up the drive. It was a perfect afternoon; the sunshine straggled in through the leafly canopy overhead and danced upon my path. To the right were the thick fastnesses of the

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preserves; while on the left, across the meadows I could discern the sparkle of water on a weir. I must have proceeded for nearly a mile through the wood before I caught sight of the house.

Then, what a strange experience was mine. Leaving the shelter of the trees, I opened on to the most superb park the mind of man could imagine. A herd of deer were grazing quietly just before me, a woodman was eating his dinner in the shadow of an oak; but it was not upon deer or woodman that I looked, but rather at the house that stared at me across the undulating sea of grass.

It was a noble building, of grey stone, in shape almost square, with many curious buttresses and angles. The drive ran up to it in a grand sweep, and upon the green that fronted it some big trees reared their stately heads. In my time I'd heard a lot of talk about the stately homes of England, but this was the first time I'd ever set eyes on one. And to think that this was my father's birthplace, the place where my family had lived for centuries. I could only stand and stare at it in sheer amazement.

You see, my father had always been a very silent man, and though he used sometimes to tell us yarns about scrapes he'd got into as a boy; how his father was a very stern man, and had sent him to a public school, because his tutor found him unmanageable, we never thought that he'd been anything very much in the old days—at any rate, not one of such a family as owned this house. To tell the truth, I felt a bit doubtful as to what I'd better do.

Somehow I was rather nervous about going up to the house and introducing myself as a member of the family without any credentials to back my assertion up; and yet, on the other hand, I didn't want to go away and have it always rankling in my mind that I'd seen the old place and been afraid to go inside. My mind once made up, however, off I went, crossed the park, and made towards the front. On nearer approach, I discovered that everything wore the same air of neglect I had noticed at the lodge. The drive was overgrown with weeds; no carriage seemed to have passed along it for ages. Shutters enclosed many of the windows, and where they did not, not one but several of the panes were broken. Entering the great stone porch, in which it would have been possible to seat a score of people, I pulled the antique door-bell, and waited, while the peal re-echoed down the corridors, for the curtain to go up on the next scene in my domestic drama.

Presently I heard footsteps approaching. A lock turned, and the great door swung open. An old man, whose years could hardly have totalled less than seventy, stood before me, dressed in a suit of solemn black, almost green with age. He inquired my business in a wheezy whisper. In reply I asked if Sir William Hatteras were at home. Informing me that he would find out, he left me to cool my heels where I stood, and to ruminate on the queerness of my position. In five minutes or so he returned and signed to me to follow him.

The hall was in keeping with the outside of the building, lofty and imposing. The floor was of oak, almost black with age, the walls were beautifully wainscoted and carved, and here and there tall armoured figures looked down upon me in disdainful silence. But the crowning glory of all was the magnificent staircase that ran up from the centre. It was wide enough and strong enough to take a coach and four, the pillars that supported it were exquisitely carved, as were the bannisters and rails. Half-way up was a sort of landing, from which again the stairs branched off to right and left.

Above this landing-place, and throwing a lovely light down into the hall, was a magnificent stained-glass window, and on a lozenge in the centre of it the arms that had so much puzzled me on the gateway. A nobler hall no one could wish to possess, but brooding over it was the same air of poverty and neglect I had noticed all about the place. By the time I had taken in these things, my guide had reached a door at the further end. Pushing it open he signed to me to enter, and I did so, to find a tall, elderly man of stern aspect awaiting my coming.

He, like his servant, was dressed entirely in black, with the exception of a white tie, which gave his figure a semi-clerical appearance. His face was long and somewhat pinched, his chin and upper lip were shaven, and his snow-white, close-cropped whiskers ran in two straight lines from his jaw up to level with his piercing, hawk-like eyes. He would probably have been about seventy-five years of age, but he did not carry it well. In a low, monotonous voice he bade me welcome, and pointed to a chair, himself remaining standing.

"My servant tells me you say your name is Hatteras?"

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"That is so. My father was James Dymoke Hatteras."

He looked at me very sternly for almost a minute, not for a second betraying the slightest sign of surprise. Then putting his hands together, finger tip to finger tip, as I discovered later was his invariable habit while thinking, he said solemnly:

"James was my younger brother. He misconducted himself gravely in England and was sent abroad. After a brief career of spendthrift extravagance in Australia, we never heard of him again. You may be his son, but then on the other hand, of course, you may not. I have no means of judging."

"I give you my word," I answered, a little nettled by his speech and the insinuation contained in it, "but if you want further proof I've got a Latin book in my portmanteau with my father's name upon the fly leaf, and an inscription in his own writing setting forth that it was given by himself to me."

"A Catullus?"

"Exactly! a Catullus."

"Then I'll have to trouble you to return it to me at your earliest convenience. The book is my property: I paid eighteen-pence for it about eleven o'clock a.m. on the 3rd of July, 1838, in the shop of John Burns, Fleet Street, London. My brother took it from me a week later, and I have not been able to afford myself another copy since."

"You admit then that the book is evidence of my father's identity?"

"I admit nothing. What do you want with me? What do you come here for? You must see for yourself that I am too poor to be of any service to you, and I have long since lost any public interest I may once have possessed."

"I want neither one nor the other. I am an Australian, and I have a sufficient competence to render me independent of anyone."

"Ah! That puts a different complexion on the matter. You say you hail from Australia? And what may you have been doing there?"

"Gold-mining — pearling — bêche-de-mering!"

He came a step closer, and as he did so I noticed that his face had assumed a look of indescribable cunning that was evidently intended to be of an ingratiating nature. He spoke in little jerks, pressing his fingers together between each sentence.

"Gold-mining! Ah! And pearling! Well, well! And I suppose you have been fortunate in your ventures?"

"Very!" I replied, having by this time determined on my line of action. "I daresay my cheque for ten thousand pounds would not be dishonoured by the Bank of England."

"Ten thousand pounds! Ten thousand pounds! Dear me, dear me!"

He shuffled up and down the dingy room, all the time looking at me out of the corner of his eyes, as if to make sure that I was telling him the truth.

"Come, come, uncle," I said, resolving to bring him to his bearings without further waste of time. "This is not a very genial welcome to the son of a long lost brother!"

"Well, well, you mustn't expect too much, my boy! You see for yourself the position I'm in. The old place shut up, going to rack and ruin. Poverty staring me in the face; cheated by everybody. Robbed right and left, not knowing which way to turn. But I'll not be put upon. They may call me what they please, but they can't get blood out of a stone. Can they? Answer me that now!"

I began to see it all as plain as a pikestaff. I mean, of course, the reason of the deserted and neglected house, and his extraordinary behaviour. I rose to my feet.

"Well, uncle—for my uncle you certainly are, whatever you may say to the contrary—I must be going. I'm sorry to find you like this, and from what you tell me I couldn't think of worrying you with my society! I want to see the old church and have a talk with the parson, and then I shall go off never to trouble you again."

He immediately became almost fulsome in his effort to detain me.

"No, no! You mustn't go like that. It's not hospitable. Besides, you mustn't talk with parson. He's a bad lot is parson—a hard man with a cruel tongue. Says terrible things about me does parson. But I'll be even with him yet. Don't speak to him, laddie, for the honour of the family. Now ye'll stay and take lunch with me—pot-luck, of course—I'm too poor to give ye much of a meal; and in the meantime I'll show ye the house and estate."

This was just what I wanted, though I did not look forward with very much pleasure to the prospect of lunch in his company.

With trembling hands he took down an old-fashioned hat from a peg and turned towards the door. When we had passed through it he carefully locked it and dropped the key into his breeches' pocket. Then he

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led the way upstairs by the beautiful oak staircase I had so much admired on entering the house.

When we reached the first landing, which was of noble proportions and must have contained upon its walls nearly a hundred family portraits all coated with the dust of years, he approached a door and threw it open. A feeble light straggled in through the closed shutters, and revealed an almost empty room. In the centre stood a large canopied bed, of antique design. The walls were wainscoted, and the massive chimney-piece was carved with heraldic designs. I enquired what room this might be.

"This is where all our family were born," he answered. "'Twas here your father first saw the light of day."

I looked at it with a new interest. It seemed hard to believe that this was the birthplace of my own father, the man whom I remembered so well in a place and life so widely different. My companion noticed the look upon my face, and, I suppose, felt constrained to say something.

"Ah! James!" he said sorrowfully, "Ye were always a giddy, roving lad. I remember ye well." (He passed his hand across his eyes, to brush away a tear, I thought, but his next speech disabused me of any such notion.) "I remember that but a day or two before ye went ye blooded my nose in the orchard, and the very morning ye decamped ye borrowed half-a-crown of me, and never paid it back."

A sudden instinct prompted me to put my hand in my pocket. I took out half-a-crown, and handed it to him without a word. He took it, looked at it longingly, put it in his pocket, took it out again, ruminated a moment, and then reluctantly handed it back to me.

"Nay, nay! my laddie, keep your money, keep your money. Ye can send me the Catullus." Then to himself, unconscious that he was speaking his thoughts aloud, "It was a good edition, and I have no doubt would bring five shillings any day."

From one room we passed into another, and yet another. They were all alike—shut up, dust-ridden, and forsaken. And yet with it all what a noble place it was—one which any man might be proud to call his own. And to think that it was all going to rack and ruin because of the miserly nature of its owner. In the course of our ramble I discovered that he kept but two servants, the old man who had admitted me to his presence and his wife, who, as that peculiar phrase has it, cooked and did for him. I discovered later that he had not paid either of them wages for some years past, and that they only stayed on with him because they were too poor and proud to seek shelter elsewhere.

When we had inspected the house we left it by a side door, and crossed a courtyard to the stables. There the desolation was, perhaps, even more marked than before. The great clock on the tower above the main building had stopped at a quarter to ten on some long-forgotten day, and a spider now ran his web from hand to hand.

At our feet, between the stones, grass grew luxuriantly, thick moss covered the coping of the well, the doors were almost off their hinges, and rats scuttled through the empty loose boxes at our approach. So large was the place, that thirty horses might have found a lodging comfortably, and as far as I could gather, there was room for half as many vehicles in the coach-houses that bordered either side. The intense quiet was only broken by the cawing of the rooks in the giant elms overhead, the squeaking of the rats, and the low grumbling of my uncle's voice as he pointed out the ruin that was creeping over everything.

Before we had finished our inspection it was lunch time, and we returned to the house. The meal was served in the same room in which I had made my relative's acquaintance an hour before. It consisted, I discovered, of two meagre mutton chops and some home-made bread and cheese, plain and substantial fare enough in its way, but hardly the sort one would expect from the owner of such a house. For a beverage water was placed before us, but I could see that my host was deliberating as to whether he should stretch his generosity a point or two further.

Presently he rose, and with a muttered apology left the room, to return five minutes later carrying a small bottle carefully in his hand. This, with much deliberation and no small amount of sighing, he opened. It proved to be claret, and he poured out a glassful for me. As I was not prepared for such liberality, I thought something must be behind it, and in this I was not mistaken.

"Nephew," said he, "was it ten thousand pounds you mentioned as the amount of your fortune?"

I nodded. He looked at me shyly and cleared his throat to gain time for reflection. Then seeing that I had emptied my

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glass, he refilled it with another scarce concealed sigh, and leant back in his chair.

"And I understand you to say you are quite alone in the world, my boy?"

"Quite! Until I met you this morning I was unaware that I had a single relative on earth. Have I any more connections?"

"Not a soul—only Gwendoline."

without another word or I'll be the death of you."

Without further remonstrance the old man left the room, and I demanded an explanation.

"Good servant, but an impudent rascal, sir! Of course you must see my daughter, my beautiful daughter Gwendoline. He's afraid you'll frighten her, I suppose! Ha!

"He poured out a glassful for me."

"Gwendoline!" I cried, "and who may Gwendoline be?"

"My daughter—your cousin. My only child! Would you like to see her?"

"I had no idea you had a daughter. Of course I should like to see her!"

He left the table and rang the bell. The ancient man-servant answered the summons.

"Tell your wife to bring Miss Gwendoline to us."

"Miss Gwendoline here, sir? You do not mean it sure-lie, sir?"

"Numbskull! Numbskull! Numbskull!" cried the old fellow in an ecstasy of fury that seemed to spring up as suddenly as a squall between the islands, "bring her ha! Frighten my bashful pretty one. Ha! ha!"

Anything so supremely devilish as the dried-up mirth of this old fellow it would be impossible to imagine. His very laugh seemed as if it had to crack in his throat before it could pass his lips. What could his daughter be like, living in such a house, with such companions? While I was wondering I heard footsteps in the corridor, and then an old woman entered and curtseyed respectfully. My host rose and went over to the fireplace, where he stood with his hands behind his back and the same devilish grin upon his face.

"Well, where is my daughter?"

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"Ordered me out of his house"

"Sir, do you really mean it?"

"Of course, I mean it. Where is she?"

In answer the old lady went to the door and called to someone in the hall.

"Come in, dearie. It's all right. Come in, do'ee now, that's a little dear."

But the girl made no sign of entering, and at last the old woman had to go out and draw her in. And then—but I hardly know how to write it. How shall I give a proper description of the—*thing* that entered.

She—if *she* it could be called—was about three feet high, dressed in a shapeless print costume. Her hair stood and hung in a tangled mass on her head, her eyes were too large for her face, and a great patch of beard grew on one cheek, descending almost to a level with her chin. Her features were all awry, and now and again she uttered little moans that were more like those of a wild beast than of a human being. In spite of the old woman's endeavours to make her do so, she would not venture from her side, but stood slobbering and moaning in the half dark of the doorway.

It was a ghastly sight, and one that nearly turned me sick with loathing. But the worst part of it all was the inhuman merriment of her father.

"There, there!" he cried; "had ever man such a lovely daughter? Isn't she a beauty? Isn't she fit to be a prince's bride? Isn't she fit to be the heiress of all this place? Won't the young dukes be asking her hand in marriage? Oh, you beauty! You—but there, take her away—take her away, I say, before I do her a mischief."

The words had no sooner left his mouth

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than the old woman seized her charge and bundled her out of the room, moaning as before. I can tell you there was at least one person in that apartment who was heartily glad to be rid of her.

When the door had closed upon them my host came back to his seat, and with another sigh refilled my glass. I wondered what was coming now. It was not long, however, before I found out.

"Now you know everything! You have seen my home, you have seen my poverty, and you have seen my daughter. What do you think of it all?"

"I don't know what to think!"

"Well, then I'll tell you. That child wants doctors; that child wants proper attendance. She can get neither here. I am too poor to help her in any way. You're rich by your own telling. I have to-day taken you into the bosom of my family, recognised you without doubting your assertions. Will you help me? Will you give one thousand pounds towards settling that child in life? With two thousand it could be managed."

"Will I what?" I cried in utter amazement—dumbfounded by his impudence.

"Will you settle one thousand pounds upon her, to keep her out of her grave?"

"Not one penny!" I cried; "you miserable, miserly old wretch. And, what's more, I'll give you a bit of my mind."

And thereupon I did! Such a talking to as he'd never had in his life before, and one he'd not be likely to forget in a hurry. He sat all the time, white with fury, his eyes blazing, and his fingers quivering with impotent rage. When I had done he ordered me out of his house. I took him at his word, seized my hat, and strode across the hall through the front door, and out into the open air.

But I was not to leave the home of my ancestors without a parting shot. As I closed the front door behind me I heard a window go up, and on looking round there was the old fellow shaking his fist at me from the second floor.

"Leave my house—leave my park, or I'll send for the constable to turn you off. Bah! You came to steal. You're no nephew of mine; I disown you. You're a common cheat—a swindler—an impostor! Go!"

I went. And, leaving the park, walked straight across to the rectory and enquired if I might see the clergyman. To him I told my tale, and, among other things, asked if anything could be done for the child—my cousin. He only shook his head.

"I fear it is hopeless, Mr. Hatteras. The old gentleman is a terrible character, and as he owns half the village, and every acre of the land hereabouts, we all live in fear and trembling of him. We have no shadow of a claim upon the child, and unless we can prove that he actually illtreats it, I'm sorry to say I think there is nothing to be done."

So ended my first meeting with my father's family.

From the rectory I returned to my inn. What should I do? London was a desert to me now that my sweetheart was gone, and every other place seemed as bad. Then an advertisement on the wall of the bar parlour caught my eye:

"For Sale or Hire,
THE YACHT, "ENCHANTRESS."
Ten Tons.
Apply, Screw & Matchem, Bournemouth."

It was just the very thing. I was pining for a breath of sea air again. It was perfect weather for a cruise. I would go to Bournemouth and inspect the yacht at once, and, if she suited me, take her for a month or so. My mind made up, I routed out my Jehu, and set off for the train, never dreaming that by so doing I was taking the second step in that important chain of events that was to affect all the future of my life.

(To be continued.)

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WHAT OUR SISTERS SHOULD WEAR.

FANCY BALLS.

THE love of "dressing-up" is natural to and inborn with every woman. It develops in her babyhood; and even the man-child is not insensible to the charms of playing at being somebody else, or of confiscating his grandfather's hat, cane, and spectacles for the purpose. Can it therefore be wondered at that when little Miss and little Master arrive at years of indiscretion they organise fancy balls, and carry out on a vast scale the follies that at an earlier date were promptly checked by the stern mandate of nursery potentates?

"The play's the thing," and plays wherein we ourselves act parts are at all times more fascinating than those of which we are mere spectators. The question of costume is agitating on such occasions. Character after character, historical or otherwise, is suggested, discussed, and rejected. The small slight girls who desire to appear as Joan of Arc, Britannia, or Boadicea, and the large matronly women to whom the *rôle* of an elf, sprite, or fairy appeals, or who decide on going as the most gigantic "Folly" on record, are easily suited, but there are others endowed with greater sense of the fitness of things and a reasonable desire not to appear ridiculous. For them the choice is a matter of more consideration.

At this time of day to be original without being eccentric is a matter of supreme difficulty, and to the weary searcher after novelty it seems that everything possible to be done has been done over and over again. The heroines of Wagner's operas are not worn quite as threadbare as our familiar Marie Stuarts and Elizabeths. Elsa of Brabant, Isolde, Senta, and Eva all afford opportunity for donning becoming dresses.

It is rash at any time to choose a fancy costume without regard for one's personal appearance. In England and with respect to our everyday wear this lack of sense is frequent, but though its results are fatal to beauty and individual distinction, it cannot carry us to such lengths as when we are free to roam through the centuries, through all time and space indeed, in search of the unfittest.

The essential thing is to say, "Here am I, of such a height and figure, with eyes, hair, and skin of such and such colours, and a certain disposition. What is likely to suit me best? Am I gay, lively, and witty enough to go as Pierette, or Diavolina, or does my style require the gravity of costume of a Quaker maiden or a court lady of the 16th century? Are my neck, arms,

MADAME CHRYSANTHEME.

and features sufficiently correct in outline to warrant me in assuming Greek draperies, or must I aim only at smartness and piquancy?" Having answered these important questions, the rest is comparatively easy.

As a help towards coming to a decision, we give a few sketches of novel fancy dresses in which our readers may find

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inspiration. Take first our *Madame Chrysanthème*. No oblique-eyed tawny Japanese is she, like the dainty dame that Loti drew, but a tall, fair, slender English girl, herself brilliant as a flower. In her dress of silken petals, running through the gamut of shades from pink to deep mauve, sleeves and epaulettes to match, and head crowned by a large chrysanthemum with calyx of green velvet, she looks "as pretty as a picture."

The "Cracker" is an original costume for a bright, merry girl with a fund of repartee and animal spirits. She must by no means be a damp cracker that refuses to go off. The design might be carried out in crimson and gold, in blue and silver, pink and white, or in any other combination of colours at the choice of the wearer. The idea is followed in every detail, head-dress,

THE "CRACKER."

sleeves, and skirt alike recalling the vanished joys of the Christmas dinner-party or the romping of Twelfth Night.

Pierette veuve is a delightful dress, with its coat of black satin, white pompons—a man said in the papers the other day that he did not know what a pompon was!—and loose front of tulle or chiffon, spangled with silver

PIERETTE AS A WIDOW.

tears. The pointed hat with its suspended veil, the black gloves, shoes and silk stockings if sober are elegant, and a dainty lace-edged handkerchief gives the final touch to the dainty equipment of this not unconsolable mourner.

Finally we have an up-to-date lady cyclist, with lamp and badge, "Tam O'Shanter" secured by a novel hat pin, and a general aspect of smartness seldom attained by the dames of the wheel when on the road.

"Electricity" is not too hackneyed, and in white or steel-blue satin, embroidered with zigzags of lightning in gold, an electric light in the hair, would be suitable to almost anyone.

Such characters as England, Ireland, Scotland, or France, Undine, the Seasons, and so forth, have little novelty in the idea, but in carrying out the representation with taste, much variety may be introduced, and very beautiful costumes designed.

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The gentle art of "making-up," let us hope, is not extensively practised. If ever allowable, it surely is on the occasion of a fancy ball, when to look the personage one has elected for the nonce to be, certain additions to or modifications of the natural complexion may be permitted.

And now I am about to make a confession that may cost me the confidence of my readers. I know nothing about make-up—

THE LADY CYCLIST.

that is, nothing practical—and so cannot give them those useful personal "tips"—in this connection one does not like to write "wrinkles"—that are so necessary for the novice. They must not think, however, that I have neglected my duty towards them; no, I have done the best I could under the circumstance in seeking information from a delightfully worldly little French book that has come into my hands, and deals with the profoundest mysteries of the toilette.

The anonymous writer says: — The process of "making-up" requires to be undertaken with extreme care, for nothing can be more dreadful or in worse taste than the face of a woman whereon colours seem to have been laid with a trowel. The first essential for the success of the operation is abundance of light, so that the subject may see herself exactly as she is. Every woman must have the courage to begin by examining her countenance in detail and noting its imperfections, since her object is to remedy these. When the process is over, she must look at herself with unfriendly and critical eyes, and, if possible, in the broad light of day or in a sidelight, for then and then only can she be certain that she has not made of herself a mere painted figure-head. Mirrors reflect only a part of the luminous rays that strike the face, and so conceal in part its imperfections. This must be considered and allowed for.

To obtain a fresh, transparent complexion by artificial means the following course must be pursued:—Instead of beginning with milk-white paint, first spread over the skin a coat of liquid rouge, sufficiently diluted with water to be put on very evenly and in successive layers. Then apply the white, but white of the most absolute transparency is necessary. It may be had of a kind that shows through it even the tiniest blue veins. If the complexion be naturally florid, white paint alone will suffice. Liquid paints have not the drawback of plastering the skin and producing those motionless masks of colour that ruin the facial expression. Always put on too little paint rather than too much. Never use pink paints or powders, which give a violet or bluish tinge to the complexion. Before retiring to rest remove the make-up with strawberry cold cream or cream of cucumbers.

When rouging, if the face be thin and worn, apply the rouge low down and far back on the cheeks. Should the face, on the contrary, be over full and round, place the rouge high up and near the nose. Be careful to soften off the edges.

Blue paints and pencils are sold to accentuate the veins. This operation, like the preceding, must be conducted with the utmost delicacy. For the eyebrows never use pencils, which destroy the hairs and produce an unnatural effect. Dark powder sold for the purpose is far superior, or even soot lightly laid on with a camel's hair brush.

To make-up the eyelashes sprinkle a few drops of kohl on a tooth brush and close the lashes upon it. A very fine line may be drawn with soot or kohl from the centre of the under eyelid to the outer corner of the eye.

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AN EVENING GOWN—(*See the next page*).

[*Drawn by St. Clair Simmons.*

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The great danger in all "make-up" is, however, the danger of overdoing it, of "turning dimples into wrinkles," as Westland Marston said. Those who habitually "make-up" grow accustomed to the look of their own faces and pile on powder or colour to a ridiculous extent without being at all conscious of it.

One of the worst effects of the process on the skin is the multiplication of acne or "blackheads," resulting from the blocked-up pores. It must be remembered, moreover, that all complexion pigments are not harmless. Everyone has heard of the Countess of Coventry, who painted herself to death at the age of twenty-six. But without seeking so extreme a case, lead-poisoning and paralysis have not infrequently resulted from the incautious use of harmful cosmetics.

An Evening Gown.

The illustration by Mr. St. Clair Simmons shows a pretty gown at Viola's, 27, Albemarle Street, W. The bodice is of the new "mirrored moiré" silk. It is drawn up in front, terminating on either side in a bow, where it is secured by a twist of pale green velvet. The vest is of the same colour, under écru lace. The sleeves are very full, with a cape of velvet and heavy écru lace, appliquéd together, falling over them, and continuing round the back. The skirt is of plain black satin, cut in the latest Parisian style.

SOME EVENING DRESSES.

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See "The Grey Lady," by Henry Seton Merriman, page 278.

"A MAN ALL EYES AND STERN RESOLVE."

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C. Reid.] YAK CROSSING A HILL. *[Wishaw.*

THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD'S PETS.

By LOUIS WAIN.*

(With some Photographs specially taken by Her Grace the Duchess of Bedford.)

THE first impression a stranger receives on viewing the great home of the Russells is a feeling of absolute repose. Everything combines to produce this effect — the fine unpretentious front, severe in classical massing, backed by elms and the famous Woburn beeches of immense growth and immemorial age, the delightful park-land lying around, the graceful deer wandering undisturbed among the quiet glades, all speak an atmosphere of eternal peace. Passing through the gateway, embedded in firs and laurels, a short walk brings one close to Woburn Great House; but before one even enters the massive old hall, one encounters some of the many pets to which the charming mistress of Woburn is so devoted.

On a smooth lawn in front, from which the thick snow has been cleared, throngs of gossiping, chattering birds are making the most of an hour or two of bright winter sunshine; tits are grubbing about with praiseworthy industry; starlings and thrushes hop superciliously among plebeian sparrows, while robins try to sing each other out of countenance on neighbouring branches.

From a photograph taken by] THE CHINESE DAIRY POND AT WOBURN ABBEY. *[The Duchess of Bedford.*

Once indoors, we pass down the scarlet corridors, hung with many famous family

* Copyright, by Louis Wain, 1895.

portraits, to the Duchess of Bedford's sitting-room, which, by courtesy, is also the cats'

"THE CATS'" SITTING-ROOM AT WOBURN ABBEY.
From a photograph taken by [*The Duchess of Bedford.*

boudoir, and here we are introduced to a few of the more distinguished members of a very important section of the family circle.

Curled up in a cosy arm-chair is a smug, contented-looking, long-haired, half-bred cat, who, despite his mixed ancestry, has caught nature in her kindliest moments, and, as the result, rejoices in a perfect wealth of silver grey fur. His name is the most unromantic, "Tommy," but his manners are expressive more of the Bubastian deity, who looks down upon all cats as minioned subjects from among the mystic gods. Perhaps in years to come—far beyond the present seven of his earthly existence — he may pass into the realms of memory's fantasy, as much a deity in his own right as any earthly monument can make him, for he comes first among his peers in his mistress's affections, and his loss would be a sad blow to her.

On a fur rug a really royal Siamese cat sits, blinking in the glow and glint of the fire. His glossy coat is of a cream and mouse-brown colour, while his eyes are of a pale-blue mauve. It would be difficult to find "Goblin's" match at a show or elsewhere in this country; small wonder that he is a popular sprite. Yet his grave, innocent expression of countenance is a huge fraud, for at any moment he is ready to sacrifice the whole of his dignity at one fell swoop for a romp and a scramble, despite the four years which he numbers.

"Bogie," a whole-colour, very dark-brown cat, is likewise a Siamese, and a vixen into the bargain. She has a philosophy of her own in regard to the treatment of furniture, and will play sad havoc with silk, damask, and even "down" cushions when she gets the chance. Consequently she is usually banished to an upper storey, or the grass lawn, whereon to work her wicked wiles.

A famous reddish-yellow, long-haired tabby—a mere big, overgrown baby of a cat—sits near the fire, spooning and purring for notice, as is the way with those unconscionable cats who crave for notoriety. Very celebrated is "Bill," whose donor was Lord William Beresford, and hence to all his friends and familiars he is universally known as "Bill Beresford."

Other cats are frequently permitted to join

"GOBLIN."

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"TOMMY."

the house or garden party, but some, alas! are by nature so indigenously and irretrievably wicked that their sojourn in polite society has to be of very limited duration. "Bigit," for example, is on the roll of the tabooed; he is a sullen Siamese, who lives happily enough in exile, where twenty-five guinea pheasants are unknown, and the larder door balks his sportive inclinations, and where his liberties are entirely circumscribed to the domestication of home life alone.

Before finally leaving the cats, mention must be made of their appropriate surroundings. The walls of their comfortable room are hung with a happy selection of pictures, among which one specially notices Landseer's "Head of a Retriever holding a pheasant;" a bright treasure of perfect fur, by Madame Ronner—one of her prettiest cat paintings; and a large canvas of two fox terriers watching a snarling kitten. We give a passing word to a pet parrot, and then leave the pussies to their slumbers, and "Polly" to his own wise and noisy cogitations.

"BILL."

Wandering through corridors and state apartments, which are a succession of picture galleries, we stay to admire the celebrated Landseer, "Chevy Chase," in the Queen's bedroom, and his earlier "Deer in Woburn Park," in the Queen's dressing-room. These are seen to great advantage in the beautiful apartments, where white and heavily gilt ceiling and walls harmonise to perfection with the rich pale blue and yellow draperies and

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tapestries of the Louis XV. period. Further on we came to the Prince Consort's dressing-room, filled with pictures in undying record of family history.

We next arrive at the Great Saloon, on the stately walls of which hang priceless paintings by Rembrandt, Rubens, Murillo, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. The Vandyke Room follows, then the wonderful collection of Canalettis set decoratively in the walls of a fine room: beyond this is the suite of library rooms and a picture gallery, and here is the veritable stick with which Lord William Russell walked to the scaffold.

THE QUEEN'S BEDROOM AT WOBURN ABBEY.
From a photograph taken by [*The Duchess of Bedford.*

Woburn also possesses and treasures an ebony stick elaborately inlaid throughout its whole length with ivory, and left in the house by Charles II.

Yet another interesting memory is the Museum Room, with its series of rare casts, typical of good and bad bred stock, and representative of many types and breeds; its bronze of the Duchess of Bedford's Arab horse; its relics, collected by many hands; even a box full of cigars given by the great Von Moltke finding a prominent place in the collection; and finally the genealogical tree, in gilt and gauds of the great Russell family, occupies a whole wall to itself.

The house forms a large quadrangle and has scarcely a window above ground which does not look out on shining lakes and an extensive wealth of flower gardens, or protective woodlands of grand old fir, elm, and oak, with cover that is proverbial for the richness and quality of its wood and game.

From the house to the stables (the latter almost as extensive as the house itself) is but a walk across the snow-covered sward, skirting a gigantic cedar. A lift of the latch opens the door into the harness-room, and here hang saddles of very early date side by side with others of the latest and most improved workmanship.

The horses are never ending; you see some of them at most times out exercising. At the entrance to each set of stables a basket of carrot slips is placed on a ledge, and many a head is turned wistfully eyeing the coveted feast. Almost the first to lick the hand that feeds him, by way of thanks, is a well-groomed gentle zebra, who remains unnamed for the present. She is ridden in the riding school by a boy, but it takes two people to lead her at the same time.

Many old friends whose days are numbered live out their span in comfort and peace, a plate at the back of their stalls records the name of each.

One named "Smut" is a deep-chested carriage horse, his early years were spent as a fly hack at Tavistock; he must have found himself transported to Elysian hap-

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THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD AND "HALPHA," AN ARAB HORSE.

C. Reid,] [*Wishaw.*

Here, as elsewhere, everything is neatness and cleanliness itself. Undoubtedly the greatest attraction is "Rollo," the dignified St. Bernard, who is a descendant of the celebrated "Barry." A young retriever likewise comes in for a liberal share of notice; his curly black coat is phenomenal in its depth of colour and length. He is a great favourite, and will retrieve and clear the gun in record time. The other dogs are too numerous to admit of a detailed description.

Another move takes us to one of the lakes, where it is strange to see a grave crane standing at the iced water edge interested in the antics of the skaters, whom he allows to approach within a couple of yards without showing any signs of wildness or distress. In the early summer mornings he will have many companions of more nervous temperament,

piness in comparison when installed at Woburn, his dreams must all happiness combine, and so with many others. One who can only bite with an odd tooth takes time over his dainty; another, however, feasts greedily, but with many a sigh.

"Hussar," a favourite charger, stands with ears perked, the *beau idéal* of military type; he is of a rich chestnut in colour.

But the horse of all is the illustrious chestnut David, who stands all *verve* and vigour, with outstretched neck, his ears full back—a characteristic of well-bred chestnuts when they are fed by-the-bye. David is indeed a wonder, a fine-built horse to look at, with forelegs well placed. Report has it that he will take anything, be it gate, bullfinch, or stream; up or down hill his pace is true and untiring.

A couple of miniature Indian bulls occupy a stall to themselves. It is their mission in life to draw a diminutive carriage for the Marquis of Tavistock. Still, the horses are many, and "Kildare" must be seen before the corner can be rounded which brings one to the kennels.

"HUSSAR."

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to whom the lake offers a greater variety of fish than the dripping glens.

Bearing away to a dip, through well-

"DAVID."

trimmed yew and box beds, there suddenly bursts from the cover of a fir a wonderful Reeve's pheasant, rich in lustrous hues of many gorgeous colours, breaking away in a tail that trails the ground a full five feet length from the body. His agitation is accounted for by the presence of Her Grace herself, whom he follows "willy nilly," altering his pace and movement with every lead that is given him, chattering the whole time with much quivering of wing and tail, and with such energy as to bring upon the scene a couple of Wallick, or Chinese-eared pheasants.

The Reeve's pheasant is "at home" on the crags of the Himalayas. In China the blood of this bird is reputed poisonous, so much so that the mandarins are said to dip the corner of a handkerchief in it to suck when degradation places their heads in jeopardy, a dishonour they are anxious to avert should gold be insufficient to buy them life.

A short, sharp walk brings us to a paddock, wherein is enclosed a family of nylghai, or Indian blue cow, a Manchurian deer, some Japanese deer, and a couple of pigmy goats, queer little things, who make

"ROLLO" (ST. BERNARD.)

a great show of courage in their domestic quarrels, but are as docile as the nylghai, at whose heels they are ever to be found. The nylghai bull was sent away on account of his temper; the rest of the family fared well enough in the severest weather to warrant the assumption that they may ultimately thrive and roam at large in the park.

Freedom, Her Grace finds, subjects the most savage of animals to the fear of man, whilst confinement in cramped spaces will fire their vicious instincts to untamable savagery. In the endeavour to acclimatise many rare specimens of foreign deer and birds, this view of wild life has governed the method pursued at Woburn, where whole

THE MARQUIS OF TAVISTOCK AND "GOBLIN."

From a photograph taken by [*The Duchess of Bedford.*

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hillsides and large covers are enclosed, and the animals rove undisturbed.

As may be expected under the circumstances, walking from enclosure to enclosure almost means passing milestones on the way, but the results are well worth the trouble. We must stay to inspect a trio of alligators. The youngest, a yard in length, is known to be twenty years old, and the largest is thrice his bulk. Their fierceness knows no bounds as they turn hissing towards a stranger.

Again fine woodlands flank the path, and coneys tumble through the half snow-covered bracken, a blackbird darts from a

ZEBRA.

From a photograph taken by [*The Duchess of Bedford.*

thick-rooted oak, a pheasant clatters down the vale, partridge coveys, flushed from a hollow, drum the air for a pace, then float to earth again.

Leaving the fields and turning to the highway, one notices the constant and continuous improvements made on the all but unwieldy estate; the great roads, the pride of the place, levelled and kept like an athletic race track for miles; the upturned earth marking channels that are to complete a monster drainage scheme; the many changes bordering the estate, which include fine homesteads growing into model farms.

The people around show keen intelligence (though deploring their lack of a railway), and Woburn's great estate is, for general activity, an oasis in a deserted, failing country-side. The very simplicity which

CURLY BLACK RETRIEVER.

accentuates the grandeur of the Great House is reflected in the lives and ways of its host and hostess. The Duke's name, like the active squire of old, is the byword for blessings.

A cut across the park brings one to the Home Farm, with its weeping-willow duck ponds. Here Bennet's Wallaby, a small kangaroo, has bred and multiplied in the open, having for companions the queer jumping Patagonian cavey, the tender brockets, barking deer, and the Reeve's muntjacs.

Another enclosure is given over to two very rare Chinese Père David deer, which were most difficult to obtain, and are the only two known specimens in Europe at the present moment. Like the reindeer, they possess large cleft hoofs, which clink with every stride. The other occupants include two eland antelopes, a bevy of fine gallinules (purple water hens), a number of spotted-

MANCHURIAN DEER.

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ELAND ANTELOPES.

From a photograph taken by [*The Duchess of Bedford.*

billed ducks, a couple of Sarus cranes—rare ranters when disturbed—and finally an ibex.

A foot-aching walk strikes the reindeer enclosure of some hundreds of acres. The reindeer come down in a crowd to greet one with melancholy soft eyes. They are difficult to feed, as "the reindeer moss," which is their food, is less abundant in this country than in their own, and it is hard to get anything like enough to keep them entirely on. They will not often eat hay or corn; and they soon die of indigestion.

Here they have many companions, among them the axis, the hog, the molucca, and the Indian Sambur deer, the latter a difficult fellow to deal with in maturity. Three great wapiti resent the presence

THE HORSE-TAILED DEER.

of human beings, so the black buck antelopes, the lithe and sprightly chamois, the burrhel, audad, and moufflon sheep, and the kiang, the wild ass of Persia, have to be viewed from outside the railings.

THE RARE "PÈRE DAVID" DEER (CHINA.)

LADY AMHERST'S PHEASANT.

Still another enclosure has to be visited to get a sketch of the horse-tailed deer, who shares with "Père David" the honour of gracing Europe with his solitary presence.

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He is an acquisition. In size he resembles a small Sambur; he has not the powerful frame of the Père Davids nor quite their distinction.

The ponds, swarming with beautiful ducks collected from all parts of the world, are many. But espying a wired-in copse crowning a hill, the temptation to search its depths became too strong to be resisted. The walk up through a heavy snowdrift and thorny bramble shoots proved none too easy.

An occasional splash of colour lights up the silent wood for an instant. Now it is the Lineated

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD WITH BARKING DEER.
From a photograph taken by [*The Duchess of Bedford.*

SAMBUR DEER.

pheasant, recognised by the curious drumming noise made with his wings. He is from Siam, a bird of spotted greys, red wattles, and black breast. Another rustle brings into view a Chinee, of brilliant hues —tangled golds and bright reds, splashed with white markings, and glinting in the light—who, getting excited, blows out his large blue wattles and rushes for cover. Temminck's Tragopan is surely name enough to cover all his sins, though they be Chinese!

The sharpest-sighted and most cunning of all the pheasants, the black-backed Kaleege, is disturbed by chance. Lady Amherst's pheasant should be about, but with characteristic modesty it keeps its green, gold, and white plumage in hiding. Another beautiful bird daring the dull drabs of our winter woods is the Monuale pheasant, gorgeous in blue and brown plumage, and fresh from the lofty ridges of the Himalayas. He knows no fear, but cranes his neck among the stubble heads rounding a corner of box and laurel, refusing to budge for some time.

And now the short winter day is nearly over. One last look at the woods, where a kestrel is fluttering and swaying on a pine tree, and then we make our way back to a region of comforting fires and open-handed hospitality. Once more Woburn Abbey appears in sight—this time it stands out against a background of fiery sunset, which all too soon fades into a purple mistiness, to be finally lost in night.

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TO·THE·CUCKOO

WELCOME, CUCKOO!
MAY LOVE LEARN
LESSONS FROM YOUR FOND RETURN.
THOUGH YOUR GOLDEN NOTES ADIEU
PAIN OUR HEARTS AT LOSS OF YOU
EV'RY SPRING WE FIND YOU TRUE.
WELCOME!

HAPPY MINSTREL
BACK AGAIN
DROPPING LYRICS IN THE LANE
WE WHOSE HERITAGE OF STAR
FROM YOUR HOME IS DISTANT FAR
LOVE YOU AND YOUR MELLOW BAR.
WELCOME!

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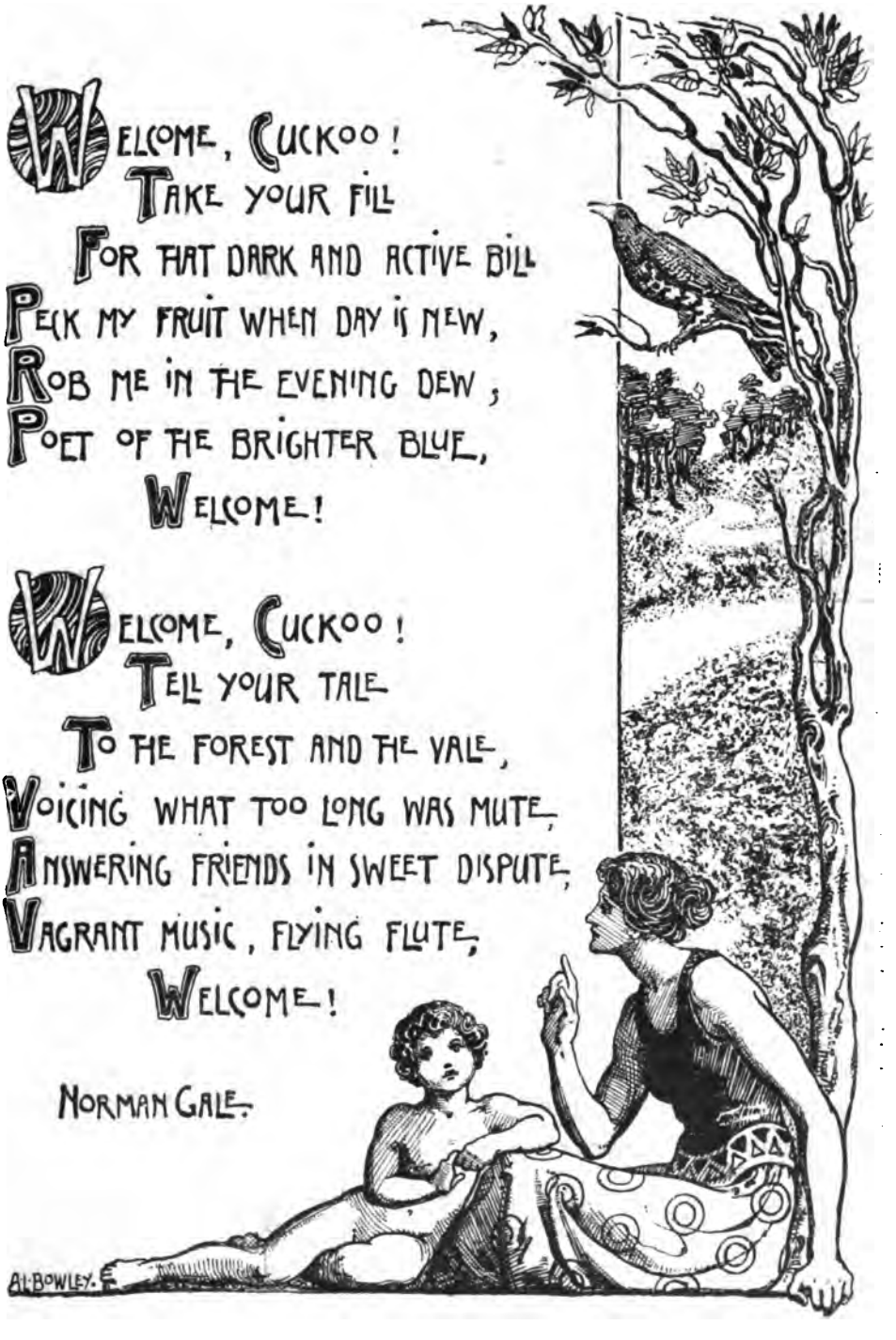

WELCOME, CUCKOO!
TAKE YOUR FILL
FOR THAT DARK AND ACTIVE BILL
PECK MY FRUIT WHEN DAY IS NEW,
ROB ME IN THE EVENING DEW;
POET OF THE BRIGHTER BLUE,
WELCOME!

WELCOME, CUCKOO!
TELL YOUR TALE
TO THE FOREST AND THE VALE,
VOICING WHAT TOO LONG WAS MUTE,
ANSWERING FRIENDS IN SWEET DISPUTE,
VAGRANT MUSIC, FLYING FLUTE,
WELCOME!

NORMAN GALE.

AL. BOWLEY.

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By BARRY PAIN.*

Illustrated by GEORGE HUTCHINSON.

I KNEW Charles Backerton Salemaker fairly intimately. He was a young man, mild-eyed, fair-haired, good-tempered, and—before he went on to the staff of *Home Happiness*—conscientious. He was fond of describing himself as a good all-round journalist. I was one of the people who saw him last before his unfortunate and mysterious disappearance; and as far as anyone can know why he disappeared, I know it.

I think the trouble really began when *Home Happiness*, an excellent magazine, supplied a long-felt want. The very first number supplied it fully; after that first number hardly anybody seemed to want any more. The streets of London were filled with crowds of people who were doing without the last issue of *Home Happiness*, and not minding it. Wherever the English language — or any other language — was spoken, there were earnest men and women who had never heard of the magazine, and did not even want to hear of it. And yet the editor was a man of talent. When hardly anybody bought his second number, he sent round a paragraph to the other papers to the effect that their esteemed contemporary, *Home Happiness*, was rapidly securing the first place among weekly journals of the domestic class. It is true that the other papers never inserted that paragraph, not considering it to be altogether funny enough, but still the thing showed enterprise. Then again, when the third number did not sell quite so well as the second, he advertised *Home Happiness* at all the railway stations as "A success unprecedented in the history of journalism!" Some people called this also enterprise, and some called it something shorter. And, finally, the editor did a very clever thing when he secured, at a moderate salary, the services of Charles Backerton Salemaker. Salemaker loved work; he worked willingly, and he was—at one time, at any rate—a conscientious man.

The paper started its first number with great profusion. In return for his salary, Salemaker was asked to write only one column a week, a column entitled "Politics for Papa." I know that he was uneasy about this, thinking and saying that he was afraid he was not really doing enough for the money he received. However, he did that column well. Any Liberal or any Conservative who read it would have found nothing with which it was possible to disagree. Salemaker said that it was written from the independent standpoint. Subsequently expenses were cut down; journalists fell off the staff of that paper like leaves before the blast, and their work was assigned to Salemaker without increase of salary.

When the art critic went, it was Salemaker who was appointed to write that delightful column "Through the Picture Galleries." "And this," he said to me, "gives me great pleasure, for I have never before had it practically recognised that I know something

* Copyright by Barry Pain, 1895.

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about art." I could understand that, and told him so. I do not think he was quite so pleased when he was given a third column to do every week, because the third column was called "Notes for the Nursery." "However," he said, "one can always read up a subject." He bought two second-hand medical works on the treatment of children, and quoted them alternately. The two medical works were diametrically opposed to each other on several important points, and in consequence there was a little trouble. He also invented a new game for infants,

"'It's a terrible business,' he exclaimed, as he came in."

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to be played with wax matches, and the editor got a furious post-card saying that if the author of "Notes for the Nursery" had the feelings of a mother, she would never have advocated a game which must lead to phosphorus-poisoning and incendiarism in the end. Salemaker said that he would be more careful in future, and the editor—to show that he still had confidence in him—gave him two more columns to write every week.

I met him in the street a fortnight afterwards, and he was not looking quite as enthusiastic as usual. "Well," I said, "how's the paper, and have you got the feelings of a mother yet?"

"The paper is beginning to turn the corner," he said. "It'll do very well in time. Of course, there is none of the silly extravagance that there was at first. The staff has been very much reduced."

"Then who does the work?"

"Well, I write eight columns for every number myself now, and the editor does most of the rest. Of course, it's no hardship to me; a good all-round journalist does not want to be tied down to one subject. Besides, the paper *is* practically turning the corner now."

I advised him not to overwork himself, and he hurried away to the office; I thought he seemed paler and thinner than he used to be.

That night, after dinner, I was alone in my chambers, when suddenly Salemaker arrived.

"It's a terrible business!" he exclaimed, as he came in at the door. He did not look himself. He seemed indignant and distraught. He was wearing his hat very much on the back of his head. I gently removed his hat, made him sit down, gave him something to smoke, and asked him what was the matter.

"It's a perfectly terrible business. I've just come from the office. I wanted to consult you," he said, rather incoherently.

"I see," I said. "The success unprecedented in the history of journalism is going to stop—going to put up its poor, unhappy shutters."

"Nothing of the kind. The paper is now, as a matter of fact, definitely turning the corner."

"Do you know," I asked, "that you've already told me that twice to-day?"

He sighed.

"Have I?" he said drearily. "Very likely. I've got into the habit of saying it whenever I hear the paper mentioned. Let me tell you what's happened. We've got a column in the paper called 'The Height of Fashion,' a column for women, you understand."

"Quite so."

"Well, it used to be written by a lady journalist, a Miss Catling. It was one of the most popular features of the paper. Now the editor, on the plea of economy, has turned her off, or, rather, asked her to write gratuitously. She says she won't work for nothing, and she doesn't care. She says she shall go and be a new woman, and write an improper novel. You can see she's cut up about it."

"Well," I said, "I'm sure your sympathy with her does you credit, and if the editor discontinues the most popular feature, it may retard the progress of the paper, but after all——"

"Stop!" he said irritably, "that isn't it at all. 'The Height of Fashion' is to

"'Stop!' he said irritably, 'that isn't it at all.'"

come out every week as usual, but the scandalous—the absurd—I may say the unspeakable thing about it is, that *I've got to write it.*" He laughed bitterly. "I, Charles Backerton Salemaker—*moi qui vous parle*—have got to write a fashion article for women. Think of it! Picture it!"

"Why don't you protest?"

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"Protest? What else do you think I've been doing at the office except protesting? Heaven knows I don't mind work. I give them plenty for their money. I write the politics, the art, and the nursery notes, and other things besides, and I've never complained. I told you that I did eight columns a week. That was a lie. I wrote eleven then, and I have just had two more put on to me. 'The Height of Fashion' makes the thirteenth. I lied to you because I was ashamed to say how much I did. I had high principles once, but *Home Happiness* has about done for them. You see, publishers won't send us books for review—say they've never heard of us. Theatre managers won't send us tickets. What's the consequence? I review books I've never read, and criticise plays I've never seen; I always notice them favourably, and so I've never been found out. Last night I wrote an obituary of a man who isn't dead, and some 'Genuine Experiences of a Detective,' which I never was. But that was honesty itself compared with what the editor wants now. Besides," he added, more quietly and reflectively, "it will be a very difficult thing to write that article without being bowled out."

I said that the subject was probably much easier than was generally supposed. I had known some girls who appeared to be singularly, impressively stupid, and yet they thoroughly understood fashions.

"Ah, yes," he said, "it is not so much a question of brains as a question of instinct. All women have the instinct. You think the subject easy? I'll guarantee you don't even understand the elements of it, the mere question of structure, letting alone ornamentation. Here's a thing which may happen any day, and I've seen it myself: The top half of a woman's dress has two rows of buttons and button-holes; one row is genuine, practical, and works; the other row is pure 'fake,' just put on out of exuberance. Can you tell me which is which? No, you can't, and I can't, but a girl of twelve could without looking. Then there are dresses which can never be put on at all—at least, one would say so if there wasn't a woman inside them. How did the woman get there? The only possible explanation is that she was melted down, poured in through the collar, and allowed to set. I say that it is the only possible explanation, but I am perfectly well aware that it is not the right one. And you can't tell me the right one. I don't know and can't find out the bare elements of the subject."

"Then why didn't you tell the editor so?"

"I did," said Salemaker, pacing excitedly up and down the room. "He's a married man, and has got two sisters into the bargain to my certain knowledge. He lives in the atmosphere of it. He would only have to leave the women in a room together, and nature would do the rest. They would begin to talk clothes, and he could have his clerk at the keyhole to take it all down in shorthand. That would give him something to go upon. As for me, I have not got one living female relation. However, he wouldn't hear of doing it himself. He said he had enough to do already. He told me that a good all-round journalist could write any article on anything."

"You said yourself once that you would tackle any subject if you were allowed half an hour to read it up."

"Certainly, but this is the one subject that you can't read up. You can't get it out of a book, because any book upon the subject would be out of date before it could be published."

"Can't you get it out of other papers?"

"Even then you can't be certain of being up to date. I tell you—and you can believe it or not, as you like—that the shape of a sleeve has been known to change completely in a single night. Of course, the other papers would give me the right vocabulary — words like 'selvage,' and 'ruching,' and things of that kind."

"M'yes. They wouldn't tell you what they meant."

"No. There you are again; the thing's too difficult."

"Look here," I said, "you must know some good-natured woman of the world—one of the kind that likes young men—one of the kind that believes that journalism is connected with authorship, and authorship is connected with romance. You had better go to her, tell her frankly what your position is, and ask her——"

He interrupted me. "You are being perfectly useless to me," he said, with clenched teeth and studied calm. "If you know me at all, you must know that I would sooner be boiled alive in non-corrosive ink and have my blue-black carcase eaten by half-caste Kaffirs, than let any woman of my acquaintance know that I had been even asked to do anything so presumptuous and immodest. If I attempt this article at all,

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it will be to prove to the editor that I really am an all-round journalist, and you must understand that I don't want it talked about."

"Certainly. But if you're going to write the article, how do you propose to get your information?"

"I can't say exactly. I shall look in the windows of the big shops, and take notes of the people in the Park. Then the managers of the shops would tell me something in return for a gratuitous advertisement. I thought, perhaps, you might have some other notion."

"No," I said, "I'm afraid I am not of much use. However, I can say that I am sincerely sorry for you."

He shook my hand warmly on leaving, and thanked me. "If anything should happen," he said hopelessly, "it will, at any rate, be a consolation to me that I have had your sympathy. Good-night." He had no sooner shut the door behind him than he opened it again, and put his head in, "You don't happen to know what a basque is, do you?" he asked in a melancholy voice, "No? Well, it doesn't matter. It's only one thing out of many. Good-night again." He looked very depressed, as if he had some presentiment that he had undertaken a task beyond his powers, and evil would come of it.

Three times on the following day I saw Salemaker. The first time was in the morning, outside the Law Courts. He was walking very fast in the direction of the west, and seemed more energetic than on the previous day. He came up to me, and said at once in rather a peremptory way, "What's accordion-pleating?"

I confessed that I didn't know.

"That's just like you," he said impatiently. "You never *do* know anything. I can't stop."

He hurried on. I noticed that he was carrying under his arm two or three of the feminine journals.

Later in the day I found him staring into the windows of a big shop in Regent Street where they sold bonnets. As for his appearance, I can only say that he looked like a desperate man. "I am glad to see you," he said gloomily. "If you'd come a minute later, it would have been all over. I should have broken that window, thrown

"'You don't happen to know what a basque is?' he asked, in a melancholy voice."

the bonnets and things into the street and trampled on them. I have been thinking about doing it for the last five minutes."

"Look here, Salemaker," I said, "you've been over-working yourself. You wouldn't get yourself into this condition if you didn't take things so seriously."

"I'll give you a sovereign," he replied, "to stick your foot through that window. Go on. Do it. Nobody's looking. I can't do it myself, because it would injure the

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paper if I got into the police-courts. You've got no position to speak of, and it wouldn't matter if you did it. If you don't want the sovereign, do it out of friendship. There's a hat at the back trimmed with two shoe-buckles and a split humming-bird. If I could tear that in half and throw it under an omnibus I should feel better."

"Control yourself," I said firmly, "I'm going to take you to the club, and give you tea, and, so far as it is humanly possible, stop you from behaving like a lunatic. What have you been doing all day?"

"I have been collecting material for an article entitled 'The Height of Fashion.' That's what has brought me to this. You won't do this little thing to oblige me? Just what I thought. You call yourself a Bohemian, and as a matter of fact you're eaten up with respectability."

With some difficulty I persuaded him to come with me to the club. There I gave him tea and consolatory cigarettes. When he was a little calmer, I pressed him to tell me his experiences. He did so, with some reluctance.

"I began," he said, "by going to Bond Street. I found a window there with just the right kind of clothes in it. They were so ugly as to be almost indecent. That was why I knew they were all right; they couldn't have been exhibited at all if they hadn't had style. They must have been simply saturated with style. Besides, Bond Street's always all right, anyhow. So I pulled out my note-book, and it was just then I saw her with her green eyes fixed on me."

"What her?"

"Miss Catling. Didn't I mention it? I believe she must have been lying in ambush there. She saw, of course, what I was doing, saw it at a glance. I was doing her work. She just bowed, and came at me like an angry cow. I took off my hat and walked quickly away. She pursued. I quicked my pace, and got on to an omnibus. She got on to another omnibus immediately behind it. I waited a few seconds, and then stepped off my 'bus. So I got clear away."

"But how? When she saw you get off the one 'bus, why didn't she get off the other, if she wanted to catch you?"

"Because she had paid her penny and couldn't bring herself to take less than the full pennyworth. Women mostly like value for their money. I had counted on that. As I say, I had got clear off, but I believe the incident spoilt my nerve. After that I had no intention of going anywhere in particular, but I found myself in front of another big shop window in Oxford Street. I pulled myself together. I decided to go in, say that I wanted the latest news about the fashions, and offer in return for the information a gratuitous advertisement of the firm. Well, I went in. Inside there was a tall stately man. He smiled at me just as if he wanted to be a friend to me, and yet all the time his stateliness seemed to be a kind of bar between us."

Here Salemaker paused, and buried his head in his hands.

"Well," I said, "what next?"

"I lost my pluck suddenly. I tried to speak about *Home Happiness*, but I couldn't. He asked me what he could have the pleasure of doing for me, and I stammered out something about elastic. It was the only thing I could think of. He took me up to a counter with a proud, beautiful girl behind it, and I said, 'Elastic, please.' The girl said, 'How many yards would you require?' I didn't know anything about that, and so I said twopennyworth. Then I thought that seemed rather a poor thing to say to a girl in that position, and so I altered it to sixpennyworth. She said, 'Certainly, and what kind of elastic?' How was I to know that there were two kinds of elastic? However, I said, 'The kind they use for catapults.' She went behind a sort of desk, and stopped there patiently for some time. She may have gone there to laugh, or she may not. After a few minutes she came back and remarked, 'Elastic you said, I think?' Then she began to measure it out. I took it away in a whitey-brown paper parcel, and everybody stared at me. When I got outside the shop I threw the parcel down on the pavement, in a fit of irritation, I suppose. A boy picked it up and handed it back to me again. Then I went on to the Park. I thought I might make some notes of the dresses there, and also get rid of the parcel. I sat down on a chair, paid my penny, and got out my note-book. I made notes of three dresses that I saw. These are the notes:

"'No. 1. Black.

"'No. 2. A kind of brown. Buttons on it.

"'No. 3. A sort of bluish. Looked as if it hurt.'

"It struck me then that I was not getting

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"He took me up to a counter with a proud, beautiful girl behind it, and I said, 'Elastic, please.'"

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enough detail. I had only jotted down the general effect. A woman was sitting opposite me with a good many things on; so I began to sketch them. I was absorbed in my sketching, but I remember that I did have a shadowy idea that the woman was

"Well?"

"Oh, I didn't stop. There didn't seem to be anything to stop for. I was out of the Park and into a hansom before the woman had finished with the policeman. I told the man to drive fast to Charing

"A policeman was passing, and she went to speak to him."

beginning to look uneasy. Presently she got up. It was out of sheer absent-mindedness (I was only thinking of the sketch) that I said to her, 'Sit down again. I've not done with you yet.' A policeman was passing near, and she went to speak to him."

Cross. In my hurry and confusion I had forgotten to leave the elastic behind me, and when I had paid the cabman I found that I was still grasping the parcel in my hand. That didn't matter. I left the elastic in a flower-pot at a restaurant where I lunched."

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A PRESAGE.

By Elsie Kendall.

WHEN you are dead, my dearest one,
And fleetly come and go,
You will not call your shadowy steed,
Nor loiter in the Row.

You will not haunt the solemn house
Where ancient portraits frown,
You'll leave it to the stately ghosts
Who always loved the town.

But in the time of primroses,
When swallows come again—
There is a wood we used to know,
There is a palmy lane.

Far from the alien life, wherein
You once were desolate,
Your spirit, like a bird set free,
Will hasten to its mate.

And if they miss you up in heaven,
The angels may divine,
That in the old, familiar place
Your soul has met with mine.

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A CHARACTERISTIC SCENE

THE SECRETS OF "THE ORIENT;"

Or, How the World's Greatest Show was Constructed.

BY FLORA KLICKMANN.

Illustrated by James Greig.

FROM the moment we enter Olympia, London with its grey dreariness vanishes. Bright colouring fascinates one at the very outset. There are programme boys in the gaiest of yellow, door attendants in scarlet and gold, swarthy negroes and Arabs in a becoming blue dress, bronzed faces of black-haired Turks, set off to the utmost advantage by the red fez; while handsome Greeks in their picturesque garb give just the light touch that is needed to the brilliant Eastern throng.

But I must not enlarge on the delights of the Oriental streets, nor linger about the

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waterside, watching the ever-changing pictures made by the boats darting gracefully from under some dark arch or fantastic bridge. Of the set piece, with its marvellous spectacular effects, I conclude my readers are already familiar; and undoubtedly, sooner or later, the question arises to the mind:

"How is such a show as this produced?"

Now I confess at once that I am in no way prepared to answer the question adequately—a volume might be written upon the subject and still much be left unsaid—but I should like to lift the curtain a little and show some of the machinery in the background that keeps the stupendous undertaking in motion.

"Do you know where you are now?" inquired Mr. Edwards, the courteous manager of the Press department. He had escorted me through gay, busy streets, beneath tall palm trees, around the harbour, over bridges exploring every corner of the veritable fairy-land; and finally, along divers passages, up unexpected stairs, and through doors marked "Strictly private. No admission," which flew open like magic at his approach.

In answer to his inquiry I owned to a state of hopeless ignorance.

"We are behind the great stage."

I looked around. Before us extended a wide corridor, apparently about a quarter of a mile long. Down one side were shelves, cupboards, and receptacles for such theatrical properties as swords, wands, clubs, shields, and so forth. The other wall of this immense hall was formed by the back of the scenery.

At that moment Mr. Bolossy Kiralfy joined us, introducing his stage manager and valuable *aide-de-camp*, Mr. Martin Hayden.

"What do you think of Olympia so far?" he inquired; but before I had time to reply, someone had pounced upon him, and with a hurried apology he was spirited off into a mysterious abyss.

"Mr. Kiralfy will be back directly," Mr. Hayden explained, "but in the meanwhile perhaps I can show you some details that will interest you."

He first led the way to a gallery at one end of the building. Here a marvellous arrangement of wheels and complicated machinery suggested an "exhibition of engineering," and I wondered whether it had a connection with the electric lighting of the place; but I soon learnt that these were the mechanical contrivances for shifting the scenes.

Looking down from our height on to the side wings of the stage below, wires, ropes, beams, and scaffolding crossed and recrossed each other in bewildering confusion. Leaving the engines and machinery, we next inspected the armour, which occupies three rooms. It must not be imagined that the dazzling display is merely theatrical tinsel. Each is

MR. BOLOSSY KIRALFY.

a suit of genuine armour and capable of resisting substantial blows. They do not spare expense at "The Orient!"

We then wandered on amidst stacks of African fetishes in all their native hideousness; past sheaves of flags, spears, war-axes, and other fearsome implements, scores upon scores of pegs hung with flower garlands, piles of Zulu shields silently waiting to be called for, till we reached a bridge where on either side were the immense barges and ornamental boats, moored in docks until the time arrived for them to play their part in the gorgeous pageant.

"But where are all the people?" I said at length.

We seemed to have walked miles, and yet the only sign of life we had come across was an occasional carpenter; while the stage itself was utterly deserted. It was then two o'clock. I had imagined that the place would be in a whirl of excitement by that time, as the performance was to commence in half an hour.

"I can show you where some of them are," replied Mr. Hayden.

Up more stairs we went, through a fresh set of corridors, and I found myself in a very busy region.

"You are specially privileged in being

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admitted here," said my guide. "This part of the premises is under the most rigorous surveillance, and it is very exceptional for a stranger to be allowed here; you yourself would have been excluded had you belonged to the sterner sex."

Doors now confronted one on every side. Through a large entrance girls were coming in and being checked by the time-keeper. In one room was a buffet at which refreshments were being served, and in this matter great credit is due to the Olympia directors. In order to induce the girls to remain in the building between the performances, instead of wandering about the streets, they supply them with food at an actual loss to themselves. For example, a cup of Bovril and a roll and butter can be obtained for 2d. Indeed, in every particular, the consideration bestowed on the comfort and well-being of the employees is admirable.

WAITING THEIR TURN.

Mr. Hayden opened another door, and we were in a very large, lofty room, partitioned off on either side into small compartments, leaving merely an open corridor down the centre. We saw no one, but we heard a buzz like the sound of a school hard at work.

"There are five hundred girls dressing in this room," Mr. Hayden explained, "but I don't think you would guess it. I have heard twenty-five make more noise. I should like you to go in and see how their things are arranged," and he called for one of the dressers to show me round.

"I think it is time for us to return," said Mr. Hayden presently, consulting his watch. And forthwith we retraced our steps.

It was a quarter-past two when we again reached the stage. By this time dromedaries were grouped in various out-of-the-way corners behind the scenes, and a few elephants were to be noticed here and there; for meditative, contemplative actors such as these refuse to be hurried, and have to be allowed a few extra minutes' grace. But,

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for the rest, the same sense of emptiness and desolation pervaded everywhere.

"Now, if you will sit here," suggested the ever considerate stage manager, indicating a chair in the wings which, I afterwards found, commanded a view of the whole of the stage as well as the larger part of the auditorium, "I think you will

MR. MARTIN HAYDEN.

say it is the best seat in the house. It is my 'private box.'"

Obeying the instructions, I then investigated the wall beside me, which fairly bristled with telephones, electric bells, and such-like, listening to the perplexing catalogue of their respective functions.

"This telephone is to the Royal Box; this communicates with the Exchange; with this I can speak to the men at the machinery; while here is a special telephone—of rather a complicated nature—connected with twenty-six other telephones in this place, so that I am in touch with twenty-six different parts of the building at any minute," and so on.

The large clock above them was pointing to 2.17 when Mr. Hayden placed his fingers on two of the electric bells. We had not long to wait for a response.

In a few moments rank after rank of brilliant warriors came quietly filing in, while hundreds and hundreds of girls trooped on to the stage in an equally orderly manner. No noise, no rush, no confusion, no excitement, no directions of any description were given, yet in ten minutes everyone was motionless on the stage. Another touch was given to one of the electric brotherhood, and—the curtain rose!

"But how is it possible," I asked in amazement, "for such an army to dispose of themselves in this way in ten minutes?"

"System!" was the terse reply, and later on I had abundant opportunity of observing the working of the "system." Mr. Hayden has control of the whole of the stage, and, vast as it is—450 feet wide—nothing appears to escape him, and he is scarcely allowed a moment's rest. A deputation waited upon him to air some particular grievance.

"I assure you, sir, we none of us saw the notice," explained the spokeswoman of the party, a sylph in grey and silver, with a crowd of attendant fairies gathered behind her, who echoed her words, *sotto voce*, with the regularity of a Greek chorus. "I don't think it could have been up. I'm sure we should have seen it. And there are thirty-five of us! And we do hope you will let us off this time, sir."

Mr. Hayden listened, and when they had finished said quietly but with concise emphasis that there could be no mistaking:

A QUIET MOMENT.

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"I am very sorry. But I saw the notice up myself, and notices are put up to be read."

"But there are thirty-five of us!" moaned the chorus.

"Then I am thirty-five times as sorry;" and the deputation ultimately retired.

KNIGHT IN ARMOUR.
From a photo. by [*Messrs. Russell & Sons.*

A man came up, evidently a scene-shifter or one of a kindred profession. "Please, sir, it wasn't my fault yesterday. The bell didn't ring until three minutes after time."

"I rang it myself," was the calm rejoinder, "and it rang precisely to the minute." The man departed without another word.

"You will easily understand that we are obliged to be firm," Mr. Hayden explained. "If we once condoned any irregularity it would be taken as a precedent, and everybody would soon be a law unto themselves."

"I suppose there must be a great deal of friction at times?" I said.

"No," he replied, "strangely enough, there is not. Everything works with surprising smoothness. Of course discipline is obliged to be maintained on every occasion. With the men this is not difficult, so many of them have been soldiers. I came here a few weeks after Mr. Bolossy Kiralfy—I was his stage manager in America, you know—and I have only had to discharge two people in the time. But things always *do* go well when Mr. Kiralfy is at the head. He is firm in his ruling, but he gets his way by kindness; that course of action will surmount most difficulties. And one can't help growing enthusiastic when with him. He is simply a genius, and an absolute master of his art."

While he was standing talking, apparently watching the performance in a careless manner, I was astonished to see him suddenly slip off his coat, and instantly envelope himself in a loose oriental dress—hanging on a nail ready at hand in case of need. To knot the sash, and don a turban was scarcely the work of a moment, and the next minute he was quickly making his way among the gay throngs on the stage to the particular spot where he evidently deemed his presence was necessary.

Mr. Kiralfy had now managed to free himself from a host of importunities, and repeated his query as to how I liked "The Orient." I could only reply that I thought it wonderful.

"There is still more to be seen," he said. "Come round here."

And he conducted me away from the wings into the immense open space on either side of the stage. The scene had just changed. The huge arches and columns—looking sky high—were being bodily wheeled away by gangs of about twenty men.

STANDARD BEARER IN COAT OF MAIL.
From a photo. by [*Messrs. Russell & Sons.*

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"THIS WAY TO THE BOATS."

Half-a-dozen elephants were "standing by," whiling away the time by endeavouring to annex with their voracious trunks the feather head-dress of their warlike keepers. They had just been harnessed for the fray; which operation is performed by first hauling up the cars, and so forth, with ropes and pulleys; after which the animals are placed underneath, and their trappings and general gear lowered on to their backs.

"Take care," said Mr. Kiralfy, dexter-

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ously coming between one of the largest elephants and myself.

I had stepped a few paces nearer the quadruped in order to avoid collision with a moving portion of the scenery. The animal had scented fresh sport in the shape of a handkerchief just discernible in my ulster pocket.

"Doubtless something digestible!" was evidently his mental comment, as he made for the handkerchief straight away.

"They are all arrant thieves," said Mr. Kiralfy, "but that one is the worst of all. Only yesterday he assisted himself to a tobacco pouch and pipe out of the director's pockets, and he swallowed it all before one had time to whistle!"

Once more I was hurriedly transferred to a sheltered spot behind some beams of wood. Next moment the open space was filled with high-spirited, restless horses, whose riders had to rein them in with all their might to prevent their galloping on to the stage before the proper time. They reared and pranced and pawed the ground; but when the word was given "Go!" *how* they tore along! Each horse seemed madly anxious to be the first to appear before the public.

"Surely they will go over the edge and get among the footlights and the musicians!" and I held my breath as I watched them careering furiously along.

"No, there is not the slightest chance of an accident," Mr. Kiralfy replied. "The

AGED ARABS.

From a photo. by] [*Messrs. Russell & Sons.*

ARAB SLAVE DEALER.

From a photo. by] [*Messrs. Russell & Sons.*

riders are men who have been accustomed to horses all their lives. You see, they ride bare-backed, and every horse knows its own rider, no other hand being allowed to touch it. In addition to this, each man on the stage has his instructions as to which horse he has to watch. He fights the man on that horse, then if the animal *should* happen to become unmanageable, the enemy seizes the bridle at once and so continues to fight, while the horse is firmly held by the two men. Everything is so carefully guarded here that I think it would be a difficult matter to have a catastrophe.

"A fire would be next to an impossibility. We have a fire station on the premises and electric signals all over the building, and in one minute after the signal has been rung the firemen will be on the spot, even at the most distant part of the building.

"The nearest approach we have had to anything serious was with the elephants. At first we had them on the stage in order that the acrobats might turn somersaults over them. All went serenely enough for some time, till one day an elephant, for no accountable reason, suddenly marched off the stage, the others going full cry after it. The keepers were unable to stop them, it was so unexpected. When half-a-dozen elephants *do* take it into their heads to do a thing it is no easy matter to prevent them if you are unprepared for it! They went headlong through the scenery, knocking

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down everything that came in their way, and stayed for nothing till they reached their stables. After that, we considered it preferable to use horses for the tumbling business, but in any case I don't think the elephants will catch us napping again!"

THE BOSPHORUS AT OLYMPIA.

"What originally made you think of shows of this description?" I enquired.

"I really cannot say, exactly. People always take an interest in lands unlike their own, and what can be more interesting or picturesque than oriental scenes? Long before *my* time there was a demand for amusements on a huge scale. Remember the Coliseum! I did not originate large gatherings, you know!" and Mr. Kiralfy laughed.

"Did you produce pieces as large as this in America?"

"In a manner, yes; but they were differently arranged. Being in the open air, they were consequently regulated by the clerk of the weather."

"I conclude you have travelled a great deal?"

"Yes; my earliest years were passed as a small 'dancer,' and before I was in my teens I had been over the most of Europe. I lived some time in Paris, and have been for many years in America."

"Of course you infinitely prefer to direct a large undertaking to a small one?"

"Decidedly, yes. When I am on an ordinary stage, I feel as though I could put it in my pocket. But it is not only the size of Olympia that is so remarkable; look at the work done here. Everything that is at all makeable is made on the premises. We model our own statues, elephants, and such like, bake all our own bread, manufacture our own properties; in fact, so far as it is possible, *everything* is constructed on the spot."

"How many persons are engaged in the production of the great stage spectacle?"

"Two thousand five hundred. This includes everybody, from the kings and queens down to the most insignificant super."

"How do you yourself work, in the first place?"

"I draw plans of the stage—much reduced, of course—and indicate everything exactly as I shall require it."

"But you leave such details as the background to others, I suppose?"

"No; I design it all myself."

"How many months do you rehearse a piece like this?"

"Six weeks—and then it will go without a hitch at the first performance. 'The Orient' opened on Boxing Day, but we had no rehearsal on Christmas Day."

A fresh stampede from the stage interrupted our dialogue, and in the absorbing interest of the Old English revels, I completely forgot the more pressing claims of the press.

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THE GREY LADY.*

By Henry Seton Merriman.

Author of "With Edged Tools," "The Sowers," etc.

Illustrated by R. Jack.

INTRODUCTION.

The foregoing chapters of this story introduce Henry and Luke FitzHenry, two naval cadets, who have been adopted by the Honourable Mrs. Harrington, a wealthy though cold-hearted woman. Luke fails to pass his examination, and is so incensed by Mrs. Harrington's sarcasm that he walks out of her house and disappears. Six years then elapse, and we next find Henry FitzHenry in Majorca—a frequent visitor at the Casa d'Erraha, the home of a cousin of Mrs. Harrington, named Edward Challoner. FitzHenry's vessel, the *Kittiwake*, is undergoing repairs at Minorca, and native gossip surmises that the young lieutenant finds the beautiful Eve Challoner even a greater attraction than her father. A sudden stroke of paralysis seizes Challoner, however, and in a few hours Eve is an orphan. Her uncle, Captain Bontner, a rough, good-hearted man, hastens to Majorca anxious to be of any service he can to his niece. On Challoner's affairs being investigated, it is found that the Casa d'Erraha actually belongs to a certain Count de Lloseta, and Eve is practically left penniless. The Count, it is true, presses her to remain at the Casa d'Erraha, and accept it as a gift from himself; to this, however, she will not consent, and ultimately decides to return to England with her uncle.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DEAL.

"Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!"

HOWLING gale of wind from the south-east, and driving snow, and darkness. The light of Cap Grisnez struggling out over the blackness of the Channel and the two Foreland lights twinkling feebly from their snow-clad heights. A night to turn in one's bed with a sleepy word of thanksgiving that one has a bed to turn in and no pressing need to turn out of it.

The smaller fry of Channel shipping have crept into Dungeness or the Downs. Some of them have gone to the bottom. Two of them are breaking up on the Goodwins.

The *Croonah* Indian liner is pounding into it all with white decks and whistling shrouds. The passengers are below in their berths. Some of them (and not only the ladies) are sending up little shamefaced supplications to One who watches over the traveller in all places and at all times.

And on the bridge of the *Croonah* a man all eyes and stern resolve and maritime instinct. A man clad in his thickest clothes, and over all of them his black oilskins. A man with three hundred lives depending upon his keen eyes, his knowledge, and his judgment. A man whose name is Luke FitzHenry.

The captain has gone below for a few minutes to thaw, leaving the ship to FitzHenry. He does it with an easy conscience—as easy, that is, as the maritime conscience can well be in a gale of wind, with the Foreland lights ahead and infinite possibilities all around. The captain drinks his whisky and hot water with a certain slow appreciation of the merits of that reprehensible solution, and glances at the aneroid barometer on the bulkhead of his dainty cabin.

Overhead, on the spidery bridge, far up in the howling night, Luke FitzHenry, returning from the enervating tropics, stares sternly into the night, heedless of the elemental warfare. For Luke FitzHenry has a grudge against the world, and people who have that take a certain pleasure in evil weather.

"The finest sailor that ever stepped," reflects the captain of his second officer—and he no mean mariner himself.

The *Croonah* had groped her way up Channel through a snowstorm of three days' duration, and the brunt of it had fallen by right of seniority on the captain and his second officer. Luke FitzHenry was simply indefatigable and, better still, he was without enthusiasm. Here was the steady, unflinching combativeness which alone can master the elements. Here was the true genius of the sea.

With his craft at his fingers' ends, Luke had that instinct of navigation by which some men seem to find their way upon the trackless waters. There are sailors who are no navigators—just as there are hunting men who cannot ride. There are navigators who will steer you from London to Peters-

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burg without taking a sight, from the Thames to the Suez Canal without looking at their sextant. Such a sailor as this was Luke FitzHenry. Perfectly trained, he assimilated each item of experience with an insatiable greed for knowledge—and it was all maritime knowledge. He was a sailor and nothing else. But it is already something—as they say in France—to be a good sailor.

Luke FitzHenry was a man of middle height, sturdy, with broad shoulders and a slow step. His clean-shaven face was a long oval, with pessimistic, brooding eyes—eyes that saw everything except the small modicum of good which is in all human things, and to this they were persistently blind. Taking into consideration the small, set mouth, it was eminently a pugnacious face—a face that might easily degenerate to the coarseness of passion in the trough of a losing fight. But, fortunately, Luke's lines were cast upon the great waters, and he who fights the sea must learn to conquer not by passionate effort, but by consistent, cool resolve. Those who worked with him feared him, and in so doing learnt the habit of his ways. The steersman with one eye on the binnacle knew always where to find him with the other. For Luke hardly moved during his entire watch on deck. He took his station at the starboard end of the narrow bridge when he came on watch, and from that spot he rarely moved. These little things betray a man if one only has the patience to piece them together.

Those who go down to the sea in ships, and even those who take their pleasure on the great waters, know the relative merits of the man who goes to his post and stays there, as against him who is all over the ship and restless.

Luke was standing now like a statue—black and gleaming amid the universal white and grey of the winter night, and his deep grey eyes, catlike, pierced the surrounding gloom.

Here was a man militant. A man who must needs be fighting something, and Fate with unusual foresight had placed him in a position to fight Nature. Luke FitzHenry rather revelled in a night such as this—the gloom, the horror, and the patent danger of it suited his morose, combative nature. For he was no pessimist, but a man who loved danger and difficulty with the subtle form of love which a fighting man experiences for a relentless foe.

From light to light he pushed his intrepid way through the darkness and the bewildering intricacies of the Downs, and in due time, in the full sunlight of the next day, the *Croonah* sidled herself alongside the quay in the Tilbury Dock. The passengers, with their new lives before them, stumbled ashore already forgetting the men who, smoke-grimed and weary, had carried these lives within their hands during the last month and more. They crowded down the gangway and left Luke to go to his cabin.

There were two letters lying on the little table. One from Fitz at Mahon, the other in a handwriting which Luke had almost forgotten. He turned it over with the subtle smile of a man who has a grudge against women. But he opened it before the other.

"Dear Luke,—I am glad to hear from Fitz that you are making your way in the merchant's service. He tells me that your steamer, the *Croonah*, has quite a reputation on the Indian route, and your fellow-officers are all gentlemen. I shall be pleased to see you to dinner the first evening you have at your disposal. I dine at seven-thirty.

"Believe me,

"Yours very truly,

"Maria Harrington.

"P.S.—I shall deem it a favour if you will come in dress clothes, as I have visitors."

And, strange to say, it was the feminine stab in the postscript that settled the matter. Luke sat down and wrote out a telegram at once, accepting Mrs. Harrington's invitation for the same evening.

When he rang the bell of the great house in Grosvenor Gardens at precisely half-past seven that evening he was conscious of a certain sense of elation. He knew himself to be perfectly dressed—he was quite sure of himself—he knew that there could be no question as to his social standing. He thought that the large drawing-room was empty when the butler ushered him into it, and some seconds elapsed before he discerned the form of a young lady in a deep chair near the fire.

The girl turned her head and rose from the chair with a smile and a certain grace of manner which seemed in some indefinite way to have been put on with her evening dress. For a moment Luke gazed at her, taken aback by her beauty. Then he bowed gravely, and she burst into a merry laugh.

"How funny!" she cried. "You do not know me?"

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"No—o—o," he answered, searching his mind. For he was a passenger sailor, and many men and women crossed his path during the year.

She came forward with a coquettish little laugh and placed herself beneath the gas inviting his inspection, sure of herself, confident in her dressmaker.

She was small and very upright, with a peculiarly confident carriage of the head, which might indicate determination or, possibly, a mere resolution to get her money's worth. Her hair, perfectly dressed, was of the colour of a slow-worm. She called it fair. Her enemies said it reminded them of snakes. Her eyes were of a darker shade of ashen grey, verging on hazel. Her mouth was mobile, with thin lips and an expressive corner—the left-hand corner—and at this moment it suggested pert enquiry. Some people thought she had an expressive face, but then "some people" are singularly superficial in their mode of observation. There was really no power of expressing any feeling in the small, delicately cut face. It all lay in the mouth, in the left-hand corner thereof. Her neck and arms were very white, a fact which she seemed to have taken into due consideration when consulting her dressmaker.

"Well?" she said, and Luke's wonder gradually faded into admiration.

"I give it up," he answered.

She shrugged her shoulders in pretended disgust.

"You are not polite," she said with a glance at his stalwart person which might have indicated that there were atoning merits. "I must say you are not polite, Luke. I do not think I will tell you. It would be still more humiliating to learn that you have forgotten my existence."

"You cannot be Agatha!" he exclaimed.

"Can I not? It happens that I *am* Agatha Ingham-Baker—at your service!"

She swept him a low curtsey and sailed away to the mantelpiece, thereby giving him the benefit of the exquisite fit of her dress. She stood with one arm on the mantelshelf, looking back at him over her shoulder, summing him up with a little introspective nod.

"I should like to know why I cannot be Agatha," she asked, with that keen feminine scent for a personality which leads to the uttering of so much nonsense, and the brewing of so much mischief.

"I never thought——" he began.

"Yes?"

He laughed and refused to go any farther, although she certainly made the way easy for him.

"In fact," she said mockingly, "you are disappointed. You never expected me to turn out such a horrid——"

"You know it isn't that," he interrupted with a flash of his gloomy eyes.

"Looking back at him over her shoulder."

"Not now," she said quietly, glancing towards the door. "I hear Mrs. Harrington coming downstairs. You can tell me afterwards."

Luke turned on his heel and greeted Mrs. Harrington with quite a pleasant smile, which did not belong to her by rights, but to the girl behind him.

Fitz had been away for two years. Mrs. Harrington in making overtures of peace to Luke had been prompted by the one consistent motive of her life, self-gratification. She was tired of the obsequious society of persons like the Ingham-Bakers, whom she mentally set down as parasites. There is a weariness of the flesh that comes to rich

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women uncontrolled. They weary of their own power. Tyranny palls. Mrs. Harrington was longing to be thwarted by someone stronger than herself. The FitzHenrys even in their boyhood had, by their sturdy independence, their simple, seamanlike self-assertion touched some chord in this lone woman's heart which would not vibrate to cringing fingers.

She had sent for Luke because Fitz was away. She wanted to be thwarted. She would have liked to be bullied. And also there was that subtle longing for the voice, the free gesture, the hearty manliness of one whose home was the sea.

As Luke turned to greet her with the rare smile on his face he was marvellously like Fitz. He was perfectly dressed. There was not the slightest doubt that this was a gentleman. Nay, more, he looked distinguished. And above all, he carried himself like a sailor. This was the real thing. So the reconciliation was sudden and therefore complete. A reconciliation to be complete must be sudden. It is too delicate a thing to bear handling.

Luke had come intending to curse. He began to feel like staying to bless. He was quite genial and pleasant, greeting Mrs. Ingham-Baker as an old friend, and thereby distinctly upsetting that lady's mental equilibrium. She had endeavoured to prevent this meeting, because she thought it was not fair to Fitz. She noted the approval with which Mrs. Harrington's keen eyes rested on the young sailor, and endeavoured somewhat obviously to draw Agatha's attention to it by frowns and heavily significant nods, which her dutiful daughter carefully ignored.

Mrs. Harrington glanced impatiently at the clock.

"That stupid Count is late," she said.

"Is the Count de Lloseta coming?" asked Mrs. Ingham-Baker eagerly.

From the strictly impartial standpoint of a mother she felt sure that the Count secretly admired Agatha.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Harrington with a cynical smile.

And Mrs. Ingham-Baker, heedless of the sarcasm, was already engaged in an exhaustive examination of Agatha's dress. She crossed the room and delicately rectified some microscopic disorder of the snake-like hair. With a final glance up and down she crossed her stout arms at her waist and looked complacently towards the door.

The Count came in, and failed to realise the hope that apparently buoyed Mrs. Ingham-Baker's maternal heart. He did not strike an attitude or cover his dazzled eyes when they rested on Agatha. He merely came forward with his gravest smile and uttered the pleasant fictions appropriate to the occasion. Mrs. Ingham-Baker was marked in her gracious reception of the Spaniard, and the hostess watched her effusions with a queer little smile.

At dinner Mrs. Ingham-Baker was opposite to the Count, who seemed preoccupied and somewhat absent-minded. Her attention was divided between an anticipatory appreciation of Mrs. Harrington's cook and an evident admiration for her own daughter.

"Agatha was just saying," observed the stout lady between the candle shades, "that we had not seen the Count de Lloseta for quite a long time. Only yesterday, was it not, dear?"

Agatha acquiesced with a sublime co-operation only compassed by the feminine operator among human affairs.

"The loss," answered the Count, "is mine. But it is more than made good by the news that my small absence was noted. I have been abroad."

Mrs. Harrington at the end of the table looked up sharply and a few drops of soup fell from her upraised spoon with a splash.

"In Spain?" she asked.

"In Spain."

CHAPTER IX.

CUT FOR PARTNERS.

"Beware qually of a sudden friend and a slow enemy."

A WISE man had said of Cipriano de Lloseta that had he not been a Count he would have been a great musician. He had that singular facility with any instrument which is sometimes given to musical persons in recompense for voicelessness. The Count spoke like one who could sing, but his throat was delicate, and so the world lost a great songster. Of most instruments he spoke with a half-concealed contempt. But of the violin he said nothing. He was not a man to turn the conversational overflow upon self-evident facts.

He invariably brought his violin to the great house in Grosvenor Gardens when Mrs. Harrington invited him, in her commanding way, to dine. It amused Mrs. Harrington to accompany his instrument on the piano.

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"Laid his magic bow to the strings."

Her music was of the accompanying order. It was heartless and correct. Some of us, by the way, have friends of this same order, and, like Mrs. Harrington's music, they are not in themselves either interesting or pleasant.

The piano stood in the inner drawing-room, and thither the Count and Mrs. Harrington repaired when the gentlemen had joined the ladies. In the larger drawing-room Luke was fortunate enough to secure a seat near to Agatha—quite near, and a long way from Mrs. Ingham-Baker digestively asleep in an arm-chair.

He did not exactly know how this arrangement was accomplished—it seemed to come. Possibly Agatha knew.

Mrs. Harrington struck a keynote and began playing the prelude of a piece well known to them both.

"Why did you not tell me that you were going to Spain?" she asked, somewhat tersely, under cover of her own chords.

"Had I known that it would interest you——" murmured de Lloseta, tightening his bow. There was a singular gleam in his eye. The gleam that one sees in the eye of a dog which has been thrashed. And the wise thrasher foresees that one day the dog will turn.

"I am always interested," said the grey lady slowly, "in Spain — and even in Mallorca."

She used the Spanish name of the island with the soft roll in the throat that English people rarely acquire. He was prepared for it, standing with raised bow, looking past her iron grey head to the music. She glanced back over her shoulder up into his face with the cruel cat-like love of torture that some people possess. Far away in the dim wisdom of Providence it had been decreed that this woman should have no daughter or child less clever than herself to tease into hopelessness.

The Spaniard laid his magic bow to the strings, leaving her to follow. He tucked the violin against his white collar with a little caressing motion of his chin, and in a

few moments he seemed to forget all else than the voice of the instrument. There are a few musicians who can give unto a violin the power of speech. They can make the instrument tell some story—not a cheery tale, but rather like the story that dogs tell us sometimes—a story which seems to have a sequence of its own, and to be quite intelligible to its teller; but to us it is only comprehensible in part, like a story that is told dramatically in a tongue unknown.

The Count stood up and played with no fine frenzy, no rolling eyes, no swaying form; for such are the signs of a hopeless effort, hung out by the man who has heard the story and tries in vain to tell it himself.

Even Agatha was outdone, for Luke drifted off into absent-mindedness, and after a little effort she left him to return at his own time. She listened to the music herself, but it did not seem to touch her. For sound ascends, and this was already above Agatha Ingham-Baker's head. The piece over, Mrs. Harrington selected another.

"You did not go across t Mallorca?" she inquired in a voice that did not reach the other room.

"No," he answered, "I did not go across to Mallorca."

He stepped back a pace to move a chair which was too near to him, and the movement made it impossible for her to continue the conversation without raising her voice. She countered at once by rising and laying the music aside.

"I am too tired for more," she said. "You must ask Agatha to accompany you. She plays beautifully. I have it from her mother!"

Mrs. Harrington stood for a moment looking into the other room. Luke and Agatha were talking together with some animation.

"I have been very busy lately," she said conversationally. "Perhaps you have failed to notice that I have had this room redecorated?"

He looked round the apartments with a smile, which somehow conveyed a colossal contempt.

"Very charming," he said.

"It was done by a good man, and cost a good sum." She paused, looking at him with a mocking glance. "In fact, I am rather in need of money. My balance at the bank is not so large as I could wish."

The Count's dark eyes rested on her face with the small gleam in their depths which has already been noted.

"I am not good at money matters," he said. "But so far as I recollect you have already exceeded our——"

"Possibly."

"And unless my memory plays me false there was a distinct promise that this should not occur again. Perhaps a lady's promise——"

"Possibly."

The Count contented himself with a derisive laugh beneath his breath, and waited for her to speak again. This she did as she moved towards the other room.

"I think five hundred pounds would suffice—at present."

"Agatha," she continued, raising her voice. "Come and play the Count's accompaniment. He finds fault with me to-night."

"No. I only suggested a little *più lento*! You take it too fast."

"Ah! Well, I want to talk to Luke. Come, Agatha."

"I tremble at the thought of my own temerity," said Miss Ingham-Baker, as she seated herself on the music stool with a great rustle of silks and considerable play of her white arms.

"Are you bold?" inquired the Count with impenetrable suavity.

"I am—to attempt your accompaniments. I expect to be found fault with."

"It will at all events be a novelty," he answered, setting the music in order; and her quick, sidelong glance told him that she understood the subtle compliment. It almost seemed as if at times the Count Cipriano de Lloseta amused himself by experimenting upon Agatha Ingham-Baker, and also on other young persons of a similar innocent appetite for admiration. It seemed as if at times he tried to gauge the depths of a woman's capacity for the detection of a compliment however subtly concealed. Occasionally the impartial observer might have thought that the subtlety was present and the compliment lacking.

The Spaniard opened a music book and indicated the page. Agatha dashed at it with characteristic confidence, and the voice of the violin came singing softly into the melody. It was a better performance than the last. Agatha's playing was much less correct, but as she went on she forgot herself and she put something into the accompaniment which Mrs. Harrington had left out. It was not time, neither was it a stricter attention to the composer's instructions. It was only a possibility after all.

In the other room Mrs. Ingham-Baker

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slumbered still. Mrs. Harrington, unmoved, in her grey silk dress, was talking with her usual incisiveness, and Luke was listening gravely. When the piece was done Mrs. Harrington said over her shoulder:

"Go on. You get on splendidly together."

And she returned to her conversation with Luke.

The Count looked through his music.

"How devoted she is to her nephews!" said Agatha, tapping the ivory keyboard with a dainty finger.

"Yes."

"And apparently to both alike."

There was a little flicker beneath the Count's lowered eyelids.

"Apparently so," he answered with assumed hesitation.

Agatha continued playfully tapping the ivory notes with her middle finger—the others being gracefully curled.

"You speak as if you doubted the impartiality."

"I am happy to say I always doubt a woman's impartiality."

She laughed and drew the stool nearer to the piano. It would have been easier to drift away into the conversational channel of vague generality which he opened up. He waited with some curiosity.

"Do you think there is a preference?" she said, falling into his small trap.

"Ah! There you ask me something that is beyond my poor powers of discrimination. Mrs. Harrington does not wear her feelings on her sleeve. She is difficult."

"Very," admitted Agatha with a little sigh.

"I am naturally interested in the Fitz-Henrys," she went on after a little pause, with baffling frankness. "You see, we were children together."

"So I understand. I too am interested in them—merely because I like them."

"I am afraid," continued Agatha tentatively turning the pages of the music which he had set before her, speaking as if she was only half thinking of what she was saying—"I am afraid that Mrs. Harrington is the sort of person to do an injustice. She almost told my mother that she intended to leave all her money to one of them."

Again that little flicker of the Count's patient eyelids.

"Indeed!" he said. "To which one?"

Agatha shrugged her shoulders and began playing.

"That is not so much the question. It is the principle—the injustice—that one objects to."

"Of course," murmured de Lloseta, with a little nod. "Of course."

They went on playing, and in the other room Mrs. Harrington talked to Luke. Mrs. Ingham-Baker appeared to slumber, but her friend and hostess suspected her of listening. She therefore raised her voice at intervals, knowing the exquisite torture of unsatisfied curiosity, and Mrs. Ingham-Baker heard the word "Fitz," and the magic syllables "money," more than once, but no connecting phrase to soothe her aching mental palate.

"And is your life a hard one?" Mrs. Harrington was asking. She had been leading up to this question for some time—inviting his confidence, seeking the evidence of her own power. A woman is not content with possessing power; she wishes to see the evidence of it in the lives of others.

"No," answered Luke, unconsciously disappointing her; "I cannot say that it is."

He was strictly, sternly on his guard, for his nature was gloomy and morose. There was not the faintest possibility of his ever forgiving this woman.

"And you are getting on in your career?"

"Yes, thank you."

Mrs. Harrington's grey eyes rested on his face searchingly.

"Perhaps I could help you," she said, "with my small influence, or—or by other means."

"Thank you," he said again without anger, serene in his complete independence.

Mrs. Harrington frowned. A dream passed through her mind—a great desire. What if she could crush this man's pride? For his six years' silence had never ceased to gall her. What if she could humble him so completely that he would come asking the help she so carelessly offered to be as carelessly refused?

With a woman's instinct she hit upon the only possible means of attaining this end. She did not pause to argue that a nature such as Luke's would never ask anything for itself—that it is precisely such as he who have no pride when they ask for another, sacrificing even that for that other's sake.

Following her own thoughts, Mrs. Harrington looked pensively into the room where Agatha was sitting. The girl was playing, with a little frown of concentration. The wonderful music close to her ear was busy arousing that small possibility.

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Agatha did not know that any one was looking at her. The two pink shades of the piano candles cast a becoming light upon her face and form.

Mrs. Harrington's eyes came surreptitiously round. Luke also was looking at Agatha. And a queer little smile hovered across Mrs. Harrington's lips. The dream was assuming more tangible proportions. Mrs. Harrington began to see her way; already her inordinate love of power was at work. She could not admit even to herself that Luke FitzHenry had escaped her. Women never know when they have had enough.

"How long are you to be in London?" she asked with a sudden kindness.

"Only a fortnight."

"Well, you must often come and see me. I shall have the Ingham-Bakers staying with me a few weeks longer. It is dull for poor Agatha with only two old women in the house. Come to lunch to-morrow, and we can do something in the afternoon."

"Thank you very much," said Luke.

"You will come?"

"I should like nothing better."

"Well, you must often come and see me!"

And so the music went on, and all these people played a common game of blind man's buff, while each played his or her own subtler part on one side. Some played a losing game from the beginning, and others played without quite knowing the stake. Some held to certain rules, while others made the rules as they went along — as children do — ignorant of the tears that must inevitably follow. But Fate placed all the best cards in Mrs. Harrington's hands.

Luke and the Count Cipriano de Lloseta went out of the house together. They walked side by side for some yards while a watchful hansom followed.

"Can I give you a lift?" said de Lloseta at length. "I am going down to the Peregrinator's."

"Thanks, no. I shall go straight to my rooms. I have not had my clothes off for three nights."

"Ah, you sailors! I am going down to have my half-hour over a book to compose my mind."

"Do you read much?"

De Lloseta called the cab with a jerk of his head. Before stepping into it he looked keenly into his companion's face.

"Yes, a good deal. I read somewhere, lately, that it is never wise to accept favours from a woman; she will always have more than her money's worth. Good night."

And he drove away.

(To be continued.)

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281 SITS FOR EXPRESSION. [*By Cecil Aldin.*

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DOUGLAS HOLLAND DRIVING TO THE "LONG-HOLE-UP," BLACKHEATH.

IS GOLF AN "OLD MAN'S GAME"?

By Horace Hutchinson.

Illustrated by J. Ayton Symington.

"OLD TOM MORRIS" DRIVING.

HERE are people who say that the introduction of golf was the only good thing the Stuart kings ever did for England. There are others who say it was the worst thing they ever did, which is saying much.

Nobody, nowadays, is allowed to be indifferent to golf. Either he must love it or he must hate it, and the former sentiment has a daily increasing majority over the latter. King James VI. of Scotland brought golf down south and played it on Blackheath. To a man who was accustomed to play on Scottish links, and was then driven by an evil fate to pursue such a substitute for the game as Blackheath afforded, much may be forgiven. And this is not such very hard speaking of Blackheath as it sounds at first, for every golfer knows that the game, in its excellence, can only be pursued on those sandy soils, the product of alluvial deposit, to which the name "links" is specially applied.

Though golf was introduced so long ago, it is only within the last twenty years that it has come into any popularity. The oldest golf club in the world, next to the Blackheath Club, is, curiously enough, the club at Pau, in the Basses Pyrénees; but it owed its origin to Scottish visitors, not to native enterprise. In England the second oldest club is the Old Manchester Golf Club. But the first real *links* on which the game was played in England are the links of the Royal North Devon Golf Club at Westward Ho!

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Setting aside for the moment the opinion of those enthusiasts, and they are many,

AN APPROACH SHOT. TAYLOR (THE OPEN CHAMPION.)

who think that golf is the only game worth playing, it is now generally conceded that the game is, at all events, a good one. Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, who knows more about almost every other game than he knows about golf, startled some of us about a year ago by asking in a magazine article, "Is golf a first-class game?" His answer was a very guarded negative. It appeared, however, on examination, that the only game that fitted his definition of a first-class one was cricket, and this was felt to be a little too exclusive. Moreover, it is understood that a riper knowledge of golf, acquired in the last twelve months, has tended in the direction of modifying the answer that he would give to his question now.

It is a matter for natural surprise to many, seeing how fine a game golf is admitted to be, that its popularity was deferred so long. The invention, comparatively recent, of gutta-percha, and its use for golf balls, goes a long way towards explanation. The old feather balls—feathers rammed tightly into a leather case—were both very expensive and very destructible.

It is of course easy, even with gutta-percha granted, to make the game an expensive one. A club lately formed in Newport is said to have spent thirty thousand pounds—not dollars—on its house and green. Such expenditure as this must mean large sums in entrance fees and subscriptions; but the English golfer is content to be "on pleasure bent" in a more Gilpin-like spirit of frugality.

It has often been said that golf is more akin to the Scottish than the English temperament; that it is a sober game that goes with the oatcake and whisky of "dour" Scotland, rather than the cakes, not oaten, and ale of "merry" England. It is an alluring theory, but does not seem to work out in practice. No less than four thousand spectators followed round the final heat for the amateur championship of 1894, which was contested at Hoylake, and resulted in the victory of Mr. John Ball. Such a crowd as this has never been seen on any Scottish green, except, possibly, Musselburgh. Musselburgh, of course, is near Edinburgh, and few other Scottish greens are near any large towns, whereas Hoylake is in handy proximity to Liverpool. Yet Prestwick is not much farther from Glasgow, and a similar crowd of spectators is never

MR. JOHN BALL BUNKERED IN "THE MAIDEN," SANDWICH.

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seen there. It is to be noted too that the match referred to at Hoylake was played in

MR. HAROLD HILTON "PUTTING."

a continuous downpour of rain. It can scarcely be said, therefore, that the attractions of golf are altogether alien to the English temperament.

We may look at the matter from another point of view. Mr. John Ball is the present amateur champion. Taylor, the resident professional to the Winchester Club (a sketch of whom appears on the previous page), is the present open champion. Mr. John Ball is a native of Hoylake, and Taylor learned his golf at Westward Ho! It cannot be said, therefore, that the game is either above or below the faculties of the English athlete. Moreover, the open championship has twice only been won by an amateur—once by Mr. Ball, and once by Mr. Hilton, also an Englishman, whose pen-portrait appears above.

The ladies' championship has been in existence two years only, and on each occasion has been won by an English lady—Lady Margaret Scott. It is true that few of the Scottish ladies have entered for it, but Lady Margaret Scott need fear to meet none of them.

An English lady is reported to have observed naively, "It is curious how golf is growing. I hear it has even spread to Scotland." (People have a tendency to talk of it in this way as if it formed within itself a mild epidemic, such as measles.) There was a truth, which the lady evidently was far from suspecting in her *naïve* remark, for the reflex effect on Scotland of the popularity of the game in the South is one of the most curious features of the development of golf. It *has* "spread to Scotland," in the sense that, for ten who played it twenty years ago, a hundred play it to-day. 1894 was England's year. Both championships were played on an English green, the amateur at Hoylake, and the open at Sandwich, and both, as aforesaid, were won by Englishmen. In 1895 both are to be played in Scotland, at St. Andrews, the great *alma mater* of the game. Whether the result will likewise favour Scotland remains to be seen; the path of the golf prophet is a singularly thorny one.

This at least is to be said, that the magnificent course of St. Andrews is one which favours those who have learned their golf upon it. This arises not so much from the manner in which the bunkers and hazards are disposed as from the nature of the soil, which is somewhat harder than the soil of most of the links, so that the ball has to be struck more cleanly there than elsewhere. Intimate local knowledge is also

LADY MARGARET SCOTT (THE LADY'S CHAMPION.)

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of undeniable service, and England will be hardly put to it to retain her championships.

The difficulty of prophesying results lends a great charm to golf. It has not happened at any time in the game's history that one player has stood out head and shoulders clear of his rivals, as Mr. Grace at cricket, or Roberts at billiards. Even such a succession of victories as Mr. Heathcote's or Mr. Alfred Lyttelton's at tennis is, practically, impossible. This becomes increasingly true in proportion to the increase in number of those who devote themselves to the game.

It used to be the fashion of those who followed the more vigorous games of cricket and football to decry golf, and speak of it with disdain as "an old man's game." There is a measure of truth in the description if it be thereby meant merely that the middle-aged and senile can take part in it; but if it be meant that it is a game suited only for the old and feeble, it reeks with fallacy, which most cricketers have now learned enough of golf to detect.

The facts are that no man who has passed the vigour of his days has any real chance with the best of the younger generation. It is true that in the past Allan Robertson and other worthies played a very fine game when they were not in their strongest vigour, but the game has altered since their day in more than one particular.

In the first place, there are many more players; competition is much more severe, and the top of the golfing tree is not the comparatively isolated eminence that it used to be. And, secondly, the best players hit harder than they used to, they drive further, and they try for more. Probably the implements of the game have improved. Nobody makes better finished clubs, however, to-day than Hugh Philp used to make half a century ago; but if these clubs were quite as well finished and balanced as ours, still they were not the same kind of club. They were lighter, slenderer, more delicate, adapted for a less forcing, perhaps more elegant, game. A hard hitter of to-day would break them.

It as true to-day as it was then, that what a man loses in strength and skill he may perhaps gain in experience and cunning as he grows older, but this process of compensation does not go on indefinitely. He comes to the end of his cunning before he has learned enough to make up for lack of muscle. After all, statistics may show the true facts best. No man over forty years of age has ever won the amateur championship. It is necessary to go a long way back in the annals of the open championship to find a champion above forty. And in both instances the great, the enormous majority of wins have been made by men under thirty.

Does this read like the account of "an old man's game"? Compare it with the annals of other games. Consider the ages of Mr. Grace, as cricketer; of Mr. Heathcote and Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, as holders of the gold racquet; of Roberts, the best at the spot-barred billiard game. Is it not at once apparent that youth and vigour are far

MR. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P., AT THE "FIRST TEE," ST. ANDREWS.

more indispensable to excellence at golf than at any of these games? A moment's regard of the golfing full swing and other strokes will make it obvious at once that this must necessarily be the case.

The golfing swing calls for the utmost exertion and the utmost suppleness of all the muscles of the frame. You must be able to put your very all into the ball, or you will get left behind. At cricket, on the contrary, you may go on poking away, stay in all day, and make any number of centuries without once opening your shoulders and putting your whole soul into the ball. At tennis, too, judgment and knowledge of

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the court make up for a loss of activity. But if you are feeble at golf, nothing can adequately make up for it.

This does not only apply to the full swing. Some of those pushing approach strokes require a stiff tautness of wrist which makes the greatest demand on muscular power. Still, these do not so imperatively need suppleness. But probably it may safely be written down that no stroke at any English game requires the youthfulness of muscle (quite another thing from the youthfulness of years) needed for the full drive at golf. The Basque games of *pelote* and the like, need it, perhaps, yet more imperatively, but they are not ordinarily brought into the comparison. So it is clear that the idea of golf as "an old man's game," exclusively, is a delusion; and it is equally clear how the delusion arose, namely, from the fact that at golf one does not run.

OVER THE "FIFTH BUNKER" AT WESTWARD HO!

It is at once assumed by the ignorant that a game in which we follow the ball at a walk must be one for the feeble. Perhaps we have said enough to show that this is not strictly correct, but it may also be said that the "running" of some of those who play cricket up to middle age—and play it very well—is hardly an athletic performance. To waddle across the pitch, and to be deemed a useful "point" because you are too obese to be able to get out of the way of the ball, does not necessarily imply that you are a remarkably athletic or agile man, yet it is by no means inconsistent with most valuable ability as a cricketer.

These fat men do not play golf, at least not with any "valuable ability." But they can play so as to enjoy themselves—the obese, the senile, and the feeble. The fact that they can play it, however, scarcely makes it essentially an "old man's game;" and certainly it does not detract from the game's merit that after exercising one's strength in it in the heyday of youth, one may hope to find a gentle solace in it for one's declining years. And while it may be played, after this mild fashion, with one foot in the grave, it is no less true that a man cannot learn to play it properly unless he has begun almost as soon as he puts a foot out of his cradle. The golfing baptism of those of riper years is a very painful process, and as the small child said of the ceremony, it seldom "takes" satisfactorily. But there is no pain in the acquirement of golf by the infant. A boy is as imitative as a monkey, and picks up the swing of the best examples quite unconsciously. It is no effort. In later life the result attained is never the same, and an approach to it is only achieved by real hard work and study. Very, very few have ever arrived at anything like first-class form unless they learnt the rudiments of the swing, at least, in boyhood.

When English cricketers began learning

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golf the difficulty of the game was at once a surprise and an attraction to them. They had disdained the game because, in the first place, there was no running, but, in the second place, because it "looked so easy." It ought not to appear easy to anybody who reflects that the club head has to travel away from the ball many yards, in course of the up-swing, and then has to return upon it with all the force at the driver's command, and with such accuracy that the right spot for hitting the ball is about as large as the head of an ordinary tintack. Within this area there is a margin, but not beyond it. It is not a wide margin for error.

No doubt what made the cricketer say that the game "looked easy" was the fact the ball to be hit was motionless. He was accustomed to find the movement of the cricket ball the puzzle to him. But there could be no question of difficulty in "seeing" the golf ball. It all "looked so easy," and yet was so exasperatingly difficult. For golf differs in one respect from every other game, except, perhaps, polo and hockey, its cognates, that for the drive you have to keep your eye fast on the ball while you hit it. Whereas for hitting a half volley or taking a racquet ball you do but have to make a rough estimate after determining where the ball is going to pitch. You never need to see it after the pitch, you could not hit the ball properly if you were to try to. So, the cricketer, with the traditions of these games of his boyhood in his mind, carries his eye forward, before hitting the golf ball, to where the ball ought to go, and does not hit it.

Then he begins to be surprised that he had ever thought the game "looked so easy," and, having gained that first step in hard experience is, virtually, from henceforth a golfer. Some few are deterred by the difficulties of the game, and give it up; but, perhaps, they are not worth consideration. As a rule, the Englishman having got a good hold on golf, works at it with all the zeal of a convert; he pursues the game under the least favourable conditions, hacking his way over ground off which the Scottish golfer of the old school would scarcely deign to strike a teed ball. And he often plays it cruelly badly.

It is likely that we are now going through a phase of bad golf, such as no other generation ever has seen or will see; for the past generation, in England, bore the attitude of a Gallio towards all golfing things, whereas the generations that are to come will have learnt golf in boyhood. The present phase is especially one of the gallant but futile efforts of middle-aged men who have taken up the game just soon enough to regret that they did not take it up a great deal sooner, but soon enough, also, to get out of it an immense amount of pleasure and a great increase of health.

It would be most interesting if we could get hold of statistics to show the increased prospect of longevity of those who have lately begun to play golf. Unfortunately,

AN "APPROACH" SHOT.
(TAYLOR, THE OPEN CHAMPION.)

these statistics require *data* which we have not got; but it is very certain that the popularity of golf ought to be a factor in the calculations of life assurance companies. When the Psalmist indicated threescore years and ten as the normal course of man's life, he evidently took no measure of the health-giving influence of golf.

But though golf should be learned in boyhood it is not quite a boy's game. In the first place, one walks and does not run, whereas running is boys' natural pace. And, again, it requires a concentration of which few boys are capable, unless they are Scottish boys, but it is open to question if any Lowland Scot has ever been a boy.

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"PITY THE POOR BLIND!" [*By R. Jack.*

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CHRONICLES OF MARTIN HEWITT.

By Arthur Morrison.*

III.—THE HOLFORD WILL CASE.

T one time, in common, perhaps, with most people, I took a sort of languid, amateur interest in questions of psychology, and was impelled thereby to plunge into the pages of the many curious and rather abstruse books which attempt to deal with phenomena of mind, soul, and sense. Three things of the real nature of which, I am convinced, no man will ever learn more than we know at present — which is nothing.

From these I strayed into the many volumes of "Transactions of the Psychical Research Society," with an occasional by-excursion into mental telepathy and theosophy; the last, a thing whereof my Philistine intelligence obstinately refused to make head or tail.

It was while these things were occupying part of my attention that I chanced to ask Hewitt whether, in the course of his divers odd and out-of-the-way experiences, he had met with any such weird adventures as were detailed in such profusion in the books of "authenticated" spooks, doppelgangers, poltergeists, clairvoyance, and so forth.

"Well," Hewitt answered, with reflection, "I haven't been such a wallower in the uncanny as some of the worthy people who talk at large in those books of yours, and, as a matter of fact, my little adventures, curious as some of them may seem, have been on the whole of the most solid and matter-of-fact description. One or two things have happened that perhaps your "psychical" people might be interested in, but they've mostly been found to be capable of a disappointingly simple explanation. One case of some genuine psychological interest, however, I have had; although there's nothing even in that which isn't a matter of well-known scientific possibility." And he proceeded to tell me the story that I have set down here, as well as I can, from recollection.

I think I have already said, in another place, that Hewitt's professional start as a private investigator dated from his connection with the famous will case of Bartley *v.* Bartley and others, in which his then principals, Messrs. Crellan, Hunt & Crellan, chiefly through his exertions, established their extremely high reputation as solicitors. It was ten years or so after this case that Mr. Crellan senior—the head of the firm—retired into private life, and by an odd chance Hewitt's first meeting with him after that event was occasioned by another will difficulty.

"Can you run down at once?"

These were the terms of the telegram that brought Hewitt again into personal relations with his old principal:

"Can you run down at once on a matter of private business? I will be at Guildford to meet eleven thirty-five from Waterloo. If later or prevented please wire. Crellan."

The day and the state of Hewitt's engagements suited, and there was full half an

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hour to catch the train. Taking, therefore, the small travelling-bag that always stood ready packed in case of any sudden excursion that presented the possibility of a night from home, he got early to Waterloo, and by half-past twelve was alighting at Guildford Station. Mr. Crellan, a hale, white-haired old gentleman, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles, was waiting with a covered carriage.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Hewitt, how d'ye do?" the old gentleman exclaimed as soon as they met, grasping Hewitt's hand, and hurrying him toward the carriage. "I'm glad you've come, very glad. It isn't raining, and you might have preferred something more open, but I brought the brougham because I want to talk privately. I've been vegetating to such an extent for the last few years down here that any little occurrence out of the ordinary excites me, and I'm sure I couldn't have kept quiet till we had got indoors. It's been bad enough, keeping the thing to myself, already."

The door shut, and the brougham started. Mr. Crellan laid his hand on Hewitt's knee, "I hope," he said, "I haven't dragged you away from any important business?"

"No," Hewitt replied, "you have chosen a most excellent time. Indeed, I did think of making a small holiday to-day, but your telegram——"

"Yes, yes. Do you know, I was almost ashamed of having sent it after it had gone. Because, after all, the matter is, probably, really a very simple sort of affair that you can't possibly help me in. A few years ago I should have thought nothing of it, nothing at all. But as I have told you, I've got into such a dull, vegetable state of mind since I retired and have nothing to do that a little thing upsets me, and I haven't mental energy enough to make up my mind to go to dinner sometimes. But you're an old friend, and I'm sure you'll forgive my dragging you all down here on a matter that will, perhaps, seem ridiculously simple to you, a man in the thick of active business. If I hadn't known you so well I wouldn't have had the impudence to bother you. But never mind all that. I'll tell you.

"Do you ever remember my speaking of an intimate friend, a Mr. Holford? No. Well, it's a long time ago, and perhaps I never happened to mention him. He was a most excellent man—old fellow, like me, you know; two or three years older, as a matter of fact. We were chums many years ago; in fact, we lodged in the same house when I was an articled clerk and he was a student at Guy's. He retired from the medical profession early, having come into a fortune, and came down here to live at the house we're going to; as a matter of fact, Wedbury Hall.

"When I retired I came down and took up my quarters not far off, and we were a very excellent pair of old chums till last Monday—the day before yesterday—when my poor old friend died. He was pretty well in years—seventy-three—and a man can't live for ever. But I assure you it has upset me terribly, made a greater fool of me than ever, in fact, just when I ought to have my wits about me.

"The reason I particularly want my wits just now, and the reason I have requisitioned yours, is this: that I can't find poor old Holford's will. I drew it up for him years ago, and by it I was appointed his sole executor. I am perfectly convinced that he cannot have destroyed it because he told me everything concerning his affairs. I have always been his only adviser, in fact, and I'm sure he would have consulted me as to any change in his testamentary intentions before he made it. Moreover, there are reasons why I know he could not have wished to die intestate."

"Which are——?" queried Hewitt as Mr. Crellan paused in his statement.

"Which are these: Holford was a widower, with no children of his own. His wife, who has been dead nearly fifteen years now, was a most excellent woman, a model wife, and would have been a model mother if she had been one at all. As it was she adopted a little girl, a poor little soul who was left an orphan at two years of age. The child's father, an unsuccessful man of business of the name of Garth, maddened by a sudden and ruinous loss, committed suicide, and his wife died of the shock occasioned by the calamity.

"The child, as I have said, was taken by Mrs. Holford and made a daughter of, and my old friend's daughter she has been ever since, practically speaking. The poor old fellow couldn't possibly have been more attached to a daughter of his own, and on her part she couldn't possibly have been a better daughter than she was. She stuck by him night and day during his last illness, until she became rather ill herself, although of course there was a regular nurse always in attendance.

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"Now, in his will, Mr. Holford bequeathed rather more than half of his very large property to this Miss Garth; that is to say, as residuary legatee, her interest in the will came to about that. The rest was distributed in various ways. Holford had largely spent the leisure of his retirement in scientific pursuits. So there were a few legacies to learned societies; all his servants were remembered; he left me a certain number of his books; and there was a very fair sum of money for his nephew, Mr. Cranley Mellis, the only near relation of Mr. Holford's still living. So that you see what the loss of this will may mean. Miss Garth, who was to have taken the greater part of her adoptive father's property, will not have one shilling's worth of claim on the estate, and will be turned out into the world without a cent. One or two very old servants will be very awkwardly placed, too, with nothing to live on, and very little prospect of finding more work."

"'It was in that bureau,' Mr. Crellan explained."

"Everything will go to this nephew," said Hewitt, "of course?"

"Of course. That is unless I attempt to prove a rough copy of the will which I may possibly have by me. But even if I have such a thing and find it, long and costly litigation would be called for, and the result would probably be all against us."

"You say you feel sure Mr. Holford did not destroy the will himself?"

"I am quite sure he would never have done so without telling me of it; indeed, I am sure he would have consulted me first. Moreover, it can never have been his intention to leave Miss Garth utterly unprovided for; it would be the same thing as disinheriting his only daughter."

"Did you see him frequently?"

"There's scarcely been a day when I haven't seen him since I have lived down here. During his illness—it lasted a month—I saw him every day."

"And he said nothing of destroying his will?"

"Nothing at all. On the contrary, soon after his first seizure—indeed, on the first visit at which I found him in bed—he said, after telling me how he felt, 'Everything's as I want it, you know, in case I go under.' That seemed to me to mean his will was still as he desired it to be."

"Well, yes, it would seem so. But counsel on the other side (supposing there were another side) might quite as plausibly argue that he meant to die intestate, and had destroyed his will so that everything should be as he wanted it, in that sense. But what do you want me to do—find the will?"

"Certainly, if you can. It seemed to me that you, with your clever head, might be able to form a better judgment than I as to what has happened and who is responsible

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for it. Because if the will *has* been taken away, someone has taken it."

"It seems probable. Have you told anyone of your difficulty?"

"Not a soul. I came over as soon as I could after Mr. Holford's death, and Miss Garth gave me all the keys, because, as executor, the case being a peculiar one, I wished to see that all was in order, and, as you know, the estate is legally vested in the executor from the death of the testator, so that I was responsible for everything; although, of course, if there is no will I'm not executor. But I thought it best to keep the difficulty to myself till I saw you."

"Quite right. Is this Wedbury Hall?"

The brougham had passed a lodge gate, and approached, by a wide drive, a fine old red brick mansion carrying the heavy stone dressings and copings distinctive of early eighteenth-century domestic architecture.

"Yes," said Mr. Crellan, "this is the place. We will go straight to the study, I think, and then I can explain details."

The study told the tale of the late Mr. Holford's habits and interests. It was half a library, half a scientific laboratory—pathological curiosities in spirits, a retort or two, test tubes on the writing-table, and a fossilised lizard mounted in a case, balanced the many shelves and cases of books disposed about the walls. In a recess between two book-cases stood a heavy old-fashioned mahogany bureau.

"Now it was in that bureau," Mr. Crellan explained, indicating it with his finger, "that Mr. Holford kept every document that was in the smallest degree important or valuable. I have seen him at it a hundred times, and he always maintained it was as secure as any iron safe. That may not have been altogether the fact, but the bureau is certainly a tremendously heavy and strong one. Feel it."

Hewitt took down the front and pulled out a drawer that Mr. Crellan unlocked for the purpose.

"Solid Spanish mahogany an inch thick," was his verdict, "heavy, hard, and seasoned; not the sort of thing you can buy nowadays. Locks, Chubb's patent, early pattern, but not easily to be picked by anything short of a blast of gunpowder. If there are no marks on this bureau it hasn't been tampered with,"

"Well," Mr. Crellan pursued, "as I say, *that* was where Mr. Holford kept his will. I have often seen it when we have been here together, and this was the drawer, the top on the right, that he kept it in. The will was a mere single sheet of foolscap and was kept, folded of course, in a blue envelope."

"When did you yourself last actually see the will?"

"I saw it in my friend's hand two days before he took to his bed. He merely lifted it in his hand to get at something else in the drawer, replaced it, and locked the drawer again."

"Of course there are other drawers, bureaux, and so on, about the place. You have examined them carefully, I take it?"

"I've turned out every possible receptacle for that will in the house, I positively assure you, and there isn't a trace of it."

"You've thought of secret drawers, I suppose?"

"Yes. There are two in the bureau which I always knew of. Here they are." Mr. Crellan pressed his thumb against a partition of the pigeon-holes at the back of the bureau and a strip of mahogany flew out from below, revealing two shallow drawers with small ivory catches in lieu of knobs. "Nothing there at all. And this other, as I have said, was the drawer where the will was kept. The other papers kept in the same drawer are here as usual."

"Did anybody else know where Mr. Holford kept his will?"

"Everybody in the house, I should think. He was a frank, above-board sort of man. His adopted daughter knew, and the butler knew, and there was absolutely no reason why all the other servants shouldn't know; probably they did."

"First," said Hewitt, "we will make quite sure there are no more secret drawers about this bureau. Lock the door in case anybody comes."

Hewitt took out every drawer of the bureau, and examined every part of each before he laid it aside. Then he produced a small pair of silver callipers and an ivory pocket-rule and went over every inch of the heavy framework, measuring, comparing, tapping, adding, and subtracting dimensions. In the end he rose to his feet satisfied. "There is most certainly nothing concealed there," he said.

The drawers were put back, and Mr. Crellan suggested lunch. At Hewitt's suggestion it was brought to the study.

"So far," Hewitt said, "we arrive at this. Either Mr. Holford has destroyed his will, or he has most effectually concealed it, or somebody has stolen it. The first of of these possibilities you don't favour."

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"I don't believe it is a possibility, for a moment. I have told you why; and I knew Holford so well, you know. For the same reasons I am sure he never concealed it."

"Very well, then. Somebody has stolen it. The question is, who?"

"That is so."

"It seems to me that everyone in this house had a direct and personal interest in preserving that will. The servants have all something left them, you say, and without the will that goes, of course. Miss Garth has the greatest possible interest in the will. The only person I have heard of as yet who would benefit by its loss or destruction would be the nephew, Mr. Mellis. There are no other relatives, you say, who would benefit by intestacy?"

"Not one."

"Well, what do you think yourself, now? Have you any suspicions?"

Mr. Crellan shrugged his shoulders. "I've no more right to suspicions than you have, I suppose," he said. "Of course, if there are to be suspicions they can only point one way. Mr Mellis is the only person who can gain by the disappearance of this will."

"Just so. Now, what do you know of him?"

"I don't know much of the young man," Mr. Crellan said slowly. "I must say I never particularly took to him. He is rather a clever fellow, I believe. He was called to the bar some time ago, and afterwards studied medicine, I believe, with the idea of priming himself for a practice in medical jurisprudence. He took a good deal of interest in my old friend's researches, I am told—at any rate he *said* he did; he may have been thinking of his uncle's fortune. But they had a small tiff on some medical question. I don't know exactly what it was, but Mr. Holford objected to something—a method of research or something of that kind—as being dangerous and unprofessional. There was no actual rupture between them, you understand, but Mellis's visits slacked off, and there was a coolness."

"Where is Mr. Mellis now?"

"In London, I believe."

"Has he been in this house between the day you last saw the will in that drawer and yesterday, when you failed to find it?"

"Only once. He came to see his uncle two days before his death—last Saturday, in fact. He didn't stay long."

"Did you see him?"

"Yes."

"What did he do?"

"Merely came into the room for a few minutes—visitors weren't allowed to stay long—spoke a little to his uncle, and went back to town."

"Did he do nothing else, or see anybody else?"

"Miss Garth went out of the room with him as he left, and I should think they talked for a little before he went away, to judge by the time she was gone; but I don't know."

"You are sure he went then?"

"I saw him in the drive as I looked from the window."

"Miss Garth, you say, has kept all the keys since the beginning of Mr. Holford's illness?"

"Yes, until she gave them up to me yesterday. Indeed, the nurse, who is rather a peppery customer, and was jealous of Miss Garth's presence in the sick room all along, made several difficulties about having to go to her for everything."

"And there is no doubt of the bureau having been kept locked all the time?"

"None at all. I have asked Miss Garth that—and, indeed, a good many other things—without saying why I wanted the information."

"How are Mr. Mellis and Miss Garth affected toward one another—are they friendly?"

"Oh, yes. Indeed, some while ago I rather fancied that Mellis was disposed to pay serious addresses in that quarter. He may have had a fancy that way, or he may have been attracted by the young lady's expectations. At any rate nothing definite seems to have come of it as yet. But I must say—between ourselves, of course—I have more than once noticed a decided air of agitation, shyness perhaps, in Miss Garth when Mr. Mellis has been present. But, at any rate, that scarcely matters. She is twenty-four years of age now and can do as she likes. Although, if I had anything to say in the matter—well, never mind."

"You, I take it, have known Miss Garth a long time?"

"Bless you, yes. Danced her on my knee twenty years ago. I've been her 'Uncle Leonard' all her life."

"Well, I think we must at least let Miss Garth know of the loss of the will. Perhaps, when they have cleared away these plates, she will come here for a few minutes."

"I'll go and ask her," Mr. Crellan answered, and having rung the bell, proceeded to find Miss Garth.

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Presently he returned with the lady. She was a slight, very pale young woman; no doubt rather pretty in ordinary, but now not looking her best. She was evidently worn and nervous from anxiety and want of sleep, and her eyes were sadly inflamed. As the wind slammed a loose casement behind her she started nervously, and placed her hand to her head.

"Sit down at once, my dear," Mr. Crellan said; "sit down. This is Mr. Martin Hewitt, whom I have taken the liberty of inviting down here to help me in a very important matter. The fact is, my dear," Mr. Crellan added gravely, "I can't find your poor father's will."

Miss Garth was not surprised. "I thought so," she said mildly, "when you asked me about the bureau yesterday."

"Of course I need not say, my dear, what a serious thing it may be for you if that will cannot be found. So I hope you'll try and tell Mr. Hewitt here anything he wants to know as well as you can, without forgetting a single thing. I'm pretty sure that he will find it for us if it is to be found."

"I understand, Miss Garth," Hewitt asked, "that the keys of that bureau never left your possession during the whole time of Mr. Holford's last illness, and that the bureau was kept locked?"

"Yes, that is so."

"Did you ever have occasion to go to the bureau yourself?"

"No, I have not touched it."

"Then you can answer for it, I presume, that the bureau was never unlocked by *anyone* from the time Mr. Holford placed the keys in your hands till you gave them to Mr. Crellan?"

"Yes, I am sure of that."

"Very good. Now is there any place on the whole premises that you can suggest where this will may possibly be hidden?"

"There is no place that Mr. Crellan doesn't know of, I'm sure."

"It is an old house, I observe," Hewitt pursued. "Do you know of any place of concealment in the structure? Any secret doors, I mean, you know, or sliding panels, or hollow door frames, and so forth?"

Miss Garth shook her head. "There is not a single place of the sort you speak of in the whole building, so far as I know," she said, "and I have lived here almost all my life."

"You knew the purport of Mr. Holford's will, I take it, and understand what its loss may mean to yourself?"

"Perfectly."

"Now I must ask you to consider carefully. Take your mind back to two or three days before Mr. Holford's illness began, and tell me if you can remember any single fact, occurrence, word, or hint from that day to this in any way bearing on the will or anything connected with it?"

Miss Garth shook her head thoughtfully. "I can't remember the thing being mentioned by anybody, except perhaps by the nurse, who is rather a touchy sort of woman and once or twice took it upon herself to hint that my recent anxiety was chiefly about my poor father's money. And that once, when I had done some small thing for him, my father—I have always called him father, you know—said that he wouldn't forget it, or that I should be rewarded, or something of that sort. Nothing else that

"Presently he returned with the lady."

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I can remember in the remotest degree concerned the will."

"Mr. Mellis said nothing about it, then?"

Miss Garth changed colour slightly, but answered "No, I only saw him to the door."

"Thank you, Miss Garth, I won't trouble you any further just now. But if you *can* remember anything more in the course of the next few hours it may turn out to be of great service."

Miss Garth bowed and withdrew. Mr. Crellan shut the door behind her and returned to Hewitt. "*That* doesn't carry us much further," he said. "The more certain it seems that the will cannot have been got at, the more difficult our position is from a legal point of view. What shall we do now?"

"Is the nurse still about the place?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"Then I'll speak to her."

The nurse came in response to Mr. Crellan's summons: a sharp-featured, pragmatical woman of forty-five. She took the seat offered her, and waited for Hewitt's questions.

"You were in attendance on Mr. Holford, I believe, Mrs. Turton, since the beginning of his last illness?"

"Since October 24th."

"Were you present when Mr. Mellis came to see his uncle last Saturday?"

"Yes."

"Can you tell me what took place?"

"As to what the gentleman said to Mr. Holford," the nurse replied, bridling slightly, "of course I don't know anything, it not being my business and not intended for my ears. Mr. Crellan was there and knows as much as I do, and so does Miss Garth. I only know that Mr. Mellis stayed for a few minutes and then went out of the room with Miss Garth."

"How long was Miss Garth gone?"

"I don't know, ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, perhaps."

"Now, Mrs. Turton, I want you to tell me in confidence—it is very important—whether you, at any time, heard Mr. Holford during his illness say anything of his wishes as to how his property was to be left in case of his death?"

The nurse started and looked keenly from Hewitt to Mr. Crellan and back again.

"Is it the will you mean?" she asked sharply.

"Yes. Did he mention it?"

"You mean you can't find the will; isn't that it?"

"Well, suppose it is, what then?"

"Suppose won't do," the nurse answered shortly, "I *do* know something about the will, and I believe you can't find it."

"I'm sure, Mrs. Turton, that if you know anything about the will you will tell Mr. Crellan, in the interests of right and justice."

"And who's to protect me against the spite of those I shall offend if I tell you?"

Mr. Crellan interposed:

"Whatever you tell us, Mrs. Turton," he said, "will be held in the strictest confidence, and the source of our information shall not be divulged. For that I give you my word of honour. And, I need scarcely add, I will see that you come to no harm by anything you may say."

"Then the will *is* lost. I may understand that?"

Hewitt's features were impassive and impenetrable. But in Mr. Crellan's disturbed face the nurse saw a plain answer in the affirmative.

"Yes," she said, "I see that's the trouble. Well, I know who took it."

"Then who was it?"

"*Miss Garth!*"

"Miss Garth! Nonsense!" cried Mr. Crellan, starting upright. "Nonsense!"

"It may be nonsense," the nurse replied slowly, with a monotonous emphasis on each word. "It may be nonsense, but it's a fact. I saw her take it."

Mr. Crellan simply gasped. Hewitt drew his chair a little nearer.

"If you saw her take it," he said gently, closely watching the woman's face the while, "then, of course, there's no doubt."

"I tell you I saw her take it," the nurse repeated. "What was in it, and what her game was in taking it, I don't know. But it was in that bureau, wasn't it?"

"Yes—probably."

"In the right hand top drawer?"

"Yes."

"A white paper in a blue envelope?"

"Yes."

"Then I saw her take it, as I said before. She unlocked that drawer before my eyes, took it out, and locked the drawer again."

Mr. Crellan turned blankly to Hewitt, but Hewitt kept his eyes on the nurse's face.

"When did this occur?" he asked, "and how?"

"It was on Saturday night, rather late. Everybody was in bed but Miss Garth and myself, and she had been down to the dining-room for something. Mr. Holford

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was asleep, so as I wanted to re-fill the water-bottle, I took it up and went. As I was passing the door of this room that we are in now, I heard a noise, and looked in at the door, which was open. There was a

"I heard a noise, and looked in at the door."

candle on the table which had been left there earlier in the evening. Miss Garth was opening the top right hand drawer of *that* bureau"—Mrs. Turton stabbed her finger spitefully toward the piece of furniture, as though she owed it a personal grudge—"and I saw her take out a blue foolscap envelope, and as the flap was open, I could see the enclosed paper was white. She shut the drawer, locked it, and came out of the room with the envelope in her hand."

"And what did you do?"

"I hurried on, and she came away without seeing me, and went in the opposite direction—toward the small staircase."

"Perhaps," Mr. Crellan ventured, at a blurt, "perhaps she was walking in her sleep?"

"Tha she wasn't!" the nurse replied, "for she came back to Mr. Holford's room almost as soon as I returned there, and asked some questions about the medicine—which was nothing new, for I must say she was very fond of interfering in things that were part of my business."

"That is quite certain, I suppose," Hewitt remarked—"that she could not have been asleep?"

"Quite certain. She talked for about a quarter of an hour, and wanted to kiss Mr. Holford, which might have wakened him, before she went to bed. In fact, I may say we had a disagreement."

Hewitt did not take his steady gaze from the nurse's face for some seconds after she had finished speaking. Then he only said, "Thank you, Mrs. Turton. I need scarcely assure you, after what Mr. Crellan has said, that your confidence shall not be betrayed. I think that is all, unless you have more to tell us?"

Mrs. Turton bowed and rose. "There is nothing more," she said, and left the room.

As soon as she had gone, "Is Mrs. Turton at all interested in the will?" Hewitt asked.

"No, there is nothing for her. She is a new-comer, you see. Perhaps," Mr. Crellan went on, struck by an idea, "she may be jealous, or something. She seems a spiteful woman—and really, I can't believe her story for a moment."

"Why?"

"Well, you see, it's absurd. Why should Miss Garth go to all this secret trouble to do herself an injury—to make a beggar of herself? And besides, she's not in the habit of telling barefaced lies. She distinctly assured us, you remember, that

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she had never been to the bureau for any purpose whatever."

"But the nurse has an honest character, hasn't she?"

"Yes, her character is excellent. Indeed, from all accounts, she is a very excellent woman, except for a desire to govern everybody, and a habit of spite if she is thwarted. But, of course, that sort of thing sometimes leads people rather far."

"So it does," Hewitt replied. "But consider now. Is it not possible that Miss Garth, completely infatuated with Mr. Mellis, thinks she is doing a noble thing for him by destroying the will and giving up her whole claim to his uncle's property? Devoted women do just such things, you know."

Mr. Crellan stared, bent his head to his hand, and considered. "So they do, so they do," he said. "Insane foolery. Really, it's the sort of thing I can imagine her doing—she's honour and generosity itself. But then those lies," he resumed, sitting up and slapping his leg; "I can't believe she'd tell such tremendous lies as that for anybody. And with such a calm face, too—I'm sure she couldn't."

"Well, that's as it may be. You can scarcely set a limit to the lengths a woman will go on behalf of a man she loves. I suppose, by-the-bye, Miss Garth is not exactly what you would call a 'strong-minded' woman?"

"No, she's not that. She'd never get on in the world by herself. She's a good little soul, but nervous—very; and her month of anxiety, grief, and want of sleep seems to have broken her up."

"Mr. Mellis knows of the death, I suppose?"

"I telegraphed to him at his chambers in London the first thing yesterday—Tuesday—morning, as soon as the telegraph office was open. He came here (as I've forgotten to tell you as yet) the first thing this morning—before I was over here myself, in fact. He had been staying not far off—at Ockham, I think—and the telegram had been sent on. He saw Miss Garth, but couldn't stay, having to get back to London. I met him going away as I came, about eleven o'clock. Of course I said nothing about the fact that I couldn't find the will, but he will probably be down again soon, and may ask questions."

"Yes," Hewitt replied. "And, speaking of that matter, you can no doubt talk with Miss Garth on very intimate and familiar terms?"

"Oh yes—yes; I've told you what old friends we are."

"I wish you could manage, at some favourable opportunity to-day, to speak to her alone, and without referring to the will in any way, get to know, as circumspectly and delicately as you can, how she stands in regard to Mr. Mellis. Whether he is an accepted lover, or likely to be one, you know. Whatever answer you may get, you may judge, I expect, by her manner how things really are."

"Very good—I'll seize the first chance. Meanwhile what to do?"

"Nothing, I'm afraid, except perhaps to examine other pieces of furniture as closely as we have examined this bureau."

Other bureaux, desks, tables, and chests were examined fruitlessly. It was not until after dinner that Mr. Crellan saw a favourable opportunity of sounding Miss Garth as he had promised. Half an hour later he came to Hewitt in the study, more puzzled than ever.

"There's no engagement between them," he reported, "secret or open, nor ever has been. It seems, from what I can make out, going to work as diplomatically as possible, that Mellis *did* propose to her, or something very near it, a time ago, and was point-blank refused. Altogether, Miss Garth's sentiment for him appears to be rather dislike than otherwise."

"That rather knocks a hole in the theory of self-sacrifice, doesn't it?" Hewitt remarked. "I shall have to think over this, and sleep on it. It's possible that it may be necessary to-morrow for you to tax Miss Garth, point-blank, with having taken away the will. Still, I hope not."

"I hope not too," Mr. Crellan said, rather dubious as to the result of such an experiment. "She has been quite upset enough already. And, by-the-bye, she didn't seem any the better or more composed after Mellis' visit this morning."

"Still, *then* the will was gone."

"Yes."

And so Hewitt and Mr. Crellan talked on late into the evening, turning over every apparent possibility and finding reason in none. The household went to bed at ten, and, soon after, Miss Garth came to bid Mr. Crellan good night. It had been settled that both Martin Hewitt and Mr. Crellan should stay the night at Wedbury Hall.

Soon all was still, and the ticking of the tall clock in the hall below could be heard as distinctly as though it were in the study,

while the rain without dropped from eaves and sills in regular splashes. Twelve o'clock struck, and Mr. Crellan was about to suggest retirement when the sound of a light footstep startled Hewitt's alert ear. He raised

"And down the stairs came Miss Garth."

his hand to enjoin silence, and stepped to the door of the room, Mr. Crellan following him.

There was a light over the staircase, seven or eight yards away, and down the stairs came Miss Garth in dressing gown and slippers; she turned at the landing and vanished in a passage leading to the right.

"Where does that lead to?" Hewitt whispered hurriedly.

"Toward the small staircase—other end of house," Mr. Crellan replied in the same tones.

"Come quietly," said Hewitt, and stepped lightly after Miss Garth, Mr. Crellan at his heels.

She was nearing the opposite end of the passage, walking at a fair pace and looking neither to right nor left. There was another light over the smaller staircase at the end. Without hesitation Miss Garth turned down the stairs till about half down the flight and then stopped and pressed her hand against the oak wainscot.

Immediately the vertical piece of framing against which she had placed her hand turned on central pivots top and bottom, revealing a small recess, three feet high and little more than six inches wide. Miss Garth stooped and felt about at the bottom of this recess for several seconds. Then with every sign of extreme agitation and horror she withdrew her hand empty, and sank on the stairs. Her head rolled from side to side on her shoulders, and beads of perspiration stood on her forehead. Hewitt with difficulty restrained Mr. Crellan from going to her assistance.

Presently, with a sort of shuddering sigh, Miss Garth rose, and after standing irresolute for a moment, descended the flight of stairs to the bottom. There she stopped again, and pressing her hand to her forehead, turned and began to re-ascend the stairs.

Hewitt touched his companion's arm, and the two hastily but noiselessly made their way back along the passage to the study. Miss Garth left the open framing as it was, reached the top of the landing, and without stopping proceeded along the passage and turned up the main staircase, while Hewitt and Mr. Crellan still watched her from the study door.

At the top of the flight she turned to the right, and up three or four more steps toward her own room. There she stopped, and leaned thoughtfully on the handrail.

"Go up," whispered Hewitt to Mr. Crellan, "as though you were going to bed. Appear surprised to see her; ask if she isn't well, and, if you can, manage to repeat that question of mine about secret hiding-places in the house."

Mr. Crellan nodded and started quickly up the stairs. Half way up he turned his head, and, as he went on: "Why, Nelly, my dear," he said, "what's the matter? Aren't you well?"

Mr. Crellan acted his part well, and waiting below, Hewitt heard this dialogue:

"No, uncle, I don't feel very well, but it's nothing. I think my room seems close. I can scarcely breathe."

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"Oh, it isn't close to-night. You'll be catching cold, my dear. Go and have a good sleep; you musn't worry that wise little head of yours, you know. Mr. Hewitt and I have been making quite a night of it, but I'm off to bed now."

"I hope they've made you both quite comfortable, uncle?"

"Oh, yes; capital, capital. We've been talking over business, and, no doubt, we shall put that matter all in order soon. By-the-bye, I suppose since you saw Mr. Hewitt you haven't happened to remember anything more to tell him?"

"No."

"You still can't remember any hiding-places or panels, or that sort of thing in the wainscot or anywhere?"

"No, I'm sure I don't know of any, and I don't believe for a moment that any exist."

"Quite sure of that, I suppose?"

"Oh yes."

"All right. Now go to bed. You'll catch *such* a cold in these draughty landings. Come, I won't move a step till I see your door shut behind you. Good-night."

"Good-night, uncle."

Mr. Crellan came downstairs again with a face of blank puzzlement.

"I wouldn't have believed it," he assured Martin Hewitt; "positively I wouldn't have believed she'd have told such a lie, and with such confidence, too. There's something deep and horrible here, I'm afraid. What does it mean?"

"We'll talk of that afterwards," Hewitt replied. "Come now and take a look at that recess."

They went, quietly still, to the small staircase, and there, with a candle, closely examined the recess. It was a mere box, three feet high, a foot or a little more deep, and six or seven inches wide. The piece of oak framing, pivoted to the stair at the bottom and to a horizontal piece of framing at the top, stood edge forward, dividing the opening down the centre. There was nothing whatever in the recess.

Hewitt ascertained that there was no catch, the plank simply remaining shut by virtue of fitting tightly, so that nothing but pressure on the proper part was requisite to open it. He had closed the plank and turned to speak to Mr. Crellan, when another interruption occurred.

On each floor the two staircases were joined by passages, and the ground-floor passage, from the foot of the flight they were on, led to the entrance hall. Distinct amid the loud ticking of the hall clock, Hewitt now heard a sound, as of a person's foot shifting on a stone step.

Mr. Crellan heard it too, and each glanced at the other. Then Hewitt, shading the candle with his hand, led the way to the hall. There they listened for several seconds —almost an hour, it seemed—and then the noise was repeated. There was no doubt of it. It was at the other side of the front door.

In answer to Hewitt's hurried whispers, Mr. Crellan assured him that there was no window from which, in the dark, a view could be got of a person standing outside the door. Also that any other way out would be equally noisy, and would entail the circuit of the house. The front door was fastened by three heavy bolts, an immense old-fashioned lock, and a bar. It would take nearly a minute to open at least, even if everything went easily. But, as there was no other way, Hewitt determined to try it. Handing the candle to his companion, he first lifted the bar, conceiving that it might be done with the least noise. It went easily, and, handling it carefully, Hewitt let it hang from its rivet without a sound. Just then, glancing at Mr. Crellan, he saw that he was forgetting to shade the candle, whose rays extended through the fanlight above the door, and probably through the wide crack under it. But it was too late. At the same moment the light was evidently perceived from outside; there was a hurried jump from the steps, and for an instant a sound of running on gravel. Hewitt tore back the bolts, flung the door open, and dashed out into the darkness, leaving Mr. Crellan on the door-step with a candle.

Hewitt was gone, perhaps, five or ten minutes, although to Mr. Crellan—standing there at the open door in a state of high nervous tension, and with no notion of what was happening or what it all meant—the time seemed an eternity. When at last Hewitt reached the door again, "What was it?" asked Mr. Crellan, much agitated. "Did you see? Have you caught them?"

Hewitt shook his head.

"I hadn't a chance," he said. "The wall is low over there, and there's a plantation of trees at the other side. But I think—yes, I begin to think—that I may possibly be able to see my way through this business in a little while. See this?"

On the top step in the sheltered porch there remained the wet prints of two feet.

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Hewitt took a letter from his pocket, opened it out, spread it carefully over the more perfect of the two marks, pressed it lightly, and lifted it. Then, when the door was shut, he produced his pocket scissors, and with great care cut away the paper round the wet part, leaving a piece, of course, the shape of a boot sole.

"Come," said Hewitt, "we may get at something after all. Don't ask me to tell you anything now; I don't know anything, as a matter of fact. I hope this is the end of the night's entertainment, but I'm afraid the case is rather an unpleasant business. There is nothing for us to do now but to go to bed, I think. I suppose there's a handy man kept about the place?"

"Yes, he's gardener and carpenter and carpet-beater, and so on."

"Good! Where's his sanctum? Where does he keep his shovels and carpet sticks?"

"In the shed by the coach-house, I believe. I think it's generally unlocked."

"Very good. We've earned a night's rest, and now we'll have it."

The next morning, after breakfast, Hewitt took Mr. Crellan into the study.

"Can you manage," he said, "to send Miss Garth out for a walk this morning—with somebody?"

"I can send her out for a ride with the groom—unless she thinks it wouldn't be the thing to go riding so soon after her bereavement."

"Never mind, that will do. Send her at once, and see that she goes. Call it doctor's orders; say she must go for her health's sake—anything."

Mr. Crellan departed, used his influence, and in half an hour Miss Garth had gone.

"I was up pretty early this morning," Hewitt remarked on Mr. Crellan's return to the study, "and, among other things, I sent a telegram to London. Unless my eyes deceive me, a boy with a peaked cap—a telegraph boy, in fact—is coming up the drive at this moment. Yes, he is. It is probably my answer."

In a few minutes a telegram was brought in. Hewitt read it and then asked:

"Your friend Mr. Mellis, I understand, was going straight to town yesterday morning?"

"Yes."

"Read that, then."

Mr. Crellan took the telegram and read:

"*Mellis did not sleep at chambers last night. Been out of town for some days past. Kerrett.*"

"Hewitt dashed out into the darkness."

Mr. Crellan looked up.

"Who's Kerrett?" he asked.

"Lad in my office; sharp fellow. You see, Mellis didn't go to town after all. As a matter of fact I believe he was nearer this place than we thought. You said he had a disagreement with his uncle because of scientific practices which the old gentleman considered 'dangerous and unprofessional,' I think?"

"Yes, that was the case."

"Ah, then the key to all the mystery of the will is in this room."

"Where?"

"There." Hewitt pointed to the book cases. "Read Bernheim's 'Suggestive Therapeutics,' and one or two books of Heidenhain's and Björnström's, and you'll see the thing more clearly than you can without them; but that would be rather a long sort of job, so——but why, who's this? Somebody coming up the drive in a fly, isn't it?"

"Yes," Mr. Crellan replied, looking out of the window. Presently he added, "it's Cranley Mellis."

"Ah," said Hewitt, "he won't trouble us for a little. I'll bet you a penny cake he goes first by himself to the small staircase and tries that secret recess. If you get a little way along the passage you will

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be able to see him; but that will scarcely matter—I can see you don't guess now what I am driving at."

"I don't in the least."

"I told you the names of the books in which you could read the matter up, but that would be too long for the present purpose. The thing is fairly well summarised, I see, in that encyclopædia there in the corner. I have put a marker in volume seven. Do you mind opening it at that place and seeing for yourself?"

Mr. Crellan, doubtful and bewildered, reached the volume. It opened readily, and in the place where it opened lay a blue foolscap envelope. The old gentleman took the envelope, drew from it a white paper, stared first at the paper, then at Hewitt, then at the paper again, let the volume slide from his lap, and gasped:

"Why—why—it's the will!"

"Ah, so I thought," said Hewitt, catching the book as it fell. "But don't lose this place in the encyclopædia. Read the name of the article. What is it?"

Mr. Crellan looked absent-mindedly at the title, holding the will before him all the time. Then, mechanically, he read aloud the word "*Hypnotism.*"

"Hypnotism it is," Hewitt answered. "A dangerous and terrible power in the hands of an unscrupulous man."

"But—but how? I don't understand it. This—this *is* the real will, I suppose?"

"Look at it; you know best."

Mr. Crellan looked.

"Yes," he said, "this certainly is the will. But where did it come from? It hasn't been in this book all the time, has it?"

"No. Didn't I tell you I put it there myself, as a marker? But come, you'll understand my explanation better if I first read you a few lines from this article. See here now:

"'Although hypnotism has power for good when properly used by medical men, it is an exceedingly dangerous weapon in the hands of the unskilful or unscrupulous. Crimes have been committed by persons who have been hypnotised. Just as a person when hypnotised is rendered extremely impressionable, and therefore capable of receiving beneficial suggestions, so he is nearly as liable to receive suggestions for evil; and it is quite possible for an hypnotic subject while under hypnotic influence to be impressed with the belief that he is to commit some act after the influence is removed, and that act he is safe to commit, acting at the time as an automaton. Suggestions may be thus made of which the subject, in his subsequent uninfluenced moments, has no idea, but which he will proceed to carry out automatically at the time appointed. In the case of a complete state of hypnotism the subject has subsequently no recollection whatever of what has happened. Persons whose will or nerve power has been weakened by fear or other similar causes can be hypnotised without consent on their part.'

"There now, what do you make of that?"

"Why, do you mean that Miss Garth has been hypnotised by—by—Cranley Mellis?"

"I think that is the case; indeed, I am pretty sure of it. Notice, on the occasion of each of his last two visits, he was alone with Miss Garth for some little time. On the evening following each of those visits she does something which she afterwards knows nothing about—something connected with the disappearance of this will, the only thing standing between Mr. Mellis and the whole of his uncle's property. Who could have been in a weaker nervous state than Miss Garth has been lately? Remember, too, on the visit of last Saturday, while Miss Garth says she only showed Mellis to the door, both you and the nurse speak of their being gone some little time. Miss Garth must have forgotten what took place then, when Mellis hypnotised her, and impressed on her the suggestion that she should take Mr. Holford's will that night, long after he—Mellis—had gone, and when he could not be suspected of knowing anything of it. Further, that she should, at that time when her movements would be less likely to be observed, secrete that will in a place of hiding known only to himself."

"Dear, dear, what a rascal! Do you really think he did that?"

"Not only that, but I believe he came here yesterday morning while you were out to get the will from the recess. The recess, by the bye, I expect he discovered by accident on one of his visits (he has been here pretty often, I suppose, altogether), and kept the secret in case it might be useful. Yesterday, not finding the will there, he hypnotised Miss Garth once again, and conveyed the suggestion that, at midnight last night, she should take the will from wherever she had put it and pass it to him under the front door."

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"What, do you mean it was he you chased across the grounds last night?"

"That is a thing I am pretty certain of. If we had Mr. Mellis's boot here we could make sure by comparing it with the piece of paper I cut out, as you will remember, in the entrance hall. As we have the will,

"There *is* a will, and there it is!"

though, that will scarcely be necessary. What he will do now, I expect, will be to go to the recess again on the vague chance of the will being there now, after all, assuming that his second dose of mesmerism has somehow miscarried. If Miss Garth were here he might try his tricks again, and that is why I got you to send her out,"

"And where did you find the will?"

"Now you come to practical details. You will remember that I asked about the handyman's tool-house? Well, I paid it a visit at six o'clock this morning, and found therein some very excellent carpenter's tools in a chest. I took a selection of them to the small staircase, and took out the tread of a stair—the one that the pivoted framing-plank rested on."

"And you found the will there?"

"The will, as I rather expected when I examined the recess last night, had slipped down a rather wide crack at the end of the stair timber, which you know, formed, so to speak, the floor of the recess. The fact was, the stair-tread didn't quite reach as far as the back of the recess. The opening wasn't very distinct to see, but I soon felt it with my fingers. When Miss Garth, in her hypnotic condition on Saturday night, dropped the will into the recess it shot straight to the back corner and fell down the slit. That was why Mellis found it empty, and why Miss Garth also found it empty on returning there last night under hypnotic influence. You observed her terrible state of nervous agitation when she failed to carry out the command that haunted her. It was frightful. Something like what happens to a suddenly awakened somnambulist, perhaps. Anyway, that is all over. I found the will under the end of the stair-tread, and here it is. If you will come to the small staircase now you shall see where the paper slipped out of sight. Perhaps we shall meet Mr. Mellis."

"He's a scoundrel," said Mr. Crellan. "It's a pity we can't punish him."

"That's impossible, of course. Where's your proof? And if you had any I'm not sure that a hypnotist is responsible at law for what his subject does. Even if he were, moving a will from one part of the house to another is scarcely a legal crime. The explanation I have given you accounts entirely for the disturbed manner of Miss Garth in the presence of Mellis. She merely felt an indefinite sense of his power over her. Indeed, there is all the possibility that, finding her an easy subject, he had already practised his influence by way of experiment. A hypnotist, as you will see in the books, has always an easier task with a person he has hypnotised before."

As Hewitt had guessed, in the corridor

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they met Mr. Mellis. He was a thin, dark man of about thirty-five, with large, bony features, and a slight stoop. Mr. Crellan glared at him ferociously.

"Well, sir, and what do you want?" he asked.

Mr. Mellis looked surprised. "Really, that's a very extraordinary remark, Mr. Crellan," he said. "This is my late uncle's house. I might, with at least as much reason, ask you what you want."

"I'm here, sir, as Mr. Holford's executor."

"Appointed by will?"

"Yes."

"And is the will in existence?"

"Well—the fact is—we couldn't find it——"

"Then, what do you mean, sir, by calling yourself an executor with no will to warrant you?" interrupted Mellis. "Get out of this house. If there's no will, I administrate."

"But there *is* a will," roared Mr. Crellan, shaking it in his face. "There is a will. I didn't say we hadn't found it yet, did I? There *is* a will, and here it is in spite of all your diabolical tricks, with your scoundrelly hypnotism and secret holes, and the rest of it! Get out of this place, sir, or I'll have you flung out of the window!"

Mr. Mellis shrugged his shoulders with an appearance of perfect indifference "If you've a will appointing you executor it's all right, I suppose, although I shall take care to hold you responsible for any irregularities. As I don't in the least understand your conduct, unless it is due to drink, I'll leave you." And with that he went.

Mr. Crellan boiled with indignation for a minute, and then turning to Hewitt, "I say, I hope it's all right," he said, "connecting him with all this queer business?"

"We shall soon see, replied Hewitt, "if you'll come and look at the pivoted plank."

They went to the small staircase, and Hewitt once again opened the recess. Within lay a blue foolscap envelope, which Hewitt picked up. "See," he said, "it is torn at the corner. He has been here and opened it. It's a fresh envelope, and I left it for him this morning, with the corner gummed down a little so that he would have to tear it in opening. This is what was inside," Hewitt added, and laughed aloud as he drew forth a rather crumpled piece of white paper. "It was only a childish trick after all," he concluded, "but I always liked a small practical joke on occasion." He held out the crumpled paper, on which was inscribed in large capital letters the single word—"SOLD."

THE QUEEN AND THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

Our readers will be interested to know that Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of the first number of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

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THE RETURN OF MARCH.

THE stormy March is come at last,
With wind and cloud and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month! in praise of thee;
Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

W. C. BRYANT.

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UNKNOWN LONDON.

III.—THE ITALIAN COLONY IN SAFFRON HILL.

By H. D. Lowry *and* T. S. C. Crowther.

IF only one were writing for Cornishmen, and for Cornishmen alone, it would be easy to give in a single sentence a description of Saffron Hill and its environs at night-time, which would make the place more real to them than the most laboured of particular descriptions. Briefly, it is but a few yards removed from some of the busiest thoroughfares in London, and yet it is astonishingly like St. Ives on a dark night.

But this description must be enlarged upon if it is to be of use. The streets, then, are very quiet and rather empty. They are roughly paved; all sorts of vegetable rubbish lies underfoot. The lights are few in number and singularly ineffective. The houses have closely shuttered windows, and the doors stand open, revealing nothing but the blackness of utter darkness. Out of this darkness picturesque figures of men and women come with the suddenness and silence of apparitions, and when they disappear into it, one stands and wonders what they find in there. Seeing that the quarter is almost wholly inhabited by Italians, and these organ-grinders and their families, it is strange to hear the familiar music now and again, and to see a crowd of pretty children dancing upon the greasy pavement.

They are not like the London children. For one thing they are all picturesque, though dirty, and they can laugh as children should laugh. In other regions where the poor of London herd together, nothing strikes the visitor more quickly than the fearfulness and distrust of strangers which exist among the children. They are lamentably inured to harsh treatment, and

HOME AFTER A HARD DAY'S WORK.

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hardly know how to behave when the stranger against whom they knock does not greet them with blows and blasphemy.

But here it is different. The people of this quarter are mere maniacs when a little thing has made them angry. But between whiles they are an easy-going, good-tempered folk, and the common things of life amuse them. They recognise the charm of childhood, and so the tiniest youngster is prepared to find a friend for the moment in any stranger who chances to pass. If such an one be rash enough to produce a handful of

"Give me one, master."

coppers, there ensues a scene passing description. There may have been half-a-dozen children within sight when his hand first went to his pocket, but before it is out again the number is more than doubled, and the philanthropist stands helpless in the midst of a sea of eager faces, while hands are so mixed that with all his efforts he can never decide in his own mind which of the children have and which have not received his gifts. "Give me one, master!" they cry, and it is good to let the hand which holds a halfpenny go into the crowd closed, to be struggled for and rifled for by half-a-dozen tiny hands. The elders watch with placid amusement; then, when the philanthropist (so to call him) exclaims that his pocket is exhausted, they tell the children to go. And the children obey immediately, needing not to be told twice.

As one continues to wander, the resemblance of this piece of London to the little Cornish fishing-town increases. There are a multitude of tiny shops, with small-paned windows absolutely crowded with goods, so that the privacy of the tradesman is only intruded upon by actual customers. In some there is Chianti for sale, in one a variety of strange tinned messes in oil. And even where the goods in stock are of the most exotic description, the little windows are placarded with coloured advertisements of tea, coffee, pickles, and chocolate, such as one sees where the poor of the suburbs buy their food.

Another part of resemblance may be dwelt upon. In place of the great lofts where boats are built and nets stored in St. Ives, you have in Saffron Hill the huge rooms where the organs are stored, tuned, and repaired. They are big white-washed places, and, according to the custom of the place, exceedingly ill-lighted. The organs stand in rows against the walls, and men lounge near them talking together in Italian.

It is only on Sundays that these places are full, but all through the evening you will see men coming home after the day's work, pushing their instruments in front of them. Almost all are of the familiar piano type, and one is inclined to regret the extinction of the old barrel-organ with its stick and strap. It was more picturesque (or perhaps *Punch* made it seem so), and it was less terrible. Its *répertoire* did not include the "Hallelujah Chorus," which is by no means the chief abomination of the more modern type of instrument. If memory be not at its ancient game of transfiguring bygone reality, the old hurdy-gurdy had even a certain old-fashioned sweetness of its own, and, by virtue of its very imperfections, appeared for less atrociously mechanical than the thing which has come after it.

The most characteristic feature of a district is frequently its public-house, and at any one of several inns kept by Italians one may quickly learn all it is necessary to know concerning the present-day denizens of Saffron Hill. The bar is gay with coloured

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ARTISTS' MODEL (*fresh from the glories of Saffron Hill, proudly*): "Now look at me, will you? Don't talk of Mr. Paderewski, *I was here long before him!*"

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almanacs, portraits of Italian royalties, and of Garibaldi. A bunch of hops suggests brief country holidays. Among the occupants of the room there is not an English face to be seen, and hardly one which lacks some quality of picturesqueness.

The landlady is a woman of character,

A SAFFRON HILL LANDLADY.

handsome after a fashion of her own, slow of movement and of smile. It is somehow evident that a matter of no importance might send her to the other extreme if it fell out at the right moment, and that then she would be utterly transformed. Talk of models interests her greatly; for once, when artists had not all gone to live out Hammersmith way, there were a multitude of models living here in Saffron Hill with their compatriots.

Her customers are mostly accustomed to drink Chianti. "What do they drink when they can't afford that?" she is asked, and answers "Water!" with that same slow smile.

Little children come and go here also, and it is delightful to observe their absolute confidence. The men among whom they move about speak to them sometimes with a charming careless kindness, and sometimes bend down to play with them a moment. And the men are singularly attractive. Some are occupied with a game, some merely watch; but whichever they are doing, they are quietly and good-temperedly amused.

They are not a phlegmatic people, and when they do break out they are (to quote a constable who knows them) "mad." Also they have a Southern trick of using the knife upon provocation ridiculously small. But here, as they take their ease at their inn, they appear a singularly attractive people, altogether unheroic, but amiable to the last degree, and free as children from the vices of the mere brute.

And this is the impression one takes after a night's wanderings—of a region of paved streets, very dark and quiet, with shuttered windows and open doors, revealing a darkness which should be almost tangible: of a people having all the virtues which make men lovable, and very few of those which make for material prosperity in this world, or (if we go by common standards) will be worth mentioning in the next.

But Saffron Hill was a place of considerable notoriety long before it was chosen as a settling ground by this colony of Italians. 'Tis said the region was, long ago, a favourite haunt of the great Dick Turpin. Dickens knew it well, as he knew the whole of London, and it was here that Fagin dwelt, hither that the Artful Dodger led Oliver Twist. "They crossed from the Angel into St. John's Road, struck down the small street which terminates at Sadler's Wells Theatre, through Exmouth Street and Coppice Row, down the little court by the side of the workhouse, across the classic ground that once bore the name of Hockley-in-the-Hole, thence into Little Saffron Hill, and so into Saffron Hill the Great. . . . A dirtier or more wretched place he had never seen. The street was

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very narrow and muddy, and the air was impregnated with filthy odours. . . . Covered ways and yards which here and there diverged from the main street, disclosed little knots of houses, where drunken men and women were positively wallowing in filth; and from several of the doorways great ill-looking fellows were cautiously emerging, bound, to all appearance, on no very well-disposed or harmless errand." It is "in the obscure parlour of a low public-house in the filthiest part of Little Saffron Hill" that Bill Sykes, Fagin, and other characters meet for the concoction of some of their choicest plots.

Even at the inn which has been named they look at you less kindly on a second visit, not seeing any reason for the repetition of what might have been a mere freak of the fancy at first. And there are cellars under the bar of one public-house where rat-fights and such-like diversions used to be provided. From these cellars there was a secret way out into a street at the back. Indeed, the criminal who once gains the purlieus of Saffron Hill must even now be a blunderer if he permit himself to be captured. Dark passages lead from the main streets into strange, narrow courts, the houses abutting on them having doors

A QUIET GAME OF CARDS AFTER A GOOD DAY.

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closed and windows shuttered, while the dark and narrow court itself is cumbered with legions of costers' barrows, ice-cream

FAGIN'S LAND. (See *Oliver Twist*, chap. viii.)

machines, and other such things, which would afford very good cover for a fugitive. At the extreme end of the passage you come upon the back door of a beer-house, whose front is in another street than that by which you entered.

Or perhaps the passage joins two streets which run parallel to one another, while such an hostel as the old Ben Jonson opens into the court; and, at the other side, into a street which stands at right angles to the other two. One can fancy some aged criminal to whom the district has been a protection being reconciled to old age by the reflection that when this tangle of byways is demolished—as it is to be ere long—he will have passed beyond the fear of the police.

The present usefulness of the courts and back ways was illustrated while we talked with a constable. We had asked if there were Anarchists hereabout, and he was reminding us of the case of a man who, not so long ago, blew himself to pieces just by Eyre Street Hill. And, in the midst of the narration, there appeared a small boy in a white apron.

"Please, will you come?"

These words sufficed to wean the constable from the delights of conversation. He left us instantly, and one could have told, merely to see him, that he had business afoot. A tail of small boys followed after him, and we, following at a more respectful distance, saw him enter a quiet-looking *café* and shut the door behind him. A small crowd of loafers gathered instantly, and watched with many speculations the figures shown in silhouette upon the blinds of the restaurant. After a time the door was once more opened: there appeared an agitated lady with a lighted candle, the constable, the boy who had called him hither, and a stout, prosperous-looking gentleman with a foreign accent.

They began to scrutinise the pavement inch by inch, and to peer down into a dark and narrow area with a grating over it. The loafers followed their example. A sergeant approached and interviewed the constable. One of the crowd ventured near as unobtrusively as possible, and, having satisfied his own curiosity, proceeded to enlighten his fellows: "Blymy, 'e's lookin' fer 'is watch. 'E've lawst it!"

At this there was an outburst of hoarse laughter. The police bestirred themselves, bidding the crowd "move on," and presently the constable went off with the foreign gentleman, going at a good pace by many byways to the nearest police-station. Someone had marked and followed the man, and, because it was cold and his coat tightly buttoned, had had no opportunity to snatch the watch he coveted. So he had patiently tracked his victim to the restaurant, and there, while he was taking off his coat behind the table at which he intended to dine, had snatched and secured the centre-piece of the chain. The watch had flown in one direction, the locket in another, and the criminal made in hot haste for some haunt of his on Saffron Hill, escaping easily, though the small boy followed long enough to have a very good idea as to whither he had gone.

On Sundays there is a notable trans-

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FORTY-FIVE YEARS IN SAFFRON HILL. A SUNDAY NIGHT SCENE.

formation in the streets of this region, for late on Saturday all the organ-grinders return to their homes, and for a space there is quiet—of a sort—in the suburbs.

Groups of men stand idly at the corners; sometimes a woman talks with them, wearing the familiar coloured head-dress. The children appear to be more numerous than ever, and come, like hill streams in sudden spate, out of the narrow courts into the streets, noisy and happy. Along the streets there are sellers of roast chestnuts, whose

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little furnaces make pleasant patches of bright colour as soon as darkness begins

THE ROAST CHESNUT MAN.

to set in. And, since there is never any telling what may be the peculiar taste of the individual, hard by the furnaces you may as an alternative solace yourself with ice-cream.

The shops are busier than ever; indeed, on other nights they hardly seem to be busy at all. The vegetables which have lived out the previous week appear again with a slightly increased look of staleness, flaccid and, as the æsthetes used to phrase it, "weary," if not sweetly so.

But these things do not indicate that the people by whom they are done are altogether destitute of religion, or heedless of such religion as they possess. On the contrary the vast majority of them are strict Catholics, and go with great regularity to the great church in Hatton Garden, and an interesting congregation they make.

Near this church you may observe on any Sunday a very good example of the contrasting elements which give the district its interest. It is a little stall placed against a wall, and so covered in with yellowish canvas that you must stop and go near to inspect the goods, over which a woman keeps guard, sitting within beside a lantern. The mixture is a little surprising, for, along with the Sunday papers, a variety of glaring oleographs of sacred scenes—the Annunciation, the Crucifixion, and so on—together with bead rosaries and other articles of an allied nature. While you are watching, perhaps, a detachment of the Salvation Army passes with its band in the roadway; but even that incursion of modernity only emphasises, and cannot destroy, the feeling of being very far away from London which the stall with its impassive guardian has conveyed to you, and which is felt everywhere in the region round about Saffron Hill.

[We are indebted for the photographs of Lord Brooke and Lady Marjorie Greville, to Messrs. Walery, 164, Regent Street, W.; the Hon. Victoria Mary Pery, the Hon. Olive Wingfield, and Master Leslie Childers, to Messrs. Lafayette, Dublin.]

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LORD BROOKE & LADY MARJORIE GREVILLE.

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CHILDREN OF NOTABLE PEOPLE.

LESLIE CHILDERS

HON: OLIVE WINGFIELD

HON: VICTORIA MARY PERY

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HOW WOMEN CAN EASILY MAKE PROVISION FOR THEIR OLD AGE.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE "WINDSOR MAGAZINE" MARRIAGE INSURANCE SCHEME.

BY CHARLOTTE O'CONOR ECCLES.

TOO much had to be said last month on the subject of marriage endowments, and the pressure on the space of the magazine was so great that I necessarily left untouched many points of this WINDSOR MAGAZINE Marriage Insurance Scheme which I am anxious to make clear.

Before proceeding, therefore, to set forth that part of my scheme which shows how women can easily make provision against old age by the WINDSOR MAGAZINE arrangements with the officials of the Norwich Union Life Insurance Company, I prefer to dwell on a few details of my plan. And first, as to the need for dowries for the girls who marry.

Some of my friendly critics, while admitting that a fortune is extremely useful to spinsters, see no reason why a married woman should require money of her own if her husband is able to support her. In one way they are right. The position of a married woman as housekeeper to her husband, head of his establishment, nurse in sickness, and partner in joys and sorrows, to say nothing of her still stronger claims as mother of his children, entitles her to a fair share of her husband's income. If she be a worthy wife, she earns and deserves far more than he spends on her food, lodging, and raiment, and a good husband joyfully provides for her necessities.

At the same time the possession of a little money of one's own is never a disadvantage to a married woman, and the want of it may occasionally be a serious matter. Thus, one of the reasons for the existence of the so-called "New Woman" in England and America has been stated by a transatlantic writer to be the fact that in these countries dowries for daughters have been the exception and not the rule. The married woman has been, and in most instances is, absolutely dependent for every sixpence on her husband. While great mutual affection may make such dependence bearable and even pleasurable, it is not difficult to imagine circumstances under which it might be far from agreeable.

This is at the root of much of the friction unhappily apparent of late years. With increased education of girls, increased liberty, and increased opportunities of earning an independent livelihood, the situation became intolerable for many not happily mated. Parents will have themselves to blame if this stumbling-block be not removed now for ever from their daughters' paths.

I have been asked why twenty has been named under this scheme as the earliest age at which the sum insured for by way of dowry accrues to a girl. "Why not twenty-one?" said a friend, "when the girl would be of age, and entitled to the money on her own account?" Twenty offers this advantage, that in the exceptional case of an undutiful, impulsive, or weak-minded girl, the father, as the payer of the premiums, has the control of the capital sum due, and thus has power to prevent an ill-judged and unsuitable marriage, which a girl under age might be induced to contract on the strength of her prospect of a dowry, if her parents had no voice in the matter.

"But why twenty?" came the question again. "Why not earlier, if the girl desires to study art, or fit herself for some profession?" To this my answer is, that twenty is quite young enough for any girl to face the world, to take up the serious study of any science, or to venture far away from home in the pursuit of art. Some may even think it too young, but by twenty, if ever, a girl should have some sense and ballast, know a little of life and its temptations, have acquired a certain fixity and resolution of character, and be able to protect herself.

That girls under this age should become nurses, join a medical school, or venture afield to foreign studios, is to my mind both dangerous and distasteful, though I am willing to admit that in such cases everything depends on the girl.

The latest returns of the Registrar-General confirm my statement as to the average age

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at marriage of the girls in these countries. It proves to have been steadily rising during the last twenty years, the mean age for the last official year being the highest on record, namely 26·28.

Another point I desire to make clear is, that in the case of a father providing his daughter under this scheme with a sum down on marriage, or at a given age, and an annuity from the age of 50 or 55 onwards, this annuity may be made payable only to the person for whom it is intended. It should be unassignable. This will obviate its being mortgaged or alienated, and, as far as possible, prevent any unworthy relative, friend, or business partner from profiting by it at the expense of the annuitant. The effect would be similar to that secured by a will or settlement in which a wife, or daughter, or other beneficiary, is "restrained from anticipating" the annuity payments. In such a case the annuitant cannot sell, mortgage, or raise money on the annuity, and though this is often regarded as a hardship when the want of ready money for some temporary purpose is felt, it is a blessing in disguise. The fact is generally recognised later on, when the position is contrasted with that of another annuitant not so restrained, who bartered the annuity for cash, which was, perhaps, lost in some foolish speculation.

While in case of death or marriage previous to the age at which the capital sum insured for becomes due, the entire amount paid in premiums under this scheme is returned, it may be well to take the case of parents who, having insured a child, are unable, owing to a change in their circumstances, to keep up the necessary payments. If, for example, a child of five is entered by her father for a marriage portion in the WINDSOR MAGAZINE Marriage Insurance Scheme with all it options, payable at the age of twenty, there are fifteen years to run and fifteen yearly payments to be made in all, should the child live. If after, say, five payments have been made, the father should be unable to pay any more, a paid-up policy will be granted by the Norwich Union Society under this scheme for five-fifteenths (or one-third) of the total marriage portion, with proportionate options. That is to say, the father with every payment secures one-fifteenth of the full provision intended, and this can never lapse or fail, even though he should pay no more.

It will be observed that such an arrangement makes the WINDSOR MAGAZINE scheme very complete and satisfactory, and disposes of any anxiety as to probable loss, if the insurer's means should decrease. In fact, whatever the future may bring, whether the child lives and eventually marries, or lives and does not marry, marries before the appointed age, or dies, or the father himself fails to keep up the premium, even at the worst nothing is lost, and the money is either duly paid up, or the premiums returned in full.

So far, this article may be considered as a continuation of, and complement to, that which appeared last month in explanation of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE Marriage Insurance Scheme, in which I set forth the means by which girls might be provided with a dowry and a provision for their old age. Now we have to consider the case of those who, though unendowed, have been well educated, and who, whether married or single, and chiefly, of course, if single, are working for themselves.

The modern girl has learned that

"Life is real, life is earnest;"

even though, like a recent heroine, she hates the quotation. She is better equipped for the struggle than her immediate predecessor, is better educated, more practical and more business-like, and consequently commands a better price for her work. With economy she can save considerable sums. From five-and-twenty to five-and-fifty the able and intelligent woman may earn a fairly large amount. All who are profitably employed in one way or other, especially if single, and entirely dependent on their own efforts, are unpardonably blind to their interests if they neglect to provide while they may for their old age.

We have, too, to consider the case of women no longer young, who, in the natural order of things, will soon be unable to continue their labours. Many of them have no special ability, were brought up in old-fashioned ways, and without any kind of technical knowledge, have been forced by circumstances to take up the first occupation that came to hand. Out of twenty-five to thirty shillings a week, or even out of two pounds, it is difficult for a woman of the better class to live, dress herself, pay rent, doctor's bills, omnibus fares—cabs being out of the question—and all the thousand and one expenses necessitated by the endeavour to present a good appearance.

Artisans' wives and factory girls, who live as they please, and in any quarter,

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wear any sort of clothes, and buy in the cheapest market on a Saturday night, are rich as compared with those who nominally are their wealthier sisters, and to whom at times they look for aid. Poor gentlewomen, at the best, can save very little, but that little they should try to save, so that they may not have to anticipate still blanker misery when their working days are over.

The foolish idea that they are sure to marry eventually, and thus need not care, has been accountable in the past for much improvidence, as well as for much careless and mediocre work on the part of women. Gradually, however, it has been borne in on them that while old age, if they live, is a certainty, marriage is not; that the women in these islands out-number the men; that if all the latter were mated to-morrow, there would still be thousands of "unappropriated blessings" left, and that anyhow it is well to have a little money laid by, since it never proves a barrier to matrimony.

All the elder women, and the more thoughtful of the younger ones, have come to see this. Nurses, lecturers on hygiene and cookery, journalists, and business women have been considering the question of how best to provide for their old age. Those who are approaching the border line of forty are asking timorously what they are to do. Very little help has hitherto been afforded them. Such bodies as The Girls' Friendly Society have moved in the right direction, but the annuities granted by them are so small—from 5s. to 10s. a week—as to be almost useless to women accustomed to live in moderate comfort, and they begin so late—usually at sixty or even sixty-five—that it is difficult to persuade young people they can live till then, or if they do, that money will then be of value to them.

By making fifty or fifty-five the age at which the annuitant will begin to draw her pension, the WINDSOR MAGAZINE has already made an advance on the above system; and by selecting £1 a week as the minimum enables the women I have in mind to receive what they will consider an adequate return for the self-denial they have exercised through many years. Small though this minimum may be, there are many places where one can live on it in average comfort.

Of course the great thing in securing an annuity is to start paying at as early an age as possible. The longer one defers making a provision, the shorter time there is to do it in, and the larger, consequently, the instalments paid must be. Nothing can be had for nothing in this world, but we have arranged for rates lower than any others, and any small legacy or accidental windfall, such as occurs in most lives, could not be better employed than in diminishing the premiums, which, to fairly successful women at least, will offer no obstacle.

I take it that few women of the professional classes, earning for themselves and having no private source of income, are in a position to save much before the age of twenty-five. The few who, owing to luck, exceptional ability, or the possession of a small private income, are independent at an early age will find by the WINDSOR MAGAZINE Marriage Insurance Scheme that the annual payments are reduced by the Norwich Union Life Insurance Society in proportion to their youth. For the majority the following rates, *which are only obtainable by the regular presentation of all our coupons*, one of which will be issued each month, will suffice.

To secure an annuity of £52 per annum to a woman of twenty-five, with the condition that if death occurs before she attains the age of fifty or fifty-five all the payments made will be returned, £19 0s. 4d. must be paid yearly with the different coupons which are presented from month to month with the WINDSOR MAGAZINE, or, say, a little over 30s. a month set aside out of her income if she wishes to have £1 a week as long as she may live after fifty. Should she, however, be content to wait for her annuity until she is fifty-five she will have considerably less to pay, if she also hands in all the WINDSOR MAGAZINE coupons, viz., £12 19s. a year.

Here follow the rates for women of various ages, including forty, as arranged under the

WINDSOR MAGAZINE MARRIAGE INSURANCE SCHEME

with the Norwich Union Life Insurance Society, on condition that all the different WINDSOR MAGAZINE coupons are regularly presented with the different payments:—

AGE NEXT BIRTHDAY.	ANNUITY AT FIFTY.			ANNUITY AT FIFTY-FIVE.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
25	19	0	4	12	19	0
30	26	4	3	17	2	6
35	38	9	10	23	12	3
40	63	10	8	34	13	0

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These are specially reduced rates, *i.e.*, specially reduced by the Norwich Union Society for readers of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

It has been found in practice by insurance companies that some women have a singular dislike for stating, even in confidence, their exact age, and for giving personal and family details as to health, etc., required under certain circumstances. To meet the view of those who manifest this weakness another plan has been adopted by the WINDSOR MAGAZINE in conjunction with the Norwich Union Society, whereby, instead of an annuity, a sum down is insured for, say, £100 or £1,000, payable after any given number of years—five, ten, fifteen, twenty, or thirty, as may be desired. In this case, there is no need to calculate the number of years for which the person so insured may probably live over and above the specified time, and as in the case of an annuity, no questions are asked as to present age or family history.

Pure endowments of £100 and upwards, with return of premiums in event of earlier death, and option of return of premiums in the event of marriage, are thus arranged for by the Norwich Union Society for readers who take advantage of this scheme and present all the different WINDSOR MAGAZINE coupons.

TERM OF YEARS.	ANNUAL PREMIUM.			TERM OF YEARS.	ANNUAL PREMIUM.		
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
35	1	8	6	22	2	18	8
34	1	10	0	21	3	2	9
33	1	11	7	20	3	7	2
32	1	13	3	19	3	12	1
31	1	14	11	18	3	17	6
30	1	16	10	17	4	3	9
29	1	18	10	16	4	10	8
28	2	1	0	15	4	18	7
27	2	3	5	14	5	7	8
26	2	5	11	13	5	18	3
25	2	8	8	12	6	10	7
24	2	11	8	11	7	5	1
23	2	15	2	10	8	2	8

Under this scheme, and by the above rate of payment, a woman of thirty may secure to herself £1,000 down when she is fifty-three, and in all probability still hale and hearty, by taking in the WINDSOR MAGAZINE regularly and paying £27 11s. 8d. a year. She has thus actually paid £684 8s. 4d. herself by easy instalments extending over twenty-three years, and receives the balance from the insurance company. If she prefers to draw her money at fifty she will have to take in the WINDSOR MAGAZINE and set aside £33 11s. 8d. annually, or about £2 15s. 10¾d. each month, a sum very many could easily afford.

When the endowment falls through, the purchaser, if by that time no longer concerned to keep her age a secret, has the option of declaring it and receiving a proportionate annuity, a prudent arrangement that may commend itself to non-speculative minds.

In the case of parents, if any such there be, who think their girls, like their boys, should shift for themselves, and who having equipped them with a good education expect them to fight the battle of life on their own account, we have an alternative scheme to offer. They can insure the children, not for a dowry on marriage, or at the age of twenty, but for a sum of money down at fifty or fifty-five at very low rates indeed. Thus securing some provision for them at a time when, presumably, they will need it most: with youth and beauty left behind, and strength, perhaps, beginning to fail. To secure £100 to a child when she reaches the age of fifty or fifty-five the following annual payments must be made, accompanied by a WINDSOR MAGAZINE Coupon.

AGE NEXT BIRTHDAY.	£100, PAYABLE AT 50.			£100, PAYABLE AT 55.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1	0	15	8	0	13	2
2	0	16	4	0	13	7
3	0	17	1	0	14	1
4	0	17	5	0	14	7
5	0	18	5	0	15	1
6	0	19	2	0	15	8
7	1	0	1	0	16	4
8	1	0	11	0	17	1
9	1	1	9	0	17	8
10	1	2	10	0	18	5
11	1	3	10	0	19	2
12	1	4	11	1	0	1
13	1	6	1	1	0	11
14	1	7	4	1	1	9

And now to give practical effect to the scheme I can only add that a "Form of Proposal" will be found on page xxiv. of this issue for the use of all who are anxious to use this plan of Insurance on Marriage. This should be filled up and addressed to "Insurance," c/o The Editor of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE, Salisbury Square, London, E.C., when it will meet with due attention.

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In Fancy Free!

"Now go home, Fairy Queen!"

[*By T. S. C. Crowther.*

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By C. W. Nicholls.

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THE COURTSHIP OF DICK TREVENA.

By H. D. LOWRY.

Illustrated by Bertha Newcombe.

THE very name of Ephraim Holloway would be utterly forgotten by this time if it were not inscribed upon the faces of innumerable tall grandfather's clocks still honestly working in many houses round about Tallywarn. Yet there was a time when a multitude of young men looked upon him as a person who must by all means be delicately courted, and his utterances received as if they were plainly the last words of Wisdom herself. Ephraim's shop stood in the very centre of Tallywarn, where business was chiefly carried on; but the windows were so dull in themselves, and so free of any attractions for the wandering eye, that a man might take it he had begun to know the town well when he could swear to the whereabouts of its chief jeweller's shop.

"She looked back as she turned to go."

The jeweller was, and long had been, a widower, and had only one child, Loveday, for whose sake the young men of the town sought arduously to secure his approval. She was one of those maidens whom unkindly critics hardly need to slander, yet are quite unable to annihilate. She had, indeed, a pleasing figure, though she was considerably under the average height of women. She carried herself prettily, knew the colours she might wear, and how to place a ribbon; and her voice was soft. But there was little to say for her hair, and a man might know her a long while and never think of her eyes until there came a day when he met her, talked awhile, and said farewell without regret—and she looked back as she turned to go, and smiled, without speaking. After that he would scorn the mere idea of criticism, deeming it sufficient that she was Loveday. And so she moved about in the little gay world of Tallywarn, conquering by virtue of no accidents of feature, but simply because she was herself.

At last it seemed that she, the conqueror, was captured. She had smiled and smiled on Dick Trevena, until the very ground she trod was sacred in his eyes; for a long time he pursued her blunderingly, as a schoolboy follows a swift and vagrom butterfly upon the moorlands; and finally she had more than half surrendered. That is to say, Dick believed he had her promise that she would some day be his wife, though he could hardly recall the words with which she had bound herself. As a matter of fact she never trusted to words for the utterance of really important things. Dick was more straight-

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"'Well,' he whispered, 'did I do all right?'"

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forward: Loveday understood that he was wholly hers so long as he should live.

It will be seen, then, that the lovers were in vastly different positions if ever it should come to any talk of rights. Loveday meant to marry Dick, but in the meanwhile it was necessary to find amusement, and so it not unfrequently appeared that she had forgotten the pledge upon which her lover counted. No one could have suffered more than he did, though perhaps his love was all the stronger for the fact that she sometimes chose to play the butterfly again, and be for the moment as far beyond his reach as ever. But it was tacitly understood that he had no right to the relief of jealousy.

It soon appeared, however, that Loveday counted herself very differently circumstanced. Dick happened to possess a very pretty tenor voice. He was in the habit of singing in public, and once there was a concert at the town-hall. The chief soprano was a Miss Jessie Lelant, a tall, dark girl, with splendid eyes and an infinity of dusky black hair. Loveday looked upon her with disapproval: there had already been trials of strength in which she had not always gone unworsted. And Dick sang two duets with Jessie.

There could be no doubt of the success of the songs; they were encored vociferously, and repeated by the vocalists. Dick handed his partner on to the platform, and again to her seat in the front row of the auditorium, with an absence—or rather a stern suppression—of nervousness under publicity, which made him exceedingly well satisfied with himself. He imagined Loveday's pride as she watched from the back of the hall, and saw how good a figure he cut. And when he had made his last appearance on the platform he sought her side.

Loveday did not seem to see him at first; and, when at last he had attracted her attention, she made a little room for him, and immediately resumed her rapt interest in the music. Dick sat down beside her, glowing with honest satisfaction in his success, and his present liberty to be with her. "Well," he whispered, "did I do all right?"

And an unkind man might have laughed at the sudden change in his face when Loveday spoke: "Hush!" she said. "Can't 'ee hear there's someone singing?" Once again she gave all her attention to the music, while Dick sat dumb beside her. The singer was Miss Jessie; when she had finished, her late companion applauded as in duty bound; but Loveday, whom the song had so interested, sat still and quiet, and did not turn to Dick with the comment which usually came on such occasions with the first of the applause. And so things went until the end of the evening. Dick hardly heard the music, being only conscious of the fact that a concert is a hollow mockery when a man is full of words and not allowed to speak. Loveday was silent.

He was hardly permitted to help her presently, when the National Anthem was being sung, and she struggled with her jacket. It had the prettiest collar in the world, and when she turned it up around her ears Dick shivered, feeling it must be very cold outside in the street. Indeed, it was chilly at first. And then the young man could bear with the silence no longer. He stopped in the quiet street and faced his sweetheart. "Look!" he said. "I've done, or said, or looked wrong, somehow. What's the fault this time?"

All Loveday's indignation broke out. "Innocence!" she cried. "I wonder all the room didn't laugh aloud at you as you stood up there with your 'love' and 'dove,' and your 'heart' and 'dart,' and your eyes all the time waiting for a look from Jessie Lelant. How is it you've time to see me home? Did you ask leave of her? Or has she others at hand and no need of you to-night? I'll say good-bye here, Mr. Trevena!"

"My dear Loveday——," said Dick in honest amazement. But he could not find words to cope with such a foolishness; and even if they had come they would have been wasted on vacant air, for Loveday had crossed the street and was making homewards. Her lover watched her until she was out of sight. Then he turned in the direction of his own home. "I wonder what a man can say to a thing like that," he murmured, as he found his way to his bedroom.

Now, why Loveday chose to act as she did act is beyond explaining. A wise man has somewhere said that the best of women have only impulses for reasons; and Loveday had been passing kind for many days. The astonishing thing is that the night brought her no fresh wisdom. For six interminable days Dick had never the opportunity of a word with her. Once or twice he saw her, and she swiftly avoided him; on the Sunday he watched her unceasingly throughout both services from his seat in the choir, and could have sworn—with the rashness men use about women—that her eyes were never once

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allowed to wander in his direction. And then he also was tempted to folly.

He was passing by the shop of Ephraim Holloway, when he became conscious of two significant facts. Loveday was looking out of the little window above the shop; while the cause of his misfortune, Jessie, was advancing towards him. She was looking her very best; he understood in a vague, impersonal manner that some men might think her pretty. And Jessie stopped as she met him.

"Aren't you coming to the choir practice to-night?" she asked. "There's a new anthem for the chapel anniversary."

Dick hesitated. "Upon my word," he said, "I had forgotten all about it. I—I have been very busy lately. But of course I am coming." He paused, and seemed about to look at the shop, but did not. "May I walk along with you?" he said.

Jessie laughed, and did what he had not done. "Are you allowed to?" she asked provokingly; and without further expenditure of words Dick turned and accompanied her. He "put her home" after the practice that night, and saw much of her in the few weeks that followed. She was very full of sympathy, and yet had skill enough to convey it in such a manner that he half believed the split with Loveday had been a thing of his own deliberate making. And so he drifted and drifted; he was for ever hoping that Loveday would say the word which should call him back to her, but she made no sign, and he began to hear himself rallied upon the subject of his inconstancy. "Ah," said a friend of his mother's, "so

"But there came a day when Mr. Holloway had to leave his establishment."

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you've given Loveday the go-by? 'Tis a shameful thing of 'ee; but I never thought she was the one for you."

And he had no choice but to take the heartrending pleasantry in good part.

He has since been heard to declare that he must have been mad at this epoch; and, if this be so, there may be some grains of truth in his further statement that he really was upon the verge of asking Jessie to become his wife. But that could never have happened: "I should never have let it come to that," said Loveday a while ago. "Pride is pride, but I couldn't have seen that happen. Besides, the whole thing was as much my fault as his." And she prefers to consider what he would describe as the act of his desperation a piece of transcendent cleverness.

For there came a day when Mr. Holloway had to leave his establishment to Loveday's care to go on business into the country. The earlier part of the day was uninteresting, trade chancing to be slack. In the afternoon Loveday was busy in the little inside room, a small pane of glass let into the wall giving her a view of the shop. And suddenly the bell tinkled.

She looked up, and her heart stood still. For Dick Trevena was in the shop. She did not move, and after a few moments—hours to each of them—he shook the door, so that the bell rang madly. And Loveday took her courage between her hands, and entered the shop, saying icily, as she stepped behind the counter, "What's for you, sir?"

Dick turned and nodded awkwardly. Then, as he saw no token of recognition in Loveday's face, he tried to carry himself as though he were an everyday customer, entering a shop he had not previously visited. "Will you please to show me a few rings?" he said. "A few engagement rings."

"He turned, a new light in his face."

Loveday started, not so slightly but that he saw. "About ten shillings?" she asked quietly.

"Ten shillings for a ring?" cried Dick. "'Tis a thing a man don't buy but once, and when he do buy it he may as well have it such that a friend can show it with some pride if he do give it her. I was thinkin' to give somewhere about——"

He named a price which almost took away the last of Loveday's hardly kept composure; for she had sometimes thought him a trifle careful of his money.

Nevertheless she took some cases from the

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shelf and set before him. Then, when he began to examine the rings which they contained, she stepped aside a little and did her best to appear uninterested. But she could not resist a little angry movement when he looked up and turned to her for advice as to what he should choose.

"These 'ere blue stones are pretty," he said.

"They're turquoises," she answered abruptly, with the smallest possible sniff at his ignorance.

"Though some might fancy these pearls," he went on relentlessly.

"Yes," said Loveday, "some do like pearls—when they're good."

"And what's the price of those that are in the case?" asked Dick.

Loveday could stand the ordeal no longer. It was not long since she had told Dick that the only stone she loved was the sapphire. "If you'll look," she said curtly, "you'll find a little label on each, with the price marked on it. And perhaps when you've made your choice you'll call me. I am very busy in the house."

Whereupon, without giving him time to make any answer, she left the shop, and, having entered the inner room, proceeded to make such a to-do as should convince him of the truth of her words. Nevertheless she continued to watch him closely through the convenient pane of glass; for she had still a desperate hope that he would choose the ring she had approved, and, having chosen, offer it to her.

Dick stood before the counter examining the rings in the most perfunctory manner imaginable. He had been hoping she would speak; and now he cared neither for pearls nor sapphires. He was conscious of having failed abjectly, though he could scarcely have described the intention with which he had come to the shop. And so at last he chose the ring of tiny sapphires, and spoke, "Can you come out a moment, Miss Holloway," he said.

Loveday appeared behind the counter. "I think this here is as good as any," said Dick. "Have 'ee got a little case to put it in?"

Still Loveday gave no sign. "Yes," she said, "you can have a case."

She turned to a drawer, and found the case. Then she placed the ring in it, noting the while how pretty the blue stones were. "'Tis three pounds for the ring," she said, as she handed it to Dick. "There's no charge for the case."

Dick paid the money, and Loveday placed it in the desk. But still Dick was loth to go. He lingered, hoping for a word; and finally, as he turned and opened the door, Loveday saw him raise his hand as if to fling his purchase into the middle of the street. He muttered something. And the girl could stand it no longer.

"Dick!" she cried chokingly.

He turned, a new light in his face. "Wilt have it?" he cried.

And, while she sobbed hysterically behind the counter, he leant across it and fitted the ring upon her finger.

[The illustration on p. 168 of last month's issue should have been entitled "An Avenue at Bognor," instead of "An Eastbourne Road"; it is taken from a copyright photograph by Mr. W. P. Marsh, of Bognor, to whom we are indebted for permission to reproduce.]

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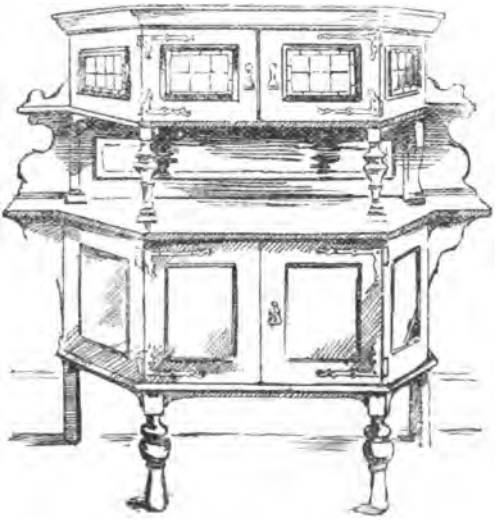
TALKS ON HOME TOPICS.

By Mrs. Humphry.

Illustrated by Minnie E. Clarke.

IN the minds of many there is a kind of reaction against over ornament and the florid styles to which we have for so many years been habituated. Meaningless decoration has degraded the original idea of embellishment as it existed in the palmy days of cabinet-making, when handicraft expressed the individuality of the worker, almost lost now in the infinite number of copies produced by machinery.



PLAIN OAK SIDEBOARD.

But the desire to avoid aimless ornament leads many to the opposite extreme, and induces them to favour a puritanic simplicity and severity that are almost devoid of grace. Just as any of us who had been obliged to associate with a flagrantly untruthful person might, from a desire to avoid a similar fault, rush into the very unkindness of candour and the inconsiderateness of irrelevant sincerity, so do those who have been overdosed with elaboration revert to simple outlines such as are depicted in one of our sketches.

It is a matter of temperament, too, apart from other influences. There will always be people in the world to whom the severe appeals, just as there will always be those to whom the beauty of appropriate carving, the grace of curved lines, and the richness of ornament in relief, is a perfect delight and joy. Between these two may be reckoned the multitude of others who seldom discriminate, and by whom a chair with prominent carving just where the back of the sitter requires flatness for the accommodation of the shoulders is only discovered to be wrong when its inconvenience is felt. Taste is lacking.

There are others so broad-minded that while they themselves incline to one or other of the two contrasting styles, they can yet admit the beauty of the opposite. A glance at the two sideboards illustrated, one on this page and one on the next, will show what I mean. In the smaller and plainer one there is a certain charm of simplicity and proportion, while in the larger one there is a wealth of beauty that few would be inclined to deny. The first is as a primrose to a rose. Each has its attraction. Both these sketches are done from models in a London house, where every period and phase of cabinet-making can be studied from the life.

Let us suppose someone taking possession of an old house built some two hundred years ago, but modernised to a certain extent. Large plate-glass windows replace the small casements with which our forefathers were satisfied.

The beautiful dining-room, oak panelled to the ceiling, would look lovely with some rich, bright colour introduced in the Turkey carpet, a set of saddlebag chairs and couches, and the windows hung with frilled yellow silk short blinds, and half curtains. The latter are hung on a brass rod, which is fixed to the upper part of the lower sash, and are made long enough to be looped back with yellow silk cord and tassels suspended from a hook about seven inches

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from the sill. This, when well arranged, forms a charming double outward curve from the point where the curtains meet at the top of the lower sill. The half-length curtains are frilled down the inner edge and are hung from the top of the window by

CARVED OAK SIDEBOARD.

means of a running string fastened firmly at either end and passed tightly round a nail in the very centre. These curtains meet above, and are in their turn looped back in a graceful curve by means of slender silken cords hung from a point behind the shutters, about four feet from the ground. The heavy curtains for drawing on wintry evenings might be in the beautiful old gold (No. 54), or rich golden bronze (No. 61), or the deep nasturtium tint (No. 57) of the English mohair velvet, called Lisango, and sold by both Helbronner and Shoolbred. This would form a beautiful harmony of tone, a chord of colour, beginning with the light yellow, including the oak, and deepening to the note of the orange brown in the nasturtium; or, if contrast be desired, how delicious would be the effect of a lovely sea-blue velvet against the brown of the oak and the velvet of the curtains. This shade (No. 55) is neither dark nor pale, and is exactly the colour of the sea seen far from shore under a blue summer sky.

There are many persons of undeniable taste who still cling to the familiar white lace curtains known to them so well in childish days when they looked out at the world through the windows of their father's house. Just in the same way many of us,

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in spite of fashion, abide by the white linen collar which the artistic despise. But in such a lovely oak room as the one I have been endeavouring to describe, pure white would look cold and crude. Let it be tinted to a creamy tone, or even the deeper one seen in old ivory. This would be in perfect unison with the oak. Roman satin curtains in yellow or old gold would be quite appropriate, especially if a skilful hand should work in the corner a cluster of white and purple iris — an ornament, by the way, that would look equally well on the mohair velvet.

Under the large bow window which appears in some of these beautiful old dining-rooms, there is occasionally a wooden window seat, about twelve inches wide, which makes a picturesque feature in the room when richly cushioned, or even when covered with some material which absorbs the damp, and furnished with a tall palm or two, and some flowering plants. This is a very pretty arrangement, and it is a matter of individual taste whether it be preferred to the cushioned seat. No room is now considered completely furnished without its complement of palms and standard lamps, with shades of more or less elaboration, and it must be admitted that such etceteras as these, when well chosen, give an air of finish and completeness, without which there would be something sadly lacking. With oak-panelled walls this relief of greenery and soft colour is even more important than in other cases.

The drawing-room of such a house would give large scope to the colourist. The fortunate possessor of many pictures would have to consider the walls as a background for these, as well as from merely a decorative point of view. More beautiful effects can sometimes be obtained with distemper than with paper.

There is a peculiar tone of bright, pale green which is particularly favourable to pictures, jarring with none of them any more than would leafage of the same tint. With a carpet of undecided tones, as it should be where pictures are in question, green walls would be perfectly appropriate, and the whole room would have to be kept cool and sweet in colour in order to allow the paintings to be seen at their best. Soft, pale tints of yellow and cream colour might be introduced here and there, with covers and hangings in Indian or Persian colourings, where no special tint predominates, though the brightest are used, interwoven with each other so skilfully, that the result is agreeable to the greatest purists in such matters.

The arrangement of the windows should be kept as light and graceful as possible. Very soft white muslin, delicately frilled, and held back by pale-tinted ribbons re-echoing some touches of colour in the room, would be quite admissible, but even better would be the faint suggestion of flower-like tints in the beautiful Madras muslin which makes such an important and telling feature in modern furnishing.

The ante-room which forms an approach to the drawing-room in some of our finest old houses might, with its limited width of some ten or twelve foot, be arranged in a glow of warm and radiant colour. For this purpose, no paintings should be hung upon the walls. Nor would it be necessary for these to be in the same colouring as those in the drawing-room itself. They might be suffused with soft pink or glorious yellow, and on them might be hung the etchings and engravings, photographs and silver points, which need some such background to efface their cold effect. There might be a frieze of roses beneath the ceiling, which could be brought into accord with their bright and radiant loveliness by a softly tinted moulding.

Persian and Indian rugs should cover the floor, the choice falling on those in which the reds are pure and true, the blues serene and soft, and the greens and yellows those of the happy springtide.

Wherever possible, a cover of bright-toned velvet, or a table painted in green or birds'-egg blue, or some other bit of colour, should be introduced. The seats should also be upholstered in Oriental tints, and the whole effect indeed as warm and brilliant as it is possible to make it; as cheerful and gay as the drawing-room is reposeful and serene.

The chimney-pieces must never show cold white marble. A strip of chestnut velvet shows up well the beauty of vases and the tints of flowers, and the jambs can be concealed by curtains of brocade or satin, rather deep in tone, and lined with mahogany velvet. In summer these could be replaced by a mirror and plants, or by Indian hangings of printed gauze or cotton. For the piano drapery, pale green velvet, embroidered in silver and flanked at the side with a tall green trumpet vase filled with bulrushes and green reeds from the nearest river.

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COOKERY.

THERE are people who imagine that cookery is too practical and plebeian a pursuit to engage the attention of cultivated minds. It deals entirely with the body, they think, and not at all with the soul or spirit. When we are very young we think such thoughts as these. Experience teaches us the fallacy of such theories.

We are all compounded of body, soul, and spirit, but the proportion of the ingredients varies endlessly. Probably no two beings on this round earth possess the three elements in precisely an equal degree.

Some of us, by birth, nature, and training, attenuate our souls; others, owing to influences of heredity and circumstance, starve the spirit within them. But none of us willingly starve the body. It imperatively demands its sustenance at every age, and it is an accepted mark of insanity to reject necessary nourishment.

What is the conclusion? That we are certainly two parts body to one part mind and soul. But we can starve these by starving the body. A sound, strong mind sometimes exists within an unsound, weak body, but as a rule a healthy body is necessary for the dwelling-place of a healthy mind.

As to the soul, scientists all agree in teaching us that the fasting ascetics of old were troubled with morbid thoughts and sinful suggestions far more than the ordinary comfortable layman who recognised that he was certainly a sinner, and deplored his sinfulness, and yet, with childlike simplicity, ate when he was hungry. He only indulged the natural appetite that is given to us all in order that we may, with pleasure and satisfaction to ourselves, supply the daily needs of the body. If we eat unsuitable food, we suffer not only physically but mentally, and sometimes morally. If our food is ill-prepared, indigestion supervenes, and we feel irritable and thoroughly disagreeable.

This frame of mind reacts upon our work, which is ill done and unsatisfactory. Occasionally these causes lead to a crisis in our lives which results in years of misery. Evil tempers are aroused, and harsh words spoken, where all might have been peace. And even where discord does not ensue there is much morbid misery to be laid to the charge of ill-cooked food. Had Mariana in the Moated Grange been a real person, I should at once have set down her lamentable, if musical, moanings to a severe attack of indigestion. It is accountable for many things that are attributed to much more romantic causes.

The moral of all this is that not even the most cultivated of women should despise the science of cookery, and I do not think it is putting it too strongly to say that, unless circumstances enable the house-mother to command the best skill in others, she cannot truly perform her duties to her children unless she herself knows intimately something of the practice of it. From infancy the little beings are helpless in her hands, and unless she understands the needs of the little hungry, healthy, growing bodies, she is liable to make mistakes which, later on, no one will more bitterly regret than she herself. Adults can usually take care of themselves, but even with them the housewife should be on her guard against that fatal monotony of *menu* which robs food of much of its value.

Many a man gets so heartily tired of bacon for breakfast, for instance, that he eats it merely mechanically and without that pleasing of the palate which does so much to make it digestible. The world is full of flavours, but in most households but a very limited number are used. And when one thinks of the thousands of British homes where food is daily laid before the family in an ill-cooked, unpalatable form, one realises how the good gifts of a kindly Providence are mislaid or misused.

Let us take fish, for instance. The waters all round our islands teem with an abundant variety, of which the very cream is brought into our markets. But in how many cases does fish occupy an adequate place in the weekly bill of fare? The supplies too often lie neglected in the shops, and chiefly for want of knowledge on the part of cooks on the subject.

There are certain months in the year when particular sorts of fish are out of condition and should not be used for food. But the poor things get into the fishermen's nets all the same, and are brought to the markets and vended in the retail shops. Not one housewife in a couple of thousand has ever taken the trouble to find out what these months are. Consequently flabby, limp specimens find their way to the table, and the partakers, finding tasteless morsels in their mouths, say to each other, "Don't let's have fish again for ever so long, for goodness' sake."

And, again, as to the cookery. The usual plan in boiling fish is to use far too much

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water and too little vinegar. The many contrivances for boiling fish whole are ignored, and only a small proportion of cooks understand how to dish it in a tempting manner. Is there anything more unsightly than a fish which is bursting out of its skin here and there and falling about the dish as if it had been in a railway accident?

Let me present you with the converse picture. Suppose that we have secured some four pounds of the middle of a fine codfish. The cook has boiled it in a stewpan only just large enough to hold it, so that the water shall entirely cover it and yet not be more than sufficient to cook it in. The salt has not been forgotten, a teaspoonful to every pint, nor the vinegar, a dessertspoonful to every pint. By the use of a wire cage the fish is kept from any risk of breaking, and is turned out on a hot dish with none of the skin showing. It is snowy white, and when the slice is introduced it shows that flakiness which at once proclaims that it is done just enough and not too much. The sauce is as carefully prepared as the fish itself, and whether it contain oysters, prawns, shrimps, or salsify, it will present that convincing aspect of having been prepared with skill which must commend it to even the least discriminating.

To make cod into a dish that is superb, you have only to bake it in the oven as you would a joint, placing in the bottom of the baking dish a little good stock with twice its bulk of water, a blade of mace, a clove of garlic, a few parsley leaves, a dozen cloves, and a tablespoonful of shred horseradish. Each time you turn the fish dredge flour over it and baste it with butter that has been dissolved in a saucepan. To make the sauce, take half a pint of the liquor from the baking tin, strain it, put it in the saucepan that had contained the butter (to save soiling another), add a dessertspoonful of flour flattened to a paste with the back of a spoon, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, another of walnut ketchup, and half-a-dozen (or more) cooking oysters cut in halves. Let all become very hot, but do not allow it to boil. You may, if you like, add a glass of port before giving it a final shake and stir. This sauce can either be served in a tureen or poured over the fish. A large haddock cooked in this manner becomes unrecognisable for the humble dish it usually is.

But please note that I say "a large haddock." This *poisson incompris* has a great grievance against human beings. We do not understand it, because we seldom see it in its prime. It should never weigh much under three pounds, that being the average weight of the mature fish. About 80 per cent. of those brought to market are immature. Consequently its true flavour and dietetic value are much underrated. Get a haddock of at least the weight I have mentioned and try it. You will find it equal to codfish.

The following is a list of the months in which the best known kinds of fish should *not* be used as food.

Salmon: January, September, October, November, December.

Sole: February, March, April.

Cod: April, May, June, July, August.

Mackerel: January, February, March, November, December.

Haddock: March, April.

Plaice: February, March, April.

Skate: September, October.

Whiting: March, April, May.

Mullet: January, February, March, August, September, October, November, December.

Smelts: June, July, August, September, October.

Herrings: March, April.

Eels: April, May, June, July.

Shell-fish.

Lobsters: January, February, March.

Crabs: January, February, March.

Cockles: May, June, July, August.

Oysters: May, June, July, August.

Fish that are in Season all the Year Round.

Turbot, brill, halibut, shrimps.

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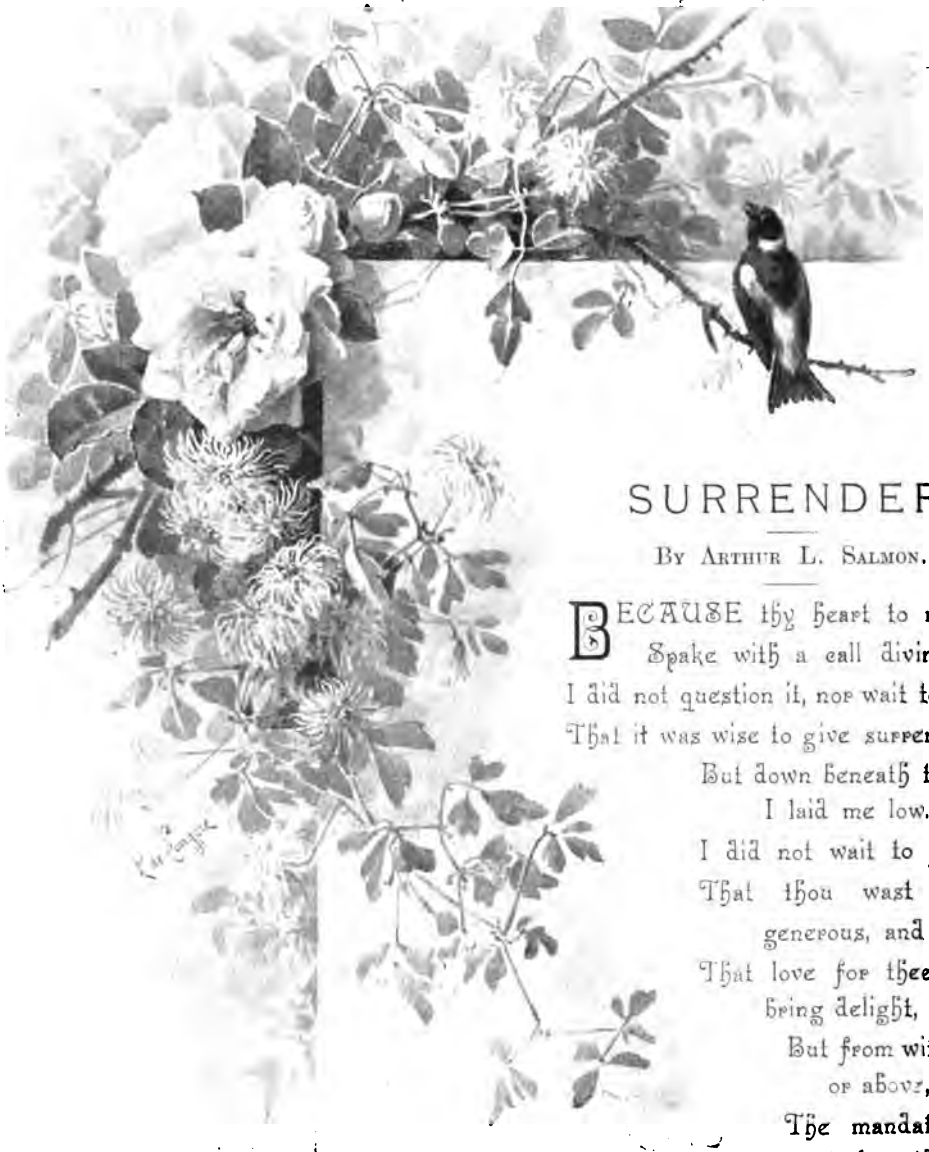

SURRENDER.

By Arthur L. Salmon.

BECAUSE thy heart to mine
Spake with a call divine
I did not question it, nor wait to know,
That it was wise to give surrender so,
But down beneath thy feet
I laid me low.
I did not wait to find
That thou wast loving,
generous, and kind—
That love for thee would
bring delight, or woe;
But from within me,
or above,
The mandate came
to love thee, and
I love.

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THE PICTURESQUE IN DRESS.

THAT civilisation affords comparatively little scope for originality, that its tendency is at all times towards uniformity, cannot be altogether regarded as a disadvantage. When one thinks of the flights that without its restraining influence might be attempted by daring but undisciplined spirits, a feeling of thankfulness steals over one.

On the other hand, we have lost much that is beautiful by submitting too tamely to the dictates of conventionality. If our worst is not as bad as it might be, our best is not as good, and my particular grievance against civilisation in the present instance is the uniformity it imposes on us in the matter of clothes.

Every year this uniformity developes. One town, one city, one country, one class, and—I had almost written—one sex grows more like the other in the matter of costume. Time was when every village had its distinctive garb, and was proud of it. Now national dress is unknown in England and dying elsewhere under the influence of Paris fashions.

The merry Swiss boy and the Alpine maiden who rejoice our eyes by their picturesque aspect, as our palates are rejoiced by the milk and wild strawberries they offer, have, it is rumoured, to be paid by the hotel keepers in order to restrain the one from indulging in the slop suit of the London working-man and to wean the other from the overwhelming fascinations of a magenta plush hat with blue feathers, a crimson cashmere gown, and "side-spring" boots.

On the common ground of dress the classes and the masses approach each other. One, to be sure, is well washed, spick and span, clothed expensively, while the other is the exact opposite; but the dress of the poor, instead of being suited to their different manner of life, yet neat and becoming withal, is a cheap travesty of that worn by the rich.

Frankly, I regret this uniformity, not because I desire to see invidious distinctions made between man and man, or woman and woman. My reason is that I think people should be proud of the work they do in life and willing to have their occupation known. The dignity of labour is nowadays no mere form of words. Everyone works in some way, and honest work, whatever its nature, work well done, conscientious work, is something to be proud of. For my part I am a journalist, and if to-morrow law or custom compelled me to adopt a garb or badge I should be proud to wear it. To

Fig. 1 (*see page 335.*)

rebel against anything that defines one's position savours to me of want of education, of a small, undisciplined, and vulgar nature. This was the attitude our domestic servants took towards the cap, which they were accustomed to term a "badge of servitude" in the dark ages before nursing had become a favourite occupation for ladies. We hear nothing about the badge of servitude nowadays, when their betters have taught Mary Jane, Ada, and Gwendoline Anne how charming a cap and apron may be, and

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have forced even dull minds to see that one may be suitably attired and yet look pretty.

In the days when England was in truth

Fig. 2 (*see page 335*).

"Merrie England," the village maiden who danced on the green had no desire to pass for a counterpart of my lady at the hall. She preferred cleanliness to *crêpe de Chine*, and variety in underclothing to velveteen. Better, she thought, be distinguished from one's aristocratic neighbours by garb rather than by degrees of grime, by modes rather than by lack of manners, by russet homespun than by red hands.

How refreshing it is to wander in countries where national costumes still prevail, where there are no rags, no dirt, no squalor, no faded frippery, no greasy and evil-smelling garments—once gay, now black and foul—and no shabby imitations, such as a walk through London streets or a journey in a London omnibus brings before us.

The peasant women of the Black Forest, in their gay bodices, their embroidered chemises of snow-white if coarse linen, their short dark green or scarlet skirts and quaint caps, varying with every village, are delightful. The men in their velvet coats with large silver buttons, bought by the savings of generations and passed from father to son, their knee breeches, warm knitted stockings, and thick low shoes, are a fitting match. Not that they wear this splendour every day. No, they have serviceable blouses always fresh and well-washed that cover them when at work and save their clothes.

Why cannot our working classes be as warmly, as suitably, and as picturesquely clad? They earn better wages, clothes are cheaper here, and it is only the lack of domestic training that leaves so many of our working women unable or unwilling to wash their own and their husband's linen.

Even where national costumes are dying out the women's head-dresses are the last to change. In Normandy, with plain and semi-fashionable dark stuff gowns, or plain neat cottons, elaborate, snow-white, and well-stiffened caps are worn. They are never to be seen limp or dirty, for Frenchwomen have in matters of dress a certain feeling, call it vanity or self-respect as you will, that never allows them to appear draggled and untidy. I never heard such amazement expressed as by a French working woman who visited London, at the dress and ways in general of the neighbours in the poor quarter on the south side of the Thames, where she took up her temporary abode. Their queer bonnets, their ragged gowns, their muddy aprons, their rough hair, their loitering at the bars of public-houses, their lazy, thriftless ways were a constant source of wonder to her. Amongst them, in her untrimmed black woollen gown and clean collar and cuffs, she looked, though she was as poor as any of them, to be the representative of an entirely different social grade.

Some Brittany Caps.

In Brittany, which, as a province less affected by the changes of fashion, adheres to its own ways still more than Normandy, a procession of peasantry to the shrine of Saint Anne of Auray, the *bonne Ste. Anne*, whose fame they carried to Canada, is a sight that attracts artists from far and near,

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These men and women who labour in the fields, who fish or cure fish, who milk and scrub, are such picturesque figures that they delight the eye. Alas for them if the day comes when they will vote their coifs and guimpes, their *barrets* and their breeches, old-fashioned, hideous, and unworthy of a progressive people. Like the Irish regiment they will then progress backwards.

St. Malo is like the middle petal of a clover-leaf, the other two petals being St. Servan and Paramé. I spent some weeks among the English colony at Paramé in the winter, using it as my headquarters, and nothing in the manners and customs of the people themselves delighted me so much as the caps of the women.

The Breton women scarcely correspond with the ordinary English idea of the fair daughters of France. They are wonderfully frugal and industrious, and the cap is their one bit of finery. Naturally, therefore, they take enormous pains over it. I fancy that no one except its owner, and possibly her washerwoman, if she has one, ever sees a dirty, unstarched, undressed cap.

But it is time to say something about the illustrations, which are all specially reproduced from photographs.

Fig 3.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 1, the old woman in the high-horned cap carrying a basket of sticks, shows the old Norman coif, which is still worn in parts of Brittany. The coif, plain as it is, gives a delightful air of distinction to the dear old lady's general appearance.

Fig. 2, a group of three smiling happy lasses, gives a good idea of the somewhat elaborate caps worn in Lower Brittany. Their effectiveness seemed to me to be greatly enhanced by the plain linen arrangement on the shoulders.

Fig. 3, the woman with a basket of carrots, characteristically counting her sous, exhibits the "type de Pleudihen," near St. Malo. She is the same woman as the one in Fig. 6. Her silk apron and rich-looking shawl suggest that she was photographed on Sunday. But the cap is not a specially Sunday cap, and would be worn through the week.

Fig. 4, a three-quarter length portrait of a woman with one arm on a colonnade, shows the "type de Dinan," a village on the west side of the mouth of the Rance, near St. Malo. Here again the feminine desire to be photographed in "best things" accounts for the beautiful shawl. This picture shows the lace streamers most realistically.

Fig. 5, a three-quarter length of a woman with both arms on a colonnade, turning her full face, gives a cap which may be described as typically Breton, "de la Bretagne breton-

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nante," in fact. The elaboration of the shoulder arrangement should be remarked especially. This type is often met with by visitors to the pretty resort of Paramé, usually in the village a little way away from

Fig. 5.

the yellow sands and the fair wide bay of St. Malo with its studded islets.

Fig. 6 shows the bust, nearly full face, of our friend in Fig. 3, and may be called "Une Pleudihenne."

Nothing is more curious about these Brittany caps than the persistence of particular forms and types of cap in particular parishes or districts. In some parts of Brittany the caps are very expensive, costing sometimes as much as forty francs, and showing delicate colour-shades through lace. But these are too elaborate for satisfactory illustration. The visitor can generally get for four or five francs the plainer kinds, which are probably in most cases sold to the natives for two or three francs. But the idea that most of the English are millionaires takes a long time to be eradicated from the Breton mind.

The caps are generally made in two pieces, the plainer foundation being worn indoors, and the superstructure, usually more elaborate, called the coif, being pinned on for going out. Children, of course, wear little caps suited to their smaller heads, but they are generally taken off by economical mothers when their small owners want to play about.

I have given up trying to persuade my servants that they would look better on their "Sunday out" in a plain good black sailor hat, a grey dress, and a black jacket with neat petticoat, gloves and boots, than in a costume I can plainly see is a caricature of my newest visiting toilette from the *atelier* of Madame Chose, a costume for which I paid forty guineas, and venture to wear on great occasions only. Perhaps these photographs of women who are not ashamed to proclaim their station in life, and are all the more dignified for their honest pride, may convert the dames who deign to serve me inefficiently when they see them. Perhaps they will only consider them "funny" or "comical," and then I shall not have courage to say that their gorgeous garments are far "funnier" to my mind.

HAIR DRESSING.

If the question is asked, "What makes the greatest change in a woman's appearance?" the answer of the expert will be, "A change in the method of arranging her hair." It is on the style of hairdressing we must chiefly depend for altering the contour of the face, for giving it softness, or

Fig. 6.

character, or roundness, for disguising too great length of nose, or adding piquancy to a fair but expressionless countenance. With hair becomingly arranged, a girl looks pretty and distinguished, though wearing her shabbiest gown, while a tasteless coiffure is unredeemed by a rich and suitable toilette,

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How unbecoming were those thick and mat-like curled fringes that came down to the eyes, depriving the face of every ray of animation, or those others, curled likewise, and lying in a straight line across the forehead, bringing out all the animal character, and imparting a sulky expression to an otherwise cheerful countenance. We all know the girl who invariably covers up the middle of her forehead, and leaves her temples bare; her friend who cuts a scrubby little straight fringe, and lets it stick out in every direction, at its own sweet will; and the third variety who scorns fringes of all kinds, and pulling her hair straight off her brow, rolls it behind into a pellet the size of a walnut.

Again, there is the girl who has abundant hair, and does not seem to know what to do with it, so plaits it closely into innumerable small plaits, or twists it tightly into rolls all round her head, and goes about as neat and ugly as possible. Finally, we have the matron, who bands her straight locks down by her ears, or conceals the thin place on top of her head by a band. So far as fashion is concerned, the hair is still dressed very simply in a twist at the back, and adorned only by a single handsome comb of tortoise-shell, inlaid with steel or silver. Fringes are either brushed back entirely, or are arranged softly and lightly by those whose foreheads are too high to bear the severer mode. The rest of the hair is waved and knotted behind.

Some time ago I had the advantage of a conversation on the subject of hair-dressing with Mr. H. Lichtenfeld, at 79, Regent Street, and he imparted to me a little useful advice on the subject of hairdressing in general. To wear the hair brushed right off the face, he said, demands a perfect forehead. If the forehead be very broad, the hair should be drawn tightly at the sides. If the back of the head is unduly developed, the hair should be slightly raised behind and dressed flatly. If the cheek bones are too prominent, fluff out the hair. For a large face, dress the hair high and broad, never narrow it on top. A girl with a face of this description and full, fat cheeks should never wear a pointed fringe, which throws out and accentuates all her defects, increasing the heaviness of her natural appearance to the most unbecoming extent. For a very wide, well-shaped forehead, the hair should be softly turned back in the centre and fringed on each temple. If the forehead be less good, the centre piece may be waved and slightly puffed forward so as to improve its shape. A very hard and masculine face looks best, perhaps, with the hair cut short and curled.

A girl with a pretty neck should, at least for the evening, dress her hair low *en catogan*. A woman whose neck is short should give it length by having her locks combed or twisted straight up at the back and arranged as high on her head as possible.

To Mr. E. Smith, the well-known hairdresser, of 87, Westbourne Grove, I am also indebted for many hints, some of which

PARISIAN MODE OF DRESSING THE HAIR.

may be useful to my readers. He further assisted by permitting our artist to sketch certain styles suited to women of different types and ages. Much that he said coincided with the views expressed by Mr. Lichtenfeld.

Nothing, he declared, was more becoming to an elderly lady than waved hair dressed loosely, as it gave softness to the face. For a girl of sixteen or seventeen he recommended the pretty *coiffure* we show on the centre figure, with a slight pointed fringe on the forehead and the hair dressed low at the back. He, too, warned broad-faced people against pointed fringes, which make the features hard, and are only suited to small faces with narrow foreheads.

Coils variously arranged have long since replaced the ugly "bun." A woman who wishes to look young will accomplish her object best by adopting a fringe that suits her. If she has this cut for the first time, she may prefer to have it on the temples only. When hair is getting thin in front, it is well to wave it. Those who object for one reason or another to a fringe had better cut their front hair rather, but not very short, wave, and turn it loosely back *à la Pompadour*.

To give smartness to heavy features the fringe should be divided to one side and brought somewhat to a point, the back being

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waved. The parting in the centre, now so general, ages the wearer if the hair is waved from it and brought over the ears, but if the hair be waved from the side and then brought loosely over the ears the effect, on the contrary, is youthful. Mr. Smith added that nothing was as destructive to the hair as straining the roots by tying them too tightly. The various styles we show from his designs are intended for a woman of about thirty-five (No. 1), for a young girl going to her first ball (No. 2), and for an old lady (No. 3). The best of present

fashions is that they are so adaptable. Elaboration is quite out of favour, and while now more than ever an effort is being made to suit individual faces, the hair on the whole is simply arranged.

The *belle tête de coiffeur* is rarely or never seen in real life, and when it is, unless exceptionally artistic, it has a stiff and formal effect, quite opposed to latter-day notions of the becoming. I will conclude these remarks on the dressing of the hair by a useful hint to girls being arrayed for a ball. If unable to judge of the effect of one's hair, as often happens by artificial light, hold a white towel with both hands behind the head or have it held. Against this background every twist, coil, and curl will show up, and any stray locks before unnoticed may be confined within due bounds.

HATS.

Most of you, my dear readers, know the name of Monsieur Chevreul, the famous French chemist, discoverer of aniline, who died a few years ago at an advanced age, but probably you do not associate him with anything as frivolous as hats. Nevertheless to Mons. Chevreul we owe a series of rules founded on scientific principles, which form perhaps the best and safest guide in the choice of headgear.

"In purchasing hats," says the sage, "avoid heavy trimmings, as also square and other eccentric shapes. For these an original style of hair-dressing is absolutely necessary, and this most women lack courage to adopt. The head should have that easy, that *dégagé* air that gives a certain elegance to the whole person.

"The largest hats covered with feathers and drapery, when trimmed with taste, preserve that appearance of lightness that is desirable and becoming. The large hats of Marie Antoinette's time, high and beplumed though they were, did not lack grace. On the other hand, bonnets modelled on the toques worn in the reign of Henry III. of France should be large enough to frame the head.

"A black hat, with white feathers or flowers, or with pink or red flowers, suits fair women. It is not unbecoming to brunettes, but on them is less effective. They may add orange or yellow flowers or trimmings.

"A dead white hat suits only clear white or rosy complexions, whether dark or fair, but hats of gauze, crêpe, or tulle suit all complexions. For fair women white hats may be trimmed with white, pink, and, above all, with blue flowers. Dark women should avoid blue and choose red, pink, or orange in its place.

"Light blue hats are particularly suitable to blondes. They may be trimmed with white flowers, sometimes with yellow or orange-coloured flowers, but never with pink

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A DAINTY EVENING TOILET. [*Drawn by C. Rook.*

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or violet. The brunette who risks wearing a blue hat must on no account omit orange or yellow trimmings.

"A green hat throws up a clear white or delicately pink complexion. On it white, red, or above all pink, flowers may be placed.

"A pink hat should not come near the skin. It should be separated from it by the hair, by a white or still better by a green trimming. White flowers with abundant foliage are very effective on pink.

"A red hat more or less deep in shade is only to be recommended to women whose faces are somewhat too florid.

"Avoid yellow and orange hats. Be cautious with regard to violet and purple hats, which are always unbecoming to the complexion unless they are separated from the skin not only by the hair but by yellow trimmings. The same remark applies to yellow hats, which brunettes alone can venture to wear without a trimming of blue or violet."

To continue as we have begun on the subject of colours, a girl of the indefinite colouring so common amongst us—light brown hair without gloss or gleams of gold, a dull complexion and grey or blue eyes, a girl who is fair rather than dark, but not pronouncedly fair, will look best in black velvet, and after that in glossy satin or other shiny material, in pale, warm pink, in warmish, pale blue, very dark blue, invisible green, and creamy white. She should avoid loud and striking ornaments, preferring those that are artistic, rare, and curious, especially in moonstones, pearls, turquoises, or sapphires.

A fair girl with chestnut hair and blue eyes is safe in almost any colour except mauves and pale undecided colours. The sapphire is her stone, and if she has a bright colour, the pink topaz.

A golden-haired girl with a rosy skin looks best in turquoise blue and turquoise ornaments, in purple and amethysts, in warm greens and emeralds, in amber, in warm greys, black, or cream, in fawns, browns, écru, and flame colour.

A brunette with black hair, dark eyes, and a pale sallow skin, will find black, black and white, deep dull reds, dark warm greys, flame, and tan most suitable. Rubies will look superb massed on her red gown, or with grey she may wear steel or jet; while diamonds, gold, and opals will set off her colouring. If instead of a pale sallow skin she has a complexion of a rich warm brown, all the deep and showy colours will suit her—amber and other yellows, reds, flame, maizè, and so on, but cold colours and black must be avoided.

A brunette with grey eyes, a fair skin and bright rosy colour, a type that is not unusual amongst Irish girls, looks well in bright and dark greens, mauves and purples, blue, white, cream white, fawns, grey, browns, reds, gold, black, blue and lilac, and may by way of ornament wear any sort of gem that matches the colours given.

To benefit women whose shade of colouring is less clearly defined than those we have given, we repeat the safe rule—for street wear, match your hair; for the house, your eyes; for the evening, your skin; and you can never be inharmoniously costumed.

Generally speaking, light colours are becoming and dark colours unbecoming to the complexion. White of a suitable shade throws out the gleam of a woman's teeth and eyeballs, and thus gives vividness to an otherwise uninteresting face.

Just as it is necessary to study one's style of hair-dressing at the glass to obtain the best results, trying fifty different arrangements before hitting on that which suits to perfection, it is well for a woman doubtful as to the colouring that most becomes her, to try a hundred different shades one after another until she is able to pick out those which heighten her natural good looks. If she examines her eyes closely she will probably see innumerable streaks of blue or grey, or green, or yellow, or brown, any one of which accurately matched will make her look radiant. Having chosen those she prefers, let her select in turn jewels that match her gown, or another of the colours in her eyes, and the result will be a perfect picture.

Our full-page illustration shows an evening dress of pearl satin, the bodice covered with cream accordion-pleated chiffon, and the sleeves having three flounces of satin with chiffon falling over. Wide *chené* silk ribbon with a pattern of pale pink roses comes from the waist at the back where the rosettes are placed, and passing over the shoulder fastens at the waist in front with two old paste buckles, falling in long ends to the bottom of the skirt. Lappets of old lace, appliquéd on ribbon, come over the shoulders. A wreath of pink roses edges the bodice and sleeves. The cloak is in beaver-coloured velvet, trimmed with sable and lined with pale yellow satin. The cape, which is also of pale yellow satin, is covered with guipure appliqué.

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FROM GRAVE TO GAY.

" HO dare say that Chaucer and Shakespeare, Byron, Dryden, Burns, and Wordsworth have only been properly enjoyed by readers of equal intellectual rank with those poets themselves? It is flat blasphemy. The scheme of Providence is happily far otherwise. In matters intellectual poor men may live like princes on the endless resources of the rich. Where money is concerned I am quite of Dr. Johnson's opinion, that when all is said and done, it is better being rich than poor; but, so far as the enjoyments of the fruits of taste are concerned, the mere consumer is perhaps more to be envied than the producer, who usually endures much anguish and dolor."

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

* * *

"When Morewood was at work he painted portraits, and painted them uncommonly well. Of course he made his moan at being compelled to spend all his time on this work. He was not, equally of course, in any way compelled, except in the sense that if you want to make a large income, you must earn it. This is the sense in which many people are compelled to do work, which they give you to understand is not the most suited to their genius, and it must be admitted that although their words are foolish, not to say insincere, yet their deeds are sensible. There can be no mistake about the income, and there often is about the genius."

"*Father Stafford*"—ANTHONY HOPE.

* * *

"You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one."—J. A. FROUDE.

* * *

"Daily by his own hands are writ out fair,
In a great book, the great thoughts of the King.
We can but mark the purport here and there
For very wonder at the handwriting."

"*Epigrams of Life, Art, and Nature*"—WILLIAM WATSON.

* * *

"An ever muttering prisoned storm,
The heart of London beating warm."

JOHN DAVIDSON.

"'Yes, my dear curate,' said the Professor, 'what I am enjoying is the champagne that you drink, and what you are enjoying is the champagne that I drink. This is altruism; this is benevolence; this is the sublime outcome of enlightened modern thought. The pleasures of the table, in themselves, are low and beastly ones, but if we each of us are only glad because the others are enjoying them, they become holy and glorious beyond description.'

"'They do,' cried the curate rapturously. 'Indeed they do. I will drink another bottle for your sake.'"

"*The New Paul and Virginia*"—W. H. MALLOCK.

* * *

"During this period of gloom, Carrie wrote him frequently long and tender epistles. More strictly the minister wrote them, for he had the gift of beautiful sentiment in letters which had been denied to her. She copied them, however, and signed them, and they were a great consolation. The love of a good girl is a priceless possession, or rather, in this case, of a good minister. As long as you do not know which, it does not make much difference."

"*Better Dead*"—J. M. BARRIE.

* * *

"Bishop (reproving delinquent page): 'Wretched boy! *Who* is it that sees and hears all that we do, and before whom *even I* am but as a crushed worm?'

"Page: 'The Missus, my Lord!'"—*Punch.*

* * *

"'I have nothing to say again' Craig, on'y it is a pity he couldna be hatched o'er again, an' hatched different.'"

Mrs. Poyser in GEORGE ELIOT's "*Adam Bede.*"

* * *

REJECTED.

"Seared is, of course, my heart; but unsubdued
Is, and shall be, my appetite for food."

"*Verses and Translations*"—C. S. CALVERLEY.

* * *

"Our loves and our friendships are like steeplechases, their vitality depends on the greatness of the obstacles."

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A BID FOR FORTUNE.

By GUY BOOTHBY.*

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

INTRODUCTION.

The preceding chapters of this story relate how a mysterious doctor named Nikola entertains at dinner at a London restaurant three men named Baxter, Prendergast, and Eastover. Their co-operation he secures in a plot by which he hopes to ruin his enemy Wetherell, but which he does not fully divulge. The scene then changes to Sydney, where Richard Hatteras, a rich young pearler, by chance rescues Phyllis Wetherell, daughter of the Colonial Secretary, from the hands of some ruffians. Hatteras afterwards discovers that both she and her father are sailing for England in the same vessel as he is, and eventually they fall deeply in love with one another. The father vainly forbids any engagement between the two, but shortly after their arrival in London he suddenly informs his daughter that they must return home at once, he having met someone that morning who had made it impossible for him to remain. About this time, too, Hatteras encounters an extraordinarily weird man, who gives him a strange insight into the future. Then hearing of Phyllis Wetherell's hasty departure, he determines to visit his relatives at his father's home in Hampshire. In due course he introduces himself to Sir William Hatteras, his uncle—an old miser, who finally orders him out of the house because he refuses to settle some of his wealth on Gwendoline, Sir William's idiot child.

CHAPTER IV.

I SAVE AN IMPORTANT LIFE.

O a man whose life has been spent in the uttermost parts of the earth, amid barbaric surroundings, and in furtherance of work of a kind that the civilised world usually denominates dangerous, the seaside life of England must afford scope for wonderment and no small amount of thoughtful consideration. And certainly if there is one place more than another where, winter and summer alike, amid every sort of luxury, the modern Englishman may be seen relaxing his cares and increasing his energies, the name of that place is Bournemouth. Built up amid pine-woods — its beauties added to in every fashion known to the fertile brain of man, Bournemouth stands, to my mind, pre-eminent in the list of British watering-places.

Leaving Lyndhurst Road, I travelled to this excellent place by a fast train, and immediately on arrival made my way to the office of Messrs. Screw & Matchem with a view to instituting enquiries regarding the yacht they had advertised for hire. It was with the senior partner I transacted my business, and a shrewd but pleasant gentleman I found him.

Upon making known my business to him, he brought me a photograph of the craft in question, and certainly a nice handy boat she looked. She had been built, he went on to inform me, for a young nobleman, who had made two very considerable excursions in her before he had been compelled to fly the country, and was only three years old. I learned also that she was lying in Poole harbour, but he was good enough to say that if I wished to see her she would be brought round to Bournemouth the following morning, when I could inspect her at my leisure. As this arrangement was one that exactly suited me, I closed with it there

"He brought me a photograph of the craft."

* Copyright, 1895, by Guy Boothby.

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and then, and thanking Mr. Matchem for his courtesy, betook myself to my hotel. Having dined, I spent the evening upon the pier—the first of its kind I had ever seen—listened to the band, and, if the truth must be told, diverted myself with thoughts of her to whom I had plighted my troth and whose unexpected departure from England had been such a sudden and bitter disappointment to me.

Next morning, faithful to promise, the *Enchantress* sailed into the bay and came to an anchor within a biscuit throw of the pier. Chartering a dinghy, I pulled myself off to her and stepped aboard. An old man and a boy were engaged washing down decks, and to them I introduced myself and business. Then for half an hour I devoted myself to overhauling her thoroughly. She was a nice enough little craft, well set up, and from her run looked as if she might possess a fair turn of speed; the gear was in excellent order, and the old man in charge told me she had been repaired and thoroughly overhauled that selfsame year.

Having satisfied myself on a few other minor points, I pulled ashore and again went through the gardens to the agents' office. Mr. Matchem was delighted to hear that I liked the yacht well enough to think of hiring her at their own price (a rather excessive one, I must admit) for three months, and, I don't doubt, would have supplied me with a villa in Bournemouth and a yachting box in the Isle of Wight, also on their own terms, had I felt inclined to furnish them with the command. But fortunately I was able to withstand their temptations, and having given them my cheque for the requisite amount, went off to make arrangements and to engage a crew.

Before nightfall I had secured the services of a handy lad in place of the old man who had brought her round from Poole, and was in a position to put to sea. Accordingly next morning off I set for a trip round the Isle of Wight. Before we had brought the Needles abeam I had convinced myself that the boat was an excellent sailer, and when the first day's voyage was over I had found no reason to repent my bargain.

And I would ask you here, is there any other amusement to compare with yachting? Can anything else vie with it? Suppose a man to be a lover of human craftmanship—then what could be more to his taste than a well-built yacht? Is a man a lover of speed? Then what could he wish for better than the rush over the curling seas, the graceful fabric quivering under him like an eager horse, the snowy line of foam driving away from either bow, and the fresh breeze singing merrily through the shrouds overhead, bellying out the stretch of canvas till it seems as if the spars must certainly give way beneath the strain they are called upon to endure!

Is a man a lover of the beautiful in nature? Then from what better place can he observe earth's beauties than a yacht's deck? From there he views the stretch of country ashore, the dancing waves, the blue sky flaked with fleecy clouds above his head, while the warm sunshine penetrates him through and through till it finds his very heart and stays there, making a better and certainly a healthier man of him.

Does the world ever look so fair as at daybreak, when Dame Nature is still half asleep, and the water lies like a sheet of shimmering glass around him, and the great sun comes up like a ball of gold out of the unknown east with a solemnity that makes one feel almost afraid? Or at night, anchored in some tiny harbour when the lights are twinkling ashore, and the sound of music comes wafted across the water, with a faintness that only adds to its beauty, to harmonise with the tinkling of the waves alongside. Review these things in your mind and then tell me what recreation can compare with yachting?

Not having anything to hurry me, and only my own thoughts to keep me company, I took my time; remained two days in the Solent, sailed round the island, put in a day at Ventnor, and so back to Bournemouth. Then, after a day ashore, I picked up a nice breeze and ran down to Torquay to spend another week sailing slowly back along the coast, touching at various ports, and returning eventually to the place I had first hailed from.

In relating these trifling incidents it is not my wish to bore my readers, but to work up gradually to that strange meeting to which they were the prelude. Now that I can look back in cold blood upon the circumstances that brought it about, and reflect how narrowly I escaped missing the one event which was destined to change my whole life, I can hardly realise that I attached such small importance to it at the time. Somehow I have always been a firm believer in Fate, and indeed it would be strange, all the things I am about to tell you considered, if I were not. For when a man has passed through so many extraordinary adventures

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and not only come out of them unharmed, but a happier and a great deal more fortunate man than he has really any right to be, he may claim the privilege, I think, of saying he knows something about his subject.

And, mind you, I date it all back to that visit to the old home and to my uncle's strange reception of me, for had I not gone down into the country I should never have quarrelled with him, and if I had not quarrelled with him I should not have gone back to the inn in such a dudgeon, and in that case I should probably have left the place without a visit to the bar, never have seen the advertisement, visited Bournemouth, hired the yacht or—but there I must stop. You must work out the rest when you have heard my story.

The morning after my third return to Bournemouth I was up by daybreak, had had my breakfast, and was ready to set off on a cruise across the bay, before the sun was a hand's breadth above the horizon. It was as perfect a morning as any man could wish to see. A faint breeze just blurred the surface of the water, tiny waves danced in the sunshine, and my bark nodded to them as if anxious to be off. The town ashore lay very quiet and peaceful, and so still was the air that the cries of a few white gulls could be heard quite plainly, half a mile or so away. Having hove anchor, we tacked slowly across the bay, passed the pier-head, and steered towards Old Harry Rock and Swanage Bay. My crew was for'ard, and I had possession of the tiller.

As we went about opposite Canford Cliffs, something moving in the water ahead of me attracted my attention. We were too far off to make out exactly what it might be, and it was not until five minutes later, when we were close abreast of it, that I discovered it to be a bather. The foolish fellow had evidently ventured further out than was prudent, had struck a strong current, and was now being washed swiftly out to sea. But for the splashing he made to show his whereabouts, I should in all probability not have seen him, and in that case his fate would have been sealed. As it was, when we came up to him he was quite exhausted.

Heaving my craft to, I leapt into the dinghy, and pulled towards him, but before I could reach the spot he had sunk. At first I thought he was gone for good and all, but in a few seconds he rose again. Then, grabbing him by the hair, I passed an arm under his, and dragged him unconscious into the boat. In less than three minutes we were alongside the yacht again, and with my man's assistance I had got him aboard. Fortunately a day or two before I had had the forethought to purchase some brandy for use in case of need, and my Thursday Island experiences having taught me exactly what was best to be done under such circumstances, it was not long before I had brought him back to consciousness.

In appearance he was a handsome young fellow, well set up, and possibly nineteen or twenty years of age. When I had given him a stiff nobbler of brandy to stop the chattering of his teeth, I asked him how he came to be so far from shore.

"I am considered a very good swimmer," he replied, "and often come out as far as this, but to-day I think I must have got into a strong outward current, and certainly but for your providential assistance I should never have reached home alive."

"You had a very narrow escape," I answered, "but thank goodness you're none the worse for it. Now, what's the best thing to be done? Turn back, I suppose, and set you ashore."

"But what a lot of trouble I'm putting you to."

"Nonsense! I've nothing to do, and I count myself very fortunate in having been able to render you this small assistance. The breeze is freshening, and it won't take us any time to get back. Where do you live?"

"To the left there! That house standing back upon the cliff. Really I don't know how to express my gratitude."

"Just keep that till I ask you for it. Now, as we've got a twenty minutes' sail before us, the best thing for you to do would be to slip into a spare suit of my things. They'll keep you warm, and you can return them to my hotel when you get ashore."

I sang out to my crew to come aft and take the tiller, while I escorted him below into the little box of a cabin, and gave him a rig out. Considering I am six feet two, and he only five feet eight, the things were a trifle large for him; but when he was dressed I couldn't help thinking what a handsome, well-built, aristocratic-looking young fellow he appeared. The work of fitting him out accomplished, we returned to the deck. The breeze was freshening, and the little hooker was ploughing her

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"Dragged him unconscious into the boat."

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way through it, nose down, as if she knew that under the circumstances her best was expected of her.

"Are you a stranger in Bournemouth?" my companion asked as I took the tiller again.

"Almost," I answered. "I've only been in England three weeks. I'm home from Australia."

"Australia! Really! Oh, I should so like to go out there."

His voice was very soft and low, more like a girl's than a boy's, and I noticed that he had none of the mannerisms of a man—at least, not of one who has seen much of the world.

"Yes, Australia's as good a place as any other for the man who goes out there to work," I said. "But somehow you don't look to me like a chap that is used to what is called roughing it. Pardon my rudeness."

"Well, you see, I've never had much chance. My father is considered by many to be a very peculiar man. He has strange ideas about me, and so you see I've never been allowed to mix with other people. But I'm stronger than you'd think, and I shall be twenty in October next."

Somehow I thought I couldn't be very far out in his age.

"And now if you don't mind telling me—what is your name?"

"I suppose there can be no harm in telling you. I was told if ever I met anyone and they asked me, not to tell them. But since you saved my life it would be ungrateful not to let you know. I am the Marquis of Beckenham."

"Is that so! Then your father is the Duke of Glenbarth?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"Never set eyes on him in my life, but I heard him spoken of the other day."

I did not add that it was Mr. Matchem who, during my conversation with him, had referred to him, nor did I think it well to say that he had designated him the "Mad Duke." And so the boy I had saved from drowning was the young Marquis of Beckenham. Well, I was moving in good society with a vengeance. This boy was the first nobleman I had ever clapped eyes on, though I knew the Count de Pannroff well enough in Thursday Island. But then foreign Counts ought not to reckon, perhaps.

"But you don't mean to tell me," I said at length, "that you've got no friends? Don't you ever see anyone at all?"

"No, I am not allowed to. My father thinks it better not. And as he does not wish it, of course I have nothing left me but to obey. I must own, however, I should like to see the world—to go a long voyage to Australia, for instance."

"But how do you put in your time? You must have a very dull life of it."

"Oh, no! You see I have never known anything else, and then I have always the future to look forward to. When I am twenty-one, you see, I shall take my seat in the Lords, and be my own master. As it is now I bathe every morning. I have my yacht, I ride about the park, I have my studies, and I have a tutor who tells me wonderful stories of the world."

"Oh, he's been about, has he?"

"Dear, yes! He was a missionary in the South Sea Islands, and has seen some very stirring adventures."

"A missionary in the South Seas, eh? Perhaps I know him."

"Were you ever in those seas?"

"Just a bit, I reckon. Why, I've spent almost all my life there."

"Were you a missionary?"

"You bet not. The missionaries and my friends don't cotton to one another, and you can put your money on that!"

"But they are such good men!"

"That may be. But still, as I say, we don't somehow cotton. All the same I'd like to set my eyes upon your tutor."

"Well, you will. I think I see him on the beach now. I expect he'll be wondering what has become of me. I've never been out so long before."

"Well, you're close home now, and as safe as eggs in a basket."

Another minute brought us into as shallow water as I cared to go. Accordingly, heaving to, I brought the dinghy alongside and we got into her. Then casting off, I pulled my lord ashore. A small, clean-shaven, parsonish-looking man, with the regulation white choker, stood on the shore waiting for us. As I beached the boat he came forward and said:

"My lord, we have been very anxious about you. We feared you had met with an accident."

"I have been very nearly drowned, Mr. Baxter. Had it not been for this gentleman's prompt assistance I should never have reached home again."

"You should really be more careful, my lord. I have warned you before. Your father has been nearly beside himself with anxiety."

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"Eh?" said I to myself. "This does not sound quite right. Anyhow, Mr. Baxter, I've seen your figure-head somewhere before—but you were not a missionary then, I'll take my affidavit."

Turning to me, my young lord held out his hand.

"You have never told me your name," he said almost reproachfully.

"Dick Hatteras," I answered, "and very much at your service."

"Mr. Hatteras, I shall never forget what you have done for me. That I am most grateful I hope you will believe. I know that I owe you my life."

Here the tutor's voice chipped in again, as I thought, rather impatiently.

"Come, come, my lord. This delay will not do. Your father will be growing still more nervous about you. We must be getting home!"

Then they went off up the cliff path, and I returned to my boat.

"Mr. Baxter," I said to myself again as I pulled off to the yacht, "I want to know where I've seen your face before. I've taken a sudden dislike to you. I don't trust you; and if your employer's the man they say he is, well, he won't either. That's all."

Then, having brought the dinghy alongside, I made the painter fast, clambered aboard, and we stood out of the bay once more.

CHAPTER V.

MYSTERY.

THE following morning I was sitting in my room at the hotel idly scanning the *Standard* and wondering in what way I should employ myself until the time arrived for me to board the yacht, when I heard a carriage roll up the drive.

On looking out I discovered a gorgeous landau drawn by a pair of fine thoroughbreds and resplendent with much gilded and crested harness, standing before the steps. A footman opened the door and I was at the window just in time to see a tall soldierly man alight from it. To my astonishment, two minutes later a waiter entered my room and announced "His Grace the Duke of Glenbarth." It was the owner of the carriage and the father of my young friend, if by such a title I might designate the Marquis of Beckenham.

"Mr. Hatteras, I presume," said he, advancing towards me and using that dignified tone that only an English gentleman can assume with anything approaching success.

"Yes! That is my name. I am honoured by your visit. Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you."

"His Grace the Duke of Glenbarth."

He paused for a moment and then continued:

"Mr. Hatteras, I have to offer you an apology. I should have called upon you yesterday to express the gratitude I feel to you for having saved the life of my son, but I was unavoidably prevented."

"I beg you will not mention it," I said. "His lordship thanked me sufficiently himself. And after all, when you look at it, it was not very much to do. I would, however, venture one little suggestion. Is it not dangerous to let him swim so far unaccompanied by a boat? The same thing might

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happen again and no one be near enough to render him any assistance."

"He will not do so again. He has learned a lesson from this experience. And now, Mr. Hatteras, I trust you will forgive what I am about to say. My son has told me that you have just arrived in England from Australia. Is there any way I can be of service to you? If there is, and you will acquaint me of it, you will be conferring a great favour upon me."

"I thank your Grace," I replied—I hope with some little touch of dignity—"It is indeed kind of you, but I could not think of such a thing. But, stay, there is one service perhaps you *could* do for me."

"I am delighted to hear it, sir. And pray what may it be?"

"Your son's tutor, Mr. Baxter! His face is strangely familiar to me. I have seen him somewhere before, but I cannot recall where. Could you tell me anything of his history?"

"Very little, I fear, save that he seems a worthy and painstaking man, an excellent scholar, and very capable in his management of young men. I received excellent references with him, but of his past history I know very little. I believe, however, that he was a missionary in the South Seas for some time, and that he was afterwards for many years in India. I'm sorry I cannot tell you more since you are interested in him."

"I've met him somewhere, I'm certain. His face haunts me. But to return to your son—I hope he is none the worse for his adventure?"

"Not at all, thank you. Thanks to the system I have adopted in his education, the boy is seldom ailing."

"Pardon my introducing the subject. But do you think it is quite wise to keep a youth so ignorant of the world? I am an Australian and perhaps rather presumptuous, but I cannot help feeling that such a fine young fellow would be all the better for a few companions."

"You hit me on rather a tender spot, Mr. Hatteras. But, as you have been frank with me, I will be frank with you. I am one of those strange beings who govern their lives by theories. I was brought up by my father, I must tell you, in a fashion totally different to that I am employing with my son. I feel now that I was allowed a dangerous amount of license in my youth. And what was the result? I mixed with everyone, was pampered and flattered far beyond what was good for me, derived a false notion of my own importance, and when I came to man's estate was, to all intents and purposes, quite unprepared and unfitted to undertake the duties and responsibilities of my position.

"Fortunately I had the wit to see where the fault lay, and there and then I resolved that if ever I were blessed with a son, I would conduct his education on far different lines. My boy has not met a dozen strangers in his life. His education has been my tenderest care. His position, his duties towards his fellow men, the responsibilities of his rank, have always been kept rigorously before him. He has been brought up to understand that to be a Duke is not to be a titled nonentity or a pampered *roué*, but to be one whom Providence has blessed with an opportunity of benefiting and watching over the welfare of those less fortunate than himself in the world's good gifts.

"He has no exaggerated idea of his own importance; a humbler lad, I feel justified in saying, you would nowhere find. He has been educated thoroughly, and he has all the best traditions of his race kept continually before his eyes. But you must not imagine, Mr. Hatteras, that because he has not mixed with the world he is ignorant of its temptations. He may not have come into personal contact with them, but he will be warned against their insidious influences, and I shall trust to his personal pride and good instincts to help him to withstand them when he has to encounter them himself. Now, what do you think of my plan for making a nobleman?"

"A very good one, with such a youth as your son, I should think, your Grace; but I would like to make one more suggestion, if you would allow me?"

"And that is?"

"That you should let him travel before he settles down. Choose some fit person to accompany him. Let him have introductions to good people abroad, then he will derive different impressions from different countries, view men and women from different standpoints, and enter gradually into the great world and station which he is some day to adorn."

"I had thought of that myself, and his tutor has lately spoken to me a good deal on the subject. I must own it is an idea that commends itself strongly to me. I will think it over. And now, sir, I must wish you good-day. You will not let me

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thank you, as I should have wished, for the service you have rendered my house, but believe me, I am none the less grateful. By the way, your name is not a common one. May I ask if you have any relatives in this county?"

"Only one at present, I fancy—my father's brother, Sir William Hatteras, of Murdlestone, in the New Forest."

"Ah! I never met him. I knew his brother James very well in my younger days. But he got into sad trouble, poor fellow, and was obliged to fly the country."

"You are speaking of my father. And you knew him?"

"Knew him? indeed, I did. And a better fellow never stepped; but, like most of us in those days, too wild—much too wild! And so you are James's son? Well, well! This is indeed a strange coincidence. But, if that is so, I must beg your pardon for speaking so candidly of your father."

"No offence, I'm sure."

"And pray tell me where my old friend is now?"

"Dead, your Grace! He was drowned at sea."

The worthy old gentleman seemed really distressed at this news. He shook his head, and I heard him murmur:

"Poor Jim! Poor Jim!"

Then, turning to me again, he took my hand.

"This makes our bond a doubly strong one. You must let me see more of you! How long do you propose remaining in England?"

"Not very much longer, I fear. I am already beginning to hunger for the South again."

"Well, you must not go before you have paid us a visit. Remember we shall always be pleased to see you. You know our house, I think. Good-day, sir, good-day."

So, shaking me warmly by the hand, the old gentleman accompanied me downstairs to his carriage and departed.

Again I had cause to ponder on the strangeness of the fate that had led me to Hampshire—first to the village where my father was born, and then to Bournemouth, where by saving this young man's life I had made a firm friend of a man who again had known my father. By such small coincidences are the currents of our lives diverted.

That same afternoon, while tacking slowly down the bay, I met the Marquis again. He was pulling himself in a small skiff, and when he saw me he made haste to come alongside and hitch on. At first I wondered whether it would not be against his father's wishes that he should enter into conversation with such a worldling as myself. But he evidently saw what was passing in my mind, and banished all doubts about it by saying:

"I have been on the look out for you, Mr. Hatteras. My father has given me permission to cultivate your acquaintance, if you will allow me?"

"That is very kind of you," I answered. "Won't you come aboard and have a chat? I'm not going out of the bay this afternoon."

He clambered over the side and seated himself in the well, clear of the boom, as nice-looking and pleasant a young fellow as any man could wish to set eyes on. "Well," I thought to myself, "if all Peers were like this boy there'd be less talk of abolishing the House of Lords."

"You can't imagine how I've been thinking over all you told me the other day," he began very earnestly when we were fairly on our way. "I want you to tell me more about Australia and the life you lead there, if you will?"

"I'll tell you all I can with pleasure. But you ought to go and see the places and things for yourself. That's better than any telling. I wish I could take you up and carry you off with me now; away down to where you can make out the green islands peeping up out of the water, to port and starboard, like bits of the Garden of Eden gone astray and floated out to sea. I'd like you to smell the breezes that come off from them towards evening, to hear the "trades" whistling overhead, and the thunder of the surf breaking on the reef. Or at another time to get inside that selfsame reef and look down through the still, transparent water, at the rainbow-coloured fish dashing among the coral boulders, and into the most beautiful fairy grottoes the brain of man can conceive."

"Oh, it must be lovely! And to think I may live my life and never see these wonders. Please go on; what else can you tell me?"

"What more do you want to hear? There is the pick of every sort of life for you out there. Would you know what real excitement is? Then I shall take you to a new gold rush. You must imagine yourself setting off for the field, with your trusty mate marching step by step beside you, pick

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and shovel on your shoulders, and both resolved to make your fortunes in the twinkling of an eye. When you get there, there's the digger crowd, composed of every nationality. There's the warden and his staff, the police officers, the shanty keepers, the blacks, and dogs.

"There's the tented valley stretching away to right and left of you, with the constant roar of sluice boxes and cradles, the creak of windlasses, the perpetual noise of human voices. There's the excitement of pegging out your claim and sinking your first shaft, wondering all the time if it will turn up trumps or nothing. There's the honest, manly labour from dawn to dusk. And then, when daylight fails, and the lamps begin to sparkle over the field, songs drift up the hillside from the drinking shanties in the valley, and you and your mate weigh up your day's returns, and, having done so, turn into your blankets to dream of the monster nugget you intend to find upon the morrow. Isn't that real life for you?"

He did not answer, but there was a sparkle in his eyes that told me I was understood.

"Then if you want other sorts of enterprise, there is Thursday Island, where I hail from, with its extraordinary people. Suppose we wander down the Front at nightfall, past the Kanaka billiard saloons and the Chinese stores, into, say, the Hotel of All Nations. Who is that handsome, dark, mysterious fellow, smoking a cigarette and idly flirting with the pretty bar girl? *You* don't know him, but I do! There's indeed a history for you. You didn't notice, perhaps, that rakish schooner that came to anchor in the bay early in the forenoon. What lines she had! Well, that's his craft. To-morrow she'll be gone, it is whispered, to try for pearl in prohibited Dutch waters. Can't you imagine her slinking round the

"I'll tell you all I can with pleasure."

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islands, watching for the patrolling gunboat, and ready, directly she has passed, to slip into the bay, skim its shell, and put to sea again. Sometimes they're chased—and then?"

"What then?"

"Well, a clean pair of heels or trouble with the authorities, and possibly a year in a Dutch prison before you're brought to trial! Or would you do a pearling trip in less exciting but more honest fashion? Would you ship aboard a lugger with five good companions, and go a-cruising down the New Guinea coast, working hard all day long, and lying out on deck at night, smoking and listening to the lip-lap of the water against the counter, and spinning yarns of all the world?'

"What else?"

"Why, what more do you want? Do you hanker after a cruise aboard a stinking *bêche-de-mer* boat inside the Barrier Reef, or a run with the sandal-wood cutters or tortoiseshell gatherers to New Guinea; or do you want to go ashore again and try an overlanding trip half across the continent, riding behind your cattle all day long, and standing your watch at night under dripping boughs, your teeth chattering in your head, waiting for the bulls to break, while every moment you expect to hear the Bunyip calling in that lonely water-hole beyond the fringe of Mulga scrub?"

"You make me almost mad with longing."

"And yet, somehow, it doesn't seem so fine when you're at it. It's when you come to look back upon it all from a distance of twelve thousand miles that you feel its real charm. Then it calls you to return in every rustle of the leaves ashore, in the blue of the sky, in the ripple of the waves at sea. And it eats into your heart, so that you begin to think you'll never be happy till you're back in the old tumultuous devil-may-care existence again."

"What a life you've led. And how much better it seems than the dull monotony of our existence here in sleepy old England."

"Don't you believe it. If you wanted to change I could tell you of dozens of men, living exactly the sort of life I've described, who would only too willingly oblige you. No, no! You've got chances of doing things we could never dream of. Do them, then, and let the other go. But all the same, I think you ought to see more of the world I've told you of before you settle down. In fact, I hinted as much to your father yesterday."

"He said that you had spoken of it to him. Oh, how I wish he would let me go!"

"Somehow, d'you know, I think perhaps he will."

I put the cutter over on another tack, and we went crashing back through the blue water towards the pier. The strains of the band came faintly off to us. I had enjoyed my sail, for I had taken a great fancy to this bright young fellow sitting by my side. I felt I should like to have finished the education his father had so gallantly begun. There was something irresistibly attractive about him, so modest, so unassuming, and yet so straightforward and gentlemanly.

Dropping him opposite the bathing machines, I went on to my own anchorage on the other side of the pier. Then I pulled myself ashore and went up to the town. I had forgotten to write an important letter that morning, and as it was essential that the business should be attended to at once, to repair my carelessness, I crossed the public gardens and went up the hill to the post office.

I must tell you here that since my meeting with Mr. Baxter, the young Marquis's tutor, I had been thinking a great deal about him, and the more I thought of him the more certain I became that we had met somewhere before. To tell the truth, a great distrust of the man was upon me. It was one of those peculiar antipathies that no one can explain. I did not like his face, and I felt sure that he did not possess any too much love for me.

As my thoughts were still centred on him, my astonishment may be imagined, on arriving at the building, at meeting him face to face upon the steps. He seemed dumbfounded at seeing me, and hummed and hawed over his "good afternoon" for all the world as if I had caught him in the middle of some guilty action.

Returning his salutation, I entered the building and looked about me for a desk at which to write my wire. There was only one vacant, and I noticed that the pencil suspended on the string was still swinging to and fro as it had been dropped. Now Baxter had only just left the building, so I settled it in my own mind that it must have been he who had last used the stand. I pulled the form towards me and prepared to write. But as I did so I noticed that the previous writer had pressed so hard upon his pencil as to leave the exact impression of

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his message plainly visible upon the pad. It ran as follows:

"LETTER RECEIVED. YOU OMITTED REVEREND. THE TRAIN IS LAID, BUT A NEW ELEMENT OF DANGER HAS ARISEN."

It was addressed to "Nikola, Green Sailor Hotel, East India Dock Road, London," and was signed "Nineveh."

The message was so curious that I looked at it again, and the longer I looked the more certain I became that Baxter was the sender. Partly because its wording interested me and

"I looked at it again."

partly for another reason which will become apparent later on, I inked the message over, tore it from the pad, and placed it carefully in my pocket-book. One thing at least was certain, and that was if Baxter *were* the sender there was something underhand going on. If he were not, well, then there there could be no possible harm in my keeping the form as a little souvenir of a very curious experience.

I wrote my own message, and having paid for it, left the office. But I was not destined to enjoy the society of my own thoughts for long. Hardly had I reached the Invalids' Walk before I felt my arm touched. To my supreme astonishment I found myself again confronted by Mr. Baxter. He was now perfectly calm and greeted me with extraordinary civility.

"Mr. Hatteras, I believe," he said. "I think I had the pleasure of meeting you on the sands a few days ago. What a beautiful day it is, isn't it? Are you proceeding this way? Yes? Then perhaps I may be permitted the honour of walking a little way with you."

"With pleasure," I replied. "I am going up the cliff to my hotel, I shall be glad of your company. I think we met in the telegraph office just now."

"In the post office, I think. I had occasion to go in there to register a letter."

His speech struck me as remarkable. My observation was so trivial that it hardly needed an answer, and yet not only did he vouchsafe me one, but he corrected my statement and volunteered a further one on his own account. What reason could he have for wanting to make me understand that he had gone in there to post a letter? What would it have mattered to me if he *had* been there, as I suggested, to send a telegram?

"Mr. Baxter," I thought to myself, "I've got a sort of conviction that you're not the man you pretend to be, and what's more I'd like to bet a shilling to a halfpenny that, if the truth were only known, you're this mysterious Nineveh."

We walked for some distance in silence. Presently my friend began to talk again—this time, however, in a new strain and perhaps with a little more caution.

"You have been a great traveller, I understand, Mr. Hatteras."

"A fairly great one, Mr. Baxter. You also, I am told, have seen something of the world."

"A little—very little."

"The South Seas, I believe. D'you know Papeete?"

"I have been there."

"D'you know New Guinea at all?"

"No. I was never near it. I am better acquainted with the Far East—India, China, Japan, etc."

Suddenly something, I shall never be able to tell what, prompted me to say:

"And the Andamans?"

The effect on my companion was as sudden as it was extraordinary. For a moment he staggered on the path like a drunken man; his face grew ashen white, and he had to give utterance to a hoarse choking sound before he could get out a word. Then he said:

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"No—no—you are quite mistaken, I assure you. I never knew the Andamans."

Now, on the Andamans, as all the world knows, are located the Indian penal establishments, and noting his behaviour, I became more and more convinced in my own mind that there was some mystery about Mr. Baxter that had yet to be explained. I had still a trump card to play.

"I'm afraid you are not very well, Mr. Baxter. Perhaps the heat is too much for you, or we are walking too fast? This is my hotel. Won't you come inside and take a glass of wine or something to revive you?"

He nodded his head eagerly. Large drops of perspiration stood on his forehead, and I saw that he was quite unstrung.

"I am not well—not at all well."

As soon as we reached the smoking-room I rang for two brandies and sodas. When they arrived he drank his off almost at a gulp, and in a few seconds was pretty well himself again.

"Thank you for your kindness, Mr. Hatteras. I think we must have walked up the hill a little too fast for my strength. Now, I must be going back to the town. I find I have forgotten something."

Almost by instinct I guessed his errand. He was going to despatch another telegram. Resolved to try the effect of one parting shot, I said:

"Perhaps you do not happen to be going near the telegraph office again? If you are, should I be taxing your kindness too much if I asked you to leave a message there for me. I find *I* have forgotten one."

He bowed, and simply said:

"With much pleasure."

He pronounced it "pleesure," and as he said it he licked his lips in his usual self-satisfied fashion. I wondered how he would conduct himself when he saw the message I was going to write.

Taking a form from a table near where I sat, I wrote the following:

"John Nicholson,
"Langham Hotel, London.
"The train is laid. You are detected. A new danger has arisen.
"HATTERAS."

Blotting it carefully, I gave it into his hands, at the same time asking him to read it, lest my writing should not be decipherable and any question might be asked concerning it. As he read I watched his face intently. Never shall I forget the expression that swept over it. I had scored a complete victory. The shaft went home. But only for an instant. With wonderful alacrity he recovered himself and, shaking me feebly by the hand, bade me good-bye, promising to see that my message was properly delivered.

When he had gone I laid myself back in my chair for a good think. The situation was a peculiar one in every way. If he were up to some devilry I had probably warned him. If not, why had he betrayed himself so openly.

Half an hour later an answer to my first telegram arrived and, such is the working of Fate, it necessitated my immediate return to London. I had been thinking of going for some days past, but had put it off. Now it was arranged for me.

As I did not know whether I should return to Bournemouth again, I determined to call upon the Marquis to bid him good-bye. Accordingly, donning my hat, I set off for the house.

If Burke may be believed, the Duke of

"He staggered on the path like a drunken man."

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Glenbarth possesses houses in half the counties of the kingdom; but I am told his seaside residence takes precedence of them all in his affections. Standing well out on the cliffs, it commands a lovely view of the bay—looks towards the Purbeck Hills on the right, and the Isle of Wight and Hengestbury Head on the left. The house itself, as far as I could tell, left nothing to be desired, and the grounds had been beautified and cultivated in the highest form of landscape gardening.

I found my friend and his father in a summer house upon the lawn. Both appeared unaffectedly glad to see me, and equally sorry to hear that I had come to wish them good-bye. Mr. Baxter was not visible, and it was with no little surprise I learned that he, too, was contemplating a trip to the Metropolis.

"I hope, if ever you visit Bournemouth again, you will come and see us," said the Duke as I rose to leave.

"Thank you," said I, "and I hope if ever your son visits Australia you will permit me to be of some service to him."

"You are very kind. I will bear your offer in mind."

Shaking hands with them both, I wished them good-bye and went out through the gate.

But I was not to escape without an interview with my clerical friend after all. As I left the grounds and turned into the public road I saw a man emerge from a little wicket gate some fifty yards or so further down the hedge. From the way he made his exit, it was obvious he had been waiting for me to leave the house.

"I laid myself back for a good think."

It was, certainly enough, my old friend Baxter. As I came up with him he said, with the same sanctimonious grin that usually encircled his mouth playing round it now:

"A nice evening for a stroll, Mr. Hatteras."

"A very nice evening, as you say, Mr. Baxter."

"May I intrude myself upon your privacy for five minutes?"

"With pleasure. What is your business?"

"Of small concern to you, sir, but of

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immense importance to me. Mr. Hatteras, I have it in my mind you do not like me."

"I hope I have not given you cause to think so. Pray what can have put such a notion into your head?"

I half hoped that he would make some allusion to the telegram he had despatched for me that morning, but he was far too cunning for that. He looked me over and over out of his small ferrety eyes before he replied:

"I cannot tell you why I think so, Mr. Hatteras, but instinct generally makes us aware when we are not quite all we might be to other people. Forgive me for speaking in this way to you, but you must surely see how much it means to me to be on good terms with friends of my employer's family."

"You are surely not afraid lest I should prejudice the Duke against you?"

"Not afraid, Mr. Hatteras! I have too much faith in your sense of justice to believe that you would willingly deprive me of my means of livelihood—for of course that is what it would mean in plain English."

"Then you need have no fear. I have just said good-bye to them. I am going away to-morrow, and it is very improbable that I shall ever see either of them again."

"You are leaving for Australia?"

"Very shortly, I think."

"I am much obliged to you for the generous way you have spoken to me. I shall never forget your kindness."

"Pray don't mention it. Is that all you have to say to me? Then good evening!"

"Good evening, Mr. Hatteras."

He turned back by another gate into the garden, and I continued my way along the cliff, reflecting on the curious interview I had just passed through. If the truth must be known, I was quite at a loss to understand what he meant by it! Why had he asked that question about Australia? Was it only chance that had led him to put it, or was it done designedly, and for some reason connected with that mysterious "train" mentioned in his telegram?

I was to find out later, and only too thoroughly!

(To be continued next month.)

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HOME GOSSIP BY GLEESON WHITE.

THE New Log-rolling has been thrust forward as a burning question to-day. Those curious in such matters will find in 1887-8 there was a similar outburst. Now, there is little doubt that means quite worthy are used by some authors in their efforts to discover a short cut to fame. One has heard of minor poets dealing in their own books—writing anonymous puffs thereon, and using all sorts of cajolery to obtain the press cuttings after which they pant so eagerly. They forget that the *advocatus diaboli* has his brief supplied by their published volumes. But it is very unwise of some writers to assume too great ignorance on the part of the public. At any moment one of their daintily produced *éditions de luxe* may be *read*. That a quiet perusal, cover to cover, would for ever doom the author to a chance of the laureateship can be proven by those who delight in exploding fallacies. To more cynical minds it is amusing to note the way the public accept even a minor poet at his own estimation, but sad enough to find that he has read the masters he praises so glibly to little purpose, when he can openly enter his pitiable verses in competition with them.

* * *

The real skill of these literary craftsmen to-day is more often displayed in their ingenious advertising. If you have a new soap to sell you must spend hundreds, nay thousands of pounds, to trumpet forth its superior claims to notice. If however you have new genius (your own) to proclaim, editors will pay you to use their columns for the purpose of puffing the wares of your publisher, and indirectly calling attention to your own rare merits.

Therefore it would seem that it pays better to turn out sonnets than soap. Considering the relative capital invested, sonnets perhaps pay best, but although twopence halfpenny for the original farthing would be a noble profit, one would rather have 4 per cent. upon ten thousand pounds. For, after all, the screws of the log-rollers of this last group—or the group ol a few years ago—appeal to but a few, and the few good wares they elect to praise would have been appreciated still more had they forborn to puff them.

* * *

Mr. Andrew Lang once said that only two thousand English people read poetry, and, judging from the sale of fairly popular books, that would seem overstating the number. Of course, the works of Tennyson —or, to be quite frank, Mr. Lewis Morris—sell in vast numbers; but these are accepted as part of literature; are bought by people as they buy other things they do not particularly care for, because other people buy them.

* * *

The exigencies of printing a popular illustrated magazine prevent the writers therein from being quite up to date. Thus a capital Christmas card sent by Mr. Stanley L. Wood, the artist who illustrates "A Bid for Fortune," to Mr. Guy Boothby, the author of the story in question, and the author of "In Strange Company," appears in March, when, for all one knows, real Christmas weather may be found spreading discomfort and misery around, or it may be that we shall be bathing and boating—at all events in southern England.

* * *

Yet a good thing is never out of season, and the cleverness of this *jeu d'esprit* merits

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its permanent record in the pages of a periodical. For one fancies that out of a hundred thousand copies some must survive until the crack of doom. Scattered as they are over a whole world—if old England be swept away—in some wigwam of the Far West, or hut of the South Seas, odd numbers at least of these popular publications may survive to be discovered by future antiquarians living after the very legend of England has been forgotten by the mass of humanity.

* * *

Always supposing, however, that modern paper is lasting, which is by no means certain, as you can see if you hunt through the popular publications of twenty years ago.

* * *

Although vast resources of fancy work are at hand, and the question of advice is particularly dangerous for any masculine critic to adventure herein, yet it is safe to recommend some materials for "drawn work" I noticed the other evening in course of execution on some blue Belfast linen, which was at once novel and distinctly artistic. These beautiful coloured fabrics look extremely well, treated with this particular work, and the necessary stitching in white gives a pleasant variety, although care must be taken to avoid spotty effects. Mottoes aptly chosen might be embroidered on the central panels, not in "rustic" or eccentric letters, but in plain, simple capitals, arranged in lines of equal length, such as are employed on the title-pages of the best printed books to-day. This would impart a personal character to the decoration.

* * *

Let me suggest a few. For a table centre: "May good digestion wait on appetite, and

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health on both;" or, "Welcome is the best dish"—a somewhat doubtful compliment to one's cook, this last. Or, dropping too pertinent allusions, general mottoes might be chosen—a quotation from Omar Khayyam, or a couplet from Tennyson. The hint is capable of much amplification by one keen to see its possibilities. Of course, families with a right to a motto in their armorial bearings will prefer to use that to any other.

* * *

Such things as these are always in season for "home-made" presents; but it is an open question, however, whether the charming sentiment of giving our own handiwork is not too often confused with our individual pleasure in practising some home craft. The schoolboy's fretwork paper-knife, not too neatly wrought, the schoolgirl's embroidered slippers, or the young lady's painted milk stool, or burnt wood photograph frame; is each of these invariably a source of pure joy to its recipient? Too often they cost more than their admirably produced commercial rivals, and fulfil their purpose far less well.

* * *

Not long ago I strolled round Howell & James' exhibition of embroideries, and saw many sumptuous pieces of foreign work,

HAIRDRESSING À LA MODE.

mostly ecclesiastical, but with a few secular pieces of modern aim. Among these some primitive landscapes with figures were really amusing. That figures are unsuited to needlework is an axiom; but despite the consensus of opinion against their use, we have isolated examples of all periods which almost justify their existence.

* * *

Copies of famous paintings, such as those which filled a hall in Leicester Square, where Miss Linwood showed a whole gallery of her handiwork, always attract the half educated taste. By all accounts her exhibition was as popular as the Doré Gallery used to be, and probably attracted much the same class of visitors, people sentimentally inclined and ignorant of the A B C of art. There is a picture made by stitches—I forget if it was worked by Miss Linwood—on a staircase at South Kensington Museum. Anyone who wishes to defend the practice has only to mount the stairs, and Raphael's Cartoons, prepared for a not dissimilar purpose, will supply him or her with important arguments. All the same, one feels that, if sore pressed, tapestry itself must be condemned; else by allowing its ideal to be praiseworthy you pave the way for portraits in Berlin wool.

* * *

It was a pleasant craft, notwithstanding, and possibly helped to impart some definite rules concerning the making of alphabets which would be valuable now when, in almost every instance, where lettering is applied to amateur work the forms are bad and the placing disregarded.

* * *

One must confess a masculine satisfaction in being able to own some of Mrs. Ernest Hart's most delightful fabrics — hitherto almost entirely monopolised by the ladies of the household. For if appearances are not deceitful (a mere man must qualify a rash statement), we see many of the Donegal House fabrics on current volumes — the tempting edition of Miss Ferrier's "Romances," the Washington Irving Sketch Books, "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare," and R. B. Johnson's anthology of "Popular British Ballads," all issued by one of the most tasteful of popular publishers, J. M. Dent & Co. It would be tempting to talk of the inside of these books, but here I must keep away from them (as it is not polite to read at five o'clock tea) and only praise their charming externals, their pictures, and, to

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return to the subject, the delightful fabrics which clothe them.

* * *

At Wigmore Street, the London head-quarters of "the one bright spot in the recent history of the sister island"—as

PIERROT IN DISGRACE.

someone lately termed Mrs. Hart's linen industry—I saw lately a very worthy example of modern embroidery for the house. Not the minute needlework such as Miss May Morris and her fellow-workers produce in rivalry of the mediæval triumphs of the art, but bold, vigorous ornament—not too good for daily wear. On a blue ground, the peculiar shade that one could match in no other fabric, white hawthorn blossoms and birds were deftly arranged in a careless pattern. Of course it was not called "hawthorn blossom"—Mrs. Ernest Hart knows Japan too well to fall into that error of nomenclature—but as the blue and white vases whence this pattern is derived are so labelled, the design is suggested more vividly by the wrong term than by the right one. It was a curious comment on the topsy-turveydom of real life to-day, which seems bent on beating Mr. W. S. Gilbert in his own fashion, that these curtains should be a commission for the home of embroidery—China.

* * *

By the way, since China has thus accidentally intruded itself, has anyone recalled Lord Wolseley's prophecy of many years ago, which he uttered, at some length (if a memory peculiarly shaky in matters of history may be credited) in the preface to a Life of General Lee? There he foretold the ultimate subjection of Europe by the Chinese, and held—as the one hope of the survival of civilisation and Christianity—that the United States would alone be able to withstand the onslaught of the Oriental. Now China seems falling to pieces "of itself" (as housemaids have always declared to be its unique custom), and should Japan succeed to the throne of the Manchus, then the remote prospect, hitherto as distant as a visitation from the inhabitants of Mars, shapes itself into grim possibility. True there are several "ifs" still left, but those who delight in forecasting the march of events may launch forth safely, conscious that, however rapidly they move, the fulfilment is hardly likely to occur during their life, or that of anybody who may hear their Cassandra-like wailings.

* * *

From the East comes light—and knowledge, sacred and secular, has hitherto obeyed the same law. The course of empire westward shapes its way; so, perhaps, the new force to arouse the western world to progress is even now beginning to manifest itself in Japan. A nation one had taken to be concrete *bric-à-brac* is showing itself capable of great things, while we who once despised, and then patronised it, are wondering whether, as in the old story of the chess-player, the too apt pupil will develop into our future master.

* * *

"Ay, truly, to the golden East, I go." Where did this line meet my eye lately, only to haunt me for many a day? I remember!—in a new volume of stories, "Out of Egypt," by a new author, "Percy Hemingway" (Mathews), who should make a reputation from it. It is a book to read, and then pass on to other "grown-ups," not to infants. For in its pages the same passions that rule Peckham Rye, albeit less hidden by conventionality, are found

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swaying the mortals who are doomed to play their little parts, with a background of forty centuries frowning down on them.

* * *

"I sent a young married woman to a French dressmaker, and in six months her husband

ALL THE COMFORTS—OF FANCY DRESS.

did not know her," says Lady Bracknell. "In nine months nobody knew," somebody replies. One wonders if English fiction, dressed of late by most *décolleté* French dressmakers, will be known by decent anybodies much longer. To name the instances recently that have passed the line, where even the more liberal-minded person must needs draw it, would be to defeat one's end. No matter how you may despise Mrs. Grundy, and hate prudery, there are jaundiced and morbid views of life best kept from younger people; the pity is that this rapid descent of fiction to the gutter may provoke another puritanical reaction, which would reject all novels because a very few are unwholesome.

* * *

In our really popular magazines we find no trace of these neurotic tendencies. Because the editors would not find it pay to include neurotic fiction, you say? Exactly! And if that be the whole truth, or only part of it, it seems to prove that the so-called middle classes show (as they have often shown before) more healthy taste than the few thousands who rank themselves higher, or the mass below. Yet the literature for the lowest classes—full of crime, bad taste, and the impossible generally—rarely, if ever, offends in morality, or even in language. Virtue triumphs, and poetical justice is achieved, no matter by what improbable means, and all in phrases sententious and stilted, with no trace of slang, or worse.

* * *

What we need to-day is more fiction of the Charles Lever and Albert Smith class. More of the rollicking fun of the early Dickens and Gilbert à Becket type. To-day much of this order humour seems tedious foolery enough, but, to be candid, so does the clowning of Shakespeare. Yet contemporary mirth is always seasonable, and writing in high spirits appreciated by the majority of people. Superfine folk profess to be unable to laugh over Mr. Anstey's "Vice-Versâ," nor see fun in "Three Men in a Boat," while they veto Mark Twain vulgar. This is quite right—for very superfine people who can find their idea of fun in other authors; but the majority of mankind are not very cultivated people, and to lighten their dull hours need be a not dishonourable enterprise, while profit large and lasting awaits the new humourist who shall set all England in a roar of laughter, as Pickwick made it laugh years ago.

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[See "A Bid for Fortune" by Guy Boothby, page 446.

"I'D LIKE TO SEE THE MAN WHO WILL PREVENT ME!"

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A CHAPERON.

By Ada Cambridge.*

Illustrated by P. Frenzeny.

"I AM going," said Mrs. Atcheson to her young friend, Minna Smith, "I am going to have tea on board the *Seamew* this afternoon, and the captain has asked me to bring you too. Will you come?"

She looked up, all suffused with smiles, from a note she had been reading. This was the note:

"Dear Mrs. Atcheson, — Bring your visitor by all means. I shall have no difficulty in finding someone to help us to entertain her. The children, I fancy, can amuse themselves.

"Yours very faithfully,

"John Brent."

John Brent was the captain of the *Seamew*, and the *Seamew* was not that sort of ship which makes a business of afternoon teas. She did not fly the white ensign nor even the blue; she was merely an old merchant sailing vessel of about 1,600 tons, unloading steel rails and loading wheat at Williamstown. Williamstown, it may be remarked, still felt the stir of commerce in her veins, and the pier over the way did not lie naked as a breakwater for half the week as it does now.

Miss Smith was delighted. She was a bush girl, to whom ships were a novelty; at the same time she had cultivated a romantic passion for the sea, having sailor blood in her. She thought it was so very kind of Captain Brent to think of asking her.

At three o'clock she put her pretty little sailor hat on her pretty little curly head and tied a sailor knot in the coquettish necktie that finished off her navy-blue serge gown. Mrs. Atcheson—whose husband was a pilot, cruising outside at this moment in a gale of wind—put on her beady bonnet and a little veil that ended at the tip of her nose, and they set forth on their expedition. The children did not go; they did not even know they had been invited. Mrs. Atcheson preferred the freedom of her own arrangement. She wished to do what was quite proper, but she did not wish to have her *tête-à-tête* with the captain interfered with.

The *Seamew* lay near the end of the pier, and a sister ship, called the *Penguin*, of the same company, chanced to lie beside her at the extreme end. The former had but recently arrived, the latter was ready for departure; her sails were bent, her flying jib-boom run out, her sides glossy with new paint, all spick and span as she could be—a foil to her neighbour, rusty and weather-beaten, whose toilet was still to make. The yards of the *Seamew* swung bare and lopsided, her deck was in confusion with the open hatch and swinging cargo and the clanking of the windlass, and her grimy hull was only made grimier by the strips of gleaming scarlet that men on hanging platforms were beginning to daub upon it. But ships, and captains of ships, must not be judged by these outward appearances.

No sooner were the two ladies in view of their destination than two men cast themselves over the side of the *Seamew*, disappeared amongst railway trucks, and, emerging, saluted.

"There they are!" cried Mrs. Atcheson joyfully.

"Which is your captain?" inquired Minna Smith.

"Oh, the fair man—the fair man, of course. Such a nice fellow! But I never knew a fair man who wasn't," said Mrs. Atcheson, who was thirty-nine, and had had a vast experience of both sorts.

Minna pointed out that the other gentleman was dark. Having tawny locks of her own, inclining to the fieriness of Captain Brent's beard, she rather preferred dark men. As yet, however, they were only pictures to her mind—not men.

"So he is! and a handsome fellow, too! I don't suppose *all* dark men are bad," the matron allowed, smiling her sweetest smile upon this one, whom she had never seen before.

Cordial greeting ensued, and the stranger was introduced as Captain Spurling, of the

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Penguin. Mrs. Atcheson had not seen him, because his ship had spent her time in port at a Yarra wharf. She had loaded in the river, and was only touching Williamstown on her way out. Her master was as much smarter than his host as she now was to the *Seamew*—a fine, tall, full-bearded, straight-nosed, black-eyed fellow, young for a sea captain, but not so young as he looked. Despite his colour, Mrs. Atcheson was strongly tempted to annex him, but she remained faithful to her older friend, who, having made Miss Smith's acquaintance, desired to know why the children had not turned up.

"He showed her the cook's galley."

"Dear Captain Brent, it was so good of you to ask them! But Maudie had a little cold, and Jackie was awake half the night with tooth-ache, and the weather was so bad——"

They walked on together. Captain Spurling and Minna followed. The latter, being unaccustomed to society and the other sex, wore a modest blush and smile that were very becoming, and the bold eyes of her gallant escort dwelt admiringly upon her. "I am decidedly in luck," he thought. "I don't think I ever saw a prettier young creature." Which was quite true. And her great charm lay in the evident fact that she was not yet quite old enough to know how pretty she was.

He helped her with much tender care up to the somewhat rude gangway of the *Seamew*, steadying her with his arm; and in a very short time they were left to their devices by the chaperon and the host. Mrs. Atcheson cared for captains—one at a time—but not for ships, and when the wind seemed likely to tear her best bonnet to pieces, she retired to the saloon, whence she refused to budge until it was time to return to her family; but Minna was eager to see everything that was to be seen, and revelled in the merry blast that brought the

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dew of the salt sea to her fresh young lips, and the bloom of a carmine rose-petal to her cheeks. Wherefore she stayed outside—and Captain Spurling stayed with her.

From the poop he showed her his own ship first of all, pointing out wherein she was superior to other ships of her kind, and especially to the *Seamew*; then he directed her gaze to the ships across the water and the St. Kilda and Brighton shores, through a telescope that he held steady for her. He walked her out upon the bridge—merely an open platform between the boats—and explained the working of the compass and the wheel, while the freshening wind blew her up against him, and, but for him, might have blown her off. He showed her the little engine-room, with the forge and tools in it, the bo'sun's and the sailmaker's lockers, the cook's galley, and the tiny fore-house shared by these men and the carpenter, one of whom was performing a rough toilet in it; and, further on, he did the honours of the cavernous fo'c's'le, the modesty of whose inmates was protected by its dense gloom. He introduced her to the fowls, hanging in a huge bird-cage under the boat skids, aft of the deckhouse, and to the pigs in their sty forward; and he instructed her in the matter of running and standing rigging, and mysteries of that kind. She did not understand the half of it, but was charmed with everything, and, above all, with him—the most devoted and delightful showman. When the rain came along on the back of the wind, slanting and stinging, and shelter was desirable, neither of them felt drawn cuddy-wards. Captain Spurling's suggestion, that a descent into the *Seamew's* stomach—'tween-decks and the hold—might possibly be an interesting excursion, was considered a most happy one, and unhesitatingly jumped at.

"'Don't be frightened,' he murmured, 'it is only a cat.'"

The men were ceasing work, having sent up the last of those dangerous-looking bundles of railway iron, and only a part of the main hatch was left unclosed. She was lowered to him through this, and down the perpendicular ladders, with great care, and found herself in an awesome place of shades, astonishingly vast. Of course she had no fears—with him—but when that black cavern suddenly rang to a blood-curdling yell that she did not know the cause of, she jumped and gasped, and clutched her companion's arm.

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"Don't be frightened," he murmured, locking hand and arm together, "It is only a cat. Here, puss! puss! puss!"

A pair of yellow eyes glared out of the gloom forward, and disappeared.

"Oh-h-h!" sighed Minna, with her hand upon her heart.

It was certainly a creepy place, to one unaccustomed to it, in that owl's light; and the ship cat was as wild as any Bengal tiger. She was supposed to visit the cook at a certain hour daily, but otherwise lived in solitude, under hatches, waging savage warfare with the rats. Disturbed and startled by the apparition of a lady, she moved about in the mysterious distance with stealthy creepings and scamperings, rending the silence at intervals with that sudden snarling "yowl" which is distressing to the human ear at the best of times, and now echoed through the ship's emptiness in a most dismal manner.

"Shoo!" cried Captain Spurling; and he pressed his left arm to his side, "We might have had a little more light upon the subject. However, I can see, if you can't. You trust to me."

"It's like a witch's cave," she laughed tremblingly, "with that creature mewing. How uncanny it sounds in this great, hollow place! I had no idea the *Seamew* was so enormous."

He led her into the bows, and they stood invisible, looking back to where the light filtered down from above, dim with rain, on so small a portion of the enclosure. The girl's heart was beating fast, as the heart of seventeen is bound to do under such circumstances. The man felt it, like an electric thrill in the air.

"I suppose that is the mast?" she queried breathlessly.

"The mizen—yes; and the main beyond it. You can't see the iron-work under the deck, bracing it across and across? No, that's not a rat. Don't be alarmed—I will take care of you. By and by all this will be filled with bags of wheat, right up to the top——"

He was interrupted by an agonised wail, as of a soul in torment, and Minna's hand on his arm contracted for a moment. He laid his own right hand upon it soothingly.

"It is so dark!" she faltered. "Hadn't we better go back to the others?"

He drew her—or, rather, she drew him—forward, where the light was better. There the sailmaker, since the lower deck was cleared of cargo, had been at work; his implements and a heap of weather-worn sails were spread upon the spacious floor, a bolt of new canvas near them.

"Sit here," said Captain Spurling, kicking the latter article to a safe distance from the yawning mouth of the hold and the fickle daylight; "sit and rest yourself a little before you go up. It is raining still; wait till it leaves off, so that you don't get wet."

She seated herself on the bundle, and he presently lowered himself into a nest of sailcloth, whence he could see into her pretty face and watch the play of her innocent emotions as she listened and talked to him—the stirrings of the young womanhood which had come into being so recently that he was the first man to recognise it.

It was a full half hour before they climbed back into the world, and they were summoned by a hail from Captain Brent.

"It's hard lines," said Captain Spurling—and from this remark the reader will infer the preceding conversation—"it's awfully hard lines that I've got to go, just when I have begun to know you."

"Yes," she sighed, with her foot upon the ladder. "But you will come back again some day."

"I hope so. One never knows. You will give a thought to me sometimes when I am away upon the sea."

She looked at him eloquently, too deeply moved for speech, imagining the blissfulness of companionship with such a man in all the perils of his noble work and romantic solitude, the rapture of tropical cyclones and Cape Horn icebergs, which would have no terrors in such a case. Never had she loved the sea and all belonging to it as she loved it now.

They emerged upon the windy beach and entered the little saloon in silence. On a table by the rudder-trunk was spread the captain's equivalent for afternoon tea—port wine, and almonds and raisins, dried figs, and English fancy biscuits—and he sat beside it. Mrs. Atcheson lolled upon a red velvet sofa that curved with the curve of the ship's blunt stern under a row of portholes, and she was too much absorbed in her companion and conversation to notice, as she ought to have done, the colour and expression of Miss Smith's face.

* * *

She lay awake all night, dreaming finer dreams than ever come in sleep; and in the morning her hostess gave her a commission.

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"And presently she found Captain Spurling sitting beside her with his arm around her waist."

"Oh, my dear, I am so frightfully busy!" Mrs. Atcheson explained. "You know that I have asked Captain Brent to come in to-night for a game of whist, and I must have two or three to meet him. That means supper. I have a fowl to dress, and oyster patties to make, and I don't know what else, otherwise I would go myself. But I really don't see how I *can* spare the time."

"What is it? Let me do it," urged Minna, anxious to be useful.

"Oh, my dear girl, *would* you? Oh I should be so much obliged to you! It is just to go to the pier with this parcel for Captain Spurling—the *Penguin* is still there, I see, and I'm so afraid of being too late with it. He kindly offered to take anything for me to England, and I thought it a good opportunity to send some cast-off clothes for my sister's children."

Minna blushed from top to toe. Even Mrs. Atcheson could not fail to see it.

"Are you too shy?" she laughed. "But of course you need not go on board. And Jacky shall escort you. I would not ask you, Minna, to do anything that was improper, my dear. You have only to hand the parcel to Captain Spurling, and come away directly. I dare not trust Jacky alone with it, or I would not trouble you."

Terrified, but exulting, Miss Smith presently set forth upon this errand, Jacky, aged ten, accompanying her. He gathered a few friends, by the way—Saturday-morning schoolboys, loafing about the streets—so that by the time she reached the *Penguin* she had four cavaliers; none too many for the support she needed. Jacky, who had the cheek of a dozen, shouted, "Skipper, ahoy!"—for which she could have boxed his ears—and Captain Spurling responded in person, to her mingled mortification and delight.

"Give him the parcel, Jacky," she implored, in a frantic undertone. "Give it to him, with mother's message, and come away."

But, no; this was not how Fate and Captain Spurling meant to deal with such a chance. Off went the skipper's cap, and

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his handsome face shone transfigured when he recognised the bashful girl, shrinking away from the group of brazen boys. But it was only a looking-glass to reflect the light in hers, which magenta blushes could not hide from him. He was down the gangway in two seconds.

"What, Miss Smith! And you have brought the parcel yourself? How kind of you! How good of you! Come up and have a little rest after your walk."

"Oh, no! oh, *no*," she replied, with tragic gravity. "I must not stay, indeed. I should not have come, only there was no one else. We are very busy at home and Mrs. Atcheson wants me."

"Just for five minutes—just to have a look at my ship before we go. The boys will like to see it—eh, boys? And you have no objection to gingerbread nuts, I suppose?"

Jacky jumped to the bait, and was over the side in a twinkling, his mates at his heels. It appeared to Minna that she could not stand on the pier by herself, nor seem ungracious to and suspicious of a man like this man. And, after all, she had an escort—four escorts—which made it all quite proper. So, with downcast eyes and fluttering heart, she ascended the wobbling plank that served for gangway, steadied by the strong hand; and she stood on the *Penguin's* deck in the morning sunlight, slim and sweet, with her hair shining, the prettiest young creature that had ever been seen there—to Captain Spurling's mind.

And what became of the four escorts? Unlimited gingerbread was placed at their disposal, and then the bo'sun was called and instructed to show them round. He performed his duty thoroughly. He showed them everything. And they were too much taken up with the mysteries of pantry and store-room, with the medicine chest and the flag locker, with cutlasses and shark-hooks, with harpoons and scientific instruments, to remember that Miss Smith existed. When they went forward, out of sight and sound, she forgot that they did.

The captain entertained her in his smart little cuddy. He showed her the two or three empty cabins available for chance passengers, with his own small suite on one side and the berths of officers and apprentices on the other; and that was all the sight-seeing they did on this occasion. She had not the zest of yesterday, and seemed afraid even to peep through the doors. The only apartment which her modesty permitted her to enter was his little sitting-room astern. He had cut off with a partition his red velvet sofa and private table, preferring the dignity of seclusion where Captain Brent preferred fresh air. Behind that partition, which made the outer cabin seem cramped and stuffy, he had not only his sofa and table and his arm-chair, but a number of fancy trifles—pictures, and Japanese storks, and brackets with little ornaments on them—in the boudoir style, and the general effect was one of great elegance—to the taste of the bush girl. There were several photographic portraits—one of a dark-eyed boy that she concluded was Captain Spurling's brother, it was so like him; but he did not tell her whose the faces were, and she thought it would be rude to ask him. The ports were open, and ripples of light played over the low ceiling, reflected from the rippling tide.

"I must not stay," she ejaculated, hurried and breathless; and yet she found herself sitting on the red velvet sofa, with a cushion at her back (Captain Brent would have despised a cushion even more than he would have scorned a paper fan). And presently she found Captain Spurling sitting beside her, with his arm around her waist. Had he been required to defend his conduct, he would have pleaded the irresistible circumstances, for there are men who see a natural validity in this excuse, and a chaperon of thirty-nine has no business to ignore the fact, while, as for Minna's conduct, she was a young thing, and knew no better. As young things do, when fine fellows provoke them to it, she had fallen frantically in love; and of course she took this particularly fine fellow for a god in human shape, and king who could do no wrong. If he put his arm round her waist, it was because—oh, bliss unspeakable!—because he loved her too. Such had been her bringing-up, strange as it may appear, in this land of precocious girls.

She fluttered in his embrace, like a wild bird in a snare, and then yielded to it, dropping her head upon his shoulder.

"Oh," she wailed in tears, "when—when shall I ever see you again?"

At noon the *Penguin* was towed out. At night Miss Smith's headache was so bad that she could not join the whist party. A few days later she went home to her mother, who thought her very little benefited by her seaside trip. She was pale and absent-minded; she shunned companionship; she

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confessed to sleeping poorly. When asked what was the matter, or whether anything was the matter, she, of course, said, "Nothing." Mrs. Smith, who had a family of ten, every one of which was cherished as if an only child, knew better, but would not force the confidence that was not freely given. A girl growing up does not realise that her mother is far more accustomed to being young than she is, and shuts her out as one who cannot possibly understand. So Minna's parent, homely and hard-working, erroneously supposed to have no soul above poultry and butter, could only watch her pretty first-born, of whom she was so fond and proud, with an aching heart, and contrive little treats and outings, beaten-up eggs and cups of beef tea, to cheer her. The instinct that is so rarely at fault in such a case divined a love affair at once, and Mrs. Atcheson, in strict confidence, was written to. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Atcheson had been at school together.

"He came, nothing loth, and came again, and yet again—and then Minna refused him."

The reply of the latter was emphatic. "Certainly not. She met nobody at my house, and even if she had, she is too much of a child to think of such things at present. Do not, my dear Eliza, put ideas of love and marriage into her head; she will grow up and have her woman's troubles quite soon enough. Keep her innocent as long as you can. I daresay she has a little indigestion, or some irregularity of that sort. I should consult a doctor if I were you."

Mrs. Smith did not consult a doctor. She knew a nice young squatter, a good son and an excellent man of business, with an honest eye for a pretty girl; and she asked him to come and see them. He came, nothing loth, and came again, and yet again—until the expected result ensued. And then Minna refused him. As it would have been an excellent match, Mr. Smith, like the historic father in New Zealand, reasoned and remonstrated; in fact, he wanted to lock her up on a diet of bread and water until she repented of her contumacy. But Mrs. Smith drew the Jovian lightning upon her own head. She would not have the

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child bothered, she declared, and threw over her candidate without hesitation, though with many inward pangs.

Other young men were beckoned to—good, clean, solid bush fellows—and responded readily; for Mrs. Smith, who was said to be a drudge and a slave to her own family, could think of no better cure for her girl's complaint than the old-fashioned "comfortable home" and contingent babies. Not every young woman, by a long way, has a choice of husbands in this so-called favoured land; a vast number do not get the chance of one; but Minna was so exceptionally sweet and pretty that it would have been an easy matter to "settle" her satisfactorily had she been inclined to settle. But she would not hear of it. She refused her third offer as resolutely as she had done the first. And the third, from a father's point of view, was the best of them all.

"What in the name of fortune *do* you want?" roared Mr. Smith, justifiably exasperated—nay, fit to dance with rage—at this childish folly and the placid obstinacy of the culprit's face. "Are you waiting for the Prince of Wales?"

"I suppose you mean the Duke of York?" returned his daughter, with a pale smile. "Don't be angry with me, father. I don't wish to be married. And if I did, I don't want a man of that sort!"

"Of that sort!" he shouted. "Of that sort! The only fault he has is that he's a thousand times too good for you."

And then the mother interposed.

"Let her alone, Jimmy. She's over young for husbands yet; and I'm sure we're in no hurry to get rid of her, bless her!" And she paused in her search for a son-in-law, and reproached herself for having, perhaps, "put ideas" into her child's head before it was old enough to receive them.

Meanwhile Minna's heart was away upon the sea. She thought of the sea all day and dreamed of it all night, and read of it in as many of Clark Russell's novels as the local mechanics' institute could supply; and of course she had made up her young mind that only a sailor could satisfy her. Also that her love for the particular sailor responsible for this state of things was "that love which only comes once in a lifetime"—peculiar, as we know, to young people in their teens.

She looked in many newspapers for tidings of the *Penguin*, but found none. At long intervals she would come upon the name of the *Seamew*, and of the *Albatross*, and the *Petrel*, and other boats of that line in the columns of shipping news, but she never happened to discover the whereabouts of the most precious of all vessels after the sad Saturday when she stood alone on the back beach of Williamstown to watch it fade upon the horizon, homeward bound. She had fits of fever over this matter, alternating with fits of cold despair when she convinced herself that the *Penguin* had gone down with all hands, leaving none to tell the tale.

At last she saw that the *Seamew* had returned to Melbourne. Immediately she resolved to repair thither in order to question Captain Brent about his friend. She confessed for the first time that she was out of health and said that only sea air could restore her.

"Sea air did not do you much good when you tried it before," Mrs. Smith remarked, but allowed the child to have her own way as usual. Maria Atcheson was written to, and Minna was consigned to her with an equivalent for her "keep" in the shape of a noble hamper of farm produce.

The chaperon expressed herself as quite shocked by the girl's appearance when they met on the Spencer Street platform.

"Why, how thin you've got!" she exclaimed. "I should hardly have known you. I expect you've just been moped to death up there. How people can stand the bush year in and year out I can't conceive—especially a girl of your age. I know it would kill *me* in no time. But you'll soon get all right now you're in my hands, Minna. It is not beef tea that you want, with all due deference to your mother, but a few theatres and parties and things of that sort."

"Like we had last time," said Minna, with averted face. "Do you remember our afternoon on board the *Seamew*? By the way, the *Seamew* is in again, isn't she?"

"I believe so. Is this your portmanteau?"

"Yes; that's all. I suppose you have seen Captain Brent?"

"Not yet."

"Not yet? The ship has been here for more than a week!"

"Oh, I am sick of ships! Come along; let's get home. I am going to take you to a chrysanthemum show this afternoon, and we shall only just have time to lunch and dress."

The fervour of Mrs. Atcheson's friendships was only equalled by their brevity,

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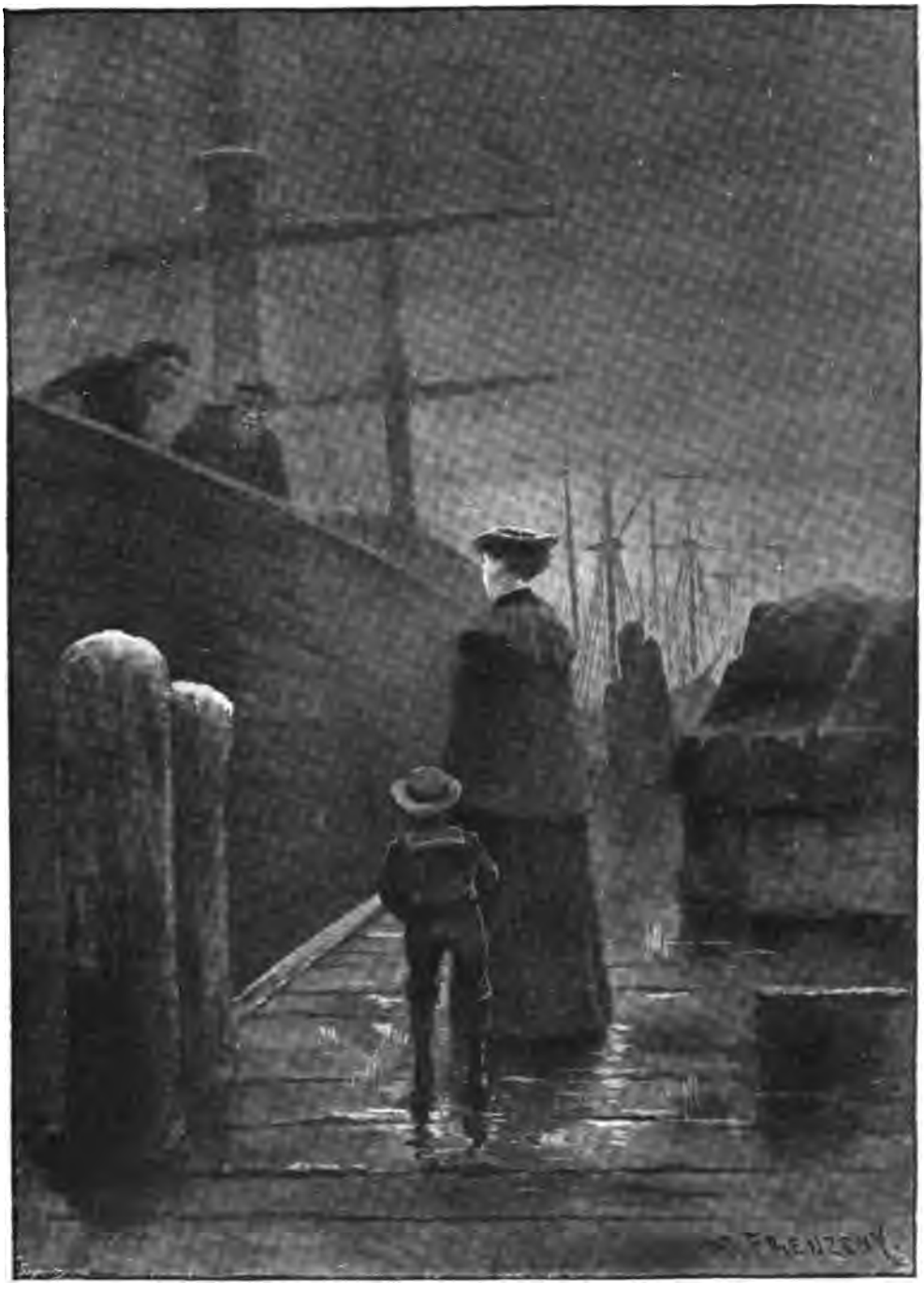

"The ships, when they were reached loomed vast and vague, infinitely majestic and imposing, in the brooding hush of a sea-foggy night."

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and, as Minna presently discovered, Captain Brent had had his day.

So it was a little while before she found an opportunity to get sight and speech of him. Three days of passionate anxiety intervened. Then she excused herself from certain calls, caught Jacky on his return from school, bribed him to go for a walk with her, and flattered his pride as escort by asking him to show her the ships at the railway pier.

"Do you remember the gingerbread nuts that Captain Spurling gave you, Jacky?"

"Oh, yes; he wasn't a bad sort, was he?"

"I wonder where he is now? I suppose you don't know?"

"Never heard a word of him from that day to this. But I'll tell you who *is* here, Miss Smith—old Captain Brent, and he's worth a dozen Spurlings any day."

"Why?" asked Miss Smith, indignant and concerned.

"Oh, he's awfully kind, you know. Since he's been in this time he's given us boys the best tuck-out we ever had in our lives."

Minna laughed, and her step grew brisk. "Perhaps we might pay him a little call now, Jacky. What do you say?"

Jacky said, in all sincerity, that he was "on."

It was a late call. The distance from the Strand at Williamstown to the railway pier is much longer than it looks, and this was a time of year when the shades of evening fell early—soon after five o'clock, in fact. The ships, when they were reached, loomed vast and vague, infinitely majestic and imposing, in the brooding hush of a sea-foggy night that had quite closed in. All work for the day was over, and the old pier was deserted, the few yellow gleams on its rail metals and the hulls that lined it served but to deepen its air of solitude and make darkness visible. Nevertheless Captain Brent was at home—contrary to the custom of captains in port—and he welcomed his visitors cordially. He wanted them to stay and dine with him, and was much disappointed when Miss Smith reluctantly refused, on the ground that Mrs. Atcheson did not know where they were. "We were just having a little walk," she explained, "and being so near, we thought we might as well say 'How d'ye do.'" Which, Captain Brent declared, was a most friendly act on their part. And he brought out his port wine; and the bush girl, not to hurt his feelings, sipped a little of it, not at all understanding how good it was.

Over the nauseous glass she found an opportunity to mention Captain Spurling.

"I hope he is quite well," she said, in a casual way. "I have not seen his ship mentioned in the papers. I hope he reached home safely after leaving here?"

"Oh, yes," said Captain Brent. "He got home all right. Found a new baby added to the family circle."

"A *baby!*" gasped Minna, petrified.

"Three weeks old. And, what was a great deal worse, found that his daughter had run away and got married. Eloped with a music-master."

"His daughter! Do you mean *his* daughter?"

"The eldest. Nothing but a child, of course. But that's the worst of being a sailor, Miss Smith. You can't take care of the young girls when they want protection most, and they won't mind their mothers these times. Why, she couldn't have been a day older than you are. Not nineteen till May, I think they said. Young hussy! And as for that music-master, I believe Spurling pretty nearly killed him; and serve him right."

"I," said Minna, in a dazed way, as if talking in her sleep, "I shall be nineteen in May."

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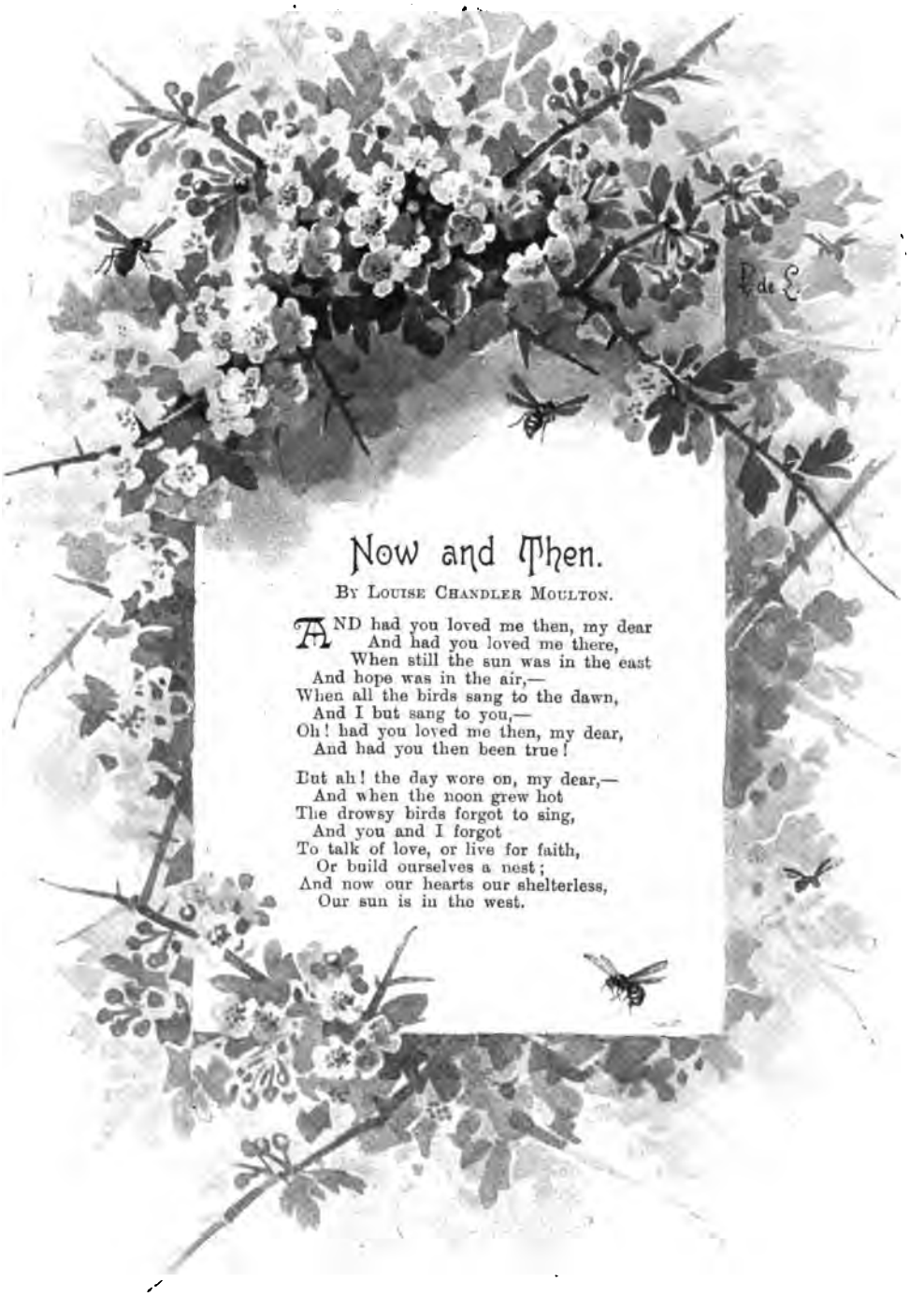

Now and Then.

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

AND had you loved me then, my dear
And had you loved me there,
When still the sun was in the east
And hope was in the air,—
When all the birds sang to the dawn,
And I but sang to you,—
Oh! had you loved me then, my dear,
And had you then been true!

But ah! the day wore on, my dear,—
And when the noon grew hot
The drowsy birds forgot to sing,
And you and I forgot
To talk of love, or live for faith,
Or build ourselves a nest;
And now our hearts our shelterless,
Our sun is in the west.

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THE SWORDS OF MODERN WARRIORS.

By Ernest W. Low.

"The voice of every people is the sword
That guards them, or the Sword that beats them down."
Tennyson.

E must be a very bigoted or very ignorant man who would deny that the sword has been one of the most potent factors in the history of the human race, for by a merely superficial study of that history this fact is revealed to us in no uncertain light.

Remembering this, it is not difficult to understand the feeling with which men regarded the weapon in the days when the world was young, and when the discoveries of science to provide still more powerful instruments of destruction were as yet undreamed of. The sword in those primitive days was not looked upon as an abstraction, but as a wondrously endowed personality, having the passions and the virtues of a human being as well as the higher attributes of the gods!

It was the earliest symbol of might and majesty. Who does not remember the terrible power of the sword of Odin, so graphically depicted in the Sagas, some vestige of which remains to this very day in the "Sayf Allah," signifying the "Sword of Allah," the highest title which a Moslem can bestow.

To pass on from these remote times; the days of chivalry opened up a new era in the life of the sword. The sword in the hand of a chevalier or a paladin became the embodiment of a new faith—the religion of Honour.

The old "consecration of valour" it was in a measure, but with a difference. The principle of those who wielded the sword in the days of the Vikings was slaughter for slaughter's sake; *now* the rude ancient idea of valour was to be tempered with the power of mercy and love. In this did the true difference lie, that those who wielded the sword of chivalry did so in defence of an ideal—mistaken perhaps, but still an ideal, of which we have tangible proof in the *sobriquets* of knightly swords, some being given feminine appellations in memory of the owner's lady-love, others dubbed by some phrase signifying the mission the bearer had undertaken to carry out. So, with slight variations, did it continue until the early part of the 16th century, when the sword reached the zenith of its power in Europe, and from which time the art of fence may be said to date.

It may offend our feeling of national pride, but it must be said that in England the art never reached perfection. Indeed, anything like a scientific use of the weapon seems at all times to have been almost repugnant to us. A few gentlemen who had travelled on the Continent and taken lessons from a French or Italian professor of the art, perhaps acquired a certain amount of expertness in the management of the rapier. But the ordinary fighting man preferred to use a heavy awkward arm, such as the pike or halberd, or even a stout cudgel, with which he could lay about him in his own particular fashion rather than take the trouble to make himself master of the delicate, but far more deadly, "beautiful white weapon."

Says Sir Richard Burton in his "Book of the Sword:" "The history of the sword is that of humanity;" and humanity requires more than a magazine article or many such to do it justice! But there are in the possession of distinguished men swords which should not be without interest to the people of a nation which has ever been pre-eminent in the arts of war.

Some of them have been acquired under curious circumstances and in strange lands, others will be noticeable as affording illustrations of the craftmanship of savage races, and, lastly, some have an abiding interest in the fact that they have been carried—and used—by men whose deeds it is not well that we should forget.

In the magnificent collection of the Duke of Cambridge there is one sword which has special claims to our regard. It was presented to the Commander-in-chief by a distinguished officer at the conclusion of the operations against China in 1864. The weapon is of a peculiar shape, broad and flat, and of no great length; it has a wooden scabbard, beautifully carved with the strange beasts ordinarily associated with native

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CHUNG WANG'S SWORD.

ornamentation, and the hilt terminates in a huge boss of metal, which renders its weight out of all proportion to that of the blade. The latter is in a state of almost perfect preservation. But interesting enough as the sword may be to the antiquarian as a product of the workshops of Cathay, it has surrounding it a halo of romance which will appeal to a far wider circle. Its career and the circumstances with which it was indissolubly linked are hardly surpassed by the most entrancing chapter of the Arabian Nights. And now, when the fate of that huge empire is trembling in the balance, this sword and the accompanying manuscript, which throws a strange light upon the ancient customs of that strange people, come to us as a voice from the dead — literally a voice from the dead, the voice of one whom in life we all revered with an admiration half tinged with awe, and whose untimely death it will be long before Englishmen cease to bitterly regret—General Gordon.

The subjoined copy of the manuscript tells graphically the story of the mystic weapon :—

NOTE ON CHANG WANG'S OR THE FAITHFUL PRINCE'S SWORD, CAPTURED AT LUJANG, MARCH 11TH, 1864.

This sword was presented to Chung Wang, the Commander-in-chief of the Taeping armies and sword dignitary in their states, by the Taeping Emperor, Tien Wang, or the Heavenly King. It signified to the Taepings that its possessor, Chung Wang, had authority to execute summary justice on any one whatsoever who might offend, without reference to the Tien Wang.

The presentation of these emblematical swords by the true Emperors of China to their high officials on proceeding on any important mission is of old date, and the custom was copied by the mock Emperor, Tien Wang.

The sword was left by Chung Wang to Tze Wang—another rebel chief—on the occasion of Chung Wang repairing to Nankin after the fall of Louchow. Tze Wang was to protect the Taeping districts during Chung Wang's absence, but was unfortunate. He left his residence in Lujang to meet the advance of the disciplined Chinese, and during his absence his second in command shut the gates on him and surrendered the city, having first pillaged Tze Wang's palace where the sword was found.

The sword was usually carried by an orderly behind Chung Wang on all state occasions, covered with a yellow silk case embroidered with dragons.

Of all the rebel leaders Chung Wang was

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

From a photo. by [*Russell & Sons.*

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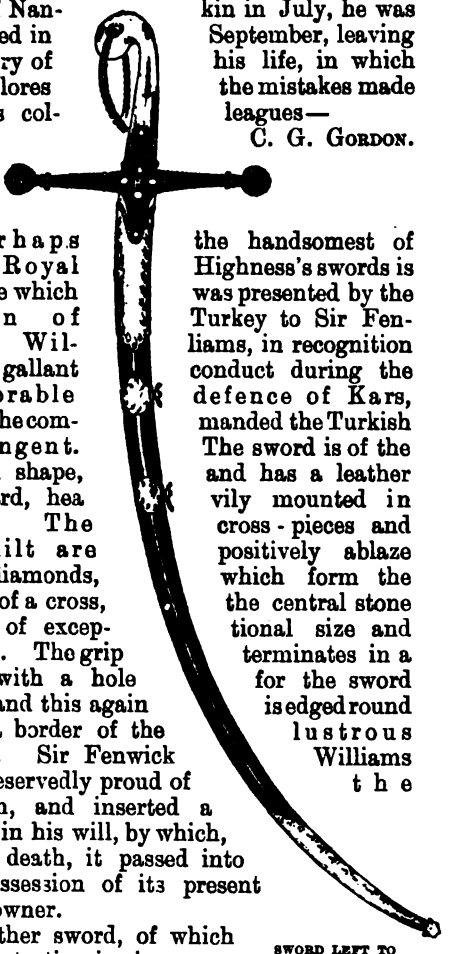
by far the most enterprising and brave, and his presence at any time was equal to a reinforcement of 10,000 men to the Taepings, who fought with more energy under his eye. Taken prisoner at the capture of Nan- kin in July, he was executed in September, leaving a history of his life, in which he deplores the mistakes made by his colleagues—

C. G. GORDON.



Perhaps the handsomest of His Royal Highness's swords is the one which was presented by the Sultan of Turkey to Sir Fenwick Williams, in recognition of his gallant conduct during the memorable defence of Kars, where he commanded the Turkish contingent. The sword is of the curved shape, and has a leather scabbard, heavily mounted in gold. The cross-pieces and the hilt are positively ablaze with diamonds, which form the shape of a cross, the central stone being of exceptional size and beauty. The grip terminates in a knob with a hole for the sword knot, and this is edged round with a border of the lustrous stones. Sir Fenwick Williams was deservedly proud of the weapon, and inserted a clause in his will, by which, at his death, it passed into the possession of its present royal owner.

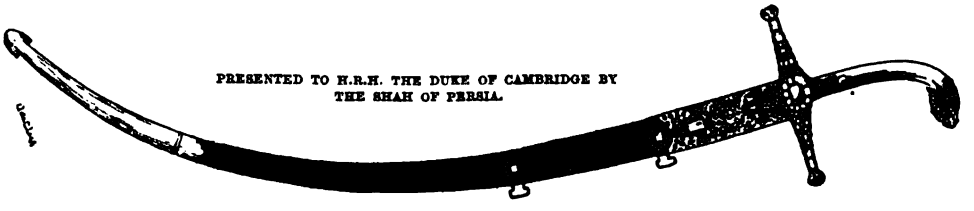
SWORD LEFT TO H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE BY SIR FENWICK WILLIAMS.

Another sword, of which an illustration is given, was presented to the Duke by the Shah of Persia, when he visited this country some twenty years ago. Many will remember the ceremonials that took place in connection with the visit, conspicuous among them being a grand review under the Commander-in-chief at Windsor. The Shah was visibly impressed, and expressed his feeling of delight in a warm manner, winding up by taking off his sword on the spot, and in truly royal fashion presenting it to his host.

It would be impossible to describe a tithe of His Royal Highness's swords, which are of all sorts and shapes and come from many climes. A large number have been presented to him from time to time by officers who have acquired them abroad, and the whole collection is arranged in a huge case, the general effect being a very fine one.

General the Right Hon. Lord Roberts, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., V.C., or, as all readers of Mr. Kipling have come to affectionately think of him, "Bobs," sets particular store upon an Afghan sword which graces his billiard-room. It is a souvenir of his father, the late General Sir Abraham Roberts, who, if he did not attain to such eminence in his profession as the hero of Kandahar, yet occupies a high position in the roll of officers who helped to establish and maintain our Indian empire. During the war which broke out in 1838, when we were engaged in prosecuting the claims of the Shah Sujah, the rightful heir to the throne, against the usurper, Dost Mahommed, Sir Abraham Roberts was in command of the former's contingent, and in 1841, when there was a lull in hostilities, he resigned his post. This was the occasion of the presentation of the sword in question, which apart from these surroundings has nothing remarkable about it. It is the ordinary sword of a native chief, having an ivory hilt and a leather scabbard, with the bands to which the rings are attached

SWORD BROUGHT FROM CHINA BY SIR HOPE GRANT. (DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S COLLECTION.)



PRESENTED TO H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE BY THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

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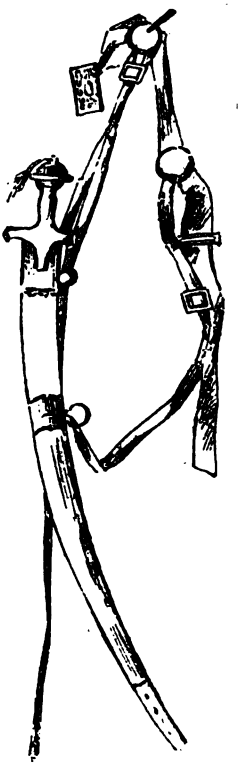
made of gold. The sword that Lord Roberts carried on the march which was to make his name famous throughout the world was an ordinary cavalry sword, which he obtained from some native regiment, but which was made in England. Like the majority of old campaigners, Lord Roberts discards the regulation "cheese knife" when there's business to be done. The objections to it are many, he thinks, the first and foremost being that it would be an impossibility to wear a weapon with a bright scabbard, which under the rays of an Indian sun would reveal as plainly as the heliograph the position of the wearer to the enemy.

Of presentation swords, as might be supposed, "Bobs" has no lack. One which he values highly is a native scimitar, heavily mounted in gold. It is attached to a handsome waistbelt of gold lace, with an oblong buckle, having a large turquoise in the centre, surrounded by rubies and brilliants.

GENERAL LORD ROBERTS, V.C.

From a photo. by [*Elliott & Fry.*

On the turquoise is engraved, "To Sir Frederick Roberts," in native characters. This was given to him by the chief landowners of Oude on his departure from India, a fact which speaks volumes for the good feeling he inspired among Europeans and natives alike. Another, presented by the Maharajah Putyali's army, has a brass hilt, having two curved pieces of metal to protect the hand, somewhat after the style of a basket hilt. Everyone remembers that when he returned from Afghanistan, with the story of his victories in every mouth, he was presented with the Freedom of the City of London, accompanied by a sword of honour. It is a beautiful weapon, with the following list of his campaigns engraved on the gold scabbard: Abyssinia, Kotal, Paiwai, Charasaia, Kandahar, Kabul. On the band above the first ring is the motto, "Prudence and Speed," and it bears this inscription:



PRESENTED TO LORD ROBERTS BY THE CHIEF LANDOWNERS OF OUDE, ON HIS DEPARTURE.

"A common council, holden in the Chamber of the Guildhall of the City of London on Thursday, the second day of December, 1880, McArthur, Mayor, resolved unanimously that the Freedom of this City, together with a sword, be presented to Major-General Sir F. S. Roberts, G.C.B., V.C., in recognition of his gallant services in Afghanistan, when, supported by brave soldiers, he so well and nobly upheld the prestige and reputation of the British army —Monckton." The hilt, which is of ivory, bears upon it the City arms.

Another sword of honour which Lord Roberts values perhaps even more highly is that presented to him in 1881 by the Eton boys. They had been watching his career with eager interest, and upon his return they hastened to pay a tribute to their *alumnus*—for Lord Roberts, like many distinguished commanders before him, learned his first lessons of pluck and discipline in the playing fields of Eton. Inscribed upon the sword is "Duci Egregio Frederico Sleigh Roberts, Etonenses sui, A.D. 1881," and in the centre of the cross-piece is a miniature Victoria Cross. The hilt is of ivory, the sword-knot being of gold, as is the scabbard, which bears the Eton crest carried out in

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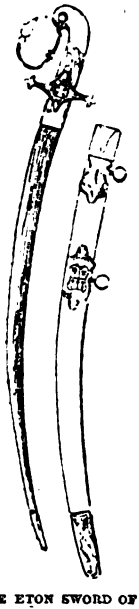
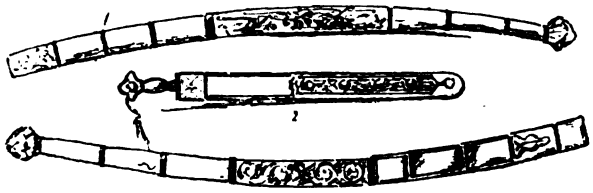
enamel. At the top of the blade, just beneath the hilt, appears Lord Roberts's motto, a motto which does not strike that sense of incongruity too often aroused when one beholds the grandiloquent phrases frequently adopted. *This* is a soldier's watchword, every inch of it: "Virtute et Valore," "By virtue and by valour"—it is characteristic of the man.

In his long sojourning in lands "somewhere east of Suez," Lord Roberts has picked up many curiosities in native weapons. He has two "dahs," or Mandalay swords of state, which used to be solemnly carried in front of King Theebaw before his star had waned. They are, of course, quite useless for fighting purposes, being merely part and parcel of the semi-barbaric *entourage* of an Eastern potentate. The sheaths are of silver and are good examples of the splendid pitch to which the art of working in the metal has been brought in the East. The small sword which figures in the same illustration has a scabbard made of shagreen studded with bosses of coral, and was taken from a Thibetan chief after the fight near Sikkim. There is also among these trophies a Burmese sword with a silver scabbard and a beautifully carved ivory hilt. All endeavours to extract from Lord Roberts any personal incidents in connection with his weapon are fraught with little success, for he cannot be got to talk of his feats of prowess, and only speaks of his campaigns in a casual and impersonal manner. But no doubt the episode that gained him the coveted V.C., when under a perfect hailstorm of bullets he repeatedly raised the colours on the outskirts of Lucknow to show Outram and Havelock the position of Sir Colin Campbell's relieving force, is only one of a series that might be placed to his credit. "But he does not advertise, not Bobs."



THE ETON SWORD OF LORD ROBERTS.

The hall of Sir Evelyn Wood's house in Devonshire Place presents a striking object lesson of the difference between the "pride, pomp, and panoply" of the military profession and its stern reality. On the left, reposing in their velvet cases beneath covers of glass, are two gorgeous presentation



LORD ROBERTS' COLLECTION.
1 & 3. Burmese State "Dahs" from King Theebaw's Palace.
2. Thibetan Sword.

swords, while high up on the wall, directly facing you, hangs a long, naked blade. This is Sir Evelyn's "fighting sword," the sword he has carried during active service for the last forty years, and which has served him in good stead in many a hand-to-hand combat. It is a very different sort of weapon to a general's parade sword; it has a perfectly straight blade, some inches longer than a cavalry sabre, and a basket hilt. On taking it in your hand you notice that it is almost perfectly balanced. If any fault is to be found it is on the score of the lightness of the blade, which perhaps might be a trifle weightier. It was made by Wilkinson, the famous sword maker, from a model of the sword carried by Colonel Morris at Waterloo, for a Colonel Clark, who took part in the famous charge of the Light

SIR EVELYN WOOD.
From a photo. by [*Elliott & Fry.*

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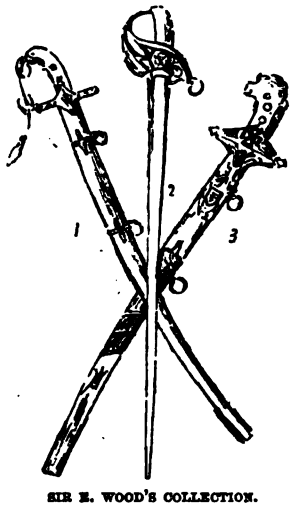
Brigade at Balaclava. It was given by the latter to its present owner, who since the Indian Mutiny has used no other sword on service. This is the sword he has had with him in the Gaika, Zulu, Boer, and Egyptian campaigns, and in the Nile expedition of 1884-85. A characteristic *beau sabreur* has Sir Evelyn Wood always been, and his faithful henchman, who has also served his country well in savage warfare, dwells lovingly on the prowess of his master, and tells many a tale of the feats he has performed with the trusty weapon. It is said that he once sliced a man clean in two with a transverse cut; but, making all due allowance for exaggeration, there is no doubt that the force of a swinging cut from such a weapon in the practised hand of a mounted swordsman would be terrific. He carried this sword when he won the Victoria Cross, which was in 1858, although he really won that coveted distinction by his gallantry at the memorable storming of the Redan before Sebastopol several years earlier.



SIR E. WOOD'S COLLECTION.
(1) Sword presented by the Emperor of Germany.
(2) Presented by the County of Essex.
(3) Sir Evelyn Wood's Fighting Sword.

Sir Evelyn Wood can claim the unique distinction of having twice won the "V.C.," it being merely due to "red tapeism" that he was not awarded it on the first occasion, owing to leaving the navy on account of his wounds. But regaining his strength, and having been awarded a commission in the army in recognition of his gallantry in the other branch of the service, Lieutenant Wood (as he then was), on proceeding to India, soon found ample scope for his dashing bravery.

The precise episode that gained him the cross occurred at a place called Sindhoro, when, practically single-handed, he rescued from a band of robbers Chemmum Singh, a friendly native whom they had carried off to the jungle, and would have hanged had not the redoubtable white man with the death-dealing sword appeared upon the scene.

The contrast between the "biter of the millstone" (as our forefathers would have called it) and the two presentation swords cannot fail to be noticed. One of these was presented to Sir Evelyn by the German Emperor, after visiting Aldershot, where he was in command in 1889. It is shaped like a regulation general officer's sword (with the exception of having a slightly narrower blade), and has a gold scabbard and hilt. The latter sparkles with diamonds and has, carried out in the precious stones, on one side, the Imperial Crown, and upon the reverse the initials of the august donor. Accompanying the sword was the following letter, dated from the German Embassy in London, December 29th, 1889:

SIR E. WOOD'S COLLECTION.
(1) Soudanese knife from Khartoum.
(2) Ashantee.
(3) Soudanese.

"My dear General,—It gives me the greatest pleasure to inform your Excellency that his Majesty the Emperor and King, my august sovereign, has been graciously pleased to present you with a sword of honour as a remembrance of his Majesty's recent visit to England.

"His Excellency Sir Evelyn Wood.
"From the German Emperor to
Sir Evelyn Wood."

The other sword is of a similar shape, but has the scabbard richly ornamented with silver, and an ivory hilt terminating in a lion's head. It was presented to Sir Evelyn by the county of Essex on his return from his victories in Zululand in 1879. It has peculiarly shaped "quillons," or cross pieces, between the blade and the grip, in the centre of which is, on one side, a silver counterfeit of the Victoria Cross, and on the other the Order of the Bath. The blade is a most elaborate piece of workmanship; it is beautifully chased and bears upon it this inscription:

"Presented to
Brigadier-General Sir Evelyn Wood,
V.C., K.C.B.,
by the county of Essex,
In recognition of the eminent services rendered by him to his country during the

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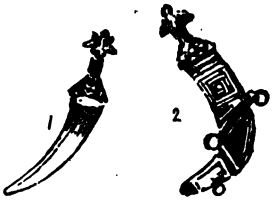
recent arduous campaign in Zululand and the conspicuous zeal, energy, and gallantry which have distinguished his entire military career. Oct. 14th, 1879."

Five Soudanese swords, which were taken off the battlefield at Toski, August 3rd, 1889, by Major Wingate (now Chief of Intelligence Department, Egyptian Army, and who was afterwards *aide-de-camp* to Sir Evelyn Wood), also figure in his collection. They are awkward and cumbrous-looking weapons, about three feet six inches long, and with a broad flat blade over two inches wide. They look almost impossible to wield with any effect, but "Fuzzy Wuzzy" uses them with great vigour, as many a poor Tommy Atkins has known to his cost.



KNIFE AND CASE GIVEN TO SIR EVELYN WOOD BY THE LATE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.

Another sword which marks an interesting epoch in Sir Evelyn's career is that he wore as Sirdar of the Egyptian army, which, as is well known, owes its organisation, if not its very existence, to his admirable and vigorous administration. The sword somewhat resembles a triangular mediæval rapier, is a rather tinselly thing, and would not be of much practical use in warfare. In addition to the swords, Sir Evelyn Wood has a collection of knives. They have come from various parts of the globe, and are about as ugly a looking lot of weapons as you could wish to meet. One in particular from the Soudan, with a horrid twisted blade, makes one shudder to look at.

Another of a very curious shape, looking, when in its sheath, almost exactly like a pistol, was a gift from the late Sultan of Zanzibar, and still another hailing from Ashantee was made from a piece of a scythe with the handle wrapped round with some sort of tough grass.

In an assembly composed of folk hailing from across the border the name of Sir Archibald Alison is one with which to conjure. Scottish to the very backbone, by his military career he has helped to perpetuate the traditions so dear to the hearts of the martial race to which he belongs.

Tangible evidence of the feeling with which he is regarded by his countrymen is to be found in the sword of honour presented to him in 1883 by the citizens of Glasgow (with whom he has been so intimately associated since his childhood) on his return from Egypt, where under his leadership the Highland Brigade did such glorious work. Needless to say, the weapon is a claymore. The scabbard, which is of silver elaborately ornamented with gilt, has close to the hilt the arms of the city of Glasgow, with the motto of the city, "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word!" Beneath are the names of Sir Archibald's campaigns: Crimea, 1854-6; India, 1857-8; Ashantee, 1873-4; Egypt, 1882. The hilt is covered with representations of the thistle, the flowers being composed of single large amethysts. Scattered all over the hilt are Scotch pearls, the pommel taking the form of a small crown of red velvet with gold bars, surmounted by a single pearl.

The long blade is most beautifully engraved, and bears the following inscription: "To Lieutenant-General Archibald Alison, Baronet, K.C.B., from the citizens of Glasgow, in recognition of distinguished services in Europe, Asia, and Africa, 1883."

On the other side is a sort of panorama of the Egyptian campaign. The first view gives the landing of the troops, then the

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON.

From a photo. by] [*Elliott & Fry.*

armoured train puffing its way through those unaccustomed wilds. Next follows the picture of an encampment in the desert, the rows of tents, the sleeping soldiers, and the watchful sentries at their posts, until near the foot of the scabbard the final scene is reached when the famous midnight march

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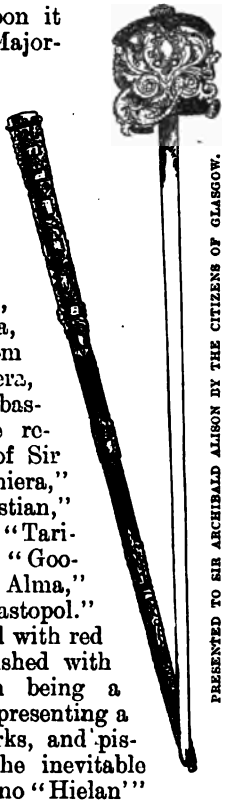
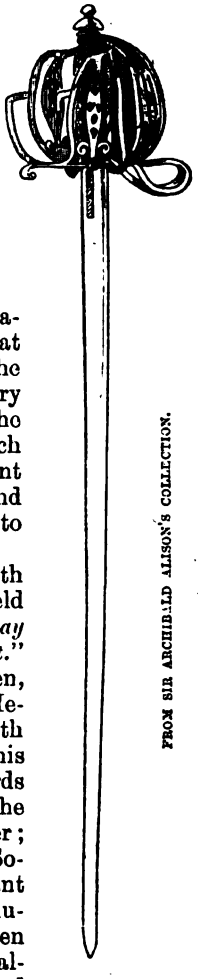
terminated in the brief but decisive conflict at Tel-el-Kebir, at which Sir Archibald with his gallant kilted men gave such a good account of themselves.

Another claymore which all true Scots will regard with two-fold interest is one which was presented to Sir Colin Campbell under similar circumstances in 1856. Inscribed upon it is: "Presented to Major-General Sir Colin Campbell, G.C.B., by above 6,000 of his countrymen in Glasgow and Scotland in testimony of their high sense of his distinguished conduct and gallantry and glorious services in Portugal, Spain, France, India, China, and Crimea, from the battle of Vimiera, 1808, to storming of Sebastopol, 1855." On the reverse is the long list of Sir Colin's honours: "Vimiera," "Corunna," "St. Sebastian," "Vittoria," "Nivelle," "Tarifa," "Chillianwallah," "Goojerat," "China," "Alma," "Balaclava," and "Sebastopol." The scabbard is covered with red velvet heavily embellished with gold, half way down being a characteristic design representing a group of claymores, dirks, and pistols, surmounted by the inevitable "pipes," without which no "Hielan'" ceremony or design can be said to be complete.



PRESENTED TO SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON BY THE CITIZENS OF GLASGOW.

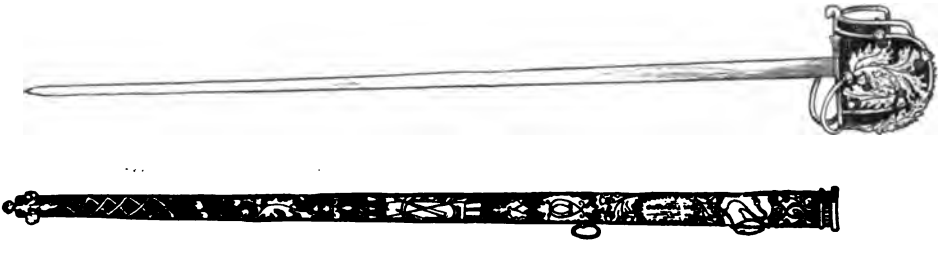
Sir Archibald was Sir Colin's military secretary, and at his death the claymore was left in his will to its present owner, in whose possession it remains to bear fitting testimony of the sentiment that existed between these two distinguished compatriots. These two swords repose side by side in a magnificent case. Even in the case is the dominant feeling of national pride apparent, for it was made by George Edward of Glasgow from cherry wood grown on the Possil Park estate.



FROM SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON'S COLLECTION.

Sir Archibald does not appear to have had any decided *penchant* in the matter of service swords. From the illustration it will be seen that the one he carried in the Crimea was the ordinary regulation claymore of the pattern then in vogue, which was part of his equipment as an officer of the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders, to which he then belonged.

"I have taken it with me abroad when on field service, and *am glad to say I have never had to use it.*" Thus speaks Lord Methuen, the spirited leader of "Methuen's Horse" of South African fame, regarding his trusty blade. Strange words these, coming from the mouth of a gallant soldier; but maugre the Peace Society and certain flamboyant demagogues, there *are* humane men to be found even among the ranks of "legalised murderers," and "gilded popinjays," and every man of war is *not* imbued with a savage desire for slaughter and blood, as these good folks would seem to suppose.



SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON'S COLLECTION.—SWORD PRESENTED TO SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

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This valued belonging of the popular commander of the "Home" district was given him by George Chapman, the celebrated English fencer, who was instrumental in infusing fresh vitality into the London Fencing Club, of which he was secretary for many years, in 1872. It was designed by the latter on the lines of what he considered to be a perfect sword. It has a basket hilt, a wedge-shaped blade without a groove, and for some six inches above the point is double-edged. At the top of the blade just below the guard appear the words, "Paul Methuen from George Chapman," and it is provided with a serviceable scabbard covered in brown leather, with a "frog" for fastening

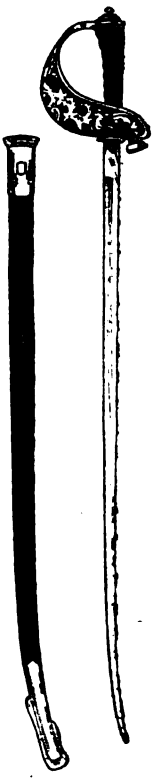
LORD METHUEN.

From a photo by [*Elliott & Fry.*

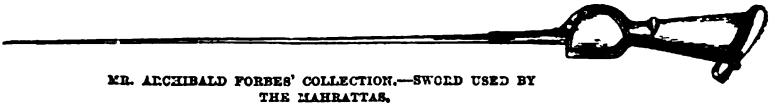
on the belt of the same colour and material. On the other side are the familiar words, "Proved by Wilkinson," but as, according to Lord Methuen himself—in spite of his having carried it during his South African campaign—it has never stood the only practical test — use — its perfection or otherwise is still a debateable point.

Of course a weapon that would suit one man might feel extremely awkward in the hand of another of a different height and build. Many would consider this sword as altogether too light for hard work; indeed, personally, I should prefer something more massive in every respect — longer, wider, heavier. But, *chacun à son goût* holds particularly good when, of all things, the choice of a weapon is in question.

No excuse need be made for including Mr. Archibald Forbes in an article devoted to military men. If nominally he is not a soldier he has seen as much service as fifty per cent. of our generals, and, to use an expression of Tommy Atkins, "what he don't know about soldierin' ain't worth knowing!" As a matter of fact, too, I believe he served for some time as a trooper in a crack cavalry corps in the days of his youth. Alas, however, for the curiosity hunter, he has in the course of his wanderings lost the most interesting of his souvenirs. Still one or two of the swords he picked up when he accompanied the Prince of Wales on his Indian tour some twenty years ago are worthy of notice. Among these is a long sword used by the Mahrattas with a flat blade and a steel hilt, the curious feature being the huge guard which comes nearly up to the elbow. Like nearly all Eastern swords the grip is made for a very small hand; indeed, the average Englishman could hardly pass his arm through the bars at all. Mr. Forbes has never seen one of these unwieldy weapons used in anger, but when the Prince arrived at a place the natives used to brandish them about and clash them together and make passes at one another with them, as is the wont of these dark-skinned folk when giving vent to the exuberance of their spirits. At Baroda,



LORD METHUEN'S SWORD.



MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES' COLLECTION.—SWORD USED BY THE MAHRATTAS.

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on the occasion of a grand performance before the Prince, fencing bouts took place to while away the time during the intervals of the regular performance, in which combats between wild beasts in the style of the ancient Romans were held.

KOOKERIE. MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES' COLLECTION.

He has also several specimens of native tulwars and knives. Conspicuous among the latter being a "kookerie," that deadly knife so beloved of the Goorkas, and with which they do such frightful execution at close quarters.

The peculiarity of the "kookerie" is the care taken in the balance; the tremendous weight of the heavy back and upper part imparts such power to the keen edge that one can quite believe the stories that are told of a Goorka being able to cut off a bullock's head with one stroke.

It may not be out of place to refer to the expressions of disapproval with the regulation sword (more especially that of the infantry officer) which I have constantly met with. Mention has already been made of officers who have discarded it on active service from almost the commencement of their careers, and this fact alone speaks volumes. But the following emphatic deliverance on the subject by that gallant officer, General Sir Frederick F. Maude, V.C., whose record extends back to the battle of Punniat, in the Gwalior campaign of 1843, and who won his V.C. at the Redan before Sebastopol, ought to be taken to heart by the authorities:

FROM MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES' COLLECTION.

"In the Afghan campaign, 1878, I was in command of a division, and I wore a general officer's regulation sword, *which is a gingerbread article, perfectly useless for either offence or defence.* My position in command of a division was not likely to require me to use a sword, so I contented myself with adhering to the regulation pattern, but at the same time, I am strongly of opinion that if an officer of any rank whatever carries a sword, he should carry a reliable and trustworthy weapon, and that facilities should be given to him (and that he should be required to pass an examination afterwards) to handle the weapon with good effect."

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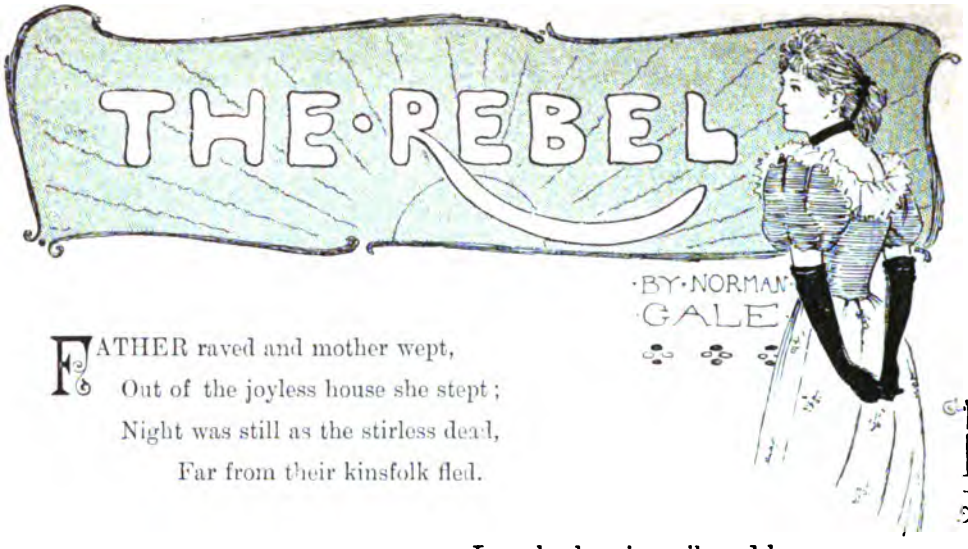

FATHER raved and mother wept,
Out of the joyless house she stept;
Night was still as the stirless dead,
Far from their kinsfolk fled.

Laurels gleaming, silvered lawn,
Never a sign of aching dawn!
Nature seemed to hold her breath,
Hearing the voice of death.

Overhead the Milky Way
Was utterly white as quick in May.
Who could stand with a heart of wrath
Under this starry froth?

Down the night the Huntress passed—
Small was the light that hid the vast!
From out the darker zenith came
Flame after splendid flame.

Then there fell to soothe her breast
Merciful tears, the dew of rest.
Once again the comrade spurned,
Beautiful Hope, returned.

If human zeniths be not clear,
Often the moon of Self is near;
If she sink down there must befall
Starrier life for all.

NORMAN GALE.

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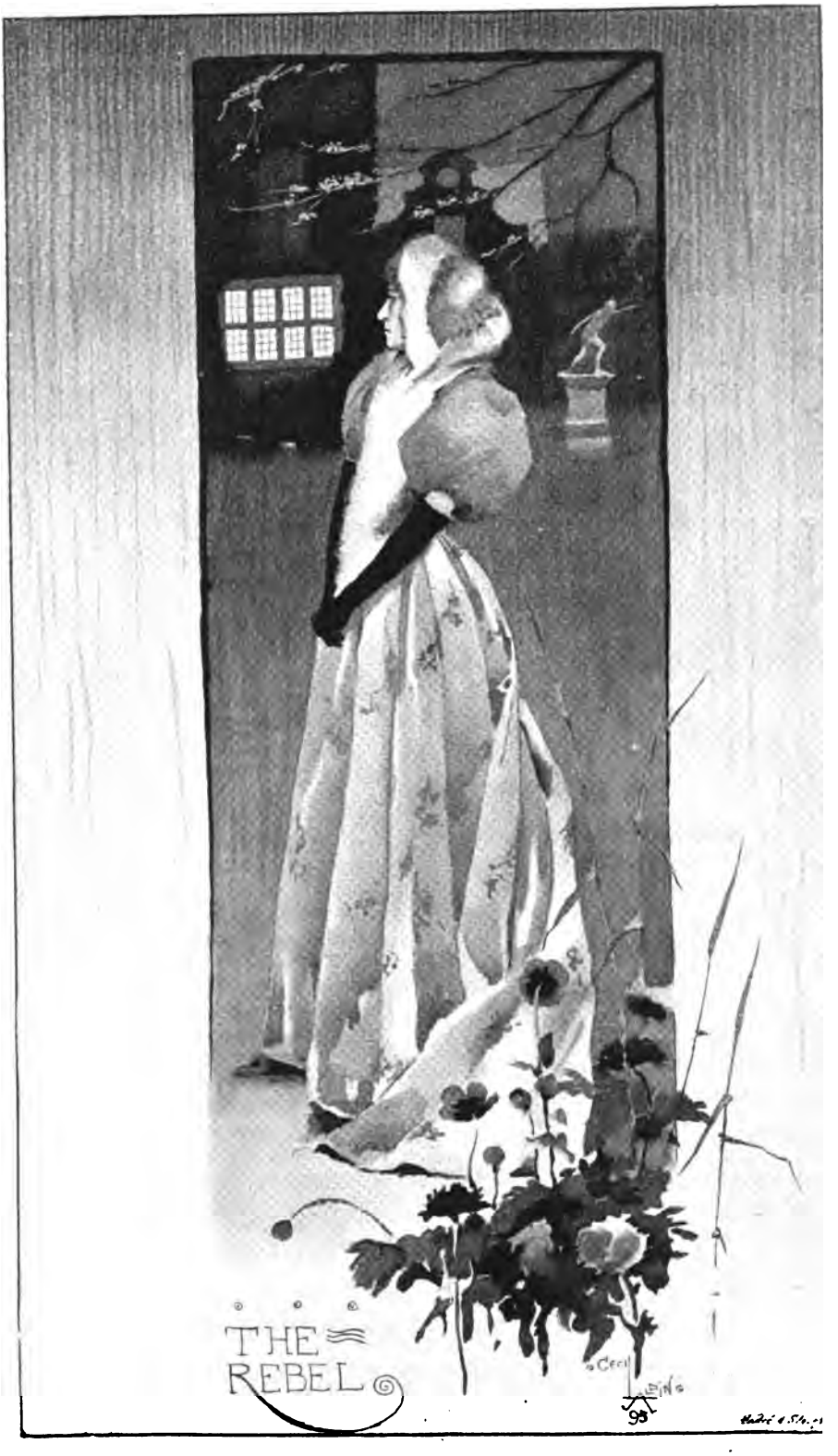

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THE GREY LADY.*

By Henry Seton Merriman.

Author of "With Edged Tools," "The Sowers," etc.

Illustrated by R. Jack.

INTRODUCTION.

The preceding chapters introduce Henry and Luke FitzHenry, two naval cadets, who have been adopted by the Honourable Mrs. Harrington, a wealthy though cold-hearted woman. Luke, annoyed at some of her remarks, walks out of Mrs. Harrington's house and disappears. Six years then elapse, and we next find Henry FitzHenry in Majorca, a frequent visitor at the Casa d'Erraha, where Edward Challoner, a cousin of Mrs. Harrington, resides. Native gossip surmises that the young lieutenant finds the beautiful Eve Challoner even a greater attraction than her father. A stroke of paralysis seizes Challoner, however, and Eve is left an orphan. Her uncle, Captain Bontner, a rough, good-hearted man, hastens to Majorca to his niece, and on Challoner's affairs being investigated it is found that the Casa d'Erraha belongs to a Count de Lloseta; so Eve is practically penniless. The Count, however, begs her to remain at the Casa d'Erraha, and accept it as a gift from himself, but she will not consent to do so, and returns to England with her uncle. The scene then changes, and we find Luke FitzHenry, who has just arrived in England on his vessel, the *Croonah*, accepting an invitation to dine with Mrs. Harrington. A reconciliation thus takes place, after a misunderstanding of six years. At Mrs. Harrington's he meets Mrs. Ingham-Baker and her daughter, Agatha, whom he had known in his boyhood; also the Count de Lloseta. Agatha determines to conquer Luke's heart, and secretly Mrs. Harrington resolves to conquer Luke's pride. Thus the strife begins.

CHAPTER X.

THE GAME OPENS.

"Ce qu'on dit à l'être à qui on dit tout n'est pas la moitié de ce qu'on lui cache."

AGATHA sent her maid to bed and sat down before her bedroom fire to brush her hair.

Miss Ingham-Baker had, only four years earlier, left a fashionable South Coast boarding-school fully educated for the battle of life. There seem to be two classes of young ladies' boarding-schools. In the one they are educated with a view of faring well in this world, in the other the teaching mostly bears upon matters connected with the next. In the last-mentioned class of establishment the young people get up early and have very little material food to eat. So Mrs. Ingham-Baker wisely sent her daughter to the worldly school. This astute lady knew that girls who get up very early to attend public worship in the dim hours, and have poor meals during the day, do not as a rule make good matches. They have no time to do their hair properly and are not urged so much thereto as to punctuality at complines or whatever the service may be. And it is thus that the little habits are acquired, and the little habits make the woman, therefore the little habits make the match. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

So Agatha was sent to a worldly school, where they promenaded in the King's Road and were taught at an early age to recognise the glance of admiration when they saw it. They were taught to desire nice clothes and to wear the same stylishly. On Sunday they wore bonnets and promenaded with additional enthusiasm. Their youthful backs were straightened out by some process which the writer, not having been educated at a girls' school, cannot be expected to detail. They were given excellent meals at healthy hours, and the reprehensible habits of the lark were treated with contumely. They were given to understand that it was good to be smart always and even smarter at church. Religious fervour if it ran to limpness of dress or form or mind was punishable according to the law. A wholesome spirit of competition was encouraged. not in the taking of many prizes, the attending of many services, or the acquirement of much Euclid, but in dress and smartness and the accomplishments.

"My girls always marry!" Miss Jones was wont to say with a complacent smile, and mothers advertised it gratuitously.

Agatha had been an apt pupil. She came away from Miss Jones a finished article. Miss Jones had indeed looked in vain for Agatha's name in that right-hand column of the *Morning Post*, where fashionable arrangements are noted, and in the first column of the *Times*, where further social events have precedence. But that was entirely Agatha's fault. She came, and she saw, but she had not hitherto seen anything worth conquering. So many of her school friends had married on the impulse of the moment for mere sentimental reasons, remaining as awful and harassed warnings in surburban retreats, where rents are moderate and the census on the flow. If there was one thing Miss Jones despised

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more than love in a cottage it was that intangible commodity in a surburban villa.

Agatha, in a word, meant to do well for herself, and she was dimly grateful to her mother for having foreseen this situation and provided for it by a suitable education.

She was probably thinking over the matter while she brushed her hair, for she was deeply absorbed.

There was a knock at the door—a timid, deprecatory knock.

"Oh, come in!" cried Agatha.

The door opened and disclosed Mrs. Ingham-Baker, stout and cringing, in a ludicrous purple dressing-gown.

"May I come and warm myself at your fire, dear?" she inquired humbly; "my own is so low."

"That," said Agatha, "is because you are afraid of the servants."

Mrs. Ingham-Baker closed the door and came towards the fire with surreptitious steps. It would not be truthful to say that she came on tiptoe, her build not warranting that mode of progression. Agatha watched her without surprise. Mrs. Ingham-Baker always moved like that in her dressing-gown. Like many ladies she put on surreptitiousness with that garment.

"How beautifully the Count plays!" said the mother.

"Beautifully!" answered the daughter.

And neither was thinking of Cipriano de Lloseta.

Mrs. Ingham-Baker gave a little sigh, and contemplated her wool-work bedroom slippers with an affection which their appearance certainly did not warrant. There was a suggestion of defeats gone-by in sigh and attitude—defeats borne with the resignation that followeth on habit.

"I don't believe," she said, "that he will ever marry again."

The girl tossed her pretty head.

"I shouldn't think anyone would have him!"

She was not of the campaigners who admit defeat. Mrs. Ingham-Baker sighed again, and put out the other slipper.

"He must be very rich!—a palace in Barcelona—a *palace!*"

"Other people have castles in Spain," replied Agatha, without any of that filial respect which our grandmothers were pleased to affect. There was nothing old-fashioned or effete about Agatha—she was, on the contrary, essentially modern.

The elder lady did not catch the allusion, and dived deep into thought. She supposed that Agatha had met and danced with other rich Spaniards, and could have any one of them by the mere raising of her little finger. Her attitude towards her daughter was that of an old campaigner who, having done well in a bygone time, had the good sense to recognise the deeper science of a modern warfare, being quite content with a small command in the rear.

To carry out the simile, she now gathered from this conversational reconnaissance that the younger and abler general at the front was about to alter the object of attack. She had, in fact, come in not to warm but to inform herself.

"Mrs. Harrington seemed to take to Luke," said Agatha, behind her hair.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Ingham-Baker, proceeding carefully, for she was well in hand—"wonderfully so! Poor Fitz seems to stand a very good chance of being cut out."

"Fitz will have to look after himself," opined the young lady. "Did she say anything to you after I came to bed? I came away on purpose."

Mrs. Ingham-Baker glanced towards the door, and drew her dressing-gown more closely round her.

"*Well*," she began volubly, "of course I said what a nice fellow Luke was, so manly and simple, and all that. And she quite agreed with me. I said that perhaps he would get on after all and not bring disgrace upon all her kindness."

"What did you mean by *that*," inquired Agatha.

"I don't know, my dear, but I said it. And she said she hoped so. Then I asked her if she knew what his wages or salary or whatever they are called amounted to, and what his prospects are. She said she knew nothing about his salary, but that of course his prospects were quite a different matter. I pretended I did not know what she meant. So she gave a little sigh and said that one could not expect to live for ever. I said that I was sure I wished some people could, and she smiled in a funny way."

"You do not seem to have done it very well," the younger and more scientific campaigner observed coldly.

"Oh, but it was all right, Agatha dear. I understand her so well. And I said I was sure that Luke would deserve anything he got; that of course it was different for Fitz, because his life is all set out straight

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before him. And she said I was quite right."

The report was finished, and Agatha sat for some moments with the brush on her lap looking into the fire with the deep thoughtfulness of a cool tactician.

"I am *sure* he was struck with you," said the mother fervently.

After all she was only fit for a very small command very far in the rear. She never saw the singular light in Agatha's eyes.

"Do you think so?" said the girl half dreamily.

"I am sure of it."

Agatha began brushing her hair again.

"What makes you think so?" she enquired through the snaky canopy.

"He never took his eyes off you when you were playing the Count's accompaniments."

The girl suddenly rose and went to the dressing table. The candles there were lighted, one on each side of the mirror. Agatha saw that her mother was still admiring her bedroom slippers. Then she looked at the reflection of her own face with the smooth hair hanging straight down over either shoulder. She gazed long and curiously as if seeking something in the pleasant reflection.

"Did she say anything more about Fitz?" she asked suddenly, with an obvious change of the subject which Mrs. Ingham-Baker did not attempt to understand. She was not a subtle woman.

"Nothing."

Agatha came back and sat down.

"And you are quite sure she said exactly what you have told me, about not expecting to live for ever."

"Quite."

Then followed a long silence. A belated cab rattled past beneath the windows. There was apparently a cowl on the chimney connected with Agatha's room, for at intervals a faint groaning sound came, apparently, from the fireplace.

Agatha leant forward with her chin on her two hands, her elbows on her knees. Her hair hung almost to the ground. She was looking into the coals with quick, thoughtful eyes. The elder tactician waited in respectful silence.

"Suppose——" said the girl suddenly, and stopped.

"Yes, my darling."

"Suppose we accept the Daneford's invitation?"

"She gazed long and curiously."

"To go to Malta."

"Yes, to go to Malta?"

Mrs. Ingham-Baker fell into a puzzled, harassed reverie. This modern warfare was so complicated. The younger, keener tactician did not seem to demand an answer to her supposition. She proceeded to follow out the train of her own thoughts in as

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complete an absorption as if she had been alone in the room.

"The voyage," she said, "would be a pleasant change if we selected a good boat."

Mrs. Ingham-Baker reflected for a moment.

"We might go in the *Croonah* with Luke," she then observed timidly.

"Ye—es."

And after a little while Mrs. Ingham-Baker rose and bade her daughter good-night.

Agatha remained before the fire in the low chair with her face resting on her two hands, and who can tell all that she was thinking? For the thoughts of youth are very quick. They are different from the thoughts of maturity, inasmuch as they go higher into happiness and descend deeper into misery. Agatha Ingham-Baker knew that she had her own life to shape, with only such blundering, well-meant assistance as her mother could give her. She had found out that the world cannot pause to help the stricken, or to give a hand to the fallen, but that it always has leisure to cringe and make way for the successful.

Other girls had been successful. Why should not she? And if—and if——

The next morning at breakfast Mrs. Ingham-Baker took an opportunity of asking Mrs. Harrington if she knew Malta.

"Malta," answered the grey lady, "is a sort of Nursery India. I have known girls marry at Malta, but I have known more who were obliged to go to India."

"That," answered Mrs. Ingham-Baker, "is exactly what I am afraid of."

"Having to go on to India?" inquired Mrs. Harrington, looking over her letters.

"No. I am afraid that Malta is not quite the place one would like to take one's daughter to."

"That depends, I should imagine, upon the views one may have respecting one's daughter," answered the lady of the house carelessly.

At this moment Agatha came in looking fresh and smart in a tweed dress. She rather affected tweed dresses, having been given a beautiful figure. There was something about her that made people turn in the streets to look at her again. For years she had noted this with much satisfaction. But she was beginning to get a little tired of the homage of the pavement. Those who turned to glance a second time never came back to offer her a heart and a fortune. She was perhaps beginning faintly to suspect that which many of us know—namely, that she who has the admiration of many rarely has the love of one; and if by chance she gets it, she never knows its value and rarely keeps it.

"I was just asking Mrs. Harrington about Malta, dear," exclaimed Mrs. Ingham-Baker. "It is a nice place, is it not, Marian?"

"I believe it is."

"And somehow I quite want to go there. I can't think why," said Mrs. Ingham-Baker volubly. "It would be so nice to get a little sunshine after these grey skies, would it not, dear?"

Agatha gave a little shiver as she sat down.

"It would be very nice to feel really warm," she said. "But there is the horrid sea voyage."

"I daresay you would enjoy that very much after the first two days," put in Mrs. Harrington.

"Especially if we select a nice large boat—one of those with two 'funnels!'" put in Mrs. Ingham-Baker volubly. "Now I wonder what boat we could go by?"

"Luke's," suggested Mrs. Harrington with cynical curtness. There was a subtle suggestion of finality in her tone, a tiniest note of weariness which almost said:

"Now we have got where we wanted."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Ingham-Baker with much doubtfulness, "that it is really a fine vessel?"

"So I am told."

"I really expect," put in Agatha carelessly, "that one steamer is as good as another."

Mrs. Harrington turned on her like suave lightning.

"But one boat is not so well officered as another, my dear!" she said.

Agatha—not to be brow-beaten, keen as the old fencer — looked Mrs. Harrington straight in the face.

"You mean Luke," she said. "Of course I daresay he is a good officer. But one always feels doubtful about trusting one's friends—does one not?"

"One does," answered Mrs. Harrington, turning to her letters.

CHAPTER XI.

SHIPS UPON THE SEA.

"All such things touch secret strings
For heavy hearts to bear."

"AND you don't seem to care."

Agatha smiled a little inward smile of triumph.

"Don't I?" she answered, with a sidelong glance beneath her lashes.

Luke stared straight in front of him with set lips. He looked a dangerous man to

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"'Don't I!' she answered, with a side-long glance."

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trifle with, and what woman can keep her hands out of such danger as this?

They were walking backwards and forwards on the broad promenade deck of the *Croonah*, and the *Croonah* was gliding through the grey waters of the Atlantic. To their left lay the coast of Portugal smiling in the sunshine. To their right the orb of day himself, lowering cloudless to the horizon. Ahead, bleak and lonely, lay the dread Burlings. The maligned Bay of Biscay lay behind, and already a large number of the passengers had plucked up spirit to leave the cabin stairs, crawling on deck to lie supine in long chairs and talk hopefully of calmer days to come.

Agatha had proved herself to be a good sailor. She walked beside Luke FitzHenry with her usual dainty firmness of step, all her confidence of carriage. Luke, himself —in uniform—looked sternly in earnest.

They had been talking of Gibraltar where the *Croonah* was to touch the next morning, and Luke had just told Agatha that he could not go ashore with her and Mrs. Ingham-Baker.

"Don't I?" the girl reiterated with a little sigh.

"Well, it does not sound like it."

"The truth is," said Agatha, "that I have an inward conviction that it would only be more trouble than it is worth."

"What would be more trouble than it is worth?"

"Going ashore."

"Then you will not go?" he asked eagerly.

"I think not," she answerd with demure downcast eyes.

And Luke FitzHenry was the happiest man on board the *Croonah*. There was no mistaking her meaning. Luke, who knew himself to be a pessimist — a man who persistently looked for ill-fortune — knew that her meaning could not well be other than that she preferred remaining on board because he could not go ashore.

The dinner bell rang out over the quiet decks and, with a familiar little nod, Agatha turned away from her companion.

The next morning saw the *Croonah* speeding past Trafalgar's heights. There was a whistling breeze from the West; and over the mountains of Tarifa and the far gloomy fastness of Ceuta hung clouds and squalls. The sea, lashed to white flecks, raced through the straits, and every now and then a sharp shower darkened the face of the waters. There was something forbidding and mysterious in the scene, something dark and foreboding over the coastline of Africa. All eyes were fixed on the Rock, now slowly appearing from behind the hills that hide Algeciras.

Luke was on duty on the bridge, motionless at his post. It was a simple matter to these mariners to make for the anchorage of Gibraltar, and Luke was thinking of Agatha. He was recalling a thousand little incidents which came back with a sudden warm thrill into his heart, the chilled, stern heart of a disappointed man. He was recollecting words that she had said, silences which she had kept, glances which she had given him. And all told him the same thing. All went to the core of his passionate, self-consuming heart.

The bay now lay before him, dotted here and there by close-reefed sails. A few steamers lay at anchor, and beyond the old Mole black coal hulks peacefully stripped of rigging. Suddenly Luke lifted the lid of the small box affixed to the rail in front of him and sought his glasses. For some seconds he looked through the binoculars fixedly in the direction of the Mole. Then he moved towards the captain.

"That is the *Kittiwake*," he said.

"Thought it looked like her!" replied the captain, intent on his own affairs.

Luke went back to his post. The *Kittiwake!* And he was not glad. It was that that puzzled him. He was not glad. He was going to see Fitz after many years, and twins are different from other brothers. They usually see more of each other all through life. They are necessary to each other. Fitz and Luke had always corresponded as regularly as their roaming lives allowed. But for three years they had never met.

Luke stood with beating heart, his eyes fixed on the trim rakish-looking little gunboat lying at anchor immediately off the Mole. He was suddenly breathless. His light oil-skins oppressed him. His lips were clay. There was a vague feeling within him that he had only begun to live within the last two weeks—all before that had been merely existence. And now he was living too quickly, without time to define his feelings. But the sensations were real enough. It does not take long to acquire a feeling.

After all he was not glad. His attention was required for a few moments to carry out an order, and he returned to his thought. He did not, however, think it out. He only knew that if Agatha had not been on board the *Croonah* he would have been breathlessly impatient to see his brother. Therefore he

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did not want Agatha and Fitz to meet. And yet Fitz was quite different from other men. There was no harm in Fitz, and surely he could be trusted to see Agatha for a few hours without falling in love with her, without making Agatha love him.

Yet—Fitz had always succeeded where he, Luke, had failed. Fitz had always the good things of life. It was all luck. It had been luck from the very beginning. Another order required the second officer's full mind and attention. There were a thousand matters to be attended to, for the *Croonah* was enormous, unwieldy.

In the execution of his duties Luke began presently to forget himself. He did not attempt to define his thoughts. He did not even reflect that he knew so little of his brother that this meeting could not possibly cause him this sudden uneasiness, this foreboding care, from *that* side of the question. He did not fear for Fitz to meet Agatha, he really dreaded Agatha seeing Fitz.

The *Croonah* moved into her anchorage with that gentle strength which in a large steamer seems to indicate that she is thinking about it and doing it all herself. For in these days there is no shouting, no call of boatswain's whistle, and the ordinary observer hardly notices the quiet *deus ex machinâ*, the man on the bridge.

Hardly had the anchor splashed home with a rattle of cable that vibrated through the ship, when a small white boat shot out from behind the smart *Kittiwake*, impelled by the short and regular beat of ten oars. There was a man seated in the stern enveloped in a large black boat cloak—for Gibraltar harbour is choppy when the westerly breezes blow—a man who looked the *Croonah* up and down with a curious searching eye. The boat shot alongside the vast steamer—the bowman neatly catching a rope that was thrown to him—and the officer clambered nimbly up the swaying gangway.

He pushed his way gently through the passengers, the cloak flying partially open as he did so and displaying Her Majesty's uniform. He treated all these people with that patient contempt which belongs to the mariner when dealing with landsmen. They were so many sheep penned up in a conveyance. Well-dressed sheep, he admitted tacitly by the withdrawal of his dripping cloak from their contact, but he treated them in the bulk, failing to notice one more than another. He utterly failed to observe Agatha Ingham-Baker, dainty and fresh in blue serge and a pert sailor hat. She knew him at once, and his want of observation was set down in her mind against him. She did not want him to recognise her. Not at all. She merely wanted him to look at her, and then to look again—to throw a passing crumb of admiration to her greedy vanity, which lived on such daily food.

Fitz, intent on his errand, pushed his way towards the steps leading up through the awning to the bridge. He seemed to know by some sailor instinct where to find it. He paused at the foot of the iron steps to give some order to the man who followed at his heel, and the attitude was Luke's. The onlooker saw at a glance who this must be. The resemblance was startling. This was merely Luke FitzHenry over again, somewhat fairer, a little taller, but the same man.

The captain gave a sudden bluff laugh when Fitz emerged on the little spidery bridge far above the deck.

"No doubt who you are, sir," he said, holding out his hand.

Then he stepped aside, and the two brothers met. They said nothing, merely shaking hands, and Luke's eyes involuntarily went to the smart, simple uniform half hidden by the cloak. Fitz saw the glance and drew his cloak hastily round him. It was unfortunate.

And this was their meeting after three years.

"By George!" exclaimed Fitz after a momentary pause, "she *is* a fine ship!"

Luke rested his hands on the white painted rail—almost a caress to the great steamer—and followed the direction of his brother's glance.

"Yes," he admitted slowly, "yes, she is a good boat."

And then his deep eyes wandered involuntarily towards the tiny *Kittiwake*—smart, man-of-war-like at her anchorage—and a sudden sharp sigh broke from his lips. He had not got over it yet. He never would.

"So you have got away," he went on, "from Mahon at last?"

"Yes," answered Fitz with a quiet mysticism in his voice—a simple inscrutability which was his—"yes, at last.

"I should think you have had enough of Minorca to last you the rest of your life," said Luke, looking abruptly down at the quarrelling boatmen and the tangle of tossing craft beneath them.

"It is not such a bad place as all that," replied Fitz. "I—I rather like it."

There was a little pause and quite suddenly Luke said:

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"The Ingham-Bakers are on board."

It would almost seem that these twin minds followed each other into the same train of thought. Fitz frowned with an air of reflectiveness.

"The Ingham-Bakers," he said. "Who are they?"

Luke gave a little laugh which almost expressed a sudden relief.

"Don't you remember!" he said. "She is a friend of Mrs. Harrington's, and—and there is Agatha, her daughter."

"I remember—stout. Not the daughter, the old woman, I mean. Oh—yes. Where are they going?"

"To Malta."

It was perfectly obvious, even to Luke, that the Ingham-Bakers' immediate or projective destination was a matter of the utmost indifference to Fitz, who was more interested in the *Croonah* than in her passengers.

They were both conscious of an indefinite feeling of disappointment. This meeting after years of absence was not as it should be. Something seemed to stand between them—a shadow, a myth, a tiny distinction. Luke, with characteristic pessimism, saw it first—felt its chill, intangible presence before his less subtle-minded brother. Then Fitz saw it, and, as was his habit, he went at it unhesitatingly.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "I am glad to see you, old chap. Long time isn't it since we saw each other? You must come back with me and have lunch or something. The men will be awfully glad to make your acquaintance. You can look over the ship, though she is not much to look at, you know! Not up to this. She is a fine ship, Luke! What can she steam?"

"She can do her twenty," answered the second officer of the *Croonah* indifferently.

"Yes, she looks it. Well, can you get away now?"

Luke shook his head.

"No," he answered almost ungraciously, "I can't leave the ship."

"What! Not to come and look over the *Kittiwake?*" Fitz's face fell visibly. He did not seem to be able to realise that anyone should be equal to relinquishing without a murmur the opportunity of looking over the *Kittiwake*.

"No, I am afraid not. We have our discipline too, you know. Besides, we are rather like railway guards. We must keep up to time. We shall be under way by two o'clock."

Fitz pressed the point no further. He had been brought up to discipline since childhood—moreover, he was rather clever in a simple way, and he had found out that it would be no pleasure but a pain to Luke to board a ship flying the white ensign.

"Can I stay on board to lunch with you?" he asked easily. "Goodness only knows when we shall run against each other again. It was the merest chance. We only got in last night. I was just going ashore to report when we saw the old *Croonah* come pounding in. That"—he paused and drew his cloak closer—"is why I am in my warpaint! We are going straight home."

"Stay by all means," said Luke.

Fitz nodded.

"I suppose," he added as an afterthought, "that I ought to pay my respects to Mrs. Ingham-Baker?"

Luke's face cleared suddenly. Fitz had evidently forgotten about Agatha.

"I will ask them to lunch with us in my cabin," he said.

And presently they left the bridge.

In due course Fitz was presented to the Ingham-Bakers, and Agatha was very gracious. Fitz looked at her a good deal. Simply because she made him. She directed all her conversation and eke her bright eyes in his direction. He listened, and when necessary he laughed a jolly resounding laugh. How could she tell that he was drawing comparisons all the while? It is the simple-minded men who puzzle women most. Whenever Luke's face clouded she swept away the gathering gloom with some small familiar attention—some reference to him in her conversation with Fitz which somehow brought him nearer and set Fitz further off.

Suddenly, on hearing that Fitz hoped to be in England within a week, Mrs. Ingham-Baker fell heavily into the conversation.

"I am afraid," she said, "that you will find our dear Mrs. Harrington more difficult to get on with than ever. In fact—he, he!—I almost feel inclined to advise you not to try. But I suppose you will not be much in London?"

Fitz looked at her with clear, keen blue eyes.

"I expect to be there some time," he answered. "I hope to stay with Mrs. Harrington."

Mrs. Ingham-Baker glanced at Agatha and returned somewhat hastily to her galantine of veal.

Agatha was drumming on the table with her fingers.

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CHAPTER XII.

A SHUFFLE.

"To love is good, no doubt, but you love best
A ca'm safe life, with wealth and ease and rest."

The *Croonah* ran round Europa point into fine weather, and the wise old captain—who felt the pulse of the saloon with unerring touch—deemed it expedient to pin upon the board the notice of a ball to be given on the following night. There was some considerable worldly knowledge in this proceeding. The passengers had still the air of Europe in their lungs, the energy of Europe in their limbs. Nothing pulls a ship full of people together so effectually as a ball. Nothing gives such absorbing employment to the female mind which would otherwise get into hopeless mischief. Besides they had been at sea five days, and the captain knew that more than one ingenuous maiden, sitting in thoughtful idleness about the decks, was lost in vague forebodings as to the creases in her dresses ruthlessly packed away in the hold.

The passengers were, in fact, finding their sea-legs; which, from the captain's point of view, meant that the inner men and the outer women would now require and receive a daily increasing attention. So he said a word to the head cook, and to the fourth officer he muttered:

"Let the women have their boxes!"

"Agatha read the notice."

Agatha read the notice displayed half-way down the saloon stairs with considerable satisfaction. There were, indeed, one or two closed cabin doors which caused her some uneasiness, but she hoped for the best; and certainly she had as yet set her calculating eyes on nothing in the shape of ingenuous maidenhood or ingenious toilet to cause her the least uneasiness. This ball would settle the matter once for all; and she intended to be the belle of it. Some chit of a bread-and-butter miss might indeed emerge from one of the closed cabins, but Agatha reflected that a person who had not got over her sea-sickness on the fifth day could not assuredly be a dangerous rival on the sixth. She could not be a girl of any backbone. This was an expression of which Agatha frequently made use. It is readily comprehensible if for one anatomical symbol one substitutes another—namely, cheek.

It has been decreed that a besetting vice shall, like a cheap German revolver, ultimately turn in the hand. If, in a word, a man or woman have a besetting sin which causes endless trouble to those around, leave that man or woman alone. The sin will surely turn upon them.

Agatha Ingham-Baker was the victim to this counterbalancing law on the evening with which we have to deal. Her vanity fell back upon her own head—not with a crash, but slowly—bit by bit. She had been to a thousand balls since Miss Jones had sent her, from the door of the Brighton seminary, a perfect social article, and, like a conscientious actor, she had always been seen at her best. The love of admiration, the insatiable greed for compliment, covert or open or dumb, had never allowed her to lay aside even for one evening those thousand little steely arms with which she waged her warfare against men. Miss Jones had faithfully inculcated the primary law that dress is better than salvation. Mrs. Ingham-Baker had clumsily thrown worldly wisdom in large coarse chunks at her feet, and Agatha had been launched into society to find her own level. When a girl has to find her own level she usually finds a low one. Neither Miss Jones nor Mrs. Ingham-Baker seemed to have thought of this. The former only thought perhaps of the brilliant reputation of her school. The latter—well, it is probable that she never thought at all. Some middle-aged ladies are so.

Agatha had therefore learnt to play "to

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"Danced until the music stopped."

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the gallery," as we say in these days of amateur theatricals. She had found out for herself those little feminine tricks of dress and manner which make men ask each other who that girl is. And if matrons were cold and maidens distant, she had at hand the ready argument of the society girl—jealousy.

She had not been very scrupulous in her methods of attracting attention; people at a low level are apt to hold cheap and unserviceable scruples.

Once or twice even Mrs. Ingham-Baker offered a slight and hesitating objection.

"Isn't that dress a little—well—couldn't it be taken up here, on the shoulder?"

To which Agatha replied:

"Nonsense, mother! *You* can't talk. Look at that portrait of you when you were nineteen. I blush for you."

And Mrs. Ingham-Baker had perforce to blush for herself.

On another occasion it was a question of a sleeve.

"Aren't they wearing them—well—fuller, you know, dear, now?"

"Yes," replied Agatha sharply, "the girls with red arms."

And Mrs. Ingham-Baker grovelled. She descended to the degradation of one of God's worst creations—a complimentary mother.

Now the strange thing was that Agatha—all intent as she was on dazzling the ship and eclipsing all rivals—was very careful to choose a dress for this ball that would not appeal to the gallery. She chose a simple black, which she had been in the habit of wearing on quiet evenings at Grosvenor Gardens. For the instinct of a woman's vanity is almost infallible. It makes her that which one man wants her to be or thinks she is. Agatha was dressing for Luke—and it was vanity; but the best vanity, that which seeks for love and not admiration, that made her discard some of her more startling dresses for the simple black. The same instinct almost made her hate those same dresses. She was afraid of seeing something in Luke's eyes which she had seen in the eyes of other upright men—but she had only despised those other men for it. It had not touched her. After all it was only the same small possibility in Agatha Ingham-Baker which had slipped from her fingers into the notes of the piano while the Count de Lloseta's violin sang in her ears.

When Agatha appeared at the door of her mother's cabin that good lady's face fell.

"What, dear? Your old black!"

"Yes, dear, my old black," replied the dutiful daughter. She was arranging a small bouquet of violets in the front of her dress—a bouquet she had found in her cabin when she went to dress. Luke had no doubt sent ashore for them at Gibraltar—and there was something of the unknown, the vaguely possible, in his manner of placing them on her tiny dressing-table without a word of explanation which appealed to her jaded imagination.

There was some suggestion of recklessness about Agatha which her mother almost detected—something which had never been suggested in the subtler element of London drawing-room. The girl spoke in a short, sharp way which was new to the much snubbed rear-commander. Agatha still had this when Luke asked her for a dance.

"Yes," she answered curtly, handing him the card and avoiding his eyes.

He stepped back to take advantage of the light of a swinging hurricane lamp and leant against the awning which had been closed in all round.

"How many may I have?" he asked.

She continued to look anywhere except in his direction. Then quite suddenly she gave a little laugh.

"All."

"What?" he added with a catch in his breath.

"You may have them all."

There was a pause: then Agatha turned with a half-mocking smile and looked at him. For the first time in her life she was really frightened. She had never seen passion in a man's face before. It was the one thing she had never encountered in the daily round of social effort in London. Not an evil passion, but the strong passion of love, which is as rare in human beings as is genius. And what added to the sudden turn of it was the fact that he had himself under complete control. He was standing in a conventional attitude holding her programme—and that which took the girl's breath away lay in his eyes alone.

She could not meet the eyes, for she felt suddenly quite puny and small and powerless. She realised in that flash of thought that there was a whole side of life of which she had never suspected the existence. After all she was learning the lesson that millions of women have to learn before they quite realise what life is.

She smiled nervously and looked hard at the little card in his strong, still hands—

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"'Oh, Luke, I can't be poor, I can't!'"

wondering what she had done. She saw him write his name opposite five or six dances. Then he handed her the card and left her with a grave bow—left her without a word of explanation, to take his silence and explain it if she could. That sense of the unknown in him which appealed so strongly to her seemed to rise and envelope her in a maze of thought and imagination which was bewildering in its intensity—thrilling with a new life.

When he came back later on to claim his first dance he was quietly polite and nothing else. They danced until the music stopped and Agatha knew that she had met her match in this as in other matters.

The dancers trooped out on to the dimly lighted deck while the quartermaster raised the awning to allow the fresh air to circulate. Luke and Agatha went with the rest, her hand resting unsteadily on his sleeve. She had never felt unsteady like this before. She was conscious probably for the first

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time in her life of a strange creeping fear. She was distinctly afraid of the first words that her partner would say when they were alone. Spread out over the broad deck the many passengers seemed but a few. It was almost solitude—and Agatha was afraid of solitude with Luke. Yet she had selected a dress which she knew would appeal to him. She had dressed for him—which means something from a woman's point of view. She had welcomed this ball with a certain reckless throb of excitement, not for its own sake but for Luke's. The unerring instinct of her vanity had not played her false. She had succeeded, and now she was afraid of her success. There is a subtle fear in all success, and an indefinite responsibility.

Luke knew the ship. He led the way to a deserted corner of the deck, with a deliberation which set Agatha's heart beating.

"What did you mean when you said I could have all the dances?" asked Luke slowly. His eyes gleamed deeply as he looked down at her. And Agatha had no answer ready.

She stood before him with downcast eyes —like a chidden child who has been meddling with danger.

And suddenly his arms were round her. She gave a little gasp, but made no attempt to escape from him. This was all so different, so new to her. There was something in the strong salt air blowing over them which seemed to purify the world and raise them above the sordid cares thereof. There was something simple and strong and primitive in this man—at home on his own element, all filled with the strength of the ocean—mastering her, claiming her as if by force.

"What do you mean?" he asked again.

And his kiss awakened her from a new dream. She pushed him away and turning stood beside him with her two hands resting on the rail, her back turned towards him.

"Oh, Luke," she whispered at length, "I can't be poor—I *can't*—I can't. You do not know what it is. It has always been such a struggle—there is no rest in it."

It is said that women can raise men above the world. How often do they bring them down to it when they are raising themselves.

And Luke's love was large enough to accept her as she was.

"And if I were not poor?" he asked, without any of the sullen pride that was his.

She answered nothing, and he read her silence aright.

"I will get rich," he said, "somehow. I do not care how. I will, I will—Agatha!"

She did not dare to meet his eyes.

"Come," she said. "Come—let us go back."

They danced together again, but Agatha refused to sit anywhere but beneath the awning. While they were dancing they did not speak. He never took his eyes off her, and she never looked at him.

Then, just as he was, with a pilot jacket exchanged for his dress coat, Luke had to go on duty on the bridge. While he stood there, far above the lighted decks, alone at his post in the dark, keen and watchful, still as a statue, the sound of the dance music rose up and enveloped him like the echo of a happy dream.

Presently the music ceased and the weary dancers went below, leaving Luke Fitz-Henry to his own thoughts.

All the world seemed to be asleep except these two men — one motionless on the bridge, the other alert in the dimly lighted wheelhouse. The *Croonah* herself seemed to slumber with the regular beating of a great sleepless heart far down in her iron being.

The dawn was now creeping up into the eastern sky, touching the face of the waters with a soft pearly light. A few straight streaks of cloud became faintly outlined. The moon looked yellow and deathlike.

Luke stood watching the rise of a new day, and with it there seemed to be rising within him a new life.

Beneath his feet in her dainty cabin Agatha Ingham-Baker saw that dawn also. She was standing with her arms folded on the upper berth breast high. She had been standing there an hour. She was alone in the cabin, for Luke had secured separate rooms for the two ladies.

Agatha had not moved since she came down from the ball. She did not seem to be thinking of going to bed. The large square port-hole was open and the cool breeze fluttered the lace of her dress, stirring the dead violets at her breast.

Her finely cut features were set with a look of strong determination. "I can't—I can't be poor," she was repeating to herself with a mechanical monotony.

(To be continued next month.)

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UNKNOWN LONDON.

IV.—A FRIENDLY LEAD: WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT DOES.

By H. D. Lowry *and* T. S. C. Crowther.

CHARITY should be its own best reward, but there exist few associations for the doing of good to poor and afflicted which are not standing proofs of the fact that the prospect of this reward is not always a sufficient spur to induce activity of itself. This is true even of bazaars, sewing meetings, and such-like institutions where the labourers get full value for their work in the shape of amusement and occupation. It is especially true of the "friendly lead," which may be defined as a concert given by a man's friends for his benefit if, through accident or illness, he be in straitened circumstances, or, if he be dead and have left little wealth behind him, for the benefit of his widow and children.

Such entertainments have lately grown comparatively rare. They take place in the big club-room of a public-house, and of late there has been a certain difficulty in obtaining the music and dancing licence without which no room may be used for such a purpose. Still there are several public-houses about London which have attached to them private "music-halls" (to use the names given on the bills), which are only used for the holding of friendly leads.

If you are passing such an hostel you will note that the window is full of bills, each of which announces a forthcoming benefit. Perhaps you are asked to attend and pay your shilling as a mark of respect to J. Mullins, who having trained a third-rate prize-fighter on the occasion of his most famous victory, has a distinct claim upon the public pocket now that he has fallen on evil days and lost his job. Or it may be the thing is organised by cabmen for the benefit of a fellow-whip who, "through the overturning of his cab," has the misfortune to "discolate" his elbow and otherwise disable himself.

Then, indeed, the bill is a study for the curious in names. The *beneficiaire* is described as our old friend and fellow-whip, "J. Biggs, better known as 'Down the Road.'" Among the performers, and those who call upon the public to support this good cause, there are few whose names are not glaringly pseudonymous; and where a "John Smith" or "Tom Higgs" does appear, it is invariably followed by a "better known as ——." From one such bill come the names Peachey, Porkey Joe, Joe McButcher, Hoppy Green, Old Eighty, and Bob, and it were easy to prolong the list indefinitely.

The bill announces that the proceedings will begin at eight p.m., but at that hour you go down to the public-house to find that the concert-room is not even lighted up. A friendly lead is distinguished from first to last by its informality, and it does not begin until a goodly number have expressed their feeling that it should do so by turning up. In the meantime you take your ticket from any one of a little body of interested people who wait at one of the bars. If the benefit be for the

THE EVENING BILL

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relatives of someone lately dead the card will be black-edged and include, along with a general panegyric on the deceased some funeral verse of the most moving description. A tag commonly relied upon in the absence of an original versifier is:

"To help his friends he was always willing,
So come, my boys, and give your shilling."

Otherwise it is but a mere crowded version of the bill.

After a while—possibly not until a full hour later than the time named upon the bill—there is a sort of movement among the people, and you go upstairs. The room is a rather lofty apartment, lighted by divers well-protected gas-jets on the walls, and a dilapidated but once gorgeous cut-glass chandelier, which has been adapted for burning gas. At one end of the room, making the fire-place behind it useless, is a bare platform, raised some two feet from the level of the floor. A grand piano stands at one corner, leaving little room for the "artistes," as, even here, the singers call themselves.

TWO OF THE AUDIENCE.

Immediately in front of the platform is the chairman's seat, raised on a wooden block; in front of him a long table, with seats on either side. Half-way down the room is a gangway, behind which the seats, being cheaper, have no American leather cushions; and behind them there is only standing accommodation. One should not forget the mirror, with its huge gilt frame, standing on the mantel above the useless fire-place. Four or five written notices announce — ostensibly for the information of chairmen—that "whips round" are not allowed to *artistes*, but only to the waiter who attends in the room. Which is to say that only the waiter may go round with the hat to solicit contributions. The hard-up singer must wait until he gets a lead of his own.

The chairman takes his seat and raps upon the table with his hammer. He is a ruddy-faced, shrewd-looking man, with something of the Boniface about him. But he is not (he says) the landlord of the public, though he has "a little bit of 'ouse property down

THE "CAT AND CALLIPERS" MUSIC HALL,
WATER SIDE, CHELSEA.
Proprietor—Mr. Jno. Barnes. Manager—Mr. Show. Pianist—Mr. Seeley.

A GRAND CONCERT
Will take place at the above on
FRIDAY, MARCH 10th, 1895,
For the Benefit of the Widow and Sons of the late
TOMMY CLOUGH,

Who has had the misfortune to lose their paternal parent after a long and painful illness, they being in straightened circumstances and need your kind and friendly assistance to defray the crematorial expenses. They being some of the first to help others as is worse off hope their friends will rally round and give them a bumper. This being their first appeal, we, the undersigned following gentlemen recommend this as a most deserving case:

Chair, W. DUCKSCOTE, jun. Treasurer, J. HOPKINS.
Sec., JACK HANSOM. Pianist, J. SEELEY.
ALL THE OLD AND WELL-KNOWN FAVOURITES WILL APPEAR.

"Lives of great men all remind us, we may make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us footprints on the sands of time."

COMMENCE AT 7.30.

Printed by BILLEY BROS. (Club), Turn Street, Chelsea.

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IN FULL SWING.

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this way," and at a later stage of the proceedings proudly explains that a performer who is gaining frantic plaudits is one of his tenants. There is a little difficulty at the start. There is an audience, or what might be taken to represent one, but, at present, no performers have made their appearance. The chairman waits a while, then raps the table again. This brings to his side the man for whose sake the concert is being held. He proceeds to urge the chairman to some desperate course, the only audible remarks being many repetitions by him of an encouraging "Go away! *You* can *dew* it."

After a time it is evident he has conquered. The chairman rises, looking very doleful; he taps the table, and growing more cheerful at the familiar sound, begins: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have much pleasure in announc——" His face grows clouded again; he breaks off, and continues in subdued tones: "I myself will make the first noise."

He does his best, though he has neither a voice nor a sense of time or tune; but the audience is small and scattered as yet, and though it does its best, obviously misses the two smart taps of the hammer which, when the chairman has taken up the reins again, prelude and announce the chorus to every song.

For the first hour the performance is very casual and amateurish, but at the end of that period the president is informed that a certain long expected boy singer has turned up, and immediately his face brightens. He uses his hammer with renewed vigour and announces the singer's name. There is an outbreak of applause. "They tell me he's bound to get an encore," remarks the good man confidentially, as a pale and thin-faced boy of seventeen or thereabouts comes upon the platform and commences to sing "The Dandy-coloured Coon." He is a comically good, though perhaps unconscious, mimic. If you closed your eyes you might fancy you were listening to Mr. Stratton himself—though at the same time you would wonder what had come to him. The boy does not attempt to dance, nor does the absence of this attraction affect in the least the heartiness of the reception accorded to him. The chairman sees to it that he gets his encore, going into raptures—explained by means of the hammer—almost before the first song is ended.

The next singer is manifestly among his own people and a great favourite. He has a huge head, the flaxen white hair seeming almost shaven, so closely is it cut. His under-jaw is gigantic, his expression one of vacuous geniality. He advances, and a voice from the back cries: "Don't lawf at 'im!"

"Bad for you if you do, Giblets!" he rejoins, looking back with a grin as he steps upon the platform and consults the pianist as to what he shall sing. This official is a person of marvellous gifts. He will sit at the post of duty the whole of a long evening and satisfy the demands of a good forty "*artistes*." His vamping is excellent, and it is to be noticed that on the one occasion when a singer brings music with him the accompanist disregards it.

AN OFFER OF REFRESHMENT FOR THE PIANIST.

The present performer wants to render a song which has already been given. This the accompanist will not permit, and the singer regards him with that fixed look of vacant geniality, leaving the difficulty to him for solution. There are many suggestions made. Finally, the favourite advances to the front and stands with an air of trying to remember, while the pianist plays a tune slowly and very clearly. The singer remembers at last, and begins something about a

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Gorgonzola; but at the end of three lines he forgets again. He tries another song, gets through it, and is encored. As he returns to the platform he pitches a box of matches down the room to someone who has demanded a light. He stoops down over the chairman, annexes his beer, and has a pull at it. Then he sings again. He forgets the words of the last verse and stands trying to remember again, while the indefatigable pianist goes over the air to refresh his memory. The radiant smile of thanks he vouchsafes when at last he has remembered must touch and cheer even that functionary, who otherwise is without much reward, save when the recipient of the benefit comes up between two songs and gives him a pull out of his own quart pot.

Things grow more interesting as the time advances, and finally, someone who should have preceded him being absent, the chairman announces, "Our old friend, the Singing Bird." But he too has not arrived, and now the chairman rises with the air of a man who has big things to tell: "Ladies and gentlemen, the Pearly King will appear next."

This news is received with an enthusiasm which might make all previous singers look upon themselves as having been egregiously slighted. Nor do you wonder when the singer appears. He wears a blue and white jersey, and his brown waistcoat and trousers are gorgeously decorated with "pearlies." There is a double row down the hem of the trousers and all round the edge of the vest; and this latter garment is further adorned with crosses and stars made of the same materials. The final touch is a peaked cap, on which there must be at least a couple of hundred pearl buttons, of a smaller size than those used on vest and trousers. The man has the true coster face, imperturbably serious. His songs—which are Mr. Chevalier's—do not matter, being somewhat artlessly rendered; his triumph is assured by his lavish provision of pearlies.

"THE PEARLY KING."

When he has finished his encore, the chairman gets out of the way, so that the audience may have a full view, not only of the faces, but of the legs of the performers; and step-dancing begins. At an earlier period in the evening, a little man in a very high collar, a morning coat, and a cloth cap, has done a dance, his eyes fixed on the ceiling, his hands and arms depending slack at his sides. But step-dancing is the special feature of our friendly lead, and does not seriously begin until the audience has grown by slow degrees to really considerable dimensions.

First of all comes a youth of eighteen, dressed in knickerbockers of dark blue velveteen trimmed with Cambridge blue, a sort of zouave similarly adorned, and a dress shirt. He does a solo dance, and a man without special knowledge might be forgiven if he went away with the idea that the wonderful thing about a good step-dancer was that one man should be able to make so much noise with so little exertion. After the solo he retires, returning in response to applause with a younger companion—a boy dressed in the same attire, his dark hair brushed down over his forehead, and cut straight

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almost immediately above eyes singularly long and dark lashed. They do a dance together, during which the little boy's cuffs descend right over his hands. Then the little boy retires to the background and stands against the big mirror, his eyes pensively fixed on the ground as he watches the feet of his brother, who does yet another solo.

By this time the room is full. A good many women have arrived, some of them with babies, whose vigorous demonstrations of pleasure or displeasure are the only disturbances which do not meet with the instant and effective rebuke of the chairman. Most of the audience appear to be provided with quart pots of ale, but they drink slowly and soberly, being given up to a serious enjoyment of the show on the stage.

One other item in the programme must be described, for there is nothing more impressive in the whole performance. A couple of good-looking and very ordinary boys in a costume much like that of the two dancers described above, come on the stage, and, after a consultation with the pianist, begin to dance a gay sort of jig. Suddenly they stop, face to the right, and, while the music still goes gaily on, the first boy stands and points to the ceiling, while the second shades his eyes and looks fixedly in the direction indicated. Both are deadly serious.

After a certain interval they dance again, again stop, and now turn to the left, so that he who lately shaded his eyes must point with outstretched hand, and *vice versâ*. Again, after an interval, they dance, and again stop to assume a fresh pose. It is difficult to decide whether there is or is not a story behind the first part of their show, but presently it is evident they are going to quarrel.

The poses still come in in the intervals of dancing, and the gay music continues indefatigably. They face one another; they are about to spar; then one has the other's head in chancery; and after this, their passions rising, both produce daggers. The next pose is one familiar to everyone who has witnessed an old style melodrama: each has striven to stab the other, and in each case the left hand of the man threatened has caught and arrested the armed right hand of his opponent.

THE STATUE DANCE.

That is the end of the dagger episode. After this, fencing foils are brought, and the poses represent divers episodes in a duel with rapiers. Finally one of the twain falls and his slayer stands over him. After the proper interval the remaining

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performer must needs do his dance again. Having done it he suddenly kneels and observes distressfully that he has killed his man. Then—the gay music having gone on inexorably—he must dance again. After an interval he kneels and raises his hands to heaven as if expressing his remorse. And finally the victim comes to life, the foils are cast aside; and, after another dance together, the brothers leap lightly from the stage and disappear amid thunders of applause.

After that one is very certain there can be only an anti-climax; but as one makes for the door the man who is to get the proceeds interferes, and suggests that it would be mere folly to go before seeing the next turn. So you stay, and he watches you while you sit through the first song of a couple of "Irish comedians" frantically attired. And he is as pleased as if he had done every turn himself when, in retiring, you express your gratification at the enjoyment you have purchased for a shilling.

There are divers places where these friendly leads take place, but perhaps the best to go to (because of the contrast when you come out into the air) is a house which stands close by the river. The lights shine along the Embankment and across the dark water, and the quiet is grateful to a degree. It is not possible to be rigidly just with one's cabby after having spent an evening of this kind in his peculiar haunts.

"Wot yer goin' ter warble, Jim?"

[We are indebted for the photographs of the children of the Duke of Westminster to Messrs. Russell & Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.; the Countess Camilla Hoyos, the children of Canon Shuttleworth, the children of Mr. Rider Haggard, and Miss Morse, to Mr. H. S. Mendelssohn, 14, Pembridge Crescent, Notting Hill Gate, W.]

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CHRONICLES OF MARTIN HEWITT.

By Arthur Morrison.*

IV.—THE CASE OF THE MISSING HAND.

I THINK I have recorded in another place Hewitt's frequent aphorism that "there is nothing in this world that is at all possible that has not happened or is not happening in London." But there are many strange happenings in this matter-of-fact country and in these matter-of-fact times that occur far enough from London. Fantastic crimes, savage revenges, mediæval superstitions, horrible cruelty, though less in sight, have been no more extinguished by the advent of the nineteenth century than have the ancient races who practised them in the dark ages. Some of the races have become civilised and some of the savageries are heard of no more. But there are survivals in both cases. I say these things having in my mind a particular case that came under the personal notice of both Hewitt and myself—an affair that brought one up standing with a gasp and a doubt of one's era.

My good uncle, the Colonel, was not in the habit of gathering large house parties at his place at Ratherby, partly because the place was not a great one and partly because the Colonel's gout was. But there was an excellent bit of shooting for two or three guns, and even when he was unable to leave the house himself my uncle was always pleased if some good friend were enjoying a good day's sport in his territory. As to myself, the good old soul was in a perpetual state of offence because I visited him so seldom, though whenever my scant holidays fell in a convenient time of the year I was never insensible to the attractions of the Ratherby stubble. More than once had I sat by the old gentleman when his foot was exceptionally troublesome, amusing him with accounts of some of the doings of Martin Hewitt, and more than once had my uncle expressed his desire to meet Hewitt himself, and commissioned me with an invitation, to be presented to Hewitt at the first likely opportunity, for a joint excursion to Ratherby. At length I persuaded Hewitt to take a fortnight's rest, coincident with a little vacation of my own, and we got down to Ratherby within a few days past September the 1st, and before a gun had been fired at the Colonel's bit of shooting. The Colonel himself we found confined to the house with his foot on the familiar rest, and though ourselves were the only guests, we managed

"The Colonel himself—with his foot on the familiar rest."

to do pretty well together. It was during this short holiday that the case I have mentioned arose.

When first I began to record some of the more interesting of Hewitt's operations, I think I explained that such cases as I myself had not witnessed I should set down in impersonal narrative form, without intruding myself. The present case, so far as Hewitt's work was concerned, I saw, but there were circumstances which led up to it that we only fully learned afterwards. These circumstances, however, I shall put in their proper place—at the beginning.

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The Fosters were a fairly old Ratherby family, of whom Mr. John Foster had died by an accident at the age of about forty, leaving a wife twelve years younger than himself and three children, two boys and one girl, who was the youngest. The boys grew up strong, healthy out-of-door young ruffians, with all the tastes of sportsmen, and all the qualities, good and bad, natural to lads of fairly well-disposed character allowed a great deal too much of their own way from the beginning.

Their only real bad quality was an unfortunate knack of bearing malice, and a certain savage vindictiveness toward such persons as they chose to consider their enemies. With the louts of the village they were at unceasing war, and, indeed, once got into serious trouble for peppering the butcher's son (who certainly was a great blackguard) with sparrow-shot. At the usual time they went to Oxford together, and were fraternally sent down together in their second year, after enjoying a spell of rustication in their first. The offence was never specifically mentioned about Ratherby, but was rumoured of as something particularly outrageous.

It was at this time, sixteen years or thereabout after the death of their father, that Henry and Robert Foster first saw and disliked Mr. Jonas Sneathy, a director of penny banks and small insurance offices. He visited Ranworth (the Fosters' home) a great deal more than the brothers thought necessary, and, indeed, it was not for lack of rudeness on their part that Mr. Sneathy failed to understand, as far as they were concerned, his room was preferred to his company.

But their mother welcomed him, and in the end it was announced that Mrs. Foster was to marry again, and that after that her name would be Mrs. Sneathy.

Hereupon there were violent scenes at Ranworth. Henry and Robert Foster denounced their prospective father-in-law as a fortune-hunter, a snuffler, a hypocrite. They did not stop at broad hints as to the honesty of his penny banks and insurance offices, and the house straightway became a house of bitter strife. The marriage took place, and it was not long before Mr. Sneathy's real character became generally obvious. For months he was a model, if somewhat sanctimonious, husband, and his influence over his wife was complete. Then he discovered that her property had been strictly secured by her first husband's will, and that, willing as she might be, she was unable to raise money for her new husband's benefit, and was quite powerless to pass to him any of her property by deed of gift. Hereupon the man's nature showed itself. Foolish woman as Mrs. Sneathy might be, she was a loving, indeed, an infatuated, wife, but Sneathy repaid her devotion by vulgar derision, never hesitating to state plainly that he had married her for his own profit, and that he considered himself swindled in the result. More, he even proceeded to blows and other practical brutality of a sort only devisable by a mean and ugly nature. This treatment, at first secret, became open, and in the midst of it Mr. Sneathy's penny banks and insurance offices came to a grievous smash all at once, and everybody wondered how Mr. Sneathy kept out of gaol.

Keep out of gaol he did, however, for he had taken care to remain on the safe side of the law, though some of his co-directors learnt the taste of penal servitude. But he was beggared, and lived, as it were, a mere pensioner in his wife's house. Here his brutality increased to a frightful extent, till his wife, already broken in health in consequence, went in constant fear of her life, and Miss Foster passed a life of weeping misery. All her friends' entreaties, however, could not persuade Mrs. Sneathy to obtain a legal separation from her husband. She clung to him with the excuse—for it was no more—that she hoped to win him to kindness by submission, and with a pathetic infatuation that seemed to increase as her bodily strength diminished.

Henry and Robert, as may be supposed, were anything but silent in these circumstances. Indeed, they broke out violently again and again, and more than once went near permanently injuring their worthy father-in-law. Once especially when Sneathy, absolutely without provocation, made a motion to strike his wife in their presence, there was a fearful scene. The two sprang at him like wild beasts, knocked him down and dragged him to the balcony with the intention of throwing him out of window. But Mrs. Sneathy impeded them, hysterically imploring them to desist.

"If you lift your hand to my mother," roared Henry, gripping Sneathy by the throat till his fat face turned blue, and banging his head against the wall—"If you lift your hand to my mother again I'll chop it off—I will! I'll chop it off and drive it down your throat!"

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"We'll do worse," said Robert, white and frantic with passion, "we'll hang you—hang you to the door! You're a proved liar and thief, and you're worse than a common murderer. I'd hang you to the front door for twopence!"

For a few days Sneathy was comparatively quiet, cowed by their violence. Then he took to venting redoubled spite on his unfortunate wife, always in the absence of her sons, well aware that she would never inform them. On their part, finding him apparently better behaved in consequence

"Once, indeed, he committed himself in the village, attacking an inoffensive tradesman."

of their attack, they thought to maintain his wholesome terror, and scarcely passed him without a menace, taking a fiendish delight in repeating the threats they had used during the scene, by way of keeping it present to his mind.

"Take care of your hands, sir," they would say. "Keep them to yourself, or, by George, we'll take 'em off with a billhook!"

But his revenge for all this Sneathy took unobserved on their mother. Truly a miserable household.

Soon, however, the brothers left home, and went to London by way of looking for a profession. Henry began a belated study of medicine, and Robert made a pretence of reading for the bar. Indeed their departure was as much as anything a consequence of the earnest entreaty of their sister, who saw that their presence at home was an exasperation to Sneathy and aggravated her mother's secret sufferings: They went, therefore; but at Ranworth things became worse.

Little was allowed to be known outside the house, but it was broadly said that Mr. Sneathy's behaviour had now become outrageous beyond description. Servants left faster than new ones could be found, and gave their late employer the character of a raving maniac. Once, indeed, he committed himself in the village, attacking with his walking stick an inoffensive tradesman who had accidentally brushed against him, and immediately running home. This assault had to be compounded for by a payment of fifty pounds. And then Henry and Robert Foster received a most urgent letter from their sister requesting their immediate presence at home.

They went at once, of course, and the servants' account of what occurred was this. When the brothers arrived Mr. Sneathy had just left the house. The brothers were shut up with their mother and sister for about a quarter of an hour, and then left them and came out to the stable yard together. The coachman (he was a new man, who had only arrived the day before) overheard a little of their talk as they stood by the door.

Mr. Henry said that "the thing must be done, and at once. There are two of us, so that it ought to be easy enough." And afterwards Mr. Robert said, "You'll know best how to go about it, as a doctor." After which Mr. Henry came towards the coachman and asked in what direction Mr. Sneathy had gone. The coachman replied that it was in the direction of Ratherby Wood, by the winding footpath that led through it. But as he spoke he distinctly, with the corner of his eye, saw the other brother take a halter from a hook by the stable door and put it into his coat pocket.

So far for the earlier events, whereof I learned later bit by bit. It was on the day of the arrival of the brothers Foster at their old home, and, indeed, little more than two hours after the incident last set down, that news of Mr. Sneathy came to Colonel Brett's place, where Hewitt and I were sitting and chatting with the Colonel. The news was that Mr. Sneathy had committed suicide—had been found hanging, in fact, to a tree in Ratherby Wood, just by the side of the footpath.

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Hewitt and I had, of course, at this time never heard of Mr. Sneathy, and the Colonel told us what little he knew. He had never spoken to the man, he said—indeed, nobody in the place outside Ranworth would have anything to do with him. "He's certainly been an unholy scoundrel over those poor people's banks," said my uncle, "and if what they say's true, he's been about as bad as possible to his wretched wife. He must have been pretty miserable, too, with all his scoundrelism, for he was a completely ruined man, without a chance of retrieving his position, and detested by everybody. Indeed, some of his recent doings, if what I have heard is to be relied on, have been very much those of a madman. So that, on the whole, I'm not much surprised. Suicide's about the only crime, I suppose, that he has never experimented with till now, and, indeed, it's rather a service to the world at large—his only service, I expect."

The Colonel sent a man to make further inquiries, and presently this man returned with the news that now it was said that Mr. Sneathy had not committed suicide but had been murdered. And hard on the man's heels came Mr. Hardwick, a neighbour of my uncle's and a fellow J.P. He had had the case reported to him, it seemed, as soon as the body had been found and had at once gone to the spot. He had found the body hanging—*and with the right hand cut off.*

"It's a murder, Brett," he said, "without doubt—a most horrible case of murder and mutilation. The hand is cut off and taken away, but whether the atrocity was committed before or after the hanging of course I can't say. But the missing hand makes it plainly a case of murder and not suicide. I've come to consult you about issuing a warrant, for I think there's no doubt as to the identity of the murderers."

"That's a good job," said the Colonel, "else we should have had some work for Mr. Martin Hewitt here, which wouldn't be fair, as he's taking a rest. Whom do you think of having arrested?"

"The two young Fosters. It's plain as it can be—and a most revolting crime too, bad as Sneathy may have been. They came down from London to-day and went out deliberately to it, it's clear. They were heard talking of it, asked as to the direction in which he had gone, and followed him—and with a rope."

"Isn't that rather an unusual form of murder—hanging?" Hewitt remarked.

"Perhaps it is," Mr. Hardwick replied, "but it's the case here plain enough. It seems, in fact, that they had a way of threatening to hang him and even to cut off his hand if he used it to strike their mother. So that they appear to have carried out what might have seemed mere idle threats in a diabolically savage way. Of course they *may* have strangled him first and hanged him after by way of carrying out their threat and venting their spite on the mutilated body. But that they did it is plain enough for me. I've spent an hour or two over it and feel I am certainly more than justified in ordering their apprehension. Indeed, they were with him at the time, as I have found by their tracks on the footpath through the wood."

The Colonel turned to Martin Hewitt. "Mr. Hardwick, you must know," he said, "is by way of being an amateur in your particular line—and a very good amateur too, I should say, judging by a case or two I have known of in this county."

Hewittt bowed and laughingly expressed a fear lest Mr. Hardwick should come to London and supplant him altogether. "This seems a curious case," he added. "If you don't mind I think I should like to take a glance at the tracks and whatever other traces there may be, just by way of keeping my hand in."

"Certainly," Mr. Hardwick replied brightening. "I should of all things like to have Mr. Hewitt's opinions on the observations I have made—just for my own gratification. As to his opinion there can be no room for doubt. The thing is plain."

With many promises not to be late for dinner, we left my uncle and walked with Mr. Hardwick in the direction of Ratherby Wood. It was an unfrequented part, he told us, and by particular care he had managed, he hoped, to prevent the rumour spreading to the village yet, so that we might hope to find the trails not yet overlaid. It was a man of his own, he said, who, making a short cut through the wood, had come upon the body hanging, and had run immediately to inform him. With this man he had gone back, cut down the body, and made his observations. He had followed the trail backward to Ranworth, and there had found the new coachman, who had once been in his own service. From him he had learned the doings of the brothers Foster as they left the place, and from him they had ascertained that they had not then returned. Then, leaving his man by the body, he had come straight to my uncle's.

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Presently we came on the footpath leading from Ranworth across the field to Ratherby Wood. It was a mere trail of bare earth worn by successive feet amid the grass. It was damp, and we all stooped and examined the footmarks that were to be seen on it. They all pointed one way—towards the wood in the distance.

"Fortunately it's not a greatly frequented path," Mr. Hardwick said. "You see, there are the marks of three pairs of feet only, and as first Sneathy and then both of the brothers came this way, these footmarks must be theirs. Which are Sneathy's is plain—they are these large flat ones. If you notice, they are all distinctly visible in the centre of the track, showing plainly that they belong to the man who walked alone, which was Sneathy. Of the others, the marks of the *outside* feet—the left on the left side and the right on the right—are often not visible. Clearly they belong to two men walking side by side, and more often than not treading, with their outer feet, on the grass at the side. And where these happen to drop on the same spot as the marks in the middle they cover them. Plainly they are the footmarks of Henry and Robert Foster, made as they followed Sneathy. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Hewitt?"

"'See here,' cried Mr. Hardwick."

"Oh yes, that's very plain. You have a better pair of eyes than most people, Mr. Hardwick, and a good idea of using them, too. We will go into the wood now. As a matter of fact I can pretty clearly distinguish most of the other footmarks—those on the grass; but that's a matter of much training."

We followed the footpath, keeping on the grass at its side, in case it should be desir-

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able to refer again to the foot-tracks. For some little distance into the wood the tracks continued as before, those of the brothers overlaying those of Sneathy. Then there was a difference. The path here was broader and muddy, because of the proximity of trees, and suddenly the outer footprints separated, and no more overlay the larger ones in the centre, but proceeded at an equal distance on either side of them.

"See there," cried Mr. Hardwick, pointing triumphantly to the spot, "this is where they overtook him, and walked on either side. The body was found only a little further on —you could see the place now if the path didn't zigzag about so."

Hewitt said nothing, but stopped and examined the tracks at the sides with great care and evident thought, spanning the distances between them comparatively with his arms. Then he rose and stepped lightly from one mark to another, taking care not to tread on the mark itself. "Very good," he said, shortly, on finishing his examination. "We'll go on."

We went on, and presently came to the place where the body lay. Here the ground sloped from the left down towards the right, and a tiny streamlet, a mere trickle of a foot or two wide, ran across the path. In rainy seasons it was probably wider, for all the earth and clay had been washed away for some feet on each side, leaving flat, bare and very coarse gravel, on which the trail was lost. Just beyond this, and to the left, the body lay on a grassy knoll under the limb of a tree from which still depended a part of the cut rope. It was not a pleasant sight. The man was a soft, fleshy creature, probably rather under than over the medium height, and he lay there, with his stretched neck and protruding tongue, a revolting object. His right arm lay by his side, and the stump of the wrist was clotted with black blood. Mr. Hardwick's man was still in charge, seemingly little pleased with his job, and a few yards off stood a couple of countrymen looking on.

Hewitt asked from which direction these men had come, and having ascertained and noticed their footmarks, he asked them to stay exactly where they were, to avoid confusing such other tracks as might be seen. Then he addressed himself to his examination. "*First*," he said, glancing up at the branch that was scarce a yard above his head, "this rope has been here for some time."

"Yes," Mr. Hardwick replied, "it's an old swing rope. Some children used it in the summer, but it got partly cut away, and the odd couple of yards has been hanging since."

"Ah," said Hewitt, "then if the Fosters did this they were saved some trouble by the chance, and were able to take their halter back with them—and so avoid *one* chance of detection." He very closely scrutinised the top of a tree stump, probably the relic of a tree that had been cut down long before, and then addressed himself to the body.

"When you cut it down," he said, "did it fall in a heap?"

"No, my man eased it down to some extent."

"Not on to its face?"

"Oh no. On to its back, just as it is now." Mr. Hardwick saw that Hewitt was looking at muddy marks on each of the corpse's knees, to one of which a small leaf clung, and at one or two other marks of the same sort on the fore part of the dress. "That seems to show pretty plainly," he said, "that he must have struggled with them and was thrown forward, doesn't it?"

Hewitt did not reply, but gingerly lifted the right arm by its sleeve. "Is either of the brothers Foster left-handed?" he asked.

"No, I think not. Here, Bennett, you have seen plenty of their doings—cricket, shooting, and so on—do you remember if either is left-handed?"

"Nayther, sir," Mr. Hardwick's man answered. "Both on 'em's right-handed."

Hewitt lifted the lappel of the coat and attentively regarded a small rent in it. The dead man's hat lay near, and after a few glances at that Hewitt dropped it and turned his attention to the hair. This was coarse and dark and long, and brushed straight back with no parting.

"This doesn't look very symmetrical, does it?" Hewitt remarked, pointing to the locks over the right ear. They were shorter just there than on the other side, and apparently very clumsily cut, whereas in every other part the hair appeared to be rather well and carefully trimmed. Mr. Hardwick said nothing, but fidgeted a little, as though he considered that valuable time was being wasted over irrelevant trivialities.

Presently, however, he spoke. "There's very little to be learned from the body, is there?" he said. "I think I'm quite justified in ordering their arrest, eh?—indeed, I've wasted too much time already."

Hewitt was groping about among some bushes behind the tree from which the

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corpse had been taken. When he answered he said, "I don't think I should do anything of the sort just now, Mr. Hardwick. As a matter of fact, I *fancy* "—this word with an emphasis—" that the brothers Foster may not have seen this man Sneathy at all to-day."

"Not seen him? Why, my dear sir, there's no question of it. It's certain, absolutely. The evidence is positive. The fact of the threats and of the body being found treated so is pretty well enough, I should think. But that's nothing—look at those footmarks. They've walked along with him, one each side, without a possible doubt; plainly they were the last people with him, in any case. And you don't mean to ask anybody to believe that the dead man, even if he hanged himself, cut off his own hand first. Even if you do, where's the hand? And even putting aside all these considerations, each a complete case in itself, the Fosters *must* at least have seen the body as they came past, and yet nothing has been heard of them yet. Why didn't they spread the alarm? They went straight away in the opposite direction from home—there are their footmarks, which you've not seen yet, beyond the gravel."

Hewitt stepped over to where the patch of clean gravel ceased, at the opposite side to that from which we had approached the brook, and there, sure enough, were the now familiar footmarks of the brothers leading away from the scene of Sneathy's end. "Yes," Hewitt said, "I see them. Of course, Mr. Hardwick, you'll do what seems right in your own eyes, and in any case not much harm will be done by the arrest beyond a terrible fright for that unfortunate family. Nevertheless, if you care for my impression, it is, as I have said, that the Fosters have not seen Sneathy to-day."

"But what about the hand?

"As to that I have a conjecture, but as yet it is only a conjecture, and if I told it you would probably call it absurd—certainly you'd disregard it, and perhaps quite excusably. The case is a complicated one, and, if there is anything at all in my conjecture, one of the most remarkable I have ever had to do with. It interests me intensely and I shall devote a little time now to following up the theory I have formed. You have, I suppose, already communicated with the police?"

"I wired to Shopperton at once, as soon as I heard of the matter. It's a twelve miles drive, but I wonder the police have not arrived yet. They can't be long; I don't know where the village constable has got to, but in any case *he* wouldn't be much good. But as to your idea that the Fosters can't be suspected—well, nobody could respect your opinion, Mr. Hewitt, more than myself, but really, just think. The notion's impossible—fiftyfold impossible. As soon as the police arrive I shall have that trail followed and the Fosters apprehended. I should be a fool if I didn't."

"Very well, Mr. Hardwick," Hewitt replied, "you'll do what you consider your duty, of course, and quite properly, though I *would* recommend you to take another look at those three trails in the path. I shall take a look in this direction." And he turned up by the side of the streamlet, keeping on the gravel at its side.

I followed. We climbed the rising ground, and presently, among the trees, came to the place where the little rill emerged from the broken ground in the highest part of the wood. Here the clean ground ceased, and there was a large patch of wet clayey earth. Several marks left by the feet of cattle were there, and one or two human footmarks. Two of these (a pair), the newest and the most distinct, Hewitt studied carefully, and measured in each direction.

"Notice these marks," he said. "They may be of importance or they may not—that we shall see. Fortunately they are very distinctive—the right boot is a badly worn one, and a small tag of leather, where the sole is damaged, is doubled over and trodden into the soft earth. Nothing could be luckier. Clearly they are the most recent footsteps in this direction—from the main road, which lies right ahead, through the rest of the wood."

"Then you think somebody else has been on the scene of the tragedy, beside the victim and the brothers?" I said.

"Yes, I do. But hark; there is a vehicle in the road. Can you see between the trees? Yes, it is the police cart. We shall be able to report its arrival to Mr. Hardwick as we go down."

We turned and walked rapidly down the incline to where we had come from. Mr. Hardwick and his man were still there, and another rustic had arrived to gape. We told Mr. Hardwick that he might expect the police presently, and proceeded along the gravel skirting the stream, toward the lower part of the wood.

Here Hewitt proceeded very cautiously, keeping a sharp look-out on either side for

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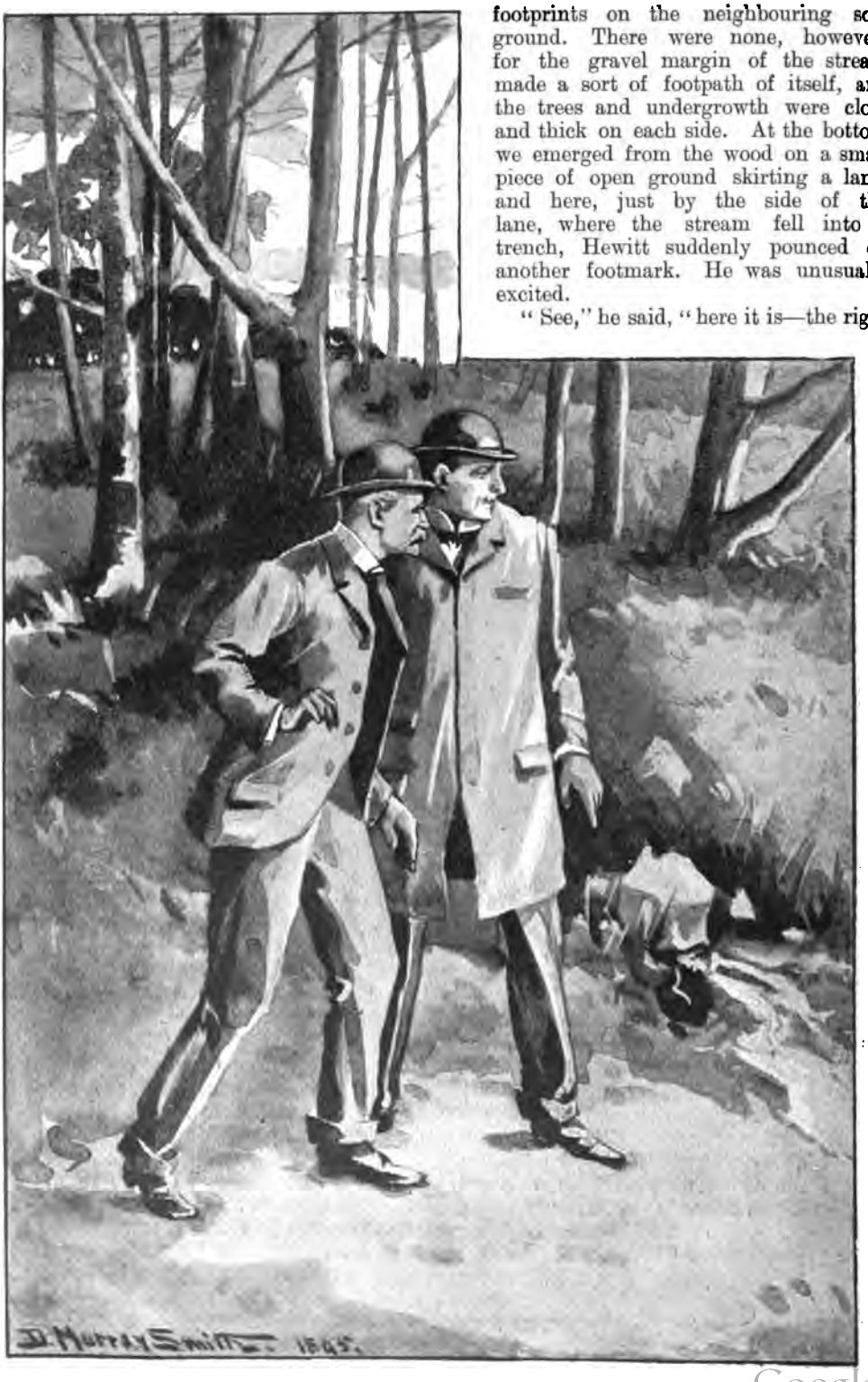

"Can you see between the trees?"

footprints on the neighbouring soft ground. There were none, however, for the gravel margin of the stream made a sort of footpath of itself, and the trees and undergrowth were close and thick on each side. At the bottom we emerged from the wood on a small piece of open ground skirting a lane, and here, just by the side of the lane, where the stream fell into a trench, Hewitt suddenly pounced on another footmark. He was unusually excited.

"See," he said, "here it is—the right

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foot with its broken leather, and the corresponding left foot on the damp edge of the lane itself. He—the man with the broken shoe—has walked on the hard gravel all the way down from the source of the stream, and his is the only trail unaccounted for near the body. Come, Brett, we've an adventure on foot. Do you care to let your uncle's dinner go by the board, and follow?"

"Can't we go back and tell him?"

"No—there's no time to lose; we must follow up this man—or at least I must. You go or stay, of course, as you think best."

I hesitated a moment, picturing to myself the excellent Colonel as he would appear after waiting dinner an hour or two for us, but decided to go. "At any rate," I said, "if the way lies along the roads we shall probably meet somebody going in the direction of Ratherby. But what is your theory? I don't understand at all. I must say everything Hardwick said seemed to me to be beyond question. There were the tracks to prove that the three had walked together to the spot and that the brothers had gone on alone; and every other circumstance pointed the same way. Then, what possible motive could anybody else about here have for such a crime—unless, indeed, it were one of the people defrauded by Sneathy's late companies."

"The motive," said Hewitt, "is, I fancy, a most extraordinary—indeed, a weird one. A thing as of centuries ago. Ask me no questions—I think you will be a little surprised before very long. But come, we must move." And we mended our pace along the lane.

The lane, by the bye, was hard and firm, with scarcely a spot where a track might be left, except in places at the sides; and at these places Hewitt never gave a glance. At the end the lane turned into a by-road, and at the turning Hewitt stopped and scrutinised the ground closely. There was nothing like a recognisable footmark to be seen, but almost immediately Hewitt turned off to the right and we continued our brisk march without a glance at the road.

"How did you judge which way to turn then?" I asked.

"Didn't you see?" replied Hewitt; "I'll show you at the next turning."

Half a mile further on the road forked, and here Hewitt stooped and pointed silently to a couple of small twigs, placed crosswise, with the longer twig of the two pointing down the branch of the road to the left. We took the branch to the left, and went on.

"Our man's making a mistake," Hewitt observed. "He leaves his friends' messages lying about for his enemies to read."

We hurried forward with scarcely a word. I was almost too bewildered by what Hewitt had said and done to formulate anything like a reasonable guess as to what our expedition tended, or even to make an effective enquiry—though, after what Hewitt had said, I knew that would be useless. Who was this mysterious man with the broken shoe? what had he to do with the murder of Sneathy? what did the mutilation mean, and who were his friends who left him signs and messages by means of crossed twigs?

We met a man by whom I sent a short note to my uncle, and soon after we turned into a main road. Here again, at the corner, was the curious message of twigs. A cart-wheel had passed over and crushed them, but it had not so far displaced them as to cause any doubt that the direction to take was to the right. At an inn a little further along we entered, and Hewitt bought a pint of Irish whisky and a flat bottle to hold it in, as well as a loaf of bread and some cheese, which we carried away wrapped in paper.

"This will have to do for our dinner," Hewitt said as we emerged.

"But we're not going to drink a pint of common whisky between us?" I asked in some astonishment.

"Never mind," Hewitt answered with a smile. "Perhaps we'll find somebody to help us—somebody not so fastidious as yourself as to quality."

Now we hurried—hurried more than ever, for it was beginning to get dusk, and Hewitt feared a difficulty in finding and reading the twig signs in the dark. Two more turnings we made, each with its silent direction—the crossed twigs. To me there was something almost weird and creepy in this curious hunt for the invisible and incomprehensible, guided faithfully and persistently at every turn by this now unmistakable signal. After the second turning we broke into a trot along a long, winding lane, but presently Hewitt's hand fell on my shoulder, and we stopped. He pointed ahead, where some large object, round a bend of the hedge, was illuminated as though by a light from below.

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"We will walk now," Hewitt said. "Remember that we are on a walking tour, and have come along here entirely by accident."

We proceeded at a swinging walk, Hewitt whistling gaily. Soon we turned the bend, and saw that the large object was a travelling van drawn up with two others on a space of grass by the side of the lane. It was a gipsy encampment, the caravan having apparently only lately stopped, for a man was still engaged in tugging at the rope of a tent that stood near the vans. Two or three sullen-looking ruffians lay about a fire which burned in the space left in the middle of the encampment. A woman stood at the door of one van with a large kettle in her hand, and at the foot of the steps below her a more pleasant-looking old man sat on an inverted pail. Hewitt swung towards the fire from the road, and with an indescribable mixture of slouch, bow, and smile, addressed the company generally with *Kooshto bock, pals!*" *

The men on the ground took no notice, but continued to stare doggedly before them. The man working at the tent looked round quickly for a moment, and the old man on the bucket looked up and nodded.

Quick to see the most likely friend, Hewitt at once went up to the old man, extending his hand, "*Sarshin, daddo?*" he said, "*dell mandy tooty's varst.*" *

The old man smiled and shook hands, though without speaking. Then Hewitt proceeded, producing the flat bottle of whisky, "*Tatty for pawny, chals. Dell mandy the pawny, and lell posh the tatty.*"†

"It was a gipsy encampment, the caravan having apparently only lately stopped, for a man was still engaged in tugging at the rope of a tent that stood near the vans."

The whisky did it. We were Romany ryes in twenty minutes or less, and had already been taking tea with the gipsies for half the time. The two or three we had found about the fire were still reserved, but these, I found, were only half-gipsies, and understood very little Romany. One or two others, however, including the old man, were of purer breed, and talked freely, as did one of the women. They were Lees, they said, and expected to be on Wirksby race-

* "Good luck, brothers!"

* "How do you do, father? Give me your hand."

† "Spirits for water, lads. Give me the water and take your share of the spirits."

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course in three days' time. We, too, were *pirimengroes*, or travellers, Hewitt explained, and might look to see them on the course.

Then he fell to telling gipsy stories, and they to telling others back, to my intense mystification. Hewitt explained afterwards that they were mostly stories of poaching, with now and again a horse-coping anecdote thrown in. Since then I have learned enough of Romany to take my part in such a conversation, but at the time a word or two here and there was all I could understand. In all this talk the man we had first noticed stretching the tent-rope took very little interest, but lay, with his head away from the fire, smoking his pipe. He was a much darker man than any other present—had, in fact, the appearance of a man of even a swarthier race than that of the others about us.

Presently, in the middle of a long and, of course, to me unintelligible story by the old man, I caught Hewitt's eye. He lifted one eyebrow almost imperceptibly, and glanced for a single moment at his walking-stick. Then I saw that it was pointed toward the feet of the very dark man, who had not yet spoken. One leg was thrown over the other as he lay, with the soles of his shoes presented toward the fire, and in its glare I saw—that the right sole was worn and broken, and that a small triangular tag of leather was doubled over beneath in just the place we knew of from the prints in Ratherby Wood.

I could not take my eyes off that man with his broken shoe. There lay the secret. The whole mystery of the fantastic crime in Ratherby Wood centred in that shabby ruffian. What was it?

But Hewitt went on, talking and joking furiously. The men who were not speaking mostly smoked gloomily, but whenever one spoke, he became animated and lively. I had attempted once or twice to join in, though my efforts were not particularly successful, except in inducing one man to offer me tobacco from his box—tobacco that almost made me giddy in the smell. He tried some of mine in exchange, and though he praised it with native politeness, and smoked the pipe through, I could see that my Hignett mixture was poor stuff in his estimation, compared with the awful tobacco in his own box.

Presently the man with the broken shoe got up, slouched over to his tent, and disappeared. Then said Hewitt (I translate):

"You're not all Lees here, I see?"

"Yes *pal*, all Lees."

"But *he's* not a Lee?" and Hewitt jerked his head towards the tent.

"Why not a Lee, *pal?* We be Lees and he is with us. Thus he is a Lee."

"Oh yes, of course. But I know he is from over the *pawny*. Come, I'll guess the *tem** he comes from—it's from Roumania, eh? Perhaps the Wallachian part?"

The men looked at one another, and then the old Lee said:

"You're right, *pal*. You're cleverer than we took you for. That is what they calls his *tem*. He is a *petulengro*,† and he comes with us to shoe the *gries*,‡ and mend the *vardoes*.§ But he is with us, and so he is a Lee."

The talk and the smoke went on, and presently the man with the broken shoe returned, and lay down again. Then, when the whisky had all gone, and Hewitt, with some excuse that I did not understand, had begged a piece of cord from one of the men, we left, in a chorus of *kooshto rardies*.‖

By this time it was nearly ten o'clock. We walked briskly till we came back again to the inn where we had bought the whisky. Here Hewitt, after some little trouble, succeeded in hiring a village cart, and while the driver was harnessing the horse, cut a couple of short sticks from the hedge. These, being each divided into two, made four short, stout pieces of something less than six inches long each. Then Hewitt joined them together in pairs, each pair being connected from centre to centre by about nine or ten inches of the cord he had brought from the gipsies' camp. These done, he handed one pair to me. "Handcuffs," he explained, "and no bad ones either. See—you use them so." And he passed the cord round my wrist, gripping the two handles, and giving them a slight twist that sufficiently convinced me of the excruciating pain that might be inflicted by a vigorous turn, and the utter helplessness of a prisoner thus secured in the hands of captors prepared to use their instruments.

"Whom are these for?" I asked. "The man with the broken shoe?"

Hewitt nodded.

"Yes," he said. "I expect we shall find him out alone about midnight. You know how to use these now."

It was fully eleven before the cart was ready and we started. A quarter of a mile

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* Country. † Smith. ‡ Horses. § Vans. ‖ Good-night.

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or so from the gipsy encampment Hewitt stopped the cart, and gave the driver instructions to wait. We got through the hedge, and made our way on the soft ground behind it in the direction of the vans and the tent.

"Roll up your handkerchief," Hewitt whispered, "into a tight pad. The moment I grab him, ram it into his mouth—*well* in, mind, so that it doesn't easily fall out. Probably he will be stooping—that will make it easier; we can pull him suddenly backward. Now be quiet."

We kept on till nothing but the hedge divided us from the space whereon stood the encampment. It was now nearer twelve o'clock than eleven, but the time we waited seemed endless. But time is not eternity after all, and at last we heard a move in the tent. A minute after, the man we sought was standing before us. He made straight for a gap in the hedge which we had passed on our way, and we crouched low and waited. He emerged on our side of the hedge with his back towards us, and began walking, as we had walked, behind the hedge, but in the opposite direction. We followed.

He carried something in his hand that looked like a large bundle of sticks and twigs, and he appeared to be as anxious to be secret as we ourselves. From time to time he stopped and listened; fortunately there was no moon, or in turning about, as he did once or twice, he would probably have observed us. The field sloped downward just before us, and there was another hedge at right angles, leading down to a slight hollow. To this hollow the man made his way, and in the shade of the new hedge we followed. Presently he stopped suddenly, stooped, and deposited his bundle on the ground before him. Crouching before it he produced matches from his pocket, struck one, and in a moment had a fire of twigs and small branches that sent up a heavy, white smoke. What all this portended I could not imagine, but a sense of the weirdness of the whole adventure came upon me unchecked. The horrible corpse in the wood with its severed wrist, Hewitt's enigmatical forebodings, the mysterious tracking of the man with the broken shoe, the scene round the gipsies' fire, and now the strange behaviour of this man, whose connection with the tragedy was so intimate and yet so inexplicable—all these things contributed to make up a tale of but a few hours' duration, but of an inscrutable impressiveness that I began to feel in my nerves.

The man bent a thin stick double, and using it as a pair of tongs, held some indistinguishable object over the flames before him. Excited as I was I could not help noticing that he bent and held the stick with his left hand. We crept stealthily nearer, and as I stood scarcely three yards behind him and looked over his shoulder, the form of the object stood out clear and

"I felt his hand tightly grip my arm"

black against the dull red of the flame. It was a *human hand*.

I suppose I may have somehow betrayed my amazement and horror to my companion's sharp eyes, for suddenly I felt his hand tightly grip my arm just above the elbow. I turned, and found his face close by mine and his finger raised warningly. Then I saw him produce his wrist-grip and make a motion with his palm toward his mouth, which I understood to be intended to remind me of the gag. We stepped forward.

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The man turned his horrible cookery over and over above the crackling sticks as though to smoke and dry it in every part. I saw Hewitt's hand reach out toward him, and in a flash we had pulled him back over his heels and I had driven the gag between his teeth as he opened his mouth. We seized his wrists in the cords at once, and I shall never forget the man's look of ghastly, frantic terror as he lay on the ground. When I knew more I understood the reason of this.

Hewitt took both wristholds in one hand and drove the gag entirely into the man's mouth, so that he almost choked. A piece of sacking lay near the fire, and by Hewitt's request I dropped that awful hand from the wooden twigs upon it and rolled it up in a parcel—it was, no doubt, what the sacking had been brought for. Then we lifted the man to his feet and hurried him in the direction of the cart. The whole capture could not have occupied thirty seconds, and as I stumbled over the rough field at the man's left elbow I could only think of the thing as one thinks of a dream that one knows all the time *is* a dream.

But presently the man, who had been walking quietly, though gasping, sniffing and choking because of the tightly rolled handkerchief in his mouth—presently he made a sudden dive, thinking doubtless to get his wrists free by surprise. But Hewitt was alert, and gave them a twist that made him roll his head with a dismal, stifled yell, and with the opening of his mouth, by some chance, the gag fell away. Immediately the man roared aloud for help.

"Quick," said Hewitt, "drag him along—they'll hear in the vans. Bring the hand!"

I seized the fallen handkerchief and crammed it over the man's mouth as well as I might, and together we made as much of a trot as we could, dragging the man between us, while Hewitt checked any reluctance on his part by a timely wrench of the wristholds. It was a hard two hundred and fifty yards to the lane even for us—for the gipsy it must have been a bad minute and a half indeed. Once more as we went over the uneven ground he managed to get out a shout, and we thought we heard a distinct reply from somewhere in the direction of the encampment.

We pulled him over a stile in a tangle, and dragged and pushed him through a small hedge-gap all in a heap. Here we were but a short distance from the cart, and into that we flung him without wasting time or tenderness, to the intense consternation of the driver, who, I believe, very nearly set up a cry for help on his own account. Once in the cart, however, I seized the reins and the whip myself and, leaving Hewitt to take care of the prisoner, put the turn-out along toward Ratherby at as near ten miles an hour as it could go.

We made first for Mr. Hardwick's, but he, we found, was with my uncle, so we followed him. The arrest of the Fosters had been effected, we learned, not very long after we had left the wood, as they returned by another route to Ranworth. We brought our prisoner into the Colonel's library, where he and Mr. Hardwick were sitting.

"I'm not quite sure what we can charge him with unless it's anatomical robbery," Hewitt remarked, "but here's the criminal."

The man only looked down, with a sulkily impenetrable countenance. Hewitt spoke to him once or twice, and at last he said, in a strange accent, something that sounded like *kekin jinnavvy*.

"*Keck jin?*" * asked Hewitt, in the loud clear tone one instinctively adopts in talking to a foreigner, "*Keckeno jinny?*"

The man understood and shook his head, but not another word would he say or another question answer.

"He's a foreign gipsy," Hewitt explained, "just as I thought—a Wallachian, in fact. Theirs is an older and purer dialect than that of the English gipsies, and only some of the root-words are alike. But I think we can make him explain to-morrow that the Fosters at least had nothing to do with, at any rate, cutting off Sneathy's hand. Here it is, I think." And he gingerly lifted the folds of sacking from the ghastly object as it lay on the table, and then covered it up again.

"But what—what does it all mean?" Mr. Hardwick said in bewildered astonishment. "Do you mean this man was an accomplice?"

"Not at all—the case was one of suicide, as I think you'll agree, when I've explained. This man simply found the body hanging and stole the hand."

"But what in the world for?"

"For the Hand of Glory. Eh?" He turned to the gipsy and pointed to the hand on the table: "*Yag-varst*,† eh?"

There was a quick gleam of intelligence

* "Not understand?" † Fire-hand.

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in the man's eye, but he said nothing. As for myself I was more than astounded. Could it be possible that the old superstition of the Hand of Glory remained alive in a practical shape at this day?

"You know the superstition, of course," Hewitt said. "It did exist in this country in the last century, when there were plenty of dead men hanging at cross-roads, and so on. On the Continent, in some places, it has survived later. Among the Wallachian gipsies it has always been a great article of belief, and the superstition is quite active still. The belief is that the right hand of a dead man, cut off and dried over the smoke of certain wood and herbs, and then provided with wicks at each finger made of the dead man's hair, becomes, when lighted at each wick (the wicks are greased, of course), a charm, whereby a thief may walk without hindrance where he pleases in a strange house, push open all doors and take what he likes. Nobody can stop him, for everybody the Hand of Glory approaches is made helpless, and can neither move nor speak. You may remember there was some talk of 'thieves' candles' in connection with the horrible series of Whitechapel murders not long ago. That is only one form of the cult of the Hand of Glory."

"Yes," my uncle said, "I remember reading so. There is a story about it in the Ingoldsby Legends, too, I believe."

"There is—it is called 'The Hand of Glory,' in fact. You remember the spell, 'Open lock to the dead man's knock' and so on. But I think you'd better have the constable up and get this man into safe quarters for the night. He should be searched, of course. I expect they will find on him the hair I noticed to have been cut from Sneathy's head."

The village constable arrived with his iron handcuffs in substitution for those of cord which had so sorely vexed the wrists of our prisoner, and marched him away to the little lock-up on the green.

Then my uncle and Mr. Hardwick turned on Martin Hewitt with doubts and many questions:

"Why do you call it suicide?" Mr. Hardwick asked. "It is plain the Fosters were with him at the time from the tracks. Do you mean to say that they stood there and watched Sneathy hang himself without interfering?"

"No, I don't," Hewitt replied, lighting a cigar. "I think I told you that they never saw Sneathy."

"Yes, you did, and of course that's what they said themselves when they were arrested. But the thing's impossible. Look at the tracks!"

"The tracks are exactly what revealed to me that it was *not* impossible," Hewitt returned. "I'll tell you how the case unfolded itself to me from the beginning. As to the information you gathered from the Ranworth coachman, to begin with. The conversation between the Fosters which he overheard might well mean something less serious than murder. What did they say? They had been sent for in a hurry and had just had a short consultation with their mother and sister. Henry said that 'the thing must be done, and at once;' also that as there were two of them it should be easy. Robert said that Henry, as a doctor, would know best what to do.

"Now you, Colonel Brett, had been saying—before we learned these things from Mr. Hardwick — that Sneathy's behaviour of late had become so bad as to seem that of a madman. Then there was the story of his sudden attack on a tradesman in the village, and equally sudden running away — exactly the sort of impulsive, wild thing that madmen do. Why then might it not be reasonable to suppose that Sneathy *had* become mad—more especially considering all the circumstances of the case, his commercial ruin and disgrace and his horrible life with his wife and her family? — had become suddenly much worse and quite uncontrollable, so that the two wretched women left alone with him were driven to send in haste for Henry and Robert to help them? That would account for all.

"The brothers arrive just after Sneathy had gone out. They are told in a hurried interview how affairs stand, and it is decided that Sneathy must be at once secured and confined in an asylum before something serious happens. He has just gone out — something terrible may be happening at that moment. The brothers determine to follow at once and secure him wherever he may be. Then the meaning of their conversation is plain. The thing that 'must be done, and at once,' is the capture of Sneathy and his confinement in an asylum. Henry, as a doctor, would 'know what to do' in regard to the necessary formalities. And they took a halter in case a struggle should ensue and it were found necessary to bind him. Very likely, wasn't it?"

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"Well, yes," Mr. Hardwick replied, "it certainly is. It never struck me in that light at all."

"That was because you believed, to begin with, that a murder had been committed, and looked at the preliminary circumstances which you learned after in the light of your conviction. But now, to come to my actual observations. I saw the footmarks across the fields, and agreed with you (it was indeed obvious) that Sneathy had gone that way first, and that the brothers had followed, walking over his tracks. This state of the tracks continued until well into the wood, when suddenly the tracks of the brothers opened out and proceeded on each side of Sneathy's. The simple inference would seem to be, of course, the one you made—that the Fosters had here overtaken Sneathy, and walked one at each side of him.

"But of this I felt by no means certain. Another very simple explanation was available, which might chance to be the true one. It was just at the spot where the brothers' tracks separated that the path became suddenly much muddier, because of the closer overhanging of the trees at the spot. The path was, as was to be expected, wettest in the middle. It would be the most natural thing in the world for two well-dressed young men, on arriving here, to separate so as to walk one on each side of the mud in the middle.

"On the other hand, a man in Sneathy's state (assuming him, for the moment, to be mad and contemplating suicide) would walk straight along the centre of the path, taking no note of mud or anything else. I examined all the tracks very carefully, and my theory was confirmed. The feet of the brothers had everywhere alighted in the driest spots, and the steps were of irregular lengths—which meant, of course, that they were picking their way; while Sneathy's footmarks had never turned aside even for the dirtiest puddle. Here, then, were the rudiments of a theory.

"At the watercourse, of course, the footmarks ceased, because of the hard gravel. The body lay on a knoll at the left—a knoll covered with grass. On this the signs of footmarks were almost undiscoverable, although I am often able to discover tracks in grass that are invisible to others. Here, however, it was almost useless to spend much time in examination, for you and your man had been there, and what slight marks there might be would be indistinguishable one from another.

"Under the branch from which the man had hung there was an old tree stump, with a flat top, where the tree had been sawn off. I examined this, and it became fairly apparent that Sneathy had stood on it when the rope was about his neck—his muddy footprint was plain to see; the mud was not smeared about, you see, as it probably would have been if he had been stood there forcibly and pushed off. It was a simple, clear footprint — another hint at suicide.

"But then arose the objection that you mentioned yourself. Plainly the brothers Foster were following Sneathy, and came this way. Therefore, if he hanged himself before they arrived, it would seem that they must have come across the body. But now I examined the body itself. There was mud on the knees, and clinging to one knee was a small leaf. It was a leaf corresponding to those on the bush behind the tree, and it was not a dead leaf, so must have been just detached.

"After my examination of the body I went to the bush, and there, in the thick of it, were, for me, sufficiently distinct knee-marks, in one of which the knee had crushed a spray of the bush against the ground, and from that spray a leaf was missing. Behind the knee-marks were the indentations of boot-toes in the soft, bare earth under the bush, and thus the thing was plain. The poor lunatic had come in sight of the dangling rope, and the temptation to suicide was irresistible. To people in a deranged state of mind the mere sight of the means of self-destruction is often a temptation impossible to withstand. But at that moment he must have heard the steps—probably the voices—of the brothers behind him on the winding path. He immediately hid in the bush till they had passed. It is probable that seeing who the men were, and conjecturing that they were following him—thinking also, perhaps, of things that had occurred between them and himself—his inclination to self-destruction became completely ungovernable, with the result that you saw.

"But before I inspected the bush I noticed one or two more things about the body. You remember I enquired if either of the brothers Foster was left-handed, and was assured that neither was. But clearly the hand had been cut off by a left-handed man, with a large sharply pointed knife. For well away to the *right* of where the wrist had hung the knife-point had made a tiny

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triangular rent in the coat, so that the hand must have been held in the mutilator's right hand, while he used the knife with his left—clearly a left-handed man.

"But most important of all about the body was the jagged hair over the right ear. Everywhere else the hair was well cut and orderly—here it seemed as though a good piece had been, so to speak, *sawn* off. What could anybody want with a dead man's right hand and certain locks of his hair? Then it struck me suddenly—the man was hanged; it was the Hand of Glory!

"Then you will remember I went, at your request, to see the footprints of the Fosters on the part of the path *past* the watercourse. Here again it was muddy in the middle, and the two brothers had walked as far apart as before, although nobody had walked between them. A final proof, if one were needed, of my theory as to the three lines of footprints.

"Now I was to consider how to get at the man who had taken the hand. He should be punished for the mutilation, but beyond that he would be required as a witness. Now all the foot-tracks in the vicinity had been accounted for. There were those of the brothers and of Sneathy, which we have been speaking of; those of the rustics looking on, which, however, stopped a little way off, and did not interfere with our sphere of observation; those of your man who had cut straight through the wood when he first

"He immediately hid in the bush until they had passed."

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saw the body, and had come back the same way with you; and our own, which we had been careful to keep away from the others. Consequently there was *no* track of the man who had cut off the hand; therefore it was certain that he must have come along the hard gravel by the watercourse, for that was the only possible path which would not tell the tale. Indeed, it seemed quite a likely path through the wood for a passenger to take, coming from the high ground by the Shopperton road.

"Brett and I left you and traversed the watercourse, both up and down. We found a footprint at the top, left lately by a man with a broken shoe. Right down to the bottom of the watercourse where it emerged from the wood there was no sign on either side of this man having left the gravel. (Where the body was, as you will remember, he would simply have stepped off the gravel on to the grass, which I thought it useless to examine, as I have explained.) But at the bottom, by the lane, the footprint appeared again.

"This then was the direction in which I was to search for a left-handed man with a broken-soled shoe, probably a gipsy, and most probably a foreign gipsy—because a foreign gipsy would be the most likely to hold still the belief in the Hand of Glory. I conjectured the man to be a straggler from a band of gipsies—one who probably had got behind the caravan and had made a short cut across the wood after it, so at the end of the lane I looked for a *patrin*. This is a sign that gipsies leave to guide stragglers following up. Sometimes it is a heap of dead leaves, sometimes a few stones, sometimes a mark on the ground, but more usually a couple of twigs crossed, with the longer twig pointing the road.

"Guided by these *patrins* we came in the end on the gipsy camp just as it was settling down for the night. We made ourselves agreeable (as Brett will probably describe to you better than I can), we left them, and after they had got to sleep we came back and watched for the gentleman who is now in the lock-up. He would, of course, seize the first opportunity of treating his ghastly trophy in the prescribed way, and I guessed he would choose midnight, for that is the time the superstition teaches that the hand should be prepared. We made a few small preparations, collared him, and now you've got him. And I should think the sooner you let the brothers Foster go the better."

"But why didn't you tell me all the conclusions you had arrived at at the time?" asked Mr. Hardwick.

"Well, really," Hewitt replied, with a quiet smile, "you were so positive, and some of the traces I relied on were so small, that it would probably have meant a long argument and a loss of time. But more than that, confess, if I had told you bluntly that Sneathy's hand had been taken away to make a mediæval charm to enable a thief to pass through a locked door and steal plate calmly under the owner's nose, what *would* you have said?"

"Well, well, perhaps I *should* have been a little sceptical. Appearances combined so completely to point to the Fosters as murderers that any other explanation almost would have seemed unlikely to me, and *that*—well, no, I confess, I shouldn't have believed in it. But it is a startling thing to find such superstitions alive nowadays."

"Yes, perhaps it is. Yet we find survivals of the sort very frequently. The Wallachians, however, are horribly superstitious still—the gipsies among them are, of course, worse. Don't you remember the case reported a few months ago, in which a child was drowned as a sacrifice in Wallachia in order to bring rain? And that was not done by gipsies either. Even in England, as late as 1865, a poor paralysed Frenchman was killed by being "swum" for witchcraft—that was in Essex. And less atrocious cases of belief in wizardry occur again and again even now."

Then Mr. Hardwick and my uncle fell into a discussion as to how the gipsy in the lock-up could be legally punished. Mr. Hardwick thought it should be treated as a theft of a portion of a dead body, but my uncle fancied there was a penalty for mutilation of a dead body *per se*, though he could not point to the statute. As it happened, however, they were saved the trouble of arriving at a decision, for in the morning he was discovered to have escaped. He had been left, of course, with free hands, and had occupied the night in wrenching out the bars at the top of the back wall of the little prison-shed (it had stood on the green for a hundred and fifty years) and climbing out. He was not found again, and a month or two later the Foster family left the district entirely.

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HOW PERCY WILLOUGHBY WON.

By John Foster Fraser.

Illustrated by J. Jellicoe.

"NOW slap in and win."

"That's all right for you, old man, for you know all the dodges of the game, but me—why, on earth, should I be a Member of Parliament?—tell me that."

"My dear boy, don't argue. Of course it was inconvenient your uncle dying suddenly, like he did, and spoiling your yachting cruise. Now there is a vacancy in the Dale-end division, who should be its representative but a Willoughby? Your family demands it; the shire demands it; why, the whole country——"

"Oh, drop that, Forsyth, and give a fellow some advice. You've all conspired to push me in as a candidate, and I've never spoken in public in my life, and I don't know anything about politics!"

"Oh, that's all right. Here are the collected speeches of Rosebery and Balfour. Pitch into one and praise up the other. Your constituency? Oh, partly rural and partly mining. When you're talking to the farmers, come it strong about agricultural depression and the price of corn; and when you have the miners as an audience, let loose about the toiling masses and the bowels of the earth, and all that sort of thing—you know."

"But I don't know."

Percy Willoughby, the inheritor of old Sir Harold Willoughby's estates, didn't at all like it. He walked nervously up and down the St. Pancras platform while Colonel Forsyth, M.P. for one of the northern manufacturing towns, instilled into his mind the first principles of political prevarication.

"Cheer up, Percy, my boy, and when I march you up the floor of the House of Commons as Member for Dale-end, why——"

"Oh, I'm not so sure. Who's the man I'm fighting?"

"Oh, Maurice Fitzgerald, Q.C. How those confounded lawyers do crop up. A tremendously clever fellow, I'm told, who practises at the Chancery Bar—talks about bimetallism—and has a wife—a long, scraggy lady, for I once met her at the Webster's—who has written a book on 'England as It Might Be.' She's down at Dale-end doing twice as much talking as the lawyer!"

"By Jove! and that reminds me," exclaimed Willoughby, wheeling round and staring dejectedly at his companion, "I've got to receive a deputation from the Dale-end Women's Suffrage Association!"

"Joy to you, my boy; much joy!" said the Colonel, slapping him on the back.

"But what am I to say to them?"

"Say to them? Why you're young enough and good-looking enough to say anything to them. Have you got your ticket? Now come on and don't miss the train. Smoking? No, that's wise. Keep your head clear, and just read up the pleuro-pneumonia question for the farmers."

"Oh, but look here, Forsyth, what shall I say to these women? Here's the letter—look at it. 'Understand—candidate—woman's influence—most important—views on woman's suffrage—receive deputation.' Oh, hang it all! It's signed 'Helen Anstruther'—some wizened old dame, no doubt. What do they want—what am I to say?"

"Oh that'll be all right. Just promise the old ladies whatever they want and then do as you like. Here you are; in you get. Goodbye, good luck! I'll come down next week and speak for you."

And then the express slowly steamed out of St. Pancras station on its journey northwards.

Percy Willoughby was miserable. He felt inclined to be rude to the old and stout clergyman on the other side, who would stand up to unstrap his bag and unearth a smoking cap, and in doing so threatened once or twice to fall heavily upon the Dale-end candidate.

"Dundering old idiot," muttered Willoughby with little reverence. Then he thought, "But perhaps he can tell me something about the Church question. That would be useful."

The clergyman was not inclined to tell

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anybody anything. He produced a volume of his bishop's sermons, laid them on his knee, and immediately dropped into a doze.

But there was a third occupant in the carriage—a lady. Was she young? Maybe,

"The express slowly steamed out of St. Pancras."

but Willoughby could not see. She was holding a newspaper. Anyway, she had a very neat foot. Willoughby knew a neat foot when he saw it. So he argued by inference. She was probably pretty. Indeed, within two minutes he made up his mind she was pretty. That was rather a dainty dress of hers, a soft bluish grey with a silver band around the hem. And her hat—was it a bonnet or a hat? Anyway it was rather neat—nay, it was very neat.

"If only she would put down that confounded paper I might have a look at her. I can't offer to close the window, for it's already closed. Well, she's mightily interested—for a woman. I suppose it must be a breach of promise case, or perhaps all about the dresses at some fashionable wedding, or—ah!"

That "ah!" was audible. The lady had put down the paper and was looking at him. He gazed at the dozing rector, but he felt a pair of eyes were turned in his direction. He was not a nervous fellow. He was a delightful companion in the shady corner of a conservatory, so long as the girl was pretty, but he now felt nervous, and he was quite sure he was blushing.

He turned his position so as to, just by chance as it were, have a peep at the lady. She was looking out of the window and was smiling. It wasn't the sheep or the cows or the landscape she was smiling at. Willoughby could have sworn that. He had something to do with the smile.

But she was pretty, and Willoughby knew a pretty woman when he saw one. So he forgave her and immediately began admiring her. He had already formed an opinion about the lips, and the eyes, and the wavy hair, and was just about to become inwardly enthusiastic over the shape of the nose, when the lady again took up the paper and left our hero to define the charm of that organ in vague but complimentary thoughts.

"Oh! confound it all!" said Willoughby, as he gave a lunge at his bag, covered with continental hotel labels, "what a nuisance this election is! I've almost a headache already. Now shall I read this book on Mining Royalties, or this pamphlet on Leasehold Enfranchisement, or Bimetallism in relation to the Cotton Trade? Oh! I'm hanged if I will! A fellow's country can ask him to do a good deal, but it shouldn't ask him to do that."

He laid the papers in a row on the seat and contemplated them dejectedly. There was a pile of the Dale-end journals, especially the opposition journal, which had an article on himself headed "Youth and Ignorance." He must reply to that! He had something stinging to say about the crime of youth—borrowed by the way from Pitt—and how he would hope that in coming years he would not be ignorant in spite of experience. Rather good, that! Then he began wondering what he could say respecting the importation of foreign cattle, and if the young lady at the other end of the carriage was married, and what sort of a creature Miss Helen Anstruther was, and whether Fitzgerald, Q.C., was so mighty clever after all, and if there was a possibility of getting to know the young lady, and if the majority would be a very large one, and whether the young lady was going to put down the paper and let him have another peep.

"May I look at your *Dale-end Observer*. I see you have it lying on the seat."

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"Decidedly. Most pleased, I'm sure."

The lady smiled graciously upon him as he handed her the official organ of his foes, containing that biting article.

"I always read the *Observer*," continued the damsel, turning a look upon Willoughby which he acknowledged to be bewitching

"May I look at the *Dale-end Observer*?"

"As I've been in London I haven't seen this week's paper. Sleepy Dale-end is going to be quite excited. We've actually got a bye-election."

"So I've heard," said Willoughby, attempting to appear gracious, but knowing he was at a disadvantage. "Great nuisance—bye-elections."

"Oh, I don't think so," said the lady, as though quite prepared to argue the matter. "I think it's great fun hearing the candidates heckled."

"Yes, there is a humorous side to it," he said. Then, assuming an air of indifference, "And who are the candidates?" He looked beyond her out of the window, as though he were in profound ignorance. "Better get to know the temper of the town," he thought, "and, besides, she's rather a nice girl."

"Oh, there's Mr. Willoughby and Mr. Fitzgerald. Mr. Fitzgerald is tremendously clever. I don't think Mr. Willoughby is—that is, he might be, for I've only read his election address, and his grammar was so shaky."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, but then, he may be returned. He's the nephew of the late member, who was liked by everybody; and a name goes for something."

"I suppose it does."

"And here's an article about him. I *must* read it."

Willoughby felt uncomfortable. He would like to explain; but if he explained the lady wouldn't talk—at least, she wouldn't be frank.

"Oh, well, that is severe," observed the owner of the bewitching eyes, leaning back and softly laughing. "*Do* read it."

Willoughby glanced down the column. "That sort of humour doesn't appeal to me," he said, returning the paper.

"I wonder what Mr. Willoughby thinks of it?" and the girl looked at him archly.

For a moment he was confused. Then he burst into a laugh. "Why, you know—you know what I think about it."

"Oh, but you've got no sense of humour."

"You have. And how did you know I am Mr. Willoughby?"

"I recognised you the moment you came into the carriage."

"But I don't think I've ever had the—"

"No, you haven't! I saw your picture in an illustrated paper, and——"

"It was a likeness?"

"It was!"

"Well, wonders will never cease. But it's an awful nuisance being a candidate. You see, I know nothing about politics."

"I thought you didn't."

"Indeed!"

"I mean I've heard you have not made them a serious study."

"I haven't, and I've got to go down there and give people my views just as if I were an oracle, and to have that fellow Fitzgerald cutting my speeches all to bits; and then, even if I am successful, have to stop in London all through September, while they discuss the abolition of the House of Lords, when I ought to be in Scotland. Don't you think the man would be a benefactor of his race who proposed the abolition of the House of Commons?"

"No, I don't."

"Then you believe in the House of Com-

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mons—you, a woman, so charming, so—I beg your pardon; it didn't strike me that you were the sort of lady who took an interest in—er—well, er—you know."

"Oh, but I do."

Willoughby sat forward on his seat and twitched nervously at his watch-guard. "Then perhaps—perhaps," he said, "you belong to the Dale-end Women's Suffrage Association."

"I do. Isn't it shocking?" and laughter danced in the eyes of the maiden.

"I—I don't think that, but all the ladies I have known—er—all the ladies I have had the honour of being acquainted with have been—well, quite different, you know."

"I hope to their great advantage," and she sat straight up.

"Oh, pray excuse me. I intended to say they were more concerned with—er—well, you know, dresses and balls and yachting and pic-nicking and golf, and all that. But I must confess that after to-day"—and a smile stole under his moustache—"that after to-day—er——"

"No compliments, sir."

"I beg your pardon. Do you know Miss—Miss, what's her name—oh, Miss Ellen Anstruther?"

"Helen Anstruther?"

"Yes, the secretary of the Dale-end Women's Suffrage Association. I suppose she's one of those advanced ladies whom one meets, who wear curls."

"She hasn't worn any for some years now."

"Is she good-looking?"

"I've never heard anybody say she was positively ugly."

"Is she old?"

"Well, she might be younger."

"I thought so. Do you know that secretary of yours has kept me awake for two nights."

"Oh, I'm sorry for that."

"I've had no sleep thinking of this woman's deputation I've got to meet. But I'll refuse to support their Woman's Suffrage movement."

"And I'm sorry for that."

"It would be different if all its advocates were—er—so——"

"A portly gentleman, with red whiskers, welcomed him."

"Sir, I have warned you."

"So intelligent as you!"

"Thank you. And here's Dale-end."

"I hope I shall have the honour——"

"Oh, I shall be with the deputation to-night. And," she said, pushing back some rebellious hair that had escaped from under her hat, "are you sure you are strongly opposed to Women's Suffrage?"

He smiled and said, "I am always open to conviction."

There was a great crowd at the station. Colonel Forsyth, old political campaigner that he was, had sent a telegram to

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Willoughby's committee rooms announcing when he would arrive.

"Willoughby for ever!" "Three cheers for Willoughby!" "Down with Fitzgerald!" "Booh!"

A portly gentleman with red whiskers, much jewellery, and a profusion of shirt front, welcomed him as the bearer of a 'onourable name. Willoughby bowed and looked serious. There had never been such a demonstration since he won the 100 yards at college. He followed the bejewelled chairman of his committee to his

"The deputation would be pleased to receive you, sir."

carriage. He looked round for the lady with whom he had travelled, but she was out of sight.

"We're all glad to have a Willoughby, sir," said his host after dinner, "but there's no doubting your opponent's a smart man. What we want is the support of the women folk. They're getting a terrible power are those women! Fitzgerald's bald and married. Now you—well, sir, you know what women are when there's a good-looking—— Oh, by all means, it certainly is time we were moving if the deputation hasn't to be left waiting."

"What's Fitzgerald's views on Woman Suffrage?" asked Willoughby as he walked into the mayor's parlour at the Dale-end Town Hall. He was in trepidation and he felt that the fatal hour had arrived.

Alderman Freemantle, his host, replied: "Well, it's hard to make out what Fitzgerald's views are. You see, he is a lawyer, and—well, it's hard!"

"I'm opposed to the whole thing," said Willoughby sturdily. "I think that the proper place of woman is—is——"

"Not by the hearth-side, sir!" gasped the alderman, "not by the hearth-side. That's what Fitzgerald said, and they laughed; yes, sir, they positively laughed at him. Oh, you don't know the Dale-end Women's Suffrage Association."

"And I don't want!" exclaimed the candidate savagely.

"The deputation would be pleased to receive you, sir," muttered a weak-voiced, weak-eyed little man who entered the room at that moment.

Percy Willoughby went forward. He would rather have faced a lion than the crowd of women whom he knew were scrutinising him, and weighing him up, and commenting on the way he did his hair, and asking one another whether he was engaged to be married or not. He bowed awkwardly.

There was a stout lady of doubtful years, with a pronounced air, staring hard at him. He knew it — that was Miss Helen Anstruther.

"Miss Anstruther, I believe!" he said, advancing and forcing a feeble smile.

"Oh no," said the lady addressed. "That is Miss Anstruther over by the doorway."

"That—that Miss—well, I'll be——" He stopped and then felt as though he would like to laugh.

"It is very good of you, Mr. Willoughby, to receive this deputation," said his companion in the railway carriage that afternoon, coming forward with a smile.

"This is not fair," he muttered as he took her hand and looked straight into the large, tender, rather mischievous eyes.

"Oh, but all's fair in—in politics," was the laughing reply.

"Why, you told me you were old!"

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"Indeed, no; I merely said I was not so young as I might be."

"Well, we won't argue."

"But are you convinced?"

"Of what?"

"Miss Anstruther, I believe!"

"Of the justice of woman's rights."

"Oh botheration—I beg your pardon, I mean I have quite made up my mind."

"And you are still——"

"I am still the most humble servant of every charming lady," he said with a bow.

There were several speeches. Willoughby didn't take much notice.

"Ladies," he said when the deputation had finished, "my views are soon told. It is only recently that I have taken an interest in party politics, but, ladies, I have always been a champion of justice. (Hear, hear.) Justice should be given to every man, and more than justice to every—I mean that women should be treated the same as men. (Cheers.) Ever since I have been able to think I have dreamed of some day being the chosen representative of such a constituency as this—(hear, hear)—and of being able to do a little towards the emancipation of women, to release them from the thraldom under which they have so long groaned. (Cheers.) Ladies, I have been a life-long believer in the principles of Woman's Suffrage, and I will vote for it on every conceivable and every inconceiv—on every opportunity." (Loud cheers.)

"And have you told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?" whispered a reproving voice at his elbow.

"My dear Miss Anstruther, I am a political candidate," was the diplomatic reply.

* * * *

It was late summer. The Houses of Parliament were still sitting. To give afternoon tea to lady friends was the one bit of frivolity in which all the members joined. There was much chatter. Only one of the many dialogues interests us.

"If it hadn't been for you I should never have become a member. It was a small majority."

"And if you hadn't been returned you wouldn't have been able to give me afternoon tea."

"Neither would I. I think I shall pair and go for a holiday."

"With whom?"

"I shall pair with old Fairburn and go for a holiday with you."

"Please, Mr.——"

"No! I'm not joking this time, but I'm in earnest. I've been wanting to say it, but I've—I've been a coward. You know—you know—you know how I love you."

The waiter came and removed the empty cups and saucers.

"Helen!"

"Percy!"

"My wife," he whispered, placing his hand on hers, "I wish there weren't any people about."

"Why?"

They looked at each other and laughed, for their hearts were exceeding glad.

"I shall pair and go for a holiday."

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GROUP OF MR. BROUGH'S BLOODHOUNDS.
(Showing Mr. Brough in centre, and his house in background.)

THE BLOODHOUND AS DETECTIVE.

By A. Croxton Smith.

"Bursts on the path a dark bloodhound,
His tawny muzzle tracked the ground,
And his red eye shot fire."

SIX or seven years ago, when the scare occasioned by the terrible Whitechapel murders was at its height, the mystic word "bloodhound" was mooted with bated breath, many feeling that here was an agent that might succeed in detecting the criminal where all the skilled upholders of the law had failed. Others, who knew little about the subject, pooh-poohed the idea, characterising the modern representative of St. Hubert's breed as nothing but a magnificent show animal, a brute minus all those special faculties for which it was erstwhile famous.

It is not difficult to demonstrate the absurdity of this contention. The bloodhound is as capable of running anyone down to-day as ever he was, his scenting powers having in no way deteriorated, despite what detractors of the patrician of the show bench may have to say to the contrary. In plenty of cases, I am convinced, bloodhounds would prove invaluable auxiliaries to the police in tracking criminals, especially in rural districts, where the scent would lie well. Mr. Edwin Brough, our greatest living authority on the breed, concerning whom I shall have more to say directly, has proved this beyond refutation, most of his hounds being trained to hunt the clean boot with ease. Moreover, it is not long since they were instrumental in detecting poachers and similar "wild fowl."

Forty or fifty years ago there were bloodhounds that could hunt the scent of a man twenty-four, or even thirty-six, hours old, and since then breeders have vastly

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improved the characteristics which denote scent, the long, narrow, peaked head and immense flews always associated with this faculty having been developed to an extent never known before. Mr. Brough has letters from two men having charge of hounds attached to penitentiaries in Texas, containing wonderful accounts of the capture of convicts, although the rogues had in some instances a start of a day and a half. In one case a man was run down forty miles from home.

These hounds are a cross between the Cuban bloodhound, so-called, and a fox-hound. I say so-called bloodhound because in all probability the Cuban variety was nothing but a savage mongrel, never attaining to any fixity of type, and in every way inferior to our own. What these hounds could do in the way of tracking down criminals could be done much better by English bloodhounds of the present day, if anyone were found willing to train them properly for the work. I have no hesitation in saying that they would be invaluable to the police if a little trouble were expended upon their instruction in puppyhood. Have a couple or two attached to rural police stations, and I venture to say we should not hear of so many cases of country-house burglaries, murderous outrages, poaching assaults, and arson remaining undetected. Trained daily, they could be brought to sufficient perfection to hunt a cold line many hours old with undeviating skill, and even if they failed to come up to the culprit they could indicate the direction of flight, showing whence he had taken to train or cart in his escape. The expense would be infinitesimal compared with the results.

Unfortunately, the police authorities are slow to adopt innovations, looking askance upon suggestions made by outsiders, but I think a brief conversation or correspondence with Mr. Brough would convince the most conservative that the specialist instincts of bloodhounds might be used with much advantage in the detection of outlawry. One is loath to reopen unpleasant chapters of history, but one cannot help recalling outrages some few years ago the perpetrators of which baffled every effort of the constabulary to bring them to justice. Had bloodhounds been at hand, mysteries would have been unravelled that now go to swell the annals of unpunished crime. Most strongly would I urge, therefore, the advisability of local authorities giving very earnest consideration to the potential possibilities of the bloodhound now running to waste for want of efficient utilisation.

When we come to speak of the use of bloodhounds in towns, I admit we are treading on more delicate ground, several difficulties at once confronting us. It may seem strange, but it is none the less true, that we have to deal with rather nervous animals, but this defect could probably be overcome if only those of bolder disposition were selected and accustomed from earliest puppyhood to the sights and sounds incidental to town life. A more serious obstacle would be experienced in finding the line of the right man, half-a-dozen people possibly having gone away in the same direction.

Mr. Brough believes that in time a hound could be taught to follow a foot-scent on stone, but the difficulty I have referred to would most likely render his services abortive unless the crime were committed during the quiet hours of the night, and he were brought to the spot promptly. When the Whitechapel murders were about, Mr. Brough, at the invitation of Sir Charles Warren, sent his champion Barnaby, and Burgho to London, and successful trials were carried on in Hyde Park, but soon after the crowded streets were reached the couple became at fault. No opportunity of using them in the East End was afforded, the fiendish ghoul having ceased his practices during the eight or nine weeks they were in town.

The latent powers of the bloodhounds are so great, however, that it would be worth while lavishing some patience and skill in experimenting in this less promising direction, and I should not like to predict that the results would be by any means unsatisfactory. I have heard it urged that it would be inhuman to hunt a man with dogs as if he were a beast, but I should like to point out that a hound does not pull down his quarry when he catches him. Having succeeded in his quest he is quite content, and shows no desire to "savage" the pursued.

Mr. Brough advises that puppies should be entered early to the work, beginning first lessons when only three or four months old, and in no case should they be allowed to hunt anything but the clean boot. He suggests that the runner should caress and make much of the pups. Let them see him start away and then he should get out of sight as quickly as possible and run a few hundred yards up wind on grass land in a

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straight line. The man who hunts the puppies should take them over the exact line, encouraging them in their work until

MR. EDWIN BROUGH'S CHAMPION "BONO."

they come up to the runner, who should reward them with pieces of meat. A prettier sight cannot be imagined than seeing two or three couples of hounds accurately following the trail and giving tongue to the loveliest music as they hunt. I believe at one time Mr. Brough found some of his hounds running mute, but the introduction of a basset soon effected a change. Very little practice teaches the hounds to try back themselves if they overrun the line, and so keen are their noses that on a good scenting day some inmates of the Wyndyate kennels have been seen running hard fifty yards or more to leeward of the line taken. Not long ago prizes were given at Warwick for bloodhound trials, and one wishes they had been continued in order to encourage proprietors of hounds to train them. This is a point that might with advantage be brought under the consideration of the Kennel Club, for if a stimulus were given to private persons to use their hounds for purposes intended by nature, the inactivity of the police would be still more inexcusable.

His commanding and dignified presence, his silky, pendulous, and low-set ears, his amplitude of wrinkle, and hanging flews, his look of inscrutable wisdom, combined with a well-knit frame and bravely carried stern, make the bloodhound one of the supreme attractions at any great dog show. One need not even be an artist to appreciate his beauty or recognise in him as noble a specimen of the canine race as one could wish to see. Add to this the glamour with which the popular mind chooses to invest his forefathers, and we cease to wonder at the interest he excites.

On the bench the bloodhound gains somewhat in appearance owing to his powerful limbs and grand head, looking larger than he really is. As a matter of fact he cannot approach in size a mastiff, St. Bernard, or Great Dane, but what he loses in height he gains in symmetry, his gait being graceful and easy, and conveying suggestions of a capacity for speed. His bay, too, is a prolonged, sonorous music, distinguishable without difficulty from that of other breeds.

I have heard it said that the bloodhound is not as companionable as some breeds. Like other hounds he is good-tempered and affectionate, but he has a pretty strong will of his own, which he knows how to use when he chooses. When a puppy, large demands are made on the perseverance and patience of his owner before he can be brought under reasonable subjection, but

MR. E. BROUGH'S BLOODHOUND "BURGUNDY."

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when once thoroughly trained all the trouble is amply repaid. It is mainly a matter of correct teaching at the outset, however, and people who complain about their hounds not being tractable have themselves to blame.

The origin of the bloodhound — like the birth of "Jeames Yellowplush"—is "wrop in obscurity." From the very earliest times we find records of two distinct varieties of hunting dogs, the one pursuing the quarry by sight, the other by scent. Frequent reference is made to them by Greek and Latin writers. Even the mighty Homer introduces them here and there, showing that they were used for the chase.

Another old writer speaks of the Spartan hounds as tracking wild beasts throughout their dens and deep valleys, and encountering them everywhere. Mr. Dalziel aptly quotes Shakespeare as giving a description which most nearly approaches our own ideal of what a good hound should be:

"My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flewed, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew,
Crook-kneed and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheered with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly!"

"VICTOR," BORN FEB. 4, 1890.

The same authority tells us that two varieties of hounds were indigenous to this country; one of large size, probably the forerunner of the sleuth-hound, and the other a small beagle. Many people look upon the bloodhound as the original stock from which all the other varieties of British hounds have sprung, but there is no doubt that the type favoured to-day differs very widely from that of a few hundred years ago. Dr. Sidney Turner has recently drawn attention to a suggestion of Comte le Couteulx de Canteleu's with reference to the derivation of the word "bloodhound." This is that it means a hound of pure blood, just as we should speak of a blood-horse or thoroughbred.

Bloodhounds have their place in British history, ample evidence being forthcoming as to their man-hunting properties. Particularly were these properties called into play during the feuds on the Scotch borders, and in our various wars with Scotland, and desperate were the devices of the pursued to baffle the keen-scented pursuers. Barbour is responsible for the statement that Robert Bruce was repeatedly tracked by sleuth-hounds. On one occasion he evaded his relentless foe by wading down a brook, and swinging into the branches of an overhanging tree.

"Rycht to the burn thai passet ware,
Bot the sleuth-hund made stinting thar
And wauerȳt lang tyme ta and fra,
That he na certain gate couth ga;
Till at the last that John of Lorn,
Perseuvit the hund the sleuth had lorne."

Spilling blood on the track was another method whereby the scent was spoiled, a story accrediting Wallace with having escaped the English by killing a follower who professed to be too tired to flee any further. It does not say much for the humanity of the middle ages that hounds were used to assist Elizabeth in suppressing an Irish rebellion in her reign. It is even said that Essex had eight hundred accompanying his army. They were employed more legitimately by the Earls of Buccleuch in the eighteenth century for running down deer-stealers. One need not stay to dwell upon the use of the Cuban breed for the purpose of recovering fugitive slaves, for the story is too old and painful to bear repetition. I fully believe, however, that the modern idea of the bloodhound is mainly drawn from the fearsome tales of the abolitionists, much difficulty being experienced in convincing the average person that this noble

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animal is not a bloodthirsty brute quivering to fix his fangs into some poor wretch's throat.

At one time there was danger of the breed becoming practically extinct, so far as this country is concerned, and persistent in-breeding, resorted to in order to obtain conformity to a certain type, brought about a delicacy of constitution which made the ravages of distemper peculiarly deadly. However, Lord Bagot, Lord Faversham, the Earl of Carlisle, and the Hon. Grantley Berkeley did their best to save us from such a calamity, while some thirty years ago we find the following among the most successful breeders: Mr. T. A. Jennings, Mr. J. W. Pease, Mr. J. A. Cowen, Mr. G. H. Rushton, Mr. J. Leigh Becker, and the Rev. Geo. Straton. In another five years Mr. E. C. Holford, Mr. E. Reynolds Ray, and Mr. E. Nichols took a foremost place, notably Mr. Nichols. Others who have had hounds of first quality are Sir Fowell-Buxton, Mr. Mark Beaufoy, Captain J. W. Clayton, Mr. J. C. Tinker, Mr. W. Herbert Singer, Dr. Hales Parry, etc., but for ten years past, at least, Mr. Edwin Brough, of Wyndyate, near Scarborough, has most distinctly taken the lead, he having established, after infinite patience and skill, a strain of magnificent hounds.

At the rear of his pleasant Queen Anne house, a couple of miles north of Scarborough, Mr. Brough has a model range of kennels and runs, nothing being left undone that will add to the comfort of the inmates. Every attention is paid to the sanitary arrangements, and the method by which a constant supply of water is carried to each kennel deserves a word of praise. People who deem any accommodation good enough for a dog have yet to learn that the breeding and rearing of good animals demands much care, attention, and judgment.

We have come to learn that there is far more in breeding than the mating together of two members of the same species, that, in fact, it has been elevated into a science, and a knowledge of the laws of heredity. Mr. Brough did not get together his fine kennel in a day, nor without the exercise of considerable trouble. It is now about four and twenty years ago since he first made a bid for show honours with a matron named Norma, the judges being that rare old sportsman, Mr. Lort, and Mr. Shirley, the first and only president of the Kennel Club.

Fortune smiled upon this initial effort, but deserted him when he endeavoured to breed from the dame, although she had mothered several heavy litters previously, one consisting of no less than

READY!

(Two of Mr. Brough's Hounds in America.)

nineteen whelps. He next acquired Rufus and Clotho, and had presented to him the shapely hound Brenda. From neither of these, however, was he able to rear any puppies, the fates being sufficiently unpropitious to have deterred a more resolute man from persevering in his efforts. Another dam called Hilda did her owner a better turn, presenting him with Brilliant, a lady who lived up to her name by being the progenitor of a long line of illustrious hounds.

Unfortunately, most of the bloodhounds of this time were nearly allied to one another, two Druids, Luath XI., and Roswell figuring in pretty well all the fashionable pedigrees. Owing to this close in-and-in breeding the percentage of puppies obtaining adult age was very small. It must have been heartbreaking to see promising youngsters succumbing to the dread distemper, and Mr. Brough did the right thing, when in 1878 he decided to go abroad for fresh blood, or, to speak more accurately, for some of our own old blood bred for several generations in France. He bought Bonbon and Talbot and Bauble from

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Comte le Couteulx de Canteleu, a gentleman well known in this country as well as across the Channel for his basset hounds. In a few more years he tried the experiment of using a southern hound dam.

"BURGUNDY."
(*Probably the best Hound that ever lived.*)

It would be quite impossible to enumerate the leading hounds Mr. Brough has bred out of a total of some thousands; sufficient to say that in recent times he has got together a team which is quite unsurpassed. Burgundy, whose photograph is here given, is generally supposed to have been one of the very best hounds that ever lived. Unfortunately he went over to the majority almost before he had reached his prime, but his litter brother Bardolph sweeps the board whenever he appears in the show-ring. The union of Beckford and Bianca, sire and dam of these two hounds, has resulted in some truly remarkable produce.

Recognising the importance of breeding from stock of the strongest constitution Mr. Brough has succeeded in eliminating from his strain many of those inherited weaknesses which gave rise to such a high mortality among puppies, and there is now reasonable hope that the race of to-day is altogether more vigorous and hardy. Mr. Brough is now able to say that, although if his hounds get distemper they have it very severely, yet he can generally cure most of his cases, while they frequently escape altogether. He declares that hounds of good stamina which have inherited a robust constitution for several generations are as easy to rear as most other varieties.

Of course everyone who exhibits is liable to have distemper brought into his kennels, the disease being purely infectious and not one of the inevitable ills of puppyhood, but all hounds on returning from a show are isolated for a day or two and treated with antiseptics, so that this danger is minimised. If any owner of a valuable puppy has the misfortune to get distemper in his kennel he must be prepared to give the patient assiduous attention, and if he has no book to consult and his personal experience is *nil*, he would do well to call in a competent dog veterinary at once. But above everything the most careful nursing must be resorted to. The puppy should be kept in a warm place and fed on the most nourishing diet, such as good beef tea, milk and eggs or cornflour. If extreme weakness sets in administer a stimulant in the form of brandy or port wine. Even when the sufferer appears to be going on favourably, precautions must be taken not to exercise him too soon or a chill and relapse may ensue.

As Mr. Brough usually has about thirty couples of all ages in his kennels, it will easily be understood that the daily *menu* for this little lot is a considerable item. They manage to consume something like a horse and a half between them each week. It is important that a dog should have plenty of meat, its natural diet, but this should be

"JUDITH."
(*Bred by Mr. Brough in America.*)

mixed with green vegetables and a little salt. Porridge well boiled, soaked bread or biscuits are useful variants. Taken as a general rule, however, a fair portion of meat

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should always appear in the dietary, the supply being intelligently regulated by the amount of exercise the dog is allowed to take. Biscuits of a reliable brand are most valuable, such as those, for instance, of The Old Calabar Co., of Liverpool, which may be depended upon. Indeed, many fanciers hold they cannot be beaten. Not only are they in a convenient form, but, when given dry, they clean the teeth and assist digestion, being preferable to bones for this purpose. There is a danger of small pieces of the latter being chipped off and either choking the dog or causing internal trouble.

A word or two about the points of the bloodhound may be acceptable. The head is undoubtedly the chief feature, although I am inclined to think too much prominence is at times given to it, while other hound qualities are subordinated. The head should be narrow and long, terminating in a high peak, the upper jaw to the muzzle narrow, the nostrils being large. The ears should be long and thin, of silky texture, hanging in graceful folds and capable of meeting in front of the nose. From tip to tip they will at times measure as much as nine and twenty inches. The lips or flews are also long and thin. The skin of the head should display a superabundance of wrinkle. The beautiful eyes, deep-set and sunken, showing plainly the haw or inside eyelid. The neck is long and "throaty;" the shoulders sloping and the legs straight and powerful; the ribs deep and well sprung, the chest let down, forming a keel between the forelegs, and the hind quarters muscular. The stern is long and tapering and should be gracefully carried. The colour is black and tan, red and tan, or tawny, some white on feet and chest being admissible. The coat is short and silky. The height at shoulder is about twenty-seven inches. The bloodhound's bay when once heard is never to be forgotten, being deep, prolonged, and musical.

Among others of the present day who own good hounds are Mr. J. Collingham Tinker, Mr. Hood Wright, Dr. Sidney Turner, Mr. F. D. Paravacini, Mr. W. Evans, Mr. W. W. Thomson, Mr. C. Garnett, Mr. J. T. Hedley, Mrs. Cunliffe Lee, and Mr. J. E. Wilbey. I can only hope that this paper may induce many others to turn their attention to such a very beautiful breed of dogs, which has never yet had the fullest appreciation it deserves.

A SINGLE LITTER OF BLOODHOUND PUPPIES.

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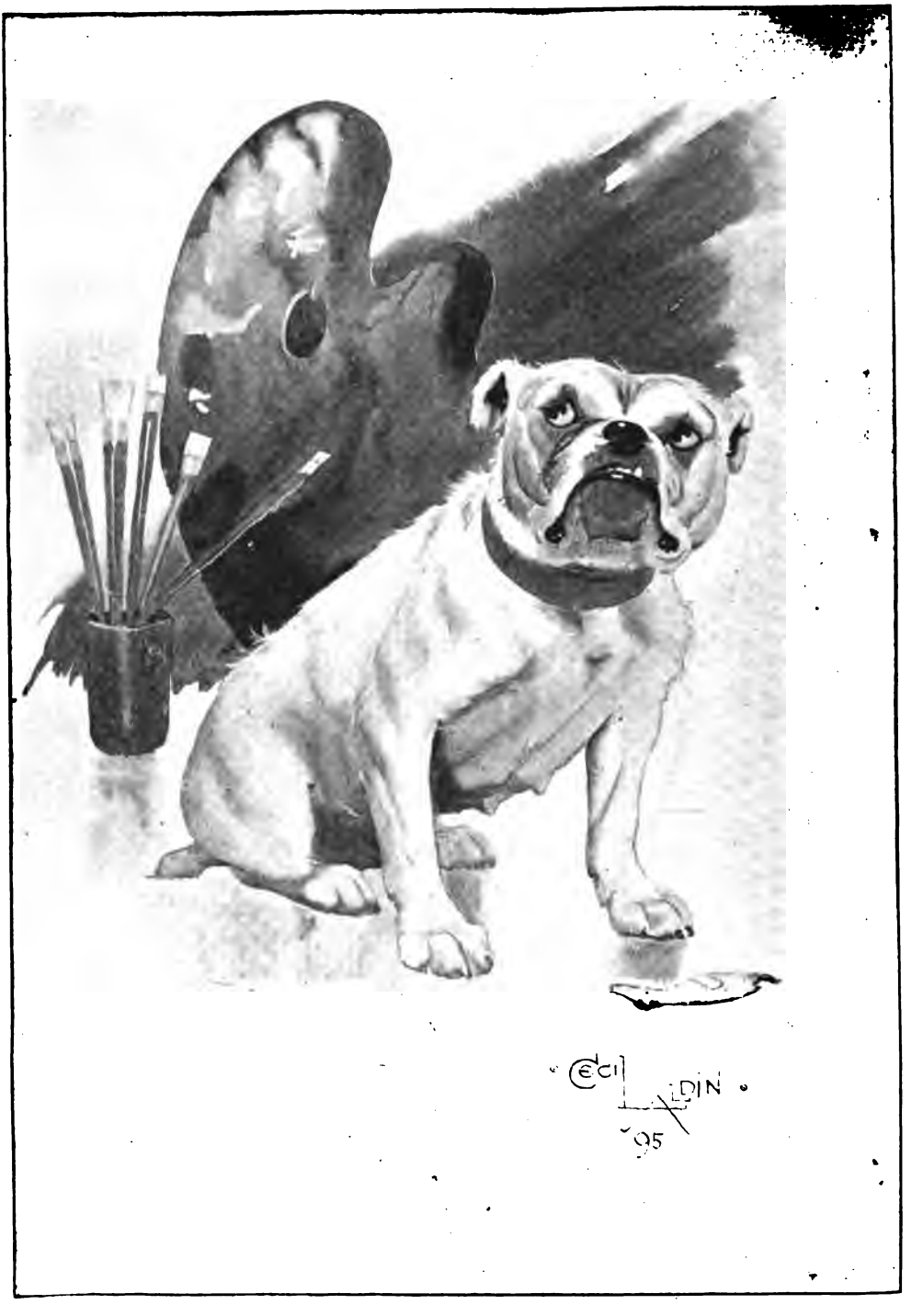

"VENUS—A STUDY IN GRACE." [*By Cecil Aldin.*

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A BID FOR FORTUNE.

By GUY BOOTHBY.*

Illustrated by STANLEY L. WOOD.

INTRODUCTION.

THE foregoing chapters of this story relate how a mysterious Dr. Nikola invites three men, named Baxter, Prendergast, and Eastover, to dine with him at a London restaurant. At the end of this repast he secures their co-operation in a plot, which he does not fully divulge, but by which he hopes to ruin his enemy —Wetherell. We are next taken to Sydney, and introduced to Richard Hatteras, a rich young pearler; Mr. Wetherell, the Colonial Secretary; and Phyllis, his daughter, all three of whom travel to England in the same vessel. Eventually, Hatteras falls in love with Phyllis, and vainly the father forbids any engagement between the two. Shortly after their arrival in London, Wetherell suddenly determines to return home, explaining that he has met someone who made it impossible for him to remain. In due course Hatteras hears of Phyllis's departure, and, greatly upset, decides to visit his uncle in Hampshire. Sir William Hatteras, an old miser, does not receive him very cordially however. Hence, at a loss to know how to spend his time, he hires a yacht at Bournemouth and resolves to spend a little time in the Channel. One day he chances to rescue from drowning a youth whom he discovers to be no other than the Marquis of Beckenham, the son of the Duke of Glenbarth. Then the mystery deepens. On making the acquaintance of Mr. Baxter, tutor to the Marquis, Hatteras fancies he has met this gentleman before, and is unfavourably impressed with him. Later, he detects Baxter dispatching a suspicious telegram to Dr. Nikola, and he immediately resolves to watch this individual very closely indeed in the future.

CHAPTER VI.

I MEET DR. NIKOLA AGAIN.

IT is strange with what ease, rapidity, and apparent unconsciousness the average man jumps from crisis to crisis in this strange medley he is accustomed so flippantly to call Life. It was so in my case. For two days after my return from Bournemouth I was completely immersed in the toils of Hatton Garden, had no thought above the sale of pearls and the fluctuations in the price of shell; yet, notwithstanding all this, the afternoon of the third day found me kicking my heels on the pavement of Trafalgar Square, my mind quite made up, my passage booked, and my ticket for Australia stowed away in my pocket.

The grim, stone faces of the lions above me were somehow seen obscurely, Nelson's monument was equally unregarded, for my thoughts were far away with my mind's eye, and both were completely occupied following a steamer as she threaded her tortuous way between the Heads and along the placid waters of Sydney Harbour.

So wrapped up was I in the folds of this agreeable reverie that when I felt a heavy hand upon my shoulder and heard a masculine voice say joyfully in my ear, "Dick Hatteras, or I'm a Dutchman," I started as if I had been shot.

Brief as was the time given me for reflection, it was long enough for that voice to conjure up a wealth of reminiscence in my mind. The last time I had heard it was on the bridge of the steamer *Yarraman*, lying in the land-locked harbour of Cairns, on the Eastern Queensland coast; a canoeful of darkies were jabbering alongside, and a cargo of bananas was being shipped aboard.

I turned and held out my hand.

"Jim Percival!" I cried, with as much pleasure as astonishment. "How on earth does it come about that you are here?"

"Arrived three days ago," the good-looking young fellow replied. "We're lying off the West India Docks. The old man kept us at it like galley slaves till I began to think we should never get the cargo out. Been up to the office this morning, coming back saw you standing here looking as if you were thinking of something ten thousand miles away, nearly jumped out of my skin with astonishment, thought there couldn't be two men with the same face and build, so smacked you on the back, discovered I was right, and here we are. Now spin your yarn. But stay, let's first find a more convenient place than this."

We strolled down the Strand together, and at last had the good fortune to discover a "house of call" that met with even his critical approval. Here I narrated as much of my doings since we had last met as I thought would satisfy his curiosity. My meeting with that mysterious individual at the French restaurant and my suspicions of Baxter particularly amused him.

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"What a rum beggar you are, to be sure," was his disconcerting criticism when I had finished. "What earthly reason have you for thinking that this chap, Baxter, has any

"I felt a heavy hand upon my shoulder."

designs upon your young swell, Beckenham, or whatever his name may be?"

"What makes you stand by to shorten sail when you see a suspicious look about the sky? Instinct, isn't it?"

"That's a poor way out of the argument, to my thinking."

"Well, at any rate, time will show how far I'm right or wrong; though I don't suppose I shall hear any more of the affair, as I return to Australia in the *Saratoga* on Friday next."

"And what are you going to do now?"

"I haven't the remotest idea. My business is completed and I'm just kicking my heels in idleness till Friday comes and it is time for me to set off for Plymouth."

"Then I have it. You'll just come along down to the docks with me; I'm due back at the old hooker at five sharp. You'll dine with us—pot luck, of course. Your old friend Riley is still chief officer; I'm second; young Cleary, whom you remember as apprentice, is now third, and, if I'm not very much mistaken, we'll find old Donald Maclean aboard too, tinkering away at his beloved engines. I don't believe that fellow could take a holiday away from his thrust blocks and piston rods if he were paid to. We'll have a palaver about old times, and I'll put you ashore myself when you want to go. There, what do you say?"

"I'm your man," said I, jumping at his offer, with an alacrity that must have been flattering to him.

The truth was, I was delighted to have secured some sort of companionship, for London, despite its multitudinous places of amusement, and its five millions of inhabitants, is but a dismal caravanserai to be left alone in. Moreover, the *Yarraman's* officers and myself were old friends, and, if the truth must be told, my heart yearned for the sight of a ship and a talk about days gone by.

Accordingly, we made our way down to the Embankment, took the underground train at Charing Cross for Fenchurch Street, thence by "The London and Blackwall" to the West India Docks.

The *Yarraman*, travel-stained and bearing on her weather-beaten plates the evidences of the continuous tramp-like life she had led, lay well out in the stream. Chartering a waterman, we were put on board, and I had the satisfaction of renewing my acquaintance with her chief officer, Riley, at the yawning mouth of the for'ard hatch. The whilom apprentice, Cleary, now raised to the dignity of third officer, grinned a welcome to me from among the disordered raffle of the fo'c's'le head, while that excellent artificer, Maclean, oil-can and spanner in hand, greeted me affectionately in Gaelic from the entrance to the engine-room. The skipper was ashore, so I seated myself on the steps leading to the hurricane deck, and felt at home immediately.

Upon the circumstances attending that reunion there is no necessity for me to dwell. Suffice it that we dined in the deserted wastes of the saloon, and adjourned later to my friend Percival's cabin in the alley way just for'ard of the engine-room, where a bottle of Scotch whisky, a strange collection of glass ware, and an assortment of excellent cigars, were produced. Percival and Cleary, being juniors, ensconced themselves on the top bunk; Maclean (who had been induced to

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abandon his machinery in honour of our meeting) was given the washhandstand. Riley took the cushioned locker in the corner, while I, as guest, was permitted the luxury of a canvas-backed deck chair, the initials on the back of which were not those of its present owner. At first the conversation was circumscribed, and embraced Plimsoll, the attractions of London, and the decline in the price of freight; but, as the contents of the second bottle waned, speech became more unfettered, and the talk drifted into channels and latitudes widely different. Circumstances connected with bygone days were recalled; the faces of friends long hidden in the mists of time were brought again to mind; anecdotes illustrative of native character succeeded each other in brisk succession, till Maclean, without warning, finding his voice, burst into incongruous melody. One song suggested another; a banjo was produced, and tuned to the noise of clinking glasses; and every moment the atmosphere grew thicker, and the din waxed greater.

How long this concert would have lasted I cannot say, but I remember, after the third repetition of the chorus of a sea-chanty that might have been heard a mile away, glancing at my watch and discovering to my astonishment that it was after ten o'clock. Then rising to my feet I resisted all temptations to stay the night and reminded my friend Percival of his promise to put me ashore again. He was true to his word, and five minutes later we were shoving off from the ship's side amid the valedictions of my hosts. I have a recollection to this day of the face of the chief engineer gazing down upon me from above the bulwarks, and of his quavering voice asserting the fact, in dolorous tones, that

> "Aft hae I rov'd by bonny Doon.
> To see the rose and woodbine twine;
> And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
> And fondly sae did I o' mine."

With this amorous farewell still ringing in my ears I landed at Limehouse Pier, and bidding my friend good-bye betook myself by the circuitous route of Emmett and Ropemaker Streets and Church Row to that aristocratic thoroughfare known as the East India Dock Road.

The night was dark and a thick rain was falling, presenting the mean-looking houses, muddy road, and foot-stained pavements in an aspect that was even more depressing than was usual to them. Despite the inclemency of the weather and the lateness of the hour, however, the street was crowded; blackguard men and foul-mouthed women, such a class as I had never in all my experience of rough folk encountered before, jostled each other on the pavements with scant ceremony; costermongers cried their wares, small boys dashed in and out of the crowd at top speed, and flaring gin palaces took in and threw out continuous streams of victims.

For some minutes I stood watching this melancholy picture, contrasting it with others in my mind. Then turning to my left hand I pursued my way in the direction I imagined the Stepney railway station to lie. It was not pleasant walking, but I was interested in the life about me—the people, the shops, the costermongers' barrows, and I might even say the public-houses. To an Australian there was something very depressing yet very novel about it all.

I had not made my way more than a hundred yards along the street when an incident occurred that brought with it a train of highly important circumstances. As I crossed the entrance to a small side street, the door of an ill-looking tavern was suddenly thrust open and the body of a man was propelled from it, with a considerable amount of violence, directly into my arms. Having no desire to act as his support I pushed him from me, and as I did so glanced at the door through which he had been ejected. Upon the glass was a picture, presumably nautical, and under it this legend "The Green Sailor." In a flash Bournemouth post office rose before my mind's eye, the startled face of Baxter on the doorstep, the swinging pencil on the telegraph stand, and the imprint of the mysterious message addressed to "Nikola, Green Sailor Hotel, East India Dock Road." So complete was my astonishment that at first I could do nothing but stand stupidly staring at it, then my curiosity asserted itself and, seeking the private entrance, I stepped inside. A short passage conducted me to a small and evil-smelling room abutting on the bar. On the popular side of the counter the room was crowded; in the place where I found myself I was the sole customer. A small table stood in the centre, round this two or three chairs were ranged, whilst several pugnacious prints lent an air of decoration to the walls.

On the other side, to the left of that through which I had entered, a curtained doorway hinted at a similar room beyond. A small but heavily built man, whom I rightly judged to be the landlord, was busily

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engaged with an assistant in dispensing liquor at the counter, but when I rapped upon the table he forsook his customers, and came to learn my wishes. I called for a glass of whisky, and seated myself at the table preparatory to commencing my enquiries as to the existence of Baxter's mysterious friend. But at the moment that I was putting my first question the door behind the half-drawn curtain, which must have been insecurely fastened, opened about

"He opened the door wider and looked into the room."

an inch, and a voice greeted my ears that brought me up all standing with surprise. *It was the voice of Baxter himself.*

"I assure you," he was saying, "it was desperate work from beginning to end, and I was never so relieved in my life as when I discovered that he had really come to say good-bye."

At this juncture one of them must have realised that the door was open, for I heard someone rise from his chair and come towards it. Acting under the influence of a curiosity, which was as baneful to him as it was fortunate to me, before closing it he opened the door wider and looked into the room where I sat. It was Baxter, and if I live to be a hundred I shall not forget the expression on his face as his eyes fell on me.

"Mr. Hatteras," he gasped, clutching at the wall for support.

Resolved to take him at a disadvantage, I rushed towards him and shook him warmly by the hand, at the same time noticing that he had discarded his clerical costume. It was too late now for him to pretend that he did not know me, and as I had taken the precaution to place my foot against it, it was equally impossible for him to shut the door. Seeing this he felt compelled to surrender, and I will do him the justice to admit that he did it with as good a grace as possible.

"Mr. Baxter," I said, "this is the last place I should have expected to meet you in. May I come in and sit down?"

Without giving him time to reply I entered the room, resolved to see who his companion might be. Of course, in my own mind I had quite settled that it was the person to whom he had telegraphed from Bournemouth — in other words, Nikola. But who was Nikola? And had I ever seen him before?

My curiosity was destined to be satisfied, and in a most unexpected fashion. For there, sitting at the table, a half-smoked cigarette between his fingers, and his face turned towards me, was the man whom I had seen playing chess in the restaurant, the man who had told me my name by the cards in my pocket, and the man who had warned me in such a mysterious way about my sweetheart's departure. He was Baxter's correspondent! He was Nikola!

Whatever my surprise may have been, he was not in the least disconcerted, but rose calmly from his seat and proffered me his hand, saying as he did so:

"Good evening, Mr. Hatteras. I am delighted to see you, and still more pleased to learn that you and my worthy old friend, Baxter, have met before. Won't you sit down?"

I seated myself on a chair at the further end of the table; Baxter meanwhile looked from one to the other of us as if uncertain whether to go or stay. Presently, however, he seemed to make up his mind, and advancing towards Nikola, said, with an earnestness that I could see was assumed for the purpose of putting me off the scent:

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"And so I cannot induce you, Dr Nikola, to fit out an expedition for the work I have named?"

"If I had five thousand pounds to throw away," replied Nikola, "I might think of it, Mr. Baxter, but as I haven't you must understand that it is impossible."

"His face turned towards me."

Then seeing that the other was anxious to be going, he continued, "Must you be off? then good-night."

Baxter shook hands with us both with laboured cordiality and then slunk from the room. When the door closed upon him Nikola turned to me.

"There must be some fascination about a missionary's life after all," he said. "My old tutor, Baxter, as you are aware, has a comfortable position with the young Marquis of Beckenham, which if he conducts himself properly may lead to something really worth having in the future, and yet here he is anxious to surrender it in order to go back to his missionary work in New Guinea, to his hard life, insufficient food, and almost certain death."

"He was in New Guinea then?"

"Five years—so he tells me."

"Are you certain of that?"

"Absolutely!"

"Then all I can say is that in spite of his cloth, Mr. Baxter does not always tell the truth."

"I am sorry you should think that. Pray what reason have you for saying so?"

"Simply because in a conversation I had with him at Bournemouth he deliberately informed me that he had never been near New Guinea in his life."

"You must have misunderstood him. However that has nothing to do with us. Let us turn to a pleasanter subject."

He rang the bell, and when the landlord appeared ordered more refreshment. When it arrived he lit another cigarette, and leaning back in his chair glanced at me through half-closed eyes.

Then occurred one of the most curious and weird circumstances connected with this meeting. Hardly had he laid himself back in his chair before I heard a faint scratching against the table leg, and next moment an enormous cat, black as the Pit of Tophet, sprang with a bound upon the table and stood there stedfastly regarding me, its eyes flashing and its back arched. I have seen cats without number, Chinese, Persian, Manx, the Australian wild cat, and the English tabby, but never in the whole course of my existence have I met with such another as the cat owned by Dr. Nikola. When it had regarded me with evil eyes for more than a minute, it stepped daintily across to its master, and rubbed itself backwards and forwards against his arm, then to my astonishment it clambered up on to his shoulder and again gave me the benefit of its fixed attention. Dr. Nikola must have observed the amazement depicted in my face, for he smiled in a curious fashion, and coaxing the beast down into his lap fell to stroking its fur with his long, white fingers. It was as uncanny a performance as ever I had the privilege of witnessing.

"And so, Mr. Hatteras," he said slowly, "you are thinking of leaving us."

"I am," I replied, with a little start of natural astonishment. "But how did you know it?"

"After the conjuring tricks—we agreed to call them conjuring tricks, I think—I showed you a week or two ago, I wonder that you should ask such a question. You have the ticket in your pocket even now."

All the time he had been speaking his extraordinary eyes had never left my face; they seemed to be reading my very soul, and his cat ably seconded his efforts.

"I should like to ask you a few questions about those self-same conjuring tricks," I said. "Do you know you gave me a most peculiar warning?"

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"I am glad to hear it; I hope you profited by it."

"It cost me a good deal of uneasiness, if that's any consolation to you. I want to know how you did it?"

"My fame as a wizard would soon evaporate if I revealed my methods," he answered, still looking stedfastly at me. "However, I will give you another exhibition of my powers, if you like. In fact, another warning. Have you confidence enough in me to accept it?"

"I'll wait and see what it is first," I replied cautiously, trying to remove my eyes from his.

"Well, my warning to you is this—you intend to sail in the *Saratoga* for Australia on Friday next, don't you? Well, then, don't go; as you love your life, don't go."

"Good gracious! and why on earth not?" I cried.

He stared fixedly at me for more than half a minute before he answered. There was no escaping those dreadful eyes, and the regular sweep of those long white fingers on the cat's black fur seemed to send a cold shiver right down my spine. Bit by bit I began to feel a curious sensation of dizziness creeping over me.

"Because you will *not* go. You cannot go. I forbid you to go."

I roused myself with an effort, and sprang to my feet, crying as I did so:

"And what the devil right have *you* to forbid me to do anything? I'll go on Friday, come what may. And I'd like to see the man who will prevent me."

He must have realised that his attempt to hypnotise me (for attempt it certainly was) had proved a failure. But he was not in the least disconcerted.

"My dear fellow," he murmured gently, knocking off the ash of his cigarette against the table edge as he did so, "no one is seeking to prevent you. I gave you, at your own request—you will do me the justice to admit that—a little piece of advice. If you do not care to follow it, that is your concern, not mine; but pray do not blame me. Must you really go now? Then good-night, and good-bye, for I don't suppose I shall see you this side of the line again."

I took his proffered hand, and wished him good-night. Having done so, I left the house, heartily glad to have said good-bye to the only man in my life whom I have really feared.

When in the train, on my way back to town, I came to review the meeting in the "Green Sailor," I found myself face to face with a series of problems very difficult to work out. How had Nikola first learnt my name? How had he heard of the Wetherells? Was he the mysterious person his meeting with whom had driven Wetherell out of England? Why had Baxter telegraphed to him that "the train was laid"? Was I the new danger that had arisen? How had Baxter come to be at the "Green Sailor" in non-clerical costume? Why had he been so disturbed at my entry? Why had Nikola invented such a lame excuse to account for his presence there? Why had he warned me not to sail in the *Saratoga!* and, above all, why had he resorted to hypnotism to secure his ends?

I asked myself these questions one by one, and one by one I failed to answer them to my satisfaction. But whatever other conclusion I might have come to, one thing at least was certain: that was, that my original supposition was a correct one. There was a tremendous mystery somewhere. Whether or not I was to lose my interest in it after Friday remained to be seen.

Arriving at Fenchurch Street, I again took the Underground, and bringing up at the Temple, walked to my hotel off the Strand. It was nearly twelve o'clock by the time I entered the hall; but late as it was I found time to examine the letter rack. It contained two envelopes bearing my name, and taking them out I carried them with me to my room. One, to my delight, bore the postmark of Port Said, and was addressed in my sweetheart's handwriting. You may guess how eagerly I tore it open, and with what avidity I devoured its contents. From it I gathered that they had arrived at the entrance of the Suez Canal safely; that her father seemed to have recovered his spirits more and more with every mile that separated them from Europe. He was now almost himself again, she said, but still refused with characteristic determination to entertain the smallest notion of me as a son-in-law. But Phyllis herself did not despair of being able to talk him round. Then came a paragraph which struck me as being so peculiar as to warrant my reproducing it here:

"The passengers, what we have seen of them, appear to be, with one exception, a nice enough set of people. That exception, however, is intolerable; his name is

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Prendergast, and his personal appearance is as objectionable as his behaviour is extraordinary; his hair is snow-white, and his face is deeply pitted with small-pox. This is, of course, not his fault, but it seems somehow to aggravate the distaste I have for him. Unfortunately we were thrown into his company in Naples, and since then the creature has so far presumed upon that introduction, that he scarcely leaves me alone for a moment. Papa does not seem to mind him so much, but I continually thank goodness that, as he leaves the boat in Port Said, the rest of the voyage will be performed without him."

The remainder of the letter has no concern for anyone but myself. I folded it up and put it in my pocket, feeling that if I had been on board the boat I should in all probability have allowed Mr. Prendergast to understand that his company was distasteful and not in the least required. If I could only have foreseen that within a fortnight I was to be enjoying the doubtful pleasure of that very gentleman's society, under circumstances as important as life and death, I should have thought still more strongly on the subject.

The handwriting of the second envelope was bold, full of character, but quite unknown to me. I opened it with a little feeling of curiosity, and glanced at the signature, "Beckenham."

It ran as follows;

"West Cliff, Bournemouth,
"Tuesday Evening.

"My dear Mr. Hatteras,

"I have great and wonderful news to tell you! This week has proved an extraordinarily eventful one for me, for what do you think? My father has suddenly decided that I shall travel. All the details have been settled in a great hurry. You will understand this when I tell you that Mr. Baxter and I sail for Sydney in the steamship *Saratoga* next week. My father telegraphed to Mr. Baxter, who is in London, to book our passages and to choose our cabins this morning. I can only say that my greatest wish is that you were coming with us. Is it so impossible? Cannot you make your arrangements and do this? We shall travel overland to Naples and join the boat there. This is Mr. Baxter's proposition, and you may be sure, considering what I shall see *en route*, I have no objection to urge against it. Our tour will be an extensive one. We visit Australia and New Zealand, go thence to Honolulu, thence to San Francisco, returning, across the United States, *viâ* Canada, to Liverpcol.

"You may imagine how excited I am at the prospect, and as I feel that I owe a great measure of my good fortune to you, I want to be the first to acquaint you of it.

"Yours ever sincerely,
"Beckenham."

"Inditing a letter to my sweetheart."

I read the letter through a second time, and then sat down on my bed to think it out. One thing was self-evident. I knew now how Nikola became aware that I was going to sail in the mail boat on Friday; Baxter had seen my name in the passenger list, and informed him.

I undressed and went to bed, but not to sleep. I had a problem to work out, and a more than usually difficult one it was. Here was the young Marquis of Beckenham, I told myself, only son of his father, induced to travel by my representations. There was a conspiracy afoot in which, I could not help feeling certain, the young man was involved. And yet I had no right to be certain about it after all, for my theories at best were only suppositions. Now the question was, ought I to warn the Duke or not? If I did I might be frightening him without cause, and might stop his son's journey; and if I did not, and things went wrong—well, in that case, I might be

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the innocent means of bringing a great and lasting sorrow upon his house. Hour after hour I turned this question over and over in my mind, uncertain how to act. The clocks chimed their monotonous round, the noises died down and rose again in the streets, and daylight found me just come to a decision. I would *not* tell him; but at the same time I would make doubly sure that I sailed aboard that ship myself, and that throughout the voyage I would be by the young man's side to guard him from all ill.

next week. I don't doubt this will cause you some little surprise; but it has been brought about by a curious combination of circumstances. Two days ago I received a letter from my old friend, the Earl of Amberley, who, as you know, has for the past five years been Governor of the colony of New South Wales, telling me that his term of office will expire in four months. Though he has not seen my boy since the latter was two years old, I am anxious that he should be at the head of affairs when my son visits

"'Why so?' I asked. 'You knew I was going to Plymouth to-day.'"

Breakfast time came and I rose from my bed wearied with thought. Even a bath failed to restore my spirits. I went downstairs and, crossing the hall again, examined the rack. Another letter awaited me. I passed into the dining-room and, seating myself at my table, ordered breakfast. Having done so, I turned to my correspondence. Fate seemed to pursue me. On this occasion the letter was from the lad's father, the Duke of Glenbarth himself, and ran as follows—

"Sandridge Castle, Bournemouth,
"August 3rd.

"DEAR MR. HATTERAS,

"My son tells me he has acquainted you with the news of his departure for Australia the colony. Hence the haste. I should have liked nothing better than to have accompanied him myself, but business of the utmost importance detains me in England. I am sending Mr. Baxter with him, with powerful credentials, and if it should be in your power to do anything to assist them you will be adding materially to the debt of gratitude I already owe you.

"Believe me, my dear Mr. Hatteras, to be,
"Very truly yours,
"GLENBARTH."

My breakfast finished, I answered both these letters, informed them of my contemplated departure by the same steamer, and promised that I would do all that lay in my

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power to ensure both the young traveller's pleasure and safety.

The rest of the morning was occupied by me in inditing a letter to my sweetheart, informing her of my return to the Colonies, and telling her of the curious circumstances that had occurred since her departure.

The afternoon was spent in saying good-bye to the few business friends I had made in London, and in the evening I went for the last time to a theatre.

Five minutes to eleven next morning found me at Waterloo sitting in a first-class compartment of the West of England express, bound for Plymouth and Australia. Though the platform was crowded to excess, I had the carriage so far to myself and was about to congratulate myself on my good fortune, when a porter appeared on the scene, and deposited a bag in the opposite corner. A moment later, and just as the train was in motion, a man jumped in the carriage, tipped the servant, and then placed a basket upon the rack. The train was half-way out of the station before he turned round, and my suspicions were confirmed. *It was Dr. Nikola!*

Though he must have known who his companion was, he affected great surprise.

"Mr. Hatteras," he cried, "I think this is the most extraordinary coincidence I have ever experienced in my life."

"Why so?" I asked. "You knew I was going to Plymouth to-day, and one moment's reflection must have told you, that as my boat sails at eight, I would be certain to take the morning express, which lands me there at five. Should I be indiscreet if I asked where you may be going?"

"Like yourself, I am also visiting Plymouth," he answered, taking the basket, before mentioned, down from the rack, and drawing a French novel frem his coat pocket. "I expect an old Indian friend home by the mail boat that arrives to-night. I am going down to meet him."

I felt relieved to hear that he was not thinking of sailing in the *Saratoga*, and after a few polite commonplaces, we both lapsed into silence. I was suspicious, and he was too wary, to appear over friendly. Clapham, Wimbledon, Surbiton, came and went. Weybridge and Woking flashed by at lightning speed, and even Basingstoke was reached before we spoke again. That station behind us, Dr. Nikola took the basket before mentioned on his knee, and opened it. When he had done so, the same enormous black cat, whose acquaintance I had made in the East India Dock Road, stepped proudly forth. In the daylight the brute looked even larger and certainly fiercer than before. I felt I should have liked nothing better than to have taken it by the tail and hurled it out of the window. Nikola, on the other hand, seemed to entertain for it the most extraordinary affection.

Now, such was this marvellous man's power of fascination that by the time we reached Andover Junction his conversation had roused me quite out of myself, had made me forget my previous distrust of him, and enabled me to tell myself that this railway journey was one of the most enjoyable I had ever undertaken.

In Salisbury we took luncheon baskets on board, with two bottles of champagne, for which my companion, in spite of my vigorous protest, would insist upon paying.

As the train rolled along the charming valley, in which lie the miniature towns of Wilton, Dinton, and Tisbury, we pledged each other in right good fellowship, and by the time Exeter was reached would have journeyed round the world together.

Exeter behind us, I began to feel drowsy, and before the engine came to a standstill at Okehampton was fast asleep.

I remember no more of that ill-fated journey; nor, indeed, have I any recollection of anything at all, until I woke up in Room No. 37 of The Ship and Vulture Hotel in Plymouth.

The sunshine was streaming in through the slats of the Venetian blinds, and a gentleman with a dignified aspect, a rosy face, and grey hair was standing by my bedside, holding my wrist in his hand, and calmly scrutinising me. A nurse in hospital dress stood beside him.

"I think he'll do now," he said to her as he rubbed his plump hands together; "but I'll look round in the course of the afternoon."

"One moment," I said feebly, for I found I was too weak almost to speak. "Would you mind telling me where I am, and what is the matter with me?"

"I should very much like to be able to," was the doctor's reply. "My own opinion is, if you want me to be candid, that you have been drugged and well-nigh poisoned, in a remarkably clever manner. But what the drug and the poison were, and who administered it to you and their motive, is more than I can tell you. From what I can learn from the hotel proprietors you were brought here from the railway station

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in a cab last night by a gentleman who happened to find you in the carriage in which you travelled down from London. You were in such a curious condition that I was sent for and this nurse procured. Now you know all about it."

"What day did you say this is?"

"Saturday, to be sure."

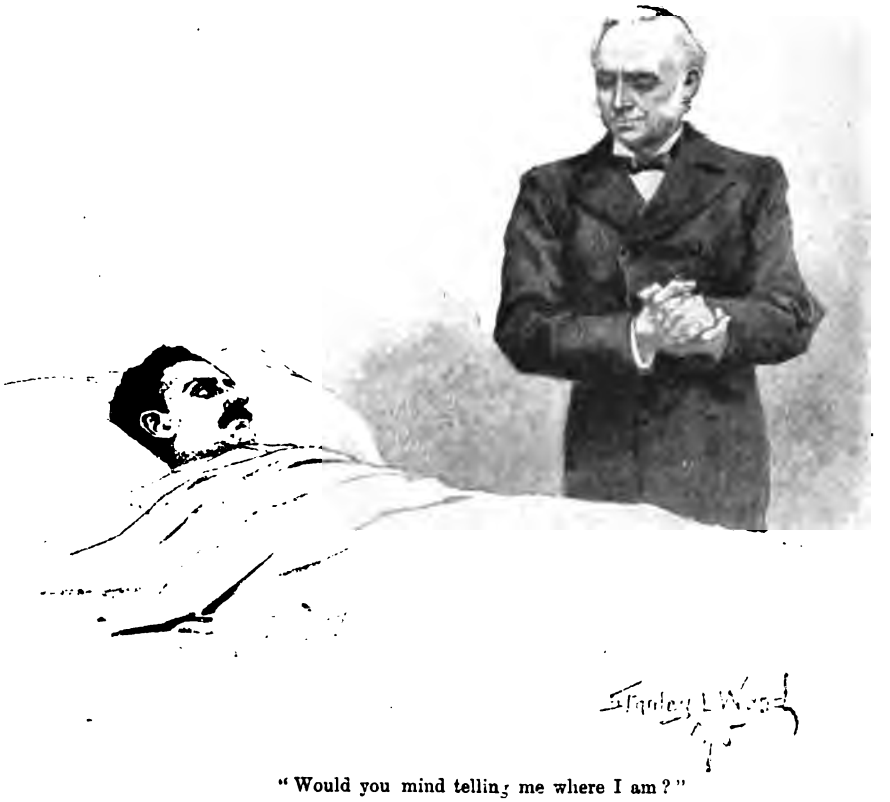
"Saturday!" I cried. "You don't mean that! Then, by Jove, I've missed the *Saratoga* after all. Here, let me get up! And tell them downstairs to send for the Inspector of Police. I have got to get to the bottom of this."

I sat up in bed, but was only too glad to lie down again, for my weakness was extraordinary. I looked at the doctor.

"How long before you can have me fit for travelling?"

"Give yourself three days' rest and quiet," he replied, "and we'll see what we can do."

"Three days? And two days and a half to cross the Continent, that's five and a half—say six days. Good! I'll catch the boat in Naples, and then, Dr. Nikola, if you're aboard, as I suspect, I should advise you to look out."



"Would you mind telling me where I am?"

(To be continued next month.)

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Feline Amenities!

[*By Louis Wain.*

"That is what Ibsen calls 'the younger generation knocking at the door,' is it not? Then let them knock, say I, let them knock."

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COUNTING THE WORLD BY ELECTRICITY.

By Hon. Robert P. Porter

(Superintendent of the Eleventh United States Census).

A GOOD deal has been said and written about the world being girdled by electricity. To the present generation this is an old story. Most of us have no recollection of the earth being in any other condition.

The fantastic uses of electricity are almost daily giving us surprises, and people are becoming so hardened by wonders that the world's old and threadbare stock of seven have long since seen their best days, and will look simply grotesque in the school books of the twentieth century children.

One of the latest and most ingenious uses to which electricity has been put is that of counting and tabulating. Strange as it may seem to those unacquainted with the facts, this invention—or perhaps I should say discovery, for it involves a principle—has in ten years made such advances that it will shortly come into common use in counting and tabulating all large operations. It will be to the accountant what the typewriter has been to the letter writer. Indeed, the principle of electrical counting can be applied to all classes of accounts, and time will find it in common use in the great business offices of the civilised world.

The counting of human beings always seems to me of more interest than the adding up of accounts, unless perhaps the total is to gladden your heart by showing a smiling column of annual profits.

Though I have dabbled in figures somewhat myself, and have tried my hand at numbering the sixty-five or more millions of people who constitute the United States, it is not my intention to inflict the readers of this popular magazine with anything even akin to a technical description of census-taking or tabulating. Statisticians, like other people, are human, and there is a human interest, a very deep human interest, in these modern books of Numbers which civilised nations from time to time compile, though I must confess one would hardly think so when turning over the interminable pages of figures.

By the means of these dry and apparently uninteresting figures we are able to gauge the strength and weakness of nations, and practically to follow the human being from the cradle to the grave. Indeed, we statisticians begin our work before you are comfortably wrapped in the cradle by estimating the possibility of your being one of twins or triplets, or of coming into the world dead or alive.

Once born we begin active work. Will you live beyond a year, and if so what are the relative chances of the measles, the whooping cough, or bronchitis taking you off before five?

Reaching the school age, your statistical value doubles or trebles. Will you attend a board school, a private school, or an academy? What are your opportunities for a college education, and will you become a lawyer, a doctor, a clergyman, a military man, or enter into commerce and trade? What are your chances of success or failure in life; of winning fame and fortune or drifting into shallows and miseries; of living in a mansion or of occupying a room in a madhouse or a cell in a prison, of dying a pauper or a millionaire?

The statistician has this worked out in bewildering percentages and perplexing ratios, but all the same they tell unerringly the story of our common humanity. They count up alike your success or failure, your happiness or misery, your joys and your despairs.

Marry and enter upon your career, and immediately our interest in you is doubled. We know what percentages of marriages end in the divorce court, the probable number of children you will have, and we can estimate with accuracy the chances of your having none. Whichever way you turn you become food for the statisticians, much as you may despise his tabulated statements.

Fail, and you swell the bankruptcy exhibits; succeed and leave a fortune, and you will count one in the "death duties" column; run away with your employer's money, and you are found in the criminal statistics; drown yourself, and you float into

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the "casualty" tables; drink too much and disturb the peace, and you adorn the "drunk and disorderly" figures; and if you die peacefully of some respectable disease, you are claimed by the Registrar-General in his returns of vital statistics.

Even after death the statistician follows you, that an expectant public may know what proportion of coffins are oak or ash and how many are of lead, while the number of bodies to the acre in the principal cemeteries is always a matter of public or, at any rate, of sanitary interest.

In the United States the statistician is far more inquisitive than this. Not content with asking a citizen if he was white or black, married, single, widowed, or divorced, we were obliged to inquire of our coloured brethren what particular shade of black they were, and if that shade indicated they were blacks, mulattos, quadroons, or octoroons.

Satisfied as to the shade, it was necessary to interrogate each person, black and white, if he was suffering from any chronic disease, if his house was mortgaged, and if so for how much, rate of interest, and for what purpose the mortgage was given. All these in addition to the regular questions relating to age, place of birth, occupation, whether a soldier or sailor in War of Rebellion, and a dozen other questions.

If engaged in any special business—mining, manufacturing, agriculture, banking, shipping—full particulars as to such business were called for. If a member of the dependent, defective, or delinquent classes, still further details were asked and elaborate papers filled out.

The range of the modern statistician embraces all humanity, and the ordinary mortal is merely going on a "conducted tour" through life. Whatever he does, whichever way he turns, whether he lives to the age of Old Parr or dies in infancy, he is to all intents and purposes the legitimate prey of the statist.

The modern demand for such a great variety of information suggested the necesssity of some simple, quick method of taking this information off the papers on which it is collected from the individual and bringing it together ready for further treatment.

The old system of doing this, either by hand or by cards and sorting boxes, has become slow and expensive in view of increasing demands for facts which students of economic science and legislators of all descriptions demand of the statistician.

To meet the emergency electricity was called into use, and, as we shall see, worked so satisfactorily that in time the same principle will be applied not only in dealing with the vast mass of figures which come into a census office at each decennial counting of the people, but to the more regular government and municipal work, and even ultimately to all classes of commercial accounting.

About twelve years ago I was taking a long walk in Washington city with Dr. John S. Billings, one of the most eminent American surgeons, and a man whose name is known throughout the world in medical literature. We were discussing the methods of tabulating statistics, and Dr. Billings was complaining of the then slow methods of the Census Office.

"The next census," said the doctor, "will be tabulated by the aid of electricity."

"How can it be done?" I inquired, looking at the good-natured doctor to see if he was joking.

"I am not an inventor and I cannot tell you just how, but if some good mathematician who understands the needs of the constantly growing demands of political science will only take the question up and give his time to it, a method can be devised by which both time and money may be saved, and better and more accurate results obtained than by the present old fogey methods of counting the people of the earth."

"Do you believe we shall some day count the people of the world by electricity?" I ventured in a somewhat doubting tone.

"I certainly do, and within your time!" was the emphatic response.

Less than ten years from the date of this conversation I was called upon by the President of the United States to take the eleventh United States census.

A year or so later I was able to make the public announcement that for the first time in the history of the world the counts of the population of a great nation had been made by the aid of electricity; that the work of counting 63,000,000 of people had occupied my force of clerks but six weeks, and that they were weeping for other countries to count. Estimating at the rate of counting which prevailed when the work was finished, an expert man or woman could, with the electrical machine, count 50,000 persons daily, or, allowing for 300 working days, 15,000,000 persons in a year.

The latest estimate of the world's population is 1,505,000,000. To make a rough

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count of this aggregation of the world's humanity, provided they were returned on papers similar to those used in the United States, would require 100 dexterous young persons with 100 electrical counting machines for just one year. Double your force and the total could be cabled to each country in half the time, or, if some of our Eastern potentates became very impatient, the force could be again doubled, and with 400 clerks the time could be still further reduced to three months.

This counting, however, is only what may not inaptly be termed the preliminary canter before the heavy work of taking all the information off the census papers was begun.

The man who first applied the principle of electricity to counting was an American

DR. HERMAN HOLLERITH.

civil engineer and mathematician named Herman Hollerith. This ingenious man was impressed by the observation of Dr. Billings, and as he was at the time engaged in the American census of 1880, he knew what was wanted perfectly well. First, he mastered the known principles of electricity, and then he proceeded to build a machine which would take the data from a card or paper and indicate results on dials, so that a number of facts could be taken off the card at the same stroke.

This young man, now Dr. Hollerith, realised the impossibility of constructing a machine to read written cards, so he applied the Jacquard loom principle and prepared his cards by punching holes in them, the relative positions of such holes describing the individual.

Now each one of these cards is 3¼ inches by 6⅝ inches, and its surface is divided into 288 imaginary spaces ¼ inch square. To each of these spaces some particular value or meaning is assigned. A hole in one place means a white person, in another a black. Here a hole means a certain age group, there it gives the exact year in that group. A combination of two holes in another part of the card indicates the occupation of the particular individual. In this way all the information about every individual of the 63,000,000 people we found in 1890 was recorded, together with the state, city, or district in which the person resided.

As a number was stamped on every card, we could easily identify and compare it at any time with the original return. In fact, we had in the Census Office one card for every person counted—about 63,000,000 cards. These cards contained the history, for census purposes, of every individual of the Republic.

So expert did some of the clerks who punched these cards become that they could hold them up to the light and read off the facts thereon chronicled as rapidly and accurately as though written. I have seen the history of an individual taken down by punching holes in one of these cards as quickly as the person could give it, and then to the surprise of the visitor read off to him as rapidly as though every fact were printed in Long Primer type.

A good operator with what is called a keyboard punch is able to punch a thousand such records a day. This done, the original census papers can be packed away and the whole work of tabulation goes on by the successive handling of the cards.

These little cards become endowed as it were with the attributes of living beings, whose life experience is written upon their face in hieroglyphic symbols, resembling in significance the traits of the human countenance. A card which means nothing to the uninitiated is converted into a pauper, a criminal, or an inmate of a lunatic asylum. His defects and delinquencies are as palpable as though he were present and being questioned. The grouping of these cards has been described as the division of an army from the corps to the battalion.

Next comes the mysterious influence of

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the electric current running through the machine, which arranges and re-arranges these cards with such unerring accuracy and precision that they seem possessed of volition.

I shall endeavour to describe as simply as possible the machine which picks up the information from 63,000,000 different sources, divides groups, classifies, and finally indicates the results on the dials or counters in condition ready for final tabulation. The accompanying illustration gives an idea of this ingenious machine.

As will be seen, it consists of a press or circuit-closing device, the upper and movable portion of which is provided with projecting spring-actuated needles with blunt points. These needles, it should be remembered, correspond identically in number and relative position to the holes that may possibly be punched in the record card. Thus in the record card above twenty-five of the little blunt spring-actuated needles would go through the twenty-five holes on the card, and carry with them, at one "stroke" of the lever, the twenty-five facts to be registered on the forty dials above, or the sorting box on the right.

We must next learn how the electric current is made to carry the fact from the card to the dial. Like all other things, it is simple enough when you once know how it is done.

Underneath the movable device which contains the little needles is a fixed plate provided with exactly the same number of tiny cups as there are needles above. These cups, which look like little holes, are partially filled with mercury. The cups in turn, through suitable wires, are connected with what electricians call the binding posts of the switch board.

The operation is this. You put a card representing an individual with the desired record punched on the plate with the cups. Then you press down the lever with your right hand. What happens? Immediately the needles located directly above the punched holes go down into the cups half filled with mercury, and the needles covering the rest of the card are gently pressed back. The operation of the needle going into the cup closes the circuit, and each time a circuit is closed through it, the armature of the little counter is actuated so as to register on the dials, as shown in the drawing. These counters will count up to 9,999 and then are easily reset to zero.

It should be borne in mind that each of the little mercury cups is connected in this way with a corresponding counter. This being the case, as the cards are successively placed in the press, the counters will register the total number of times any given needle went through any given hole, or, in other words, give the precise number of times any given hole occurred in the cards.

AN OPERATOR AT WORK.

Here, then, we have on the counter a total showing the frequency of the different holes or items. This is the simplest way of putting it. The advantage of the device, as will be readily seen, is that you can count a combination of things at the same time. That is, we were able to count age and sex in combination. By a use of the well-known electrical relay we secured this and many other important combinations. In fact, the only limit to the possible combinations is the number of counters and relay.

In connection with this electrical tabulating machine we used what was called an automatic sorting box. By the use of this box the record cards could be sorted or arranged in certain groups for still further treatment.

This box, divided into twenty-four com-

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partments, each with a thin brass lid, was placed to the right of the operator. As the card went through, the lid of the proper box flew open. These lids were controlled by electro-magnets operated in exactly the same manner as the electro-magnets of the counters. If these magnets are connected to the mercury cups, corresponding to place of birth group, for example, when the cards are run through we should find all the English-born in one box, the Irish-born in another, those born in Germany in another, and so on through the list.

This simultaneous sorting increases the efficiency of the machine immensely and makes the most complicated tables as easy to compile as the simplest. By the aid of this sorting box, on certain combinations of facts, we can obtain a result equivalent to a table of 800 columns.

Still more wonderful is the fact that electricity counts with absolute accuracy, and it was not only found possible to check the work of the machine, but by the aid of this device to discover errors in the punching. For instance, no incomplete card would pass through the machine. By incomplete card I mean a card on which the age, or sex, or race, or birthplace, or any other of the essential facts had not been punched. Try such a card a hundred times, and it would be promptly rejected, and the counter would cease to count. Put in a completed card, and in a moment the machine was alive again.

This method of counting is not confined to cards relating to individuals. The card may represent a farm, a factory, a workshop, or, as in one division of our work, the genesis of a mortgage.

By changes in detail, which I will not undertake in this article, all kinds of facts can be thus brought together and tabulated with accuracy by this precise and energetic little machine. While, aside from the United States, Austria and Canada are the only two nations which adopted the electrical counting system for their last censuses: other countries, including Italy, Germany, Norway and Sweden, and the municipalities of Paris and New York, have adopted it in some form, and will probably use it for the next census.

The possibility, therefore, of counting the civilised world by electricity is by no means remote, and the fact that an American first successfully applied electricity to this class of operation, and that the honour of being the first statistician to count a nation by electricity fell to my lot, will always be a source of gratification.

It is merely another illustration of the wonders which can be worked by the mysterious force known as electricity.

The story of this counting machine conveys both a suggestion and a useful lesson to young men entering upon their careers. It suggests a field of operations hitherto almost unexplored.

Why cannot this principle of accounting be applied to all branches of commercial book-keeping? I do not urge this on the score of economy alone, for economy is not all we live for, but on the ground of greater efficiency. There are many facts and details which the managers of large railway and insurance companies would like to have, but it costs too much to tabulate them. The same is true of extensive business interests and of all classes of trade returns. Where the facts are obtainable from day to day they can be recorded on the card by punching with greater rapidity than they can be entered in a book. At the end of certain periods the cards may be run through the machine and you have the results.

It was not altogether what I saved in time and labour by the use of this electrical system, but it enabled me to produce results most desirable in themselves, for which I had the material, but which had never been utilised before because of the enormous cost of compilation.

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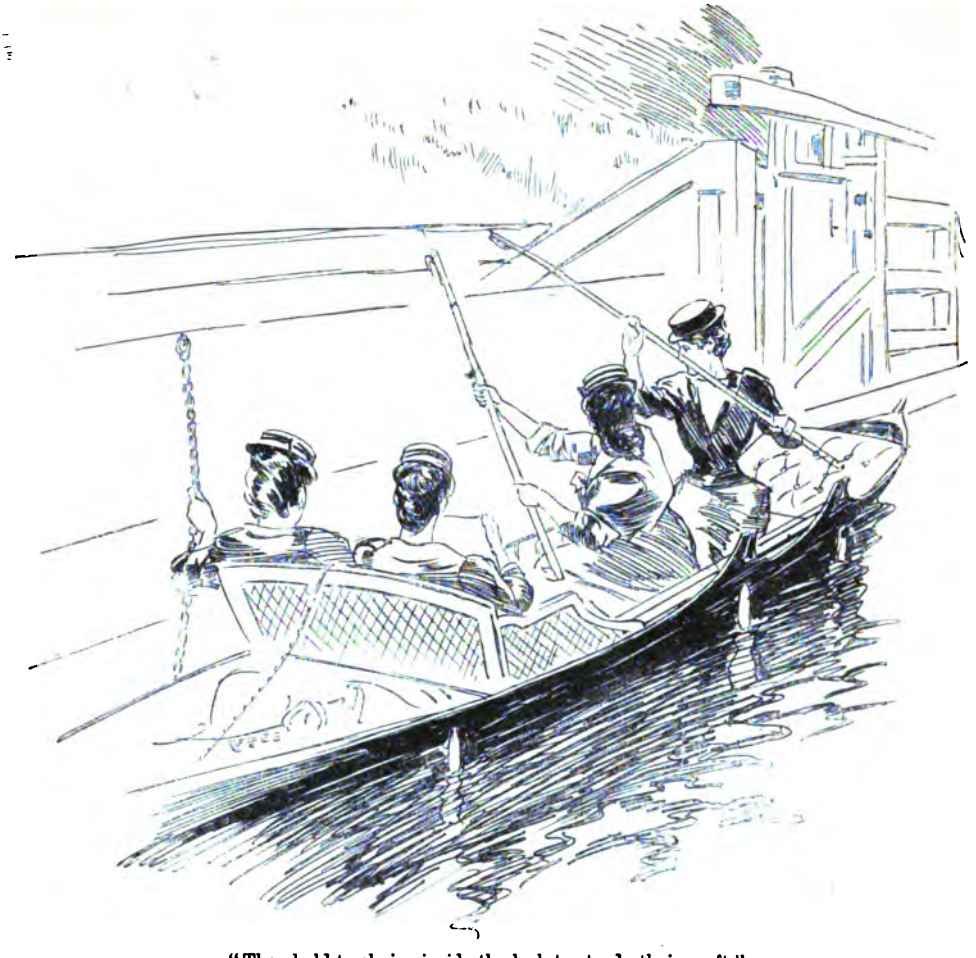

"They hold to chains insi le the lock to steady their craft."

ROWING AS A PASTIME.

By Walter B. Woodgate.

AVERY elastic term—"Boating." In the mouths and eyes of some aspirants it may serve to define a loll-about on a park pond in a nondescript craft, constructed by the joint ingenuities of the village carpenter and blacksmith sundry decades ago, and still afloat, a more or less derelict hulk, frozen in during winter, and scorched in summer till the tar patches leak from her seams. Still, even this is "boating," for want of a more progressive version of the art.

From another extreme some athlete will consider nothing worthy—to his taste—of the definition that does not produce boat-racing, and this in its superior forms, of technical regatta and club contests, with prizes to be won, and uniforms indicative of selection for the honour of representing some first-class club in a first-class fray.

And if boating were to be limited to those who are, or once have been, good enough to compete at Henley, or in inter-University racing, or even good enough for college racing, or for the various minor regattas which blossom after Henley has shed

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its flowers and wreaths for the season, the Thames highway would not be the crowded medley that it is in the current generation, and provincial rivers would for the most part be unknown to the oar either of the provincial or of the visitor from the Thames.

The science of oarsmanship cannot be practically learned from paper. Anyhow, we make no effort to teach it in these pages, and admit that as regards instructing a beginner, boy or girl, any mediocre oarsman, who has perhaps never even won a minor club scratch race, can teach more by practical illustration for half an hour than all the best University and tideway "coaches" of the day, each inditing a score of folios of knowledge rich with the spoils of Time. We may in charity postulate that the reader knows the technical differences between "rowing" (an oar), "sculling" (a pair of sculls), "steering" (with rudder lines), paddling a canoe, and punting with a pole against the bottom.

As regards the first two accomplishments, an aspirant, if of the masculine order, will best rise in the scale by joining some standard rowing club. If at a University, his college club will look sharp enough after him, dun him for subscriptions, and attempt to teach him, so long as he has any ghost of physique worth moulding, energy to exercise it, and modesty to believe that he has not attained perfection. The same sort of prospects of progress attend him if he joins one of the "leading" river clubs, *i.e.*, those which are class enough to compete at Henley Regatta. It is bad policy to join a weak and petty club, upon the theory that in weak company the top of the ladder of the company is sooner attained. He whose ambition is to be a Cæsar in his own small circle, rather than a second fiddle in a large society, will never distinguish himself in oarsmanship. He must associate with the best exponents of the art, and compete with them, and learn from them, if he hopes ever to tread even approximately in their steps. In a crack club he will find a plurality of competent and willing monitors, one and all ready and able to show him what to do. In a petty club he will find that the leading lights thereof are to even the fourth rank of crack clubs what cab horses are to Ascot Cup entries.

Among the leading "rowing clubs," wherein excellence may be attained, may be enumerated the London Rowing Club, which dates from 1856, and which—all facts and figures duly weighed—has done more than any other club on the Thames tideway and its vicinity in extending at one time and defeating at others the rest of the amateur talent of the day at the annual Henley gatherings. Equally strong on the average in these days, but of a growth some fifteen years later, comes the celebrated "Thames" Club, which must not be confused with the great Thames Club of the fourth decade of this century, now extinct, from the ashes of which the London Rowing Club

"Constructed by the local carpenter or blacksmith."

mainly shot up in the fifth decade. These two clubs are standing armies yearly at Henley. College clubs may thrive for a season or so while embodying a few "blues" of the season, and then retire in favour of other more fortunate colleges and be unseen for some seasons on the Henley Reach. But since 1857 Henley Regatta has not been without an L.R.C. eight, and "Thames," since their first fight for the Grand Challenge in 1875, have made a point of annually competing for this and for the "Thames" Cup (for second eights), the same as "London." These two great clubs have headquarters at Putney. Further up river may be found "Kingston," at Surbiton, and "Moulsey," at Hampton Court; each club being of Henley standard and a good school for oarsmanship.

The amateur club of greatest antiquity and greatest strength on the river has not been so far scheduled in this list. The reason is that, unlike the other clubs of

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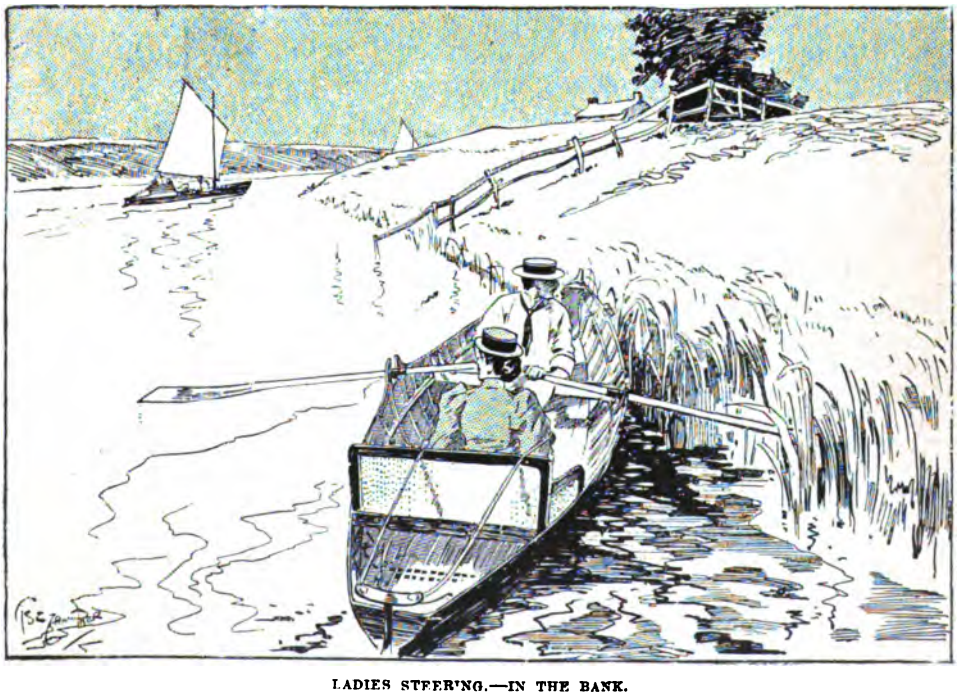
Universities or of river societies, it is not a "school" or nursery of rowing. It does not profess to teach tyros *ab ovo*, but to confer a sort of degree of merit upon advanced oarsmen of other clubs by admitting them, *when proficient*, to its ranks. This is "Leander," dating from the beginning of this century or end of last. It was all but extinct in the sixth decade, but has now revived and may be reckoned premier in strength as well as in age. The "Grand Challenge" has gone now for four consecutive seasons to this club. Its main resources are the Universities, but many leading oarsmen of the crack tideway clubs also enrol themselves in the inter-University boat-racing.

Between 1829 and 1856 University matches were more or less intermittent, according as meetings could be arranged. Since, and including, that year, they have been annual. The 1829 race was from Hambledon Lock to Henley Bridge. Oxford won. There were matches in 1836, 1839, 1840, and 1841 over the Westminster to Putney course, all won by Cambridge. Oxford won in 1842 over the same course. There was no "match" again till 1845, when the course was moved to that between Putney and Mortlake (Cambridge won). Since then the course has remained over the last named stretch of water (approximately); but in 1846, 1856, and 1863 the course was rowed *down*, on the ebb. Oxford are now six matches ahead.

Henley Regatta was founded in 1839 by the institution of the Grand Challenge Cup for first-class eights. It is still the premier challenge prize of its nature in the kingdom. Round this nucleus in course of time grew up other prizes. Certain local prizes for local oarsmen and scullers have long been swept away; also the "public schools" four-oar cup, which had a brief existence. It is considered, rightly, that no second-class competition should figure on the Henley programme. First-class fours were inaugurated in 1841 "for medals." The following year the "Stewards' Cup" for this class of rowing was presented. "Diamond Sculls" were founded 1844. Pair-oar racing began 1845, for "silver wherries"—later on (1850) this prize became "silver goblets." Hitherto it has been the only one to which no "challenge" trophy is attached. This year Mr. Tom Nickalls, late master of Surrey staghounds, father of Messrs. Guy and Vivian Nickalls of Magdalen, Oxon (each "amateur champion" in turn), gives a challenge prize, to be inaugurated next July and to go with the "Goblets," which are annual "presentations." The "Ladies' Plate" for eight



LADIES STEER'NG.—IN THE BANK.

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oars appeared 1847. It was an open race till 1857; after that it was limited to schools and colleges. The "Visitors'" four-oar cup appeared 1847, limited to schools and colleges from the outset. The "Wyfold" also began that year, but was at first a special prize to the winner of trial heats for the Grand Challenge, until 1856, when it was made a four-oar race for crews distinct from the Stewards' Cup entries. The "Thames" Cup (for eights) began in 1868 as a sort of half-junior race. In 1870 it was remodelled, and became as now open to the world, but excluding all Grand Challenge entries of the year.

The course till 1886 was from the island to the bridge. In 1886 the course was changed and staked out; only two boats to race at a time, and starting at the bottom of the island, finishing at the point, an equivalent distance to the old course and approximately dead straight. The umpiring nowadays is done from a steam launch. In olden days the umpire used to be carried in a waterman's eight, but modern watermen could have no chance of keeping within hail for half a minute of a crack amateur eight.

Of other regattas, there are the Metropolitan Regatta, held at Putney, also minor regattas at Walton, Moulsey, Kingston, and of late at Goring. The latter half highclass and half Saturnalia. There used to be a Barnes Regatta, now extinct, and periodically Reading has produced a regatta, so have Staines, Chertsey, and Maidenhead. Marlow Regatta was good and popular while it lasted. All these gave a certain amount of prizes for first-class entries, open to the world, but of course could not bring out competitions of the class of Henley.

Besides these really "racing" regattas, holiday residents in various parts of the Thames Valley constantly get up local Saturnalia, wherein canoe racing, double sculling with ladies (in heavy boats), and such like sports, take place over short courses—of this kind are gatherings at Wargrave, Sunbury, Datchet, and other like places.

In the provinces, Durham, Worcester, Bridgnorth, and the Tyne hold amateur meetings with some considerable local success. Also Chester. The latter locality now and then sends a good and periodically successful four to compete at Henley, and in 1856 won the Grand Challenge with the first "keelless" built eight-oar.

The chief feature of college rowing at the Universities is to be seen in eight-oared "bumping" races. The eights start by gun-fire, 130 feet apart at Oxford, 160 feet at Cambridge, and race for six consecutive days. If a boat can touch the one in front of it it "bumps," and the two change places in the order of starting the following night. Owing to the number of entries, the races take place in two "divisions."

The "Torpids" at Oxford race in the morning, as also the lower divisions of Cambridge. The college eights, most of which are recruited largely from rising performers in the spring races, do not compete till the summer-time. "May races" are a time-honoured festivity at Cambridge, and largely patronised by ladies. Each University also fosters four-oared inter-college competitions in the autumn, and contests for pairs and sculls in succession. The "Colquhoun" sculls at Cambridge have a long-standing prestige. As regards amateur sculling, Mr. Guy Nickalls holds the highest honours and is undoubtedly the best man of his day, probably has not been surpassed all round by any predecessor, and may be reckoned better than any British professionals, supposing he could with deference to amateur doctrines be matched to try his strength against them. The "Wingfield Sculls" are the badge of amateur champion sculling and are competed for annually about July.

The racing crews and racing oarsmen of the Thames form after all but a small proportion of those who take their pleasures in boating on the river. Putting aside bank holidays—when every ramshackle craft that can float is let on hire for the day, and the stream is overcrowded with tyros, and a fair proportion of casualties annually recorded—every summer evening, and especially Saturdays and Sundays, sees some thousands afloat between Oxford and Wandsworth. Even during midday hours there will be sundry hundreds free of business duties, and cruising or "loafing" under shade or up backwaters. A very small proportion of these belong to recognised rowing clubs, or have any ambition to race, or even to be taught beyond what they can glean by light of nature. The non-rowing club oarsmen can generally be detected by his partiality for wearing a belt, and his taste for using sculls *very* short in-board; his scant skill inducing him to sacrifice leverage in order to save the skin of his unscientific knuckles.

Sculling, more than oar-rowing, is the favourite cruising exercise, as it is more in-

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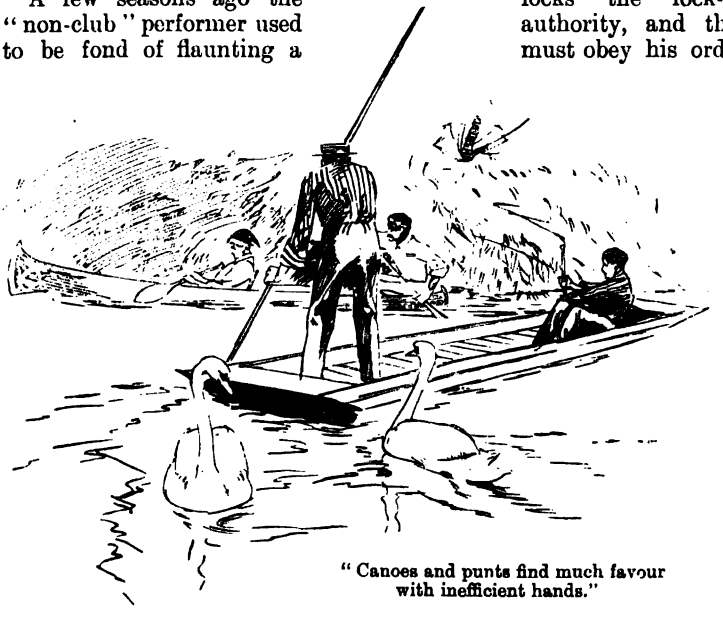
dependent on the whole, and can be doubled when an ally is available. Ladies have advanced much in the science of late years, and the average lady sculler on the Thames is but little inferior in skill to the average "non-rowing club" oarsman, often actually better in style than he, though not so strong.

Canoes and punts find much favour with inefficient hands. The amount of skill required to handle them is more rapidly acquired than that of oars and sculls. Also a *tête-a-tête* in a canoe with a lady is more confidential than when she sits in a skiff's stern sheets; punts again have more luxurious lounges and cushions than rowing boats. Lastly, both canoes and punts are handier craft for navigating "backwaters," where channels are narrow, branches overhanging, and seclusion more attainable.

A few seasons ago the "non-club" performer used to be fond of flaunting a gaudy local uniform of some sort, unknown except to himself; but this ambition has worn itself out, and it is considered better taste to display no colours (*quâ* uniforms) that are not those of recognised clubs which have won public honours in public contests.



"Canoes and punts find much favour with inefficient hands."

The Thames forty years ago was a comparatively "silent highway." The private boats on it between Teddington and Oxford (not racing craft) could, like their owners, be almost counted on the fingers. Boat-yards were few and far between, and many of the locks in bad repair. Where now there are hotels good enough for a watering-place esplanade, there were only bargees' beer-houses, and not always that much There were no steam launches or house-boats; the first appeared about 1865; in 1870 there were only six, all known. Now there are hundreds, and a floating population of thousands in houseboats. Life in one of the latter, which has its charms, especially for men tied down in the day to business, cannot be fairly described within the limits of this brief sketch.

In order to meet the demands of law and order a Thames Act was passed in 1885, and practically reinforced in the new Conservancy Act of last year, making provision for suppression of rowdyism, of shooting at wild fowl, of indiscriminate bathing, of trespassing on private property, and general offensiveness. On the whole, a reasonable decorum now prevails on the river. At the locks the lock-keeper is supreme in authority, and those who enter or leave must obey his orders and place themselves as he decides. The rule is for those who are leaving a lock to clear out in their order before the new arrivals attempt to enter. When the latter have taken their places they hold to chains inside the lock to steady their craft from swinging broadside to the force of water when the filling or emptying of the lock begins.

In navigation of the river the rule is that the boats going up stream are conceded the shortest course, in shore; a boat coming down stream takes mid-channel.

Without being unduly ungallant to the fair sex, it may be stated that the majority of collisions arise from ladies steering. A lady too often cannot divest herself of the idea that steering is the easiest thing on earth, and also that the rudder lines are her perquisite, to amuse herself with them. As a rule, any sculler of reasonable competency, and of talent sufficient to qualify him for average club racing, will have safer control of his boat when carrying lady sitters, if he dispenses with a rudder altogether and utilises his fair friends (assuming that they are not practical oarswomen) simply to keep eyes ahead and to warn him of any sudden

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erratic conduct of other craft; leaving him, on looking round, to decide the best means for keeping a safe course.

As to construction of racing boats and the merits of rival builders of them there is no space here to detail with adequate justice to the question. Dealing with pleasure craft for voyaging and loafing, the normal builds are "skiff," "gig," and "dingey" lines. The "gig," outrigged or unrigged, was the rage twenty or more years ago. For modern Thames cruising the "skiff" build is far the more popular and the more practical. It gives more carrying power and more beam across rowlocks, thereby enlarging leverage of sculls or oars and giving the oarsmen more power. The flush gunwale of the "gig" does not give the like leverage—for an equivalent beam on load line—by a good six or more inches. The fault of most Thames "skiffs" is too much beam aft as compared to forward. This kills pace, though it accommodates stout dowagers in the stern sheets and leaves space for a wine hamper astern of them. "Dingeys" are handy for short voyages and rapid turning, but for want of length in load line hold little way and are laborious for long cruises.

Among canoes, Canadian "dug outs" and birch bark build have of late years quite superseded the old canvas-ended craft, such as "Rob Roy" build and its predecessors. Such contrivances as "water bicycles" and similar eccentricities hardly come within the province of boating, except for curiosity and fantastic amusement.

"Sliding seats are seldom introduced to "voyaging" craft. To begin with, they are inconvenient for lady oarsmen, also they are but little advantage for long cruising, unless the slides are limited to four or five inches. Sliding a greater length adds pace *pro tem.*, but mortgages strength heavily. Beginners should keep clear of slides; they may gain a trifle of speed from them, but until they have learned body swing on fixed seats they are liable to spoil their style by sliding in a half-taught way.

Slides were first used for match racing in 1871 by professionals on the Tyne. The first amateur sliding race rowed on the Thames was the match London R.C. *v.* "Atalanta" of New York, June, 1892. London won the "Grand" with slides at Henley, 1872; and in 1873 the Universities used them in their spring match. Slides undoubtedly increase pace for average racing distances. They reduce "time" by about 1 in 28 to 1 in 25 over a seven minutes' course (as against fixed seats), and over a twenty minutes' course they appear to make less relative reduction; perhaps about 1 in 36 or 1 in 40, but it is difficult to calculate this accurately, for want of *ceteris paribus* in experiment.

As regards the Thames itself there is no nicer voyage than to cruise down from Oxford to London. Three to more days suffice, according to energy and ability of the crew. If the voyager has no craft suitable to carry himself and crew, he can hire a "skiff" from Salter of Oxford, at £5 for a week, all found, including (if for a bachelor party economically inclined) camp fittings and cooking utensils, to defy hotels. A "Thames skiff," fitted *à la Salter*, with canvas over for the night, makes a floating tent, with bedding for three voyagers, with "stretchers" removed. She can be moored under bushes for the night, when no leave can be obtained to land and camp. It is more luxurious, of course, to put up at riverside hotels, of which there are plenty at every village *en route*. The return voyage can be shirked if desired, for Salter & Co. arrange for hired boats to be left at the down river end of the journey, or at divers townships short of it; whence their vans weekly pick them up and cart them home (return cartage included in the general tariff).

For those who like to cruise in their own craft at their own leisure on spare days, there is no hurry; and many *habitués* will work up river in stages for one or two Saturdays and Sundays, when off business, and in idle manner work down homeward again a week or so later.

Towing is a favourite operation against stream with the inferior classes of oarsmen. The sight of a towed cargo, save where there is but one competent hand to five or more passengers, is of itself evidence that the performers are not class enough for even second-rate club racing, and probably belong to no recognised club. Any average sculler of decent merit and physique, with two dead-weight sitters, will make more rapid way up river than the normal pace of pedestrian towing, and will keep up the work for twenty or more miles at like pace, while the pedestrian tower lags in the rear. Still, for bad oarsmen against a head current, feathering clumsily and reaching short, perhaps towing entails less labour for the rate of progress.

There are many provincial tours to be

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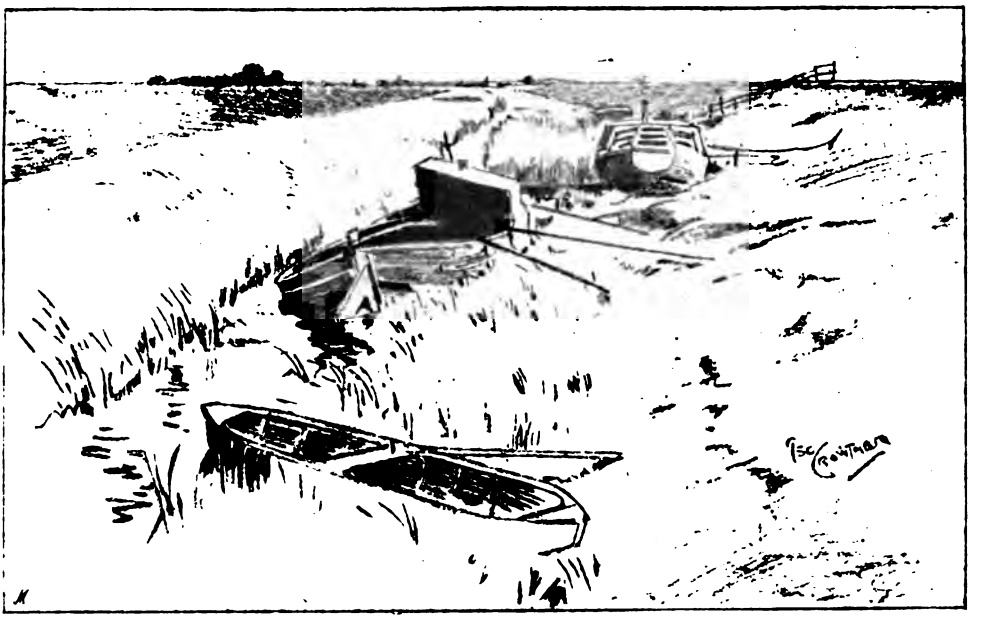
made, for those who have energy, or who are game to face weather and to push on from one stage to another, in regions where hotels do not abound as on the Thames. We know of sundry of these voyages which have been accomplished, and with ladies forming an equal balance of power in the ship, taking their turns honestly and competently at oars or sculls, and keeping the craft moving all day. The practical monopoly of sundry old canals by the railways, leaving them to silt and be mud-choked, hampers many such a voyage which thirty years ago was open from end to end. Now-a-days a choked stretch of intermediate navigation sometimes has to be performed on a village cart, the crew trotting alongside till open water is again obtained.



IN THE FENS—UNNAVIGABLE.

The following are a few suggestions as to tours:

Enter River Wey below Shepperton Lock, on Thames; then to Guildford, about fifteen miles, an easy day's work — some twelve locks. The crew must open them for themselves. A key can be bought or hired at Strudwick's—first lock. In old days the voyage could be continued direct next day *viâ* "Wey and Arun" Canal. This is now so foul and shallow that it is best to rail to Pulborough, then launch on the Arun, and so down the tideway past Arundel to Littlehampton (an easy day's cruise). On return, for variety, the cruise may turn up the Arun beyond Pulborough, and explore the Rother before railing back to Guildford. Again, at Guildford the river (Wey) can be explored up to Godalming, but after that navigation soon becomes hopeless, and return is inevitable.

A cruise, Midland and Western Rail, *viâ* Oxford, to Warwick, hire cart, thence three miles to Barford-on-Avon (navigation through Warwick Park being disallowed). Then voyage to Stratford-on-Avon, a light day's work, but perhaps enough after the morning rail. Thence to Tewkesbury, *viâ* Evesham and Pershore, Tewkesbury to Gloucester by Severn, then on to Gloucester and Berkeley "Ship" Canal to Framilode. There branch off to Stroud Canal, up the Stroud Valley (key for locks to be bought on the way). There are some twenty-two locks on the rise up the "Golden Valley" above Stroud. Then comes the Sapperton Tunnel (2¾ miles long), which transfers the voyage from Severn watershed to that of Thames. After Sapperton, along canal cut to Cirencester. Then by Thames and Severn Canal to Radcot bridge, after which the descent to Oxford is by the Upper Thames. N.B.—In such a voyage two pairs of canoe paddles are very useful. They take little room and

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are valuable in getting through the tunnel and in navigating weedy pieces of canal, where even short sculls would be laboriously entangled in vegetation. The voyage may be done in five days or spread over six to save fatigue.

The Norfolk Broads have been the subject of so many text books that there would be no originality in here describing cruising on them. It suffices to say that they provide scope for a couple of weeks' voyaging and exploration.

For a tour in the Ouse and Cam, start at Bedford and reach Huntingdon in a day. The next stage to Cambridge is forty miles, but open water, not a plethora of locks, and to be accomplished if all hands take turns and keep moving all day. From Cambridge it is a clear run, *viâ* Ely, Littleport, to "Eau Brink Cut," and so to King's Lynn. The voyage may be varied by turning off at Mildenhall below Littleport, cruising up the Lake, a small tributary, best negotiated with paddles. Then cart to Thetford, twelve miles; launch on Little Ouse, and rejoin Great Ouse, and so on to King's Lynn. On return, for variety of scene, after King's Lynn, rail to Sutton on the Nene, and thence voyage up *viâ* Wisbech to Peterborough, explore March river, North river, and other like cuts, and see the beauty of fen sunsets. In these fen rivers, though the country is flat, there is plenty of summer colouring, and a charitable absence of locks. If time admits, a sail may be rigged when wind suits (or paddles slowly utilised), and a "phantom" trailed astern for Jack, which strike freely every few minutes in an autumn breeze.

Such are some of the resources of "boating," for those who do not aspire to racing, or are too sere for it; resources in which wives, daughters, and sisters can join, and which take the pastime to a higher level than that of those average sketches of society journals that depict a moustached loafer making sheep's eyes at a girl of the period *vis à vis* to him in a Thames punt or skiff under riverside willows. Such cruises require energy and independence, and a recognition of Leech's theory, that if you want a thing done, do it yourself. The "skipper" of such a cruise should have some practical knowledge of how to fit and fix a boat (most rowing-club and University men have long ago picked up such knowledge), be able to use a "spanner" (if the craft is half outrigged), to repair damages if an iron gets bent in carting, or if a thowl is carried away by collision, or wear and tear. The provincial yokels at provincial riversides know little of such details, and are broken reeds to rely upon. As to baggage, voyagers must suit their tastes, carrying at least one change per head, with night gear. If they want luxuries of toilette, or Sunday bonnets, they must send their heavy kit by rail to various *points d'appui*, but after a first essay they will probably learn to make ends meet with just as much kit as their skiff can carry for her crew—an average of a Gladstone bag apiece.

"Resources in which wives, daughters, and sisters can join."

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WHAT OUR SISTERS WEAR.

WEDDING ROBES.

HAS it ever been satisfactorily settled why it is unlucky to marry in the month of May? Those without prejudice must admit that May is ideally fitted for matrimony. Surely the instance of Philip and Mary, that stock example usually dragged forth, does not suffice to explain the temporary reluctance to enter the holy estate shown by the daughters of Albion, at other seasons neither slow nor shy.

To combat an idea that has no basis in fact or reason is hopeless. May will probably keep up its evil reputation. It remains, however (and this most concerns us here), the chosen month for the ordering of trousseaux, and the wedding-dress, if not the wedding, lends to it a certain importance. And now as to the newest styles for the blushing bride.

White satin continues to be the material *par excellence* in a costume whose leading features are strictly defined by tradition. There is a larger display of orange-blossom than has been the case for a long time. These flowers are arranged in trails from a regular collarette of close-set buds, and fall to the waist, back and front, like the spokes of an irregular wheel. This style of trimming is naturally adapted to the full blouses or puffed bodices in silk muslin over satin, now so fashionable. Trails of orange-blossom on the skirt, a panel or tablier of the flowers, or small posies at intervals, to catch up a flounce of costly lace, are employed according to taste, and already fears are being expressed least the floral decorations should be overdone.

Next in popularity to white satin comes white broché, and by very youthful brides silk muslin over white silk is worn. It gives an air of girlish simplicity not without charm, for though in these days the woman of thirty takes her innings, there is always something attractive in youth when it is a reality and not a pose. It sometimes is both.

Be the material what it may, there is a singular family likeness in the present make of wedding-gowns. They are all full in the skirt, tight on the hips, and wide in the sleeves. By way of veil either *tulle illusion* is worn, or costly lace, and the face is not covered, the folds falling with studied grace from a knot or coronet of orange-blossoms, and reaching to the very end of the train.

The "Goodyer" or shower bouquet that prevails at English weddings is rarely or never seen in France. A tiny posy of orange-blossom, usually enclosed in what may be described as a bag of tulle, and tied with long white satin streamers, is substituted, but as often as not the bride carries an ivory-bound prayer-book instead of flowers.

Amongst gowns now being completed for weddings to come off early in June is one from a noted Parisian *atelier*. Made of the conventional white satin, it has full sleeves of white velvet, and on the skirt appear two large loose knots of white velvet mingled with orange-blossom. The bodice is rather full and trimmed with pleats of mirror velvet from bust to slender waist. These join at top a circular yoke outlined with pearl embroidery, and below are lost in the ceinture of folded velvet. A tiny bunch of orange-blossom is tucked in to the left side. The bride, a tall, fair-haired girl, is to wear her sunny locks turned back from the face and brought low over her ears forming a graceful knot behind. To this knot her veil will be affixed under a small coronet of orange-blossom. The plain but exquisitely cut skirt is being built with innumerable gored breadths, each outlined by a row of pearls, and finished off by a knot of orange-blossoms.

We give herewith a charming design for a wedding gown that may be carried out in any material or in any two materials preferred. The folds on the hips—now so generally worn—outline a tablier, of which the hem is set thick with the marriage flower. In front of the bodice is a plastron of light and graceful orange-blossom, and each sleeve is banded in by garlands of the same. Such a dainty robe is almost enough to reconcile a New Woman to matrimony. The most advanced of the sex in England has an eye for what is pretty, and leaves to the Antipodean bride

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the incongruous association of veil and wreath with a bifurcated nether garment.

EVENING GOWNS.

At this time of year evening gowns are of paramount importance. So many festivities are either imminent or in progress, so many rivals in the field, that every girl inspects her wardrobe with anxiety. Too well she knows that the modern man is not indifferent to the charms of dress, that he fails to admire beauty unadorned, and that, other things being equal, the damsel costumed by Worth or Felix with an admirable but costly simplicity, will carry off the undecided partner from pretty Miss Country Mouse with her apple cheeks and robe of twice-washed muslin. "Be smart, and you will be happy," says the giver of balls who loves not the dowdy guest, so the question of what is worn at once assumes importance in feminine eyes.

No, my dear sir, it is not because we are particularly vain that we spend time and money on dress. It is because you visit so heavily on us our failure to reach the standard of elegance that you exact. The man of the world, the man of society, likes his partner to do him credit, and what he expects she fulfils.

At present in evening gowns the pendulum swings between huge sleeves and no sleeves at all. I confess that dresses without sleeves always alarm me. The tiny strap of jet or band of velvet seems so insecure that I tremble to see it give way. Happily it usually is stronger than it looks. One of the newest bodices of this kind, a charming confection in black chiffon and purple silk, was run through at the waist with a drawing-string of narrowish purple velvet, forming large loops at each side. A similar but wider drawing-string of purple velvet ran round the neck, and passing over each arm like a bracelet, ended off with a bow. This at least was the effect of the costume, but I do not take it on myself to say that the pretty bands on the white arms were not separate and distinct from the threaded velvet on the bodice, of which they seemed to be a continuation, and that this was not absolutely free from even so slight a pretence of sleeve, and finished just as did the corset beneath it. As if by way of atoning for the want of sleeves, the neck was clasped by a broad band of the purple velvet, with loops at each side, and these, with the smaller loops on the arms and at the slender waist, made a three points that at once caught the eye, and gave a *cachet* to the gown.

DESIGN FOR A WEDDING GOWN.

Velvet, with cut-out patterns, modelled on the richest Renaissance designs, are much worn over a contrasting colour. Stiff conventionalised flowers, such as roses or lilies, are most in favour. These pierced velvets look best perhaps when used only as a trimming, to form a yoke, berthe, epaulettes, or panels. Gowns of coloured velvet are extremely fashionable, and will continue to be worn until the hot weather comes. Golden brown, flame-coloured deep red, and dark green, are the shades chiefly favoured.

The great vogue just now is that of plain black satin, without a scrap of adornment, but we are warned by our cross-Channel neighbours that *il faut que l'allure ait ce grand*

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A NEW SPRING COSTUME. [*By Mrs. C. Rook.*

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air tout parisien, qui remplacent tout. Without this grand air, it seems, there is nothing to distinguish one plain satin gown from another, and how is the woman of taste to endure this want of distinction? Braces of jet are popular, and may be shaped to the figure, and prolonged into stole ends, fringed, and falling low on the skirt.

Dotted silk gauze has to some extent replaced chiffon, and all materials are spangled, beaded, tinselled, and embroidered almost beyond belief. Crystal fringe, hanging from waist to hem, or arranged in vandykes over the hip, is worn. Straps of silver or gold embroidery are largely used in conjunction with gold or silver beads; and light materials, such as mousseline de soie, crêpe de chine, and so on, obtain favour rather than heavier stuffs, especially for wear by girls and young married women. Box-pleated ball skirts of light-coloured silk, dotted with huge *choux* like full-blown roses all down the pleats, are new. Cerise and silver is a favourite combination. Maize-coloured silk, transparent gauze over mauve, the hem draped with a flounce of Honiton lace, looks charming with a pointed bodice of mauve, with two pleated braces of the gauze spreading out like cocks' combs on the shoulders. Fretwork of material over colours is as successful for evening as for day wear if carried out in richer and showier stuffs.

Silks just now are nearly always striped, dotted, or flowered, and bands of ostrich feathers are the trimmings most used in combination with beads and spangles. Ball gowns are usually laced, even if the fastening be invisible. Stout people whose bodices show a tendency to gape at the side near the arm, should desire their dressmaker to prolong the second breast-dart to the armhole, outlining the shape, and pass a drawstring round the low-cut neck to keep the bodice in the required position. Trains are used only at grand entertainments and by persons who do not dance. The newest idea is to wear a bunch of flowers, real or artificial, rather stiffly arranged, to the left side just inside the bodice, so that the leaves actually rest on the skin.

For theatre wear velvet bodices are much used with simple skirts; black, blue, dahlia, green, carnation, and so on, may be chosen.

TEA GOWNS.

Tea gowns are the most delightful and artistic garments that we possess. The newest have a Watteau pleat down the centre of the front. White cloth on thick cream flannel, trimmed with chestnut brown velvet, looks well, or the same may be made with a side panel of straw-coloured accordion-pleated silk. Two shades of mauve, or mauve and pansy-coloured velveteen, look pretty. With tea gowns particularly dainty slippers should be worn of bronze or patent leather, or kid to match the colour of the *déshabille*.

Of tints that harmonise with each other we may name black and pink, black and wallflower, maize and dahlia, blue and straw, black and the shades of purple known respectively as "Ophelia" and "*violine*," hortensia and yellowish ivory, turquoise and ivory white, celadon or very light green with amethyst, pale pink and ruby, pale yellow and pansy, pale pink and Parma violet.

Any good scheme of colouring on a Japanese vase, the shades of bronze or of old ivory, the delicate tints of a shell or a cameo, the tints of a tea rose and its leaves, will afford the most charming suggestions for combinations and contrasts of colour.

Having fixed one's keynote, as it were, in the memory, it is possible working from that to produce the most subtle and delightful harmonies. The point is to match beautiful things exactly, not to be put off with an *à peu près*, and to have a thorough knowledge of the weak points in one's appearance, so as to devise just how the draperies should fall. The result will be that, however simple the materials of which a gown is composed, the wearer will be congratulated on its artistic effect.

Our full-page illustration shows a new spring gown in dove-coloured crêpon. The bodice is of fine cream faced cloth, slashed in front to show puffings of the crêpon. The crinkled under-sleeves are also in crêpon. The puffed epaulettes and folded waistband are of black satin, the waistband being fastened with three paste buttons, while the ruffle around the neck is of black chiffon. The hat is a dove-coloured coarse straw, trimmed with large rosette bows of shot pink and green glacé ribbon, a white osprey plume at one side and a large crinkled silk poppy at the other. The hat has the new high crown with a twist of the ribbon going around the top; two other rosettes are placed at the back just above the hair.

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FROM GRAVE TO GAY.

"THERE are, as I take it, three kinds of literary lovers, as perhaps of others. There are those who only love one or a very few things, and cleave to it or them. Perhaps this is the most excellent way, though I own I do not think so. There are the inconstants who love and who ride away. And there are those who are polygamous, but faithful; that is to say, who constantly add to their loves, but never drop, forget, or slight the old. I boast myself to be of the last."

"*Corrected Impressions*"—SAINTSBURY.

* * *

"TO A FOOLISH WISE MAN.

"The world's an orange—thou hast suck'd its juice;
But wherefore all this pomp and pride and puffing?
Somehow a goose is none the less a goose
Though moon and stars be minced to yield it stuffing."

"*Epigrams of Life, Art, and Nature*"—
WILLIAM WATSON.

* * *

"THE METROPOLITAN UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

"Here were a goodly place wherein to die;
Grown latterly to sudden change averse.
All violent contrasts fain avoid would I
On passing from this world into a worse."

Ibid.

* * *

You may estimate your capacity for comic perception by being able to detect the ridicule of them you love, without loving them less; and more, by being able to see yourself somewhat ridiculous in dear eyes and accepting the correction their image of you proposes."

"*The Comic Muse*"—GEORGE MEREDITH.

* * *

"The common problem, yours, mine, every one's,
Is not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be—but, finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means."—R. BROWNING.

"Feel a stir of fellowship in all disastrous fight."

"*City of Dreadful Night*"—THOMPSON.

* * *

"Genius was written on his brow. He may have written it himself, but it was there."—J. M. BARRIE, *in* "*Better Dead.*"

* * *

"We must never forget that the chief import of Great Britain to the United States is the United States."

CONAN DOYLE.

* * *

"The worst of human maladies are the most transient also—love that is half despairingly, and sea-sickness that is quite so."

"*The New Republic*"—W. H. MALLOCK.

* * *

"I suppose all phases of mere compliment have their turn to be true:
A man is occasionally grateful when he says 'Thank you.'"

"*The Mill on the Floss*"—GEORGE ELIOT.

* * *

"It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles: the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring out."—POPE.

* * *

"Brigham Young has two hundred wives. He loves not wisely, but two hundred well. He is dreadfully married. He's the most married man I ever saw in my life. He says that all he wants now is to live in peace for the remainder of his days, and have his dying pillow soothed by the loving hands of his family. Well, that's all right, I suppose, but if all his family soothe his dying pillow, he'll have to go outdoors to die."—ARTEMUS WARD.

* * *

ON AN INCAPABLE PERSON.

"Fortune advanced thee that all might aver
That nothing is impossible to her."

—R. GARNETT.

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ARE GAS STOVES ADVISABLE?

By Mrs. Humphry.

RE gas stoves advisable? When the coal strike was at its height and coal was 30s. a ton, and wretched, dirty stuff even at that price, I asked the above question of everybody who was likely to know the answer to it.

"Awfully extravagant things," said one. "Most unhealthy," said another. "Your flowers will all die," said a third, one of those lovable people to whom life without flower friends is just a little worth living, but not so much as it might be. All the answers were dead against the gas, so I went on buying bad coal at a huge price, and it went on filling up the grates with rusty cinders and the rooms with a sticky, nasty, floating ash that made everything disagreeable to the touch.

The housemaid complained that she was for ever dusting, and my beloved books and papers were far more eloquent in their silence under a film of coal dust. So one day I paid a visit to the gas inspector, and, being well aware that it was his business, almost his duty, to present gas fires in as glowing and agreeable a light as possible, I carefully discounted in the recesses of my own mind all that he said in their favour, and added on to what he had the fairness to urge against them.

All the time a vision of ever-clean grates and rooms free from dust after the one vigorous application of brush and duster in the morning filled my consciousness, and eventually I gave him the order to put gas stoves on hire from the company in two rooms of our house. I have never regretted the decision. We have had endless comfort out of those stoves. But before I enlarge on this side of the question I must deal with the three objections made by the friends whom I had consulted.

The gas stoves are certainly dearer than coal fires; that is, when coal is at its normal price. I have calculated the expense as equal to about a third as much again. In this way: for those who keep large fires, and reckoning coal at the rate of 24s. a ton, the gas stoves cost 30s. for the same period as the ton of coal would last.

As to the unhealthiness, we have proved very satisfactorily that there is nothing in that. The health of the family is quite as good as it was during the domestic era of coal fires, and, if anything, better. The family temper has much improved, but of that more anon. As to the flowers, they last as long as ever they did, look as lovely, smell as sweet, and are to all appearance as healthy. But then we do not burn gas in our dwelling-rooms as an illuminant, preferring lamps, and the fumes of the stoves escape up the chimney.

I made some reference to the family temper just now. We all rub along fairly harmoniously as a rule, but will you show me the man or woman who likes to come in on a cold, dreary winter's afternoon, and find that the fire has gone out, presenting a black, hopeless visage to the shivering mortal who has hoped for a bright and cheery welcome from spluttering coals, leaping flames, and the glowing, orange-golden heart that a sympathetic, well-conducted fire should display? Are there not recriminations felt, at least, if not uttered? The bell is rung with some sharpness, and the delinquent is rebuked and desired to fetch wood, paper, and matches, and re-kindle the neglected fire.

The gas stove can be turned on in a moment, and in about fifty seconds presents a warm and comfortable aspect, throwing out a better heat than a fire that has been lighted half an hour. It can be turned out when not needed, and if this economy be observed, the expense is largely reduced. There is no carrying up or downstairs of heavy coal-scuttles, or going to the cellar to fill them on snowy afternoons or dark nights.

As to the cleanliness resultant from the adoption of this most convenient sort of heating agent, it is even more than I had expected. The carpets have far less dust upon them than they used to have in the days of coal. The hangings last clean very much longer, and the pictures, brackets, ornaments, and furniture, dusted in the morning, retain their bright polish and air of having been well tended throughout the rest of the day.

Another agreeable immunity incidental to the use of gas stoves is freedom from the visits of the sweep. It is one of those forms of industry, necessary in themselves, which do not carry pleasure in their immediate train.

Who does not know the dreary details of a morning devoted to chimney sweeping? Wakened early by the unearthly yell he

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delivers at the front door, pitched in a wild key to reach the topmost floor, one descends by and by to find the cook in dismal mood, a smell of soot pervading everything, and the whole routine of the household upset. If the maids are up in time to let him in, according to appointment, he is sure to keep them waiting for ever so long in the cold kitchen, and if they are not up in time he is pretty punctual, and has to wait for them to come down. It is pleasant to be able to dispense with his services, as we do, in every room save the kitchen.

As for gas stoves in the kitchen, they simply spell ruin with the average servant. True, they afford an ideal method of cooking; cleanly, compact, and giving a means of graduating heat that cannot be arrived at with any other kind of cooking apparatus.

But the ordinary servant is an extravagant being, and she will keep every one of the jets full on all day long, whether they are needed or not, and the bill sent in for consumption at the end of the quarter will certainly be of the most startling description. It is infinitely regrettable that it should be so, and of course there are exceptionally prudent and considerate servants who can be trusted to deal with gas stoves as carefully and economically as could be desired. I myself know of two, so that, according to the doctrine of averages, there should be many of them.

It is not a bad plan to have a gas cooking-stove set up in a small room, not far from the dining-room, if such can be spared, on which the industrious and capable mistress of the house, or her daughters, can prepare those dainty dishes that should be within the knowledge and capacity of every well-trained woman of the upper middle classes.

Gas stoves in bedrooms are regarded with considerable prejudice by many who have not tried them. A curious coincidence happened in our home some time ago. A sudden thought came to me that if any of us were taken ill, I should like to have one bedroom fitted up with special consideration to rendering it as perfect a sickroom as possible. I had the asbestos in the grate taken out, cleaned, and put back again, the gas fittings seen to, and the position of the bed altered.

One day my sister called, just as I had given the finishing touches to the room, and I said to her: "If any of us should be ill, here is a perfect sickroom," and she agreed with me. Now comes the coincidence. On that very afternoon one of our party came home in a high fever with influenza, and in that room was successfully nursed to convalescence in a week's time.

When the doctor arrived, I inwardly wondered what he would say to the gas fire, and was relieved when he remarked: "How very convenient those gas fires are! Pity they're so expensive!" Most peculiarly convenient are they in a sickroom, where the temperature has to be kept up to a certain degree. When the patient is suffering from nervous ailments or brain fever, the slightest noise often makes a serious difference in his condition, and it is almost impossible to replenish a coal fire without making some sound, to say nothing of the difficulty of noiselessly poking it in order to keep it up to the task of heating the room.

The ninimy-pinimy little bedroom grate with which the usual middle-class house is fitted up is the despair of a good nurse. It is constructed to hold a very small quantity of fuel, and also to allow nearly all the heat proceeding from it to escape up the chimney. It is also often placed so high that it is difficult to get any heat from it down on the floor, so that the feet of both nurse and patient are usually cold.

Now somebody will certainly say that I must hold a brief for gas fires, so strongly have I recommended them. But no! I have no interest in the stoves, or the gas, or the asbestos, and have only recorded my own experiences in these matters. In fact, I have some small faults to find with the gas stoves as supplied by the gas companies. One is that there is invariably a slight escape of gas and consequent smell of the same for a few moments after they are first lighted.

Another objection deals with the position of the bracket with which the front of them is furnished. Were it placed a little higher, so that the heat could get under it, or even on a level with the gas, it would be most useful in keeping hot the water in a brass or copper kettle, and in this way would largely conduce to the comfortable cup of tea. But the bracket is so placed that the kettle resting on it is below the level of the heat, and while the whole side of it is exposed to the full fire, it is certain to burn unless it is quite full. These are matters that could easily be remedied.

I have not noticed any escape of gas or consequent smell in those cases where an open grate is filled with asbestos, and consequently prefer this form of fire for bedroom use.

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[*By St. Clair Simmons.*

A WOMAN'S "NO!"

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THREE MEN AND A BOAT.

MY EXPERIENCES WITH A CAMERA.

By a Lady Amateur.

(With some Awful Examples.)

WHEN I tell you that manias are hereditary in our family I would not have you jump to the conclusion that the head of our genealogical tree —an Irishman, as you will gather from this "bull"—was what the immortal Mrs. Brown would have called a "'armless mumbecile." The manias in question are merely temporary aberrations in the form of blind devotion to some pursuit or hobby, occasionally to an individual of the opposite sex, but that is quite another story, if you will pardon the Kiplingism.

Our hobbies—eagerly adopted, ardently pursued for awhile, then sinking into the cold shades of neglect, and finally forsaken for others—are, I must own, rather trials to the household in general, and our long-suffering mother in particular. For instance, Cyril's rage for carpentering converted his bedroom into a workshop, littered the floor with shavings, caused an eruption of shelves and ricketty three-legged stools all over the house, spoilt our chances of a legacy from grandpapa by leaving a tintack with the business end upwards on the easy chair, and carved the hapless furniture about till there was hardly a table which did not rock or a chair safe to sit down upon. Tom's *penchant* for pet rats nearly sent poor Aunt Susan into a fit during her last visit, when he forgot to shut them up and they were discovered in her bed just as she was about to enter it.

Rosalie's mania for crazy patchwork covered the sitting-rooms with odds and ends of many-hued silk, satin, and velvet and left half-finished pieces on the arm-chairs, with hidden perils in the shape of needles awaiting the unwary. Ernest's chemistry researches kept us in daily terror of being blown sky high without the least warning, poisoned the atmosphere with indescribably awful odours, and inflicted upon the family nightly experiments in the library, which involved a new carpet and the loss of the demonstrator's eyebrows; while Willie's taxidermic pursuits transformed the schoolroom into a chamber of horrors, with unfortunate cats, rats, and other animals in

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process of skinning, and weird skeletons of the lower creation to give one the creeps in the twilight.

I had prided myself on my exemption from the family infirmity, and instead of

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

taking up a hobby was wont to tend the neglected pet animals when their owners' fancy for them had vanished. But the influences of heredity were not to be cheated of their prey, and my fate came upon me on my birthday in the form of a large box and a letter from Uncle Percy, an accomplished amateur photographer, asking my acceptance of a Lancaster ladies' camera, from Birmingham, and set of chemicals, with his best wishes for my success in the hobby to which he was constant ever.

I could hardly eat my breakfast for the desire to investigate the interior of the big box. Cyril's hammer and screwdriver soon opened it, and I went down on my knees and drew out what appeared to be a lady's reticule in black leather, fastened by a tiny clasp on either side at the top. When undone, two flaps fell down revealing the sweetest little camera imaginable, which drew out in the familiar bellows-shape along grooves in the flap, and was furnished on either side with screws to secure it in position when the right focus was obtained. Instead of the usual cap over the lens—of which I used to stand in mortal terror when a child, under the impression that it would go off and shoot me—was an instantaneous see-saw shutter with an india-rubber tube and ball, which, when squeezed, opened the tiny aperture.

After examining the dainty thing I explored the box again, and found three folding legs, which fitted on to a metal tripod at the top, to which the camera was firmly secured by a screw.

"It is a two-guinea camera, and in my opinion a marvel of cheapness," wrote Uncle Percy, "I hope you will do some good work with it. I am also sending you a set of chemicals for developing, toning, and fixing, with full instructions. You are sure to make some muddles at first, but don't be discouraged. Perseverance is the only royal road to proficiency."

In addition to the camera and its folding legs there were delightful little xylonite dishes for the solutions, a red-glass lantern for use in the dark room, a frame for printing, a boxful of ¼-plates, and an exciting paraphernalia of mysterious bottles and boxes, labelled "distilled water," "pyrogallic acid," "solution B," and other strange titles.

It was late that night before I had any sleep. Visions of the majestic photographs, to be produced by my skill and the new camera, flitted before my eyes, and when Nature's sweet restorer at last supervened, I dreamed that I was taking a portrait of the editor of *The Windsor*, and when the great man had assumed the aloft-in-awful-state expression he reserved for amateur poets, and the Ajax-defying-the-lightning pose emblematic of the dignity of his office, I discovered to my horror that I had forgotten the lens, and was forthwith led away by a grimy printer's devil to execution in something lingering with boiling ink in it.

Nothing daunted by this fearsome nightmare, I confidently anticipated the production of photographic *chef-d'œuvres* and already fancied myself H. S. Mendelssohn. However, I determined not to make what Cyril unfeelingly called "a fool of myself" under the scoffing eyes of the boys, so, with camera in one hand and the folded legs neatly strapped together under my arm, I set forth next morning with what the novelette writer describes as "a hard smile of conquest on my crimson lips."

I had carefully studied Mr. Lancaster's book of instructions, and after extinguishing my candle on the previous night, had taken two plates from their cardboard box,

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unwrapped and placed them in the dark slide with the film side outwards, and fastened them in, ready for the next day.

I must own that my unaccustomed fingers could not fit them in till after some fifteen minutes fumbling in the dark, and nearly breaking both, but of course I did not mention this before the boys, who since the advent of the photographic apparatus, had made my life a burden to me by their chaff.

My destination was a tumble-down house in a deserted garden a mile or two from home. Arrived there, I put together my stand, screwed the camera on firmly, and proceeded to focus the subject in what I flattered myself was quite professional style. But somehow, try as I might, I could see no image on the ground glass, and was wondering whether the lens had gone wrong when a voice said:

"Don't move, please, for a second or two. Thank you very much."

I withdrew my touzled head from the focussing cloth and beheld a young man at a little distance with a camera. He had mischievous dark blue eyes with upcurling lashes, a slight moustache and a close cropped head. We stared at each other for a moment, I scarlet in the face with indignation.

"I really beg your pardon. It was an

"TOBY," OUR MONGREL.

unwarrantable liberty," he said, "but you were such an excellent example of how not to do it that I could not resist the temptation. Please forgive me."

"I think you are very rude," I replied.

"Let me make amends by putting your camera right for you. In the first place, the

THINKING OF CAPTAIN JONES.

legs are wrong. You should point one at the object you are photographing and stand between the other two. Besides, your camera is all on one side instead of being perfectly level."

While he was speaking he rapidly readjusted the apparatus, and my indignation had time to cool. He was probably some professional and I might gain some useful hints. The confidence with which I started from home had considerably evaporated, and I did not feel quite so certain that I knew all about photography.

"I was focussing that house when you saw me," I explained, "but there's something the matter, for I could not see any picture on the glass."

He popped his head under the cloth. "No wonder when you haven't opened the shutter," said he, withdrawing it. "Never mind, I made many worse blunders at first. Once I took the camera down to Burnham Beeches and when I had everything ready, found I'd left my slide and plates behind me. I see yours is a Lancaster, like mine. You couldn't have made a better choice. Let me show you some views I took during my summer holiday this year," unfastening a

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pocket-book and handing me some unmounted photographs. "You may like to keep them and they may be a little guide to

FORTY WINKS.

you. When you are focussing, move the screen end of the camera slightly to and fro till you see the picture quite clear and sharp, then tighten the screws, put in your dark slide, withdraw its door, keeping the cloth carefully over to exclude the light, one ray of which would fog your plate, press the india-rubber ball and count the right number of seconds for exposure—of course you have an exposure table for different times of year—let go the ball, replace the slide door, and the deed is done. By reversing the slide you can take a second picture with the remaining plate. Be careful not to expose the same plate twice or you would have another example of 'how not to do it.'"

He really had very nice manners for a professional photographer, and when he apologised for his intrusion, lifted his cap and withdrew, I thanked him with what I considered a dignified blending of condescension and gratitude.

On the way home I dropped in to see Aunt Susan, who sat knitting under the verandah with a shawl hung up behind her to keep the draught off and her bullfinch beside her on a little table. Fired with a sudden inspiration, I asked if she would like her photograph taken.

"It has not been done," she sighed, "since your poor dear Uncle John and I were sitting on Hampstead Heath together, and a dreadful beery man came up and said, 'Take yer with yer young lady, sir, just as yer har fur ninepence,' and there it is on the mantelpiece, and glad I was that we sat for it, as poor John died within two months after."

As I had heard this tale a few dozen times I was unable to convey much sympathy into my countenance and found myself inwardly wondering whether my young photographer's name was John, and whether he went about taking people for ninepence.

"What's the child staring at?" queried Aunt Susan. I had forgotten her completely for the moment.

"I'm going to take your photograph now, and won't charge you anything unless you are anxious to encourage honest industry," I cried, rushing off for my camera.

"Dear, dear, what are girls coming to nowadays?" sighed Aunt Susan plaintively, as I posed her and proceeded to focus my subject. "Poor dear mamma would have fainted with horror had I even suggested careering about the country with a camera."

"We have educated our mothers since

A TWICE-EXPOSED PLATE.

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then," I remarked from under the focussing cloth. Don't shake your head, aunt, but look seraphic and think of Captain Jones."

Captain Jones was the elderly gentleman who lived in the corner house, and was suspected of a tender passion for Aunt Susan.

"Naughty girl!" said she, wagging her knitting needles at me, but she kept still, and, mindful of my photographic friend's directions, I counted the requisite number of seconds, shut the door of the dark slide, and took the precaution of writing down the number of the plate, the subject and length of exposure, before bidding my worthy relative good-bye.

From that moment I had one of the severest attacks of photograph mania that ever made an aspiring amateur a trial to her family and friends. I victimised each member of our numerous household in turn, as well as "Toby" (our mongrel), beggars (to mother's infinite alarm), costermongers (to cook's extreme disgust), Italian organ-grinders (to our next-door neighbour's

COMMON OBJECTS OF THE SEASHORE.

vigorously expressed annoyance), and any picturesque ragamuffin who happened to pass while I was on the look-out for a "subject."

Nothing daunted by an array of failures —subjects out of focus, people with two or three heads, plates hopelessly fogged, others with a centre blur that the boys satirically described as "a treacle pudding in a fog," and ghastly distortions of my female relatives sufficient to fill a Chamber of Horrors —I photographed early and late, in season and out of season, annexing the bathroom for developing, toning, and fixing operations, despite the grumbles of the boys at the array of dishes, bottles, boxes, and negatives which formed a *chevaux de frise* round the bath. At last I bribed Cyril with the promise of a portrait of himself for the latest queen of his heart to put up a couple of shelves for my *impedimenta*, and peace reigned once more.

One of my greatest fiascos happened when Grannie came to stay. My small niece Effie was with us at the time, and one fine bright morning I proceeded to photograph each separately in the garden. I was called away after securing a portrait of Grannie, and when I returned to take Effie I could not remember which plate I had used, the result being that I exposed the same twice, spoilt both plates, and was well laughed at for my pains.

When we went to the seaside I had my revenge on my greatest tormentor, Cyril, for one afternoon, wandering along in search of a subject, I came upon him, engaged in an apparently very interesting conversation with a pretty girl to whom he had been particularly attentive since they first met on the tennis ground. They were too absorbed to hear my approach, and I secured a photograph which I afterwards pinned up over the mantelpiece with "Common Objects of the Seashore" inscribed underneath.

I must own that my initial efforts at developing, toning, and fixing were not attended with the success which I, in the sublime confidence of ignorance, anticipated. How true it is that the possessor of a mere drop of information thinks it a very ocean, and we master a subject only to find out the depths of our own ignorance. Was it not Sir Isaac Newton who compared himself to a child on the shore of the ocean of knowledge?

All this time I had not forgotten the good-looking young photographer. But though I went several times to the deserted garden—not in the hope of seeing him, of course—we had never met again. My heart gave a most ridiculous jump one day at the seaside when a peripatetic knight of the camera suddenly appeared as I sat reading by a boat and told me I should make a "bootiful picter," but his watery eye and nose, suggestive of anything but temperance principles, bore no resemblance to the handsome features of my unknown friend.

One dire catastrophe in the dark room after we returned home made me feel that if he had been there to help me I could have forgiven his audacity in making an "awful example" of my inexperience. I had twelve well-printed photos to tone and fix. Leaving them in what I thought was the toning bath, I reached up to the shelf for

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the bottle of ready-mixed hyposulphite of soda and water for fixing, and found that by mistake I had used the fixing solution first.

"I'll rinse off the soda and they'll be all right," thought I, popping them into a developing dish, and in my flurry, turning on the hot water tap, when to my infinite dismay every trace of image vanished away like the Boojum, and twelve sheets of white paper, emitting a most unpleasant odour, were all that remained of my handiwork.

However, after the next week or two, hobbies gave place to the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, for we were bidden to a ball at the house of Colonel X, an old friend of my father. The glories of my new gown, a delicious creation in white silk and chiffon,

A NEW WAY TO LEARN AN OLD LESSON.

proved potent rivals to my photographic frenzy, and I was quite oblivious of aught save pleasurable anticipation, and the delightful consciousness of looking my best when we entered the ballroom.

I was standing by my mother's side, hurriedly fastening the twentieth button of my left glove when the colonel approached and said:

"Jack, you and this young lady ought to know each other, as you each have the same hobby." Then followed the usual formula of introduction, and I looked up to see in Mr. Jack Bagnold, the colonel's nephew, my young photographer!

"You have not re-photographed that dilapidated house," he said, with a sly twinkle in his eye, as he scribbled his initials on my card.

"How do you know?" I asked. "Have you been there again in search of another 'awful example'?"

"Several times, but it was a case of she cometh not," he said, and as we whirled away over the parquet floor to the intoxicating strains of the Blue Hungarians, I discovered that my photographer could dance as well as photograph, also—and more important—that his step exactly suited my own.

It is not within the scope of this veracious chronicle to detail the exact number of valses against which appeared the initials "J. E. G. B.," on that memorable evening, or the precise length of time—even if I could remember—that we discussed our favourite pursuit under the palms in the conservatory. But from henceforth Jack Bagnold was a constant visitor at our house, and my photographic failures grew fewer by degrees and beautifully less. Some of these I am giving for your admonition. In the one of Uncle Percy enjoying a siesta, his pedal extremities are, as Jack remarked amid the groans of the boys, the most striking *feet*ure, as I had mistakenly planted the camera immediately in front of his boots.

The management of light was a knotty problem, and ghastly were the photographed faces of some of my victims until my mentor showed me how to obviate such fearsome results.

One day, some two months "after the ball," the colonel's nephew had brought his Lancaster "Rover" over, and left it on a garden seat while he adjusted my focus for me.

"I think this will do. Come and look at it!" he said suddenly.

I put my head under the focussing cloth, but he did not withdraw his own, and before I could realise what had happened he had whispered "I have often taken you, in a photographic sense. Will you take me, dear—for better for worse?" His arm stole round my waist and our faces were in delicious proximity, when a chuckle in the rear brought us abruptly back to earth, to behold my brother Ernest doubled up with laughter on the grass, the "Rover" beside him.

"Verily, the photographer is hoist with his own petard. Another awful example!"

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yelled Ernest, holding his sides. "I've got you both fairly on toast," and he held up the "Rover." The wretch had taken a mean advantage of our momentary oblivion of mundane matters and snapshotted us just as Jack was putting his fate to the touch.

Ernest rushed into the house howling with laughter, and Jack took both my hands in his with, "Well, darling, is it yes or no?"

Some negatives were piled on the garden seat. I picked up two and held them out to him.

"What does this mean?" he asked dubiously. "Two negatives! Is it a puzzle?"

"Have you forgotten your grammar?" I enquired saucily. "Two negatives make——"

"An affirmative!" he cried joyously. "You little witch, I'll punish you for keeping me in suspense."

The subsequent proceedings, I may add, were conducted *in camerâ*.

Among our wedding presents was a lovely new Lancaster camera from Uncle Percy, with all the most up-to-date improvements, and a wonderful lens. This, of course, accompanied us on our honeymoon, and with it we secured, besides many other lovely souvenirs of the picturesque spots we visited, a delicate compliment to Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, in "*Three Men and a Boat.*"

Lastly, if you want to be happy though single—or married—try your hand at this most fascinating of hobbies. There is no greater promoter of matrimonial peace and goodwill, for directly Jack sees a frown on my brow he confronts me with the camera, and when he scowls I threaten him with my Lancaster, which, as he remarked the other day—for marriage has not withered nor custom staled his infinite capacity for punning—*lens* enchantment to our view of life.

F. M. S. C.

NEAR HERNE BAY.
(Photographed by Mrs. Jack Bagnold.)

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[*By T. S. C. Crowther.*

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

(*Scene in a London Restaurant.*)

"Nero fiddled while Rome was burning."

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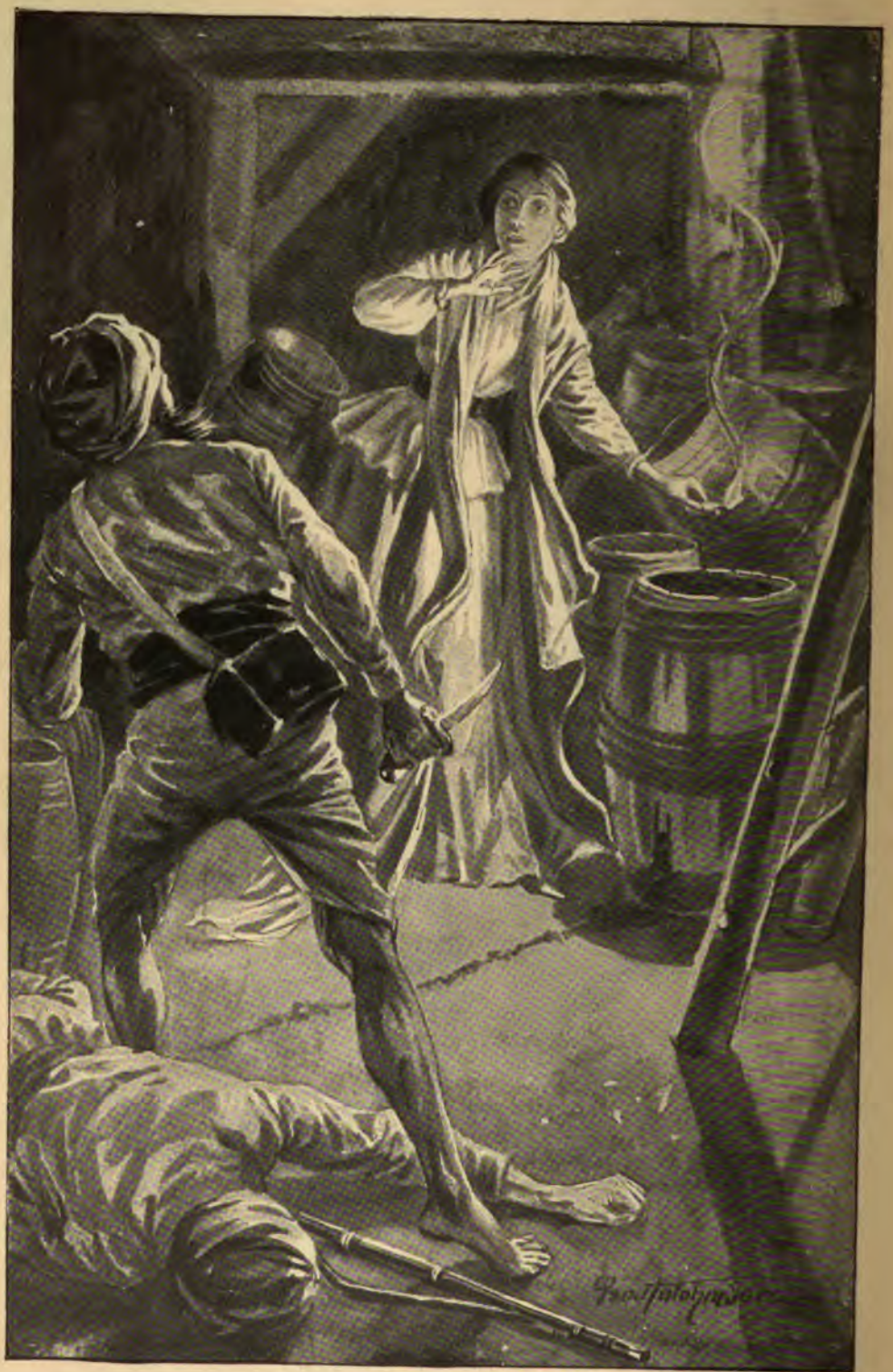

[See "The Luck of the Little Garrison," by Charles J. Mansford, page 498.

"MARGOT HELD THE CANDLE RIGHT OVER THE POWDER."

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Windsor Castle and Home.

Illustrated by Herbert Railton.

NOT even Westminster Abbey holds so large a place in the imagination and the heart of the English people as Windsor Castle. Both are pre-eminently national edifices; both are saturated with the associations of eight glorious centuries; each embodies in its own way a nation's faith and a nation's aspirations; but here similitude ceases. For whilst the Abbey is the home of death, the Castle is the very heart and nucleus of the national life. When the name of Windsor is heard or read, the picture it brings before our mind is not one of historical grandeur or architectural beauty, though neither of these is lacking, but one pre-eminently of Home!

For it has been the privilege of most Englishmen and Englishwomen now living to have grown up in full view, as it were, of a model home at the apex of English society, and illuminated always by the fierce light that beats upon a throne.

The joys and sorrows of our gracious Sovereign have been the joys and sorrows of each individual among us; and while we revere the antiquity of Windsor Castle and admire the perfect taste which marks every corner of our Queen's chief residence, we must perforce feel interested in it, mainly as the scene of that happy domestic life which has, by its beneficent influence, done so much to brighten and purify the life of the nation at large. Such a home may well "seem a model for the mighty world."

And as we have ventured to call our magazine after the chief residence of our Sovereign, in the full conviction that the reading public will recognise in the name of Windsor the very felicity of domestic life, we have deemed it not unfitting to lay before our readers, almost at the outset of our venture, some account of this home of Royalty, and more especially those portions of it which are devoted to the Queen's private use, without of course trespassing on the due reserve that the subject demands.

There are so many ways in which Windsor Castle may be regarded, and such an infinity of interesting features connected with each point of view, that within the limits of a magazine article it is impossible to offer more than a suggestive summary of these attractions. Those who are familiar with the Castle need not be reminded of the indefinite but powerful fascination exercised upon the visitor who falls under the spell of its *genius loci*. Other of our readers who, not so fortunate, have never trod the glades of the Great Park, nor wandered awe-struck through the vast treasure-laden corridors of the Castle, will still be familiar with the many efforts made by art to familiarise the world with Windsor's pictorial beauty.

In the majesty of its situation, dominating the lovely valley of the Thames, in whose translucent waters its picturesque outline is frequently reflected, the Castle stands in truly regal pride, at once a monument and type of the stability of the throne which it contains. It is representative, too, of the varied professions and arts that have made our country what it is. The commanding Round Tower, over which floats the national ensign, reminds us that the palace had a military origin, for though this portion of the building was only commenced by Edward III., it had been preceded by a Norman keep erected by the Conqueror himself, who, however, seems to have intended his small castle as much for the purposes of a hunting lodge as a fort. Edward III. built the tower as a worthy home for his new Order of the Garter, and here was placed the great round

* This article has been revised by Mr. Richard P. Holmes, Her Majesty's Librarian at Windsor Castle, to whom we desire to express our great indebtedness.

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table of those famous knights who held high festival at Windsor, whilst for the religious portion of the ceremonies the King rebuilt the chapel in the Lower Ward, and dedicated it to St. George, the patron of the Order.

But we must not stray into history,

fascinating as are its reminiscences. Suffice it to say that St. George's Chapel, as we know it, is very different from the original small church of "Edward of Windsor," so called from having been born in the Castle. This church, like so many other ecclesiastical edifices of England, owes its present form to the great church-building age of Henry VII. Begun by his predecessor, it was not finished till the reign of Henry VIII. Remains of the earlier work are to be seen principally in the Great or Dean's Cloister, where the walls of the first chapel of Henry III. are preserved. The most notable relic of the work of Edward IV. is the Horse-shoe Cloister, built in the form of the King's badge, the fetter-lock, and a curious example of domestic architecture in a fortress. The visitor to-day, thanks to the wise care of our present Queen, views the edifice in practically its original form, for the disfigurements and obstructions of the intervening ages have been removed, and we see the chapel in all the glory of its first design. Its architecture is in the Perpendicular style, of which it presents a very fine example, whilst the noble dimensions suggest to the admiring spectator the characteristics of a cathedral rather than those of a private chapel. Artists innumerable have done homage to the beauty of the exterior, a noticeable feature of which is that, though the chapel consists of choir and nave, with spacious aisles and transepts, it has no central tower, an omission, maybe, intentional on the part of the designer. For the chapel forms a prominent feature in the outline of the Castle, the appearance of which, by the introduction of the ordinary church tower here, would be quite changed. On the riches of its internal beauty, of stately column and stained glass, ancient banners and noble carving, we cannot here dwell, neither can we attempt to describe the wealth of historic monument and the beauty of its tombs.

But no one can refer to St. George's Chapel without also mentioning the adjoining "tomb-house," founded by Henry VII., finished by the ill-fated Wolsey, and transformed by Queen Victoria into the Albert Memorial Chapel. This occupies the position in relation to St. George's Chapel that the Lady Chapel does to a cathedral. Her Majesty the Queen restored and beautified the edifice as a memorial of her beloved Consort, whose cenotaph occupies a most prominent position near the chancel. Towards the west door is the Duke of Albany's

St George's Chapel.

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memorial, and between that and the Prince Consort's is the sarcophagus of the Duke of Clarence, each surmounted by a recumbent figure of the deceased prince it commemorates. No description can convey any adequate conception of the rich beauty of this marvellous interior, on the adornment of which were ungrudgingly lavished the choicest efforts of art and the boundless resources of wealth. An article devoted to this chapel alone would be insufficient to do justice to its many glories. It need hardly be added that the remains of the Prince Consort do not lie here, but in the beautiful mausoleum at Frogmore, not far distant.

It is, however, to Windsor as the living home of English royalty, and the centre of that gracious influence exerted as much by Her Majesty in her private as in her regal capacity, that we have to devote ourselves. Leaving the details of the outer buildings, we hurry on to that superb suite of state apartments in which Her Majesty appears as Sovereign and at times as royal hostess. These rooms are situated on the first floor of the buildings on the north side of the quadrangle of the Upper Ward. Chief among them is the Waterloo Chamber, on the north side of St. George's Hall. This has been aptly described as the noblest apartment in the Castle. It is, indeed, both a marvel and a museum of art. By day the light enters it from a lantern extending the whole length of the roof, whilst at night it is illuminated by large sunlight gas burners, in connection with which your guide will not fail to inform you that this is the only room in the Castle lit by gas, and perhaps he will add that the gas was introduced on the suggestion of the Prince Consort and completed shortly before the death of that lamented Prince.

Long since that event another change, and a happy one, was made in this magnificent apartment. For it is here that the Queen occasionally witnesses those theatrical performances, ever pleasing to her, but the enjoyment of which, during many years after her great bereavement, Her Majesty denied herself. From the peculiarity of its lighting, the Waterloo Chamber is admirably fitted for the purposes of a picture gallery, and here are to be seen many valuable and historical portraits of sovereigns, generals, and statesmen connected in one way or another with the great battle. They were painted by command of George IV., and by him presented to the nation, the chamber being specially constructed in what was previously an open space called the Horn Court to receive them. The architect was Sir Jeffrey Wyatville. The lower portions of the walls are panelled in oak, the upper portions of the ceiling being richly diapered. In the chimney-pieces and panellings may be traced some of the inimitable carvings of Grinling Gibbons. The pictures are far too numerous for us even to name. Suffice it to say that Shee's portrait of George III. occupies the place of honour on the north wall, supported on either hand by his successors—George IV. by Lawrence, and William IV. by Wilkie. It is interesting here to remember that the very heroes of the battle themselves were often banqueted in this princely hall by the sailor king. Lord Liverpool and Lord Castlereagh, the Duke of Brunswick, the Emperor Francis I. of Austria, Alexander I. of Russia, the Dukes of York and Cambridge, the Duke of Wellington, with Platoff and Blucher, are among the remaining pictures; but the finest portraits in the Chamber are those of Pope Pius VII. and Cardinal Gonsalvi, both by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Every portion of these State apartments teems with art objects. The first room to which visitors are usually conducted is called the Vandyke Room, because all of the works here are from the pencil of the great master who rose so high in the favour of Charles I. There are no fewer than twenty-two of his pictures, including two great paintings at either end of the room, one representing King Charles on horseback and opposite to it the monarch with his queen and two eldest children—the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., and Mary the Princess Royal. Concerning the equestrian picture a story is told of how, in the troublous times that befel soon after it was painted, the monarch's head was cut out by some courtier in order to preserve it, and was only replaced after the Restoration, the head of Cromwell having in the meantime been substituted in order to complete the picture. Leaving these art treasures, we pass to the Zuccarelli Room, which was formerly known as the Queen's State Drawing Room, and is now named after the famous Tuscan painter, nine of whose works are here displayed.

The State Ante-room next claims our attention. This in the olden days was the King's State bed-chamber, and here was shown, up to the beginning of the present century, the bed occupied by Queen Anne.

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Charles II. had used the apartment as a dining-room, which is the reason for Verrio's fine picture on the ceiling "The Banquet of the Gods." To the same circumstance we are indebted for the exquisite carvings of fish, fowl, fruit, and flowers executed by Grinling Gibbons. Next to the Waterloo Chamber is the Throne Room, where in the Prince Consort's time the Queen held investitures of knighthood. Here is to be seen the elaborately carved ivory throne presented by the Maharajah of Travancore. The apartment is richly decorated, and contains choice specimens of cabinet work as well as a number of noble pictures. The Grand Reception Room, upon which it opens, is a glorious apartment, magnificently decorated and hung round with Gobelins tapestry.

Of the adjoining St. George's Hall a whole article might be written. Emblazoned on the walls are the arms of all the Garter Knights since the foundation of the Order. The hall is now occasionally used for State banquets, when the display of the famous gold plate is a sight which no visitor can easily forget. The Guard Chamber is a rich museum of armour, ancient and modern, and possesses relics of many of England's chief heroes, notably of Nelson, of whom a colossal bust by Chantrey stands upon a portion of the foremast of the *Victory*. You see it in front of the south window, surrounded by war trophies of the Crimea and India. Then there are two remarkable armchairs, the first made out of an elm tree which grew on the field of Waterloo, and the other from an oaken beam of "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," the immortal scene of the witches' revel in "Tam-o'-Shanter." The Queen's Presence Chamber and the Audience Chamber complete the apartments usually shown to visitors. They are alike in the painted ceilings of Verrio, the rich Gobelins tapestry, and fine historical paintings. And after them we come to the private apartments which constitute the Queen's real home.

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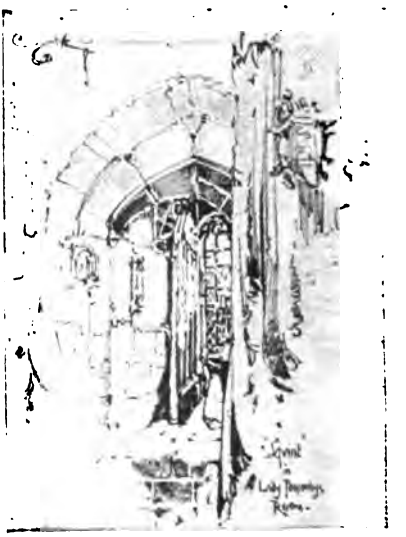
The Queen's rooms occupy the east and

south sides of the quadrangle of the Upper Ward. They are shown only to very few visitors, but those who are honoured in this way quickly recognise the special influence

of Her Majesty's taste in the manner of their decoration and in the details of their furniture. Alike in the matter of art and of architectural arrangements, these rooms can favourably compare with the more public halls of this regal residence. But they are, of course, more representative of the personality of Her Majesty, and of the crowded events of her glorious reign. In short, we have here illustrated in a thousand ways the life of the Queen and the mother. At the very entrance to the suite we notice in the corridor vestibule the pathetic memorial sculpture of the Queen and the Prince Consort executed in life-size by the sculptor Theed. The figures are attired in the Saxon garb of the ninth century, Her Majesty wearing a rich mantle, with a diadem on her head; the Prince also in a mantle so arranged as to display his figure to advantage. Their attitude and expression suggest the tender affection existing between them; their left hands being clasped, the Queen's right hand resting on the Prince's shoulder, whilst the Royal Consort is pointing upward with his disengaged hand. The pictures in the Grand Corridor, into which we immediately pass, mainly deal with incidents in Her Majesty's life. They include Sir David Wilkie's canvas of her First Council, Sir George Hayter's paintings of the Queen in her Coronation Robes, of her Marriage, and of the Christening of the Prince of Wales. Other pictures show the marriage of the Princess Royal (Empress Frederic), of the Prince of Wales, and of other members of the Royal Family, the series being continued by Chevalier's painting of the Queen and Royal Family on their way to St. Paul's for the Thanksgiving service on the recovery of the Prince of Wales from his dangerous illness, and Lockhart's striking picture of the Jubilee Thanksgiving at Westminster Abbey. These, of course, are but a few of the many art treasures the corridor contains, treasures not only of painting but of sculpture and of the rarest cabinet work.

Standing here, amidst all the varied riches of the place, the visitor cannot fail to admire the marvellous judgment of the architect, Wyatville, who, overcoming great difficulties in modifying the ancient structure, provided the Royal apartments with so ample and beautiful a means of access, without in any way interfering with their essential privacy. The corridor, in fact, runs the whole length of these two sides of the Castle. It is sixteen feet in width, and had it but been provided with an arched roof of glass it would have been the most magnificent thing of its kind in the world. The ceiling, however, though somewhat low, is in keeping with the general



design, and its richly gilt and diversified centres add to the general wealth of decoration which is so impressive. The upper part of the walls is hung with pictures, whilst along the lower portion are cabinets

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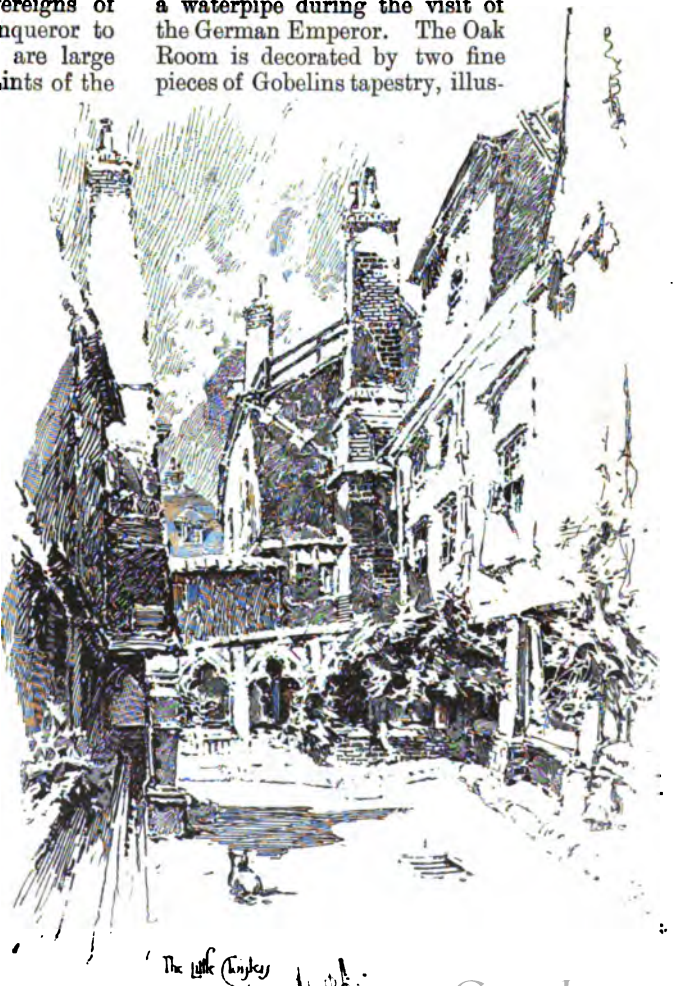
and furniture of rare beauty and great variety. There are, too, many priceless mementoes, not one of which, however, surpasses in interest the well-worn Bible of General Gordon, treasured by the Queen's command, in a richly enamelled casket of rock-crystal of seventeenth century work.

From the corridor we quickly reach the Queen's Private Audience Chamber, an apartment which is justly considered the gem of the whole palace. Over the door an inscription informs us that "This chamber was altered and decorated under the superintendence of H.R.H. the Prince Consort, in the 24th year of the reign of Queen Victoria." The lower part of the walls is panelled with satin-wood richly inlaid with other ornamental woods, and above, the wall is stencilled with the devices of the Order of the Garter. In the domed ceiling are medallion portraits of the sovereigns of England from William the Conqueror to Queen Victoria, and over these are large medallions of the four national saints of the United Kingdom. The upper wall panels bear portraits by Gainsborough of King George III. and his family, and pictures of Her Majesty's children by Winterhalter, whilst below the pictures hundreds of choicest enamels are let into the woodwork, giving the faces of Royal and illustrious persons from the time of Henry VII. to the present day. The royal collection of gems exhibited at South Kensington Museum in 1862 stands on richly carved and gilt cabinet tables on either side of the entrance, whilst on a table in the window recess is a bust of the Prince Consort carved in one solid piece of ivory.

The Royal Dining Room is the principal apartment in the Prince of Wales's Tower, at the north-east angle of the Castle. Its Gothic furniture was designed by Welby Pugin when he worked with Sir Jeffrey Wyatville. A feature of the apartment is the enormous punch-bowl in silver gilt, designed by Flaxman for the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. The bowl is formed of giant shells, beneath which are modelled submarine rocks with great limpets clinging to them, whilst corals and various sea-shells are on the foot of the bowl. An enormous ladle, also in the form of a shell, lies in front. The bowl, which weighs many thousand ounces, has two handles, one in the shape of a lion and the other of a unicorn. The room is decorated in white and gold with crimson hangings. The doors are ornamented with Chippendale work, and it was here, in the Jubilee year, that the numerous dinner parties took place. After theatrical performances in St. George's Hall, the Royal Party take supper here, but on ordinary occasions the Queen dines in the Oak Room overlooking the quadrangle. We should mention in connection with the large dining-room that it has within the last fifty years suffered severe damage both by fire and water, the fire occurring in 1853 and the flood in 1891, caused by the bursting of a waterpipe during the visit of the German Emperor. The Oak Room is decorated by two fine pieces of Gobelins tapestry, illus-



The Little Chimney

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trative of the touching classical story of Meleager and Atalanta, and presented to the Queen by King Louis Philippe. Opposite the door is the landing place from the Royal staircase, where may be seen the beautiful marble statue of Edward VI., by Baron de Triquetti, which was greatly admired when exhibited in the International Exhibition in 1862.

Next to the Private Audience Chamber is the Queen's sitting room or boudoir, in the Victoria Tower, with windows command-

ing views of the south front of the Castle and southward over the park. The furniture is in crimson and gold damask, as the Queen's tastes still favour the fashions which prevailed in the lifetime of her Consort. The walls are adorned chiefly with family pictures, and every available space upon cabinet, table, and mantelpiece (and even upon the piano) is covered with miniatures and photographs, together with various presents given to the Queen by her children upon birthdays and other occasions. The chairs are exquisitely wrought in Beauvais tapestry, whilst a special low chair of very beautiful design was a gift to Her Majesty by a private lady.

There are a number of Drawing Rooms designated by the prevailing colour of their designations, such as the Green, the Crimson, and the White Rooms. In the last mentioned Her Majesty now usually holds her councils and investitures. Its furniture is in damask of crimson and gold on a white ground. Portraits of the Queen and the Prince Consort, by Winterhalter, occupy the panels on either side of the fireplace. In the Green Drawing Room, which communicates with the last apartment, green silk damask supplies the prevailing tint. In cases round this room are preserved many exquisite specimens of porcelain, amongst them being the entire service made for Louis XVI.; the finest perhaps ever executed at Sèvres, and bought after the French Revolution by George IV. when Prince of Wales.

In the Crimson Drawing Room satin of this hue covers the walls and furniture. The pianoforte at which Her Majesty received her first instruction in music is treasured here. The carvings and pictures too are of remarkable beauty. It is said that the late Sir John Cowell, as Master of the Household, proposed to refurnish these apartments in more modern style, but the Queen at once refused to hear anything of such a change. Her Majesty, however, permitted the introduction of the electric light, which is fitted here, and also in the Library, which occupies a range of apartments at the N.W. angle of the Upper Ward. These rooms are the latest additions to the building, and were erected by Henry VII. and Queen Elizabeth. They connect the old work of Edward III. with the Norman Gate originally built by Henry II. This, formerly the guard-room and prison, is now a part of the residence of the Queen's private secretary. In the small turret of the Tudor building, overlooking the North Terrace, Queen Anne received the news of the victory of Blenheim. The Library consists of about 100,000 volumes, but its chief treasure is the collection of miniatures, prints, and drawings by the great masters, which is of incalculable value.

The Queen's private Chapel adjoins St. George's Hall, the organ in the gallery of which supplies the music. The Royal closet faces the pulpit, and special pews are provided for the members of the family and the

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Norman Gate and Library

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household, and for the domestic servants. The style here is Gothic, and the work is in

harmony with much of the remainder of the Castle. There is a beautiful stained-glass window in the east end, and on the walls are memorials of some of the Queen's trusted servants, including Sir Thomas Biddulph and the ever-lamented Dean Stanley. In a small retiring room adjoining the Chapel are various historic portraits, including the only known original pictures of Henry V., Henry VI., Edward IV., and Richard III. Also Holbein's sketch of the witty Duchess of Milan, who declined the honour of being made Queen of England as wife of Henry VIII., on the ground that she had "only one neck." You notice a little old-fashioned gilt clock on a bracket. This, too, is a reminder of the Eighth Harry. It was his wedding gift to the hapless Anne Boleyn.

And here we leave the Queen's home. Not one-half of its glories have been told. It is not our business, or our desire, to pry into rooms which in any other house would be sacred to personal or family use. This may be the object of the new journalism, but it is not ours. We may, however, have said enough to convey, with the helpful art of the illustrator, some notion of what Windsor Castle is like to those who have not seen it; at any rate, we may have aroused in their minds a desire to visit it at the earliest opportunity, and if this be the case, we are sure that they will hereafter thank THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE for a rare and memorable treat.

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THE LUCK OF THE LITTLE GARRISON.

By Charles J. Mansford,

Author of "Shafts from an Eastern Quiver," etc.

Illustrated by Geo. Hutchinson.

"MAFFERTY," said Captain Cornwallis, "come here. I've something more exciting for you to do than picking off Sepoys from that loophole."

Private Mafferty, who had been engaged for several hours of the afternoon in firing at the Sepoys who were trying to get within the stockade of the outpost, went to where the captain sat at a rough table, twisting up a note which he had hastily written.

"Take this," continued Cornwallis, "and if you have the luck to get to my house alive, give it to my daughter. I don't think we can hold out against the Pandies for more than a few hours at most, and she may as well be here to put a pistol to her own head when these mutinous rascals take Lucknow as to be where she is, unconscious of the turn affairs have taken."

"I'll bring her here, captain," answered Mafferty, as he took the note and saluted; "as shure as I'll give a taste av me baynit to the first snaky Sapoy as thries to get the better av me mother's son."

Mafferty put the note into his pocket and then made his way down the staircase and into the street.

The little garrison which Captain Cornwallis commanded consisted of a mere handful of British troops, together with a few volunteers, the entire number, inclusive of Mafferty, being only twenty men. The outpost itself was the most advanced of the five which guarded the Residency position, and was merely a house, situated on the Cawnpore Road, defended by a couple of ditches, a mound, and a stockade. All that day, and for many days before, the outpost had resisted every effort of the rebellious "Pandies" to capture it, and that in spite of the fact that two walls of the house were almost riddled by shells from an eight-inch howitzer.

Captain Cornwallis, having despatched Mafferty on his perilous message, took up the private's position and, with words and example, cheered on the hard beset garrison.

Private Mafferty reached the house to which he was bound, and which was only some three hundred yards distant from the outpost, without mishap. When the door at which he knocked was opened he encountered there one Monsieur Giraud, who did not appear to be best pleased at sight of Mafferty.

"Is the outpost so well guarded that it can do without your help, Mafferty?" Giraud asked.

"It isn't that, sor," replied Mafferty, who knew Giraud had undertaken to keep guard over Cornwallis's residence, having been posted there by the captain to an office very much to his liking; "it's not that, sor, at all, but the captain thinks it's our last day of houlding out, and it's reasonable like that he wants Miss Margot to be near, so as he can see the last av her onst the last rush is made. I've a note for her."

Giraud's face visibly brightened.

"Give it to me, then," said he, "while you keep guard here; I'll carry it up to her, and then we can both return with her to the help of our comrades."

Mafferty, who was no ladies' man, and who was glad to hand the paper over, passed it to Giraud, who took it and disappeared within the house.

Private Mafferty stood before the closed door for some time, then as no one came he ventured to rap with the butt of his musket. No answer was returned. Mafferty knocked harder. Still no notice was taken. Alarmed at this, and conscious that his long absence from the outpost would cause Captain Cornwallis uneasiness, the private thrust the butt of his musket with all his strength against the door. The lock gave way and, bounding up the stairs, Mafferty called out, but no reply came to him. He went from one room to another in consternation to find on the second floor that a great gap had been made in the wall between the house and the next. Wandering all through this second house, Mafferty found that it was also deserted, and at last reluctantly made his way downstairs and out of the house.

Where was Giraud, he wondered, and, above all, what explanation was he to offer Cornwallis for the disappearance of the captain's daughter?

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As he went along the narrow street, Mafferty saw a body of Hindoos intent on loot and, to avoid them, he re-entered the house from which he had emerged, went upstairs, passed through the gap once more, and made his way down the stairs, intending in this way to get into the next narrow street to the one which the two houses separated. Before he got down the stairs Mafferty saw coming up them another party of looters. Without a moment's hesitation the private uttered a prodigious shout,

"Mafferty went and sat down."

summoning a body of imaginary companions to his help, while the looters, deceived at this, turned tail and fled from the house, Mafferty dashing close after them and yelling defiance. His zeal outstripped the private's precaution, for he had chased the party of Pandies half way down the narrow, long street when one of the latter chanced to turn round. He saw the state of affairs, and, Mafferty's ruse being discovered, the looters turned round and made an ugly rush at the British trooper. Mafferty became sufficiently discreet to turn round too, and to show his pursuers a very clean pair of heels. He reached the outpost in safety, where a storm of bullets from the loopholes covered his retreat as he crossed the ditches and mound. The door was hastily unbarred, and on his admittance firmly barred again. The roused fanatics made two or three desperate attempts to carry the stockade, but several of them bit the dust, whereupon the rest withdrew.

As soon as Mafferty got upstairs among the defenders of the outpost, the first man his eyes fell upon was none other than the volunteer Giraud.

Apparently the Frenchman was assisting in the defence, while upon the floor Captain Cornwallis lay dead, splinters of a recently burst shell showing what had happened.

"Perhaps you'll be tellin' me, sor, where Miss Margot is?" said Mafferty, as he glanced round the room and failed to discover her. "And, like as not, you'll tell me why me mother's son was left to whip or be whipped by a score av Pandies, without your lave or help?"

"The message from the captain came too late," said Giraud. "When I got upstairs I found to my surprise that Margot had disappeared, and a gap in the wall explained clearly enough that she had been carried off by some of the rebels, as a good many white women have been lately. I was coming back to you, when some looters entered the house and I had to get off as well as I could. I have only been here a few minutes, and, as it was, I had a narrow escape."

"You didn't seem to be particularly hurried by the mutineers who were in your company, I must say, Giraud," said the officer who was then in charge; "for my part, I thought they were so friendlily disposed to you that you were bringing them to our help."

Giraud bit his lip, but made no reply to this. He went to one of the loopholes and assisted in the independent firing which was going on at the outpost.

Mafferty, who had been for some years in India, and who could both speak in, and imitate the tones of, the native lingo, took his own post up again, and seemed to be preternaturally occupied in the defence, although in reality he was watching the purposely bad firing of Giraud, and convincing himself thereby that the

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Frenchman meant no good to the brave defenders.

"By the howly mither, that's the third I've bowled over, manin' eight misses and three bullseyes, which might be imphroved upon," Mafferty was saying, when the officer in command, Lieutenant Walton, went towards him and said:

"Mafferty, I want to speak to you, come over by the table."

Obedient to orders, Mafferty went and sat down so that his face was towards Walton, and his back to Giraud, who, try as he did, failed to overhear any part of the conversation.

"They're giving us a little respite, just now," began Walton; "I thought I saw Cornwallis give you a note to take to his daughter; what became of it?"

"I guv it to that spalpeen yonder to deliver, worse luck," said Mafferty, nodding his head at the man behind.

"Did you read it?"

"I couldn't resist that same," Private Mafferty confessed.

Walton brightened up at this. "What were the exact words; do you remember them?" he asked.

"*The worst has come; trust yourself entirely to bearer*," answered Mafferty. "I thought that Mossoo Giraud was for us, and not agin us, or I'd 'a' burnt the paper, or swallowed it, afore his fingers should have closed on it," added the disconcerted trooper.

"Well, tell me, don't hesitate, what do you make out of the affair? You know, we are all in love with Miss Margot, down to the very drummer-boy; if there is any foul work going on, we must try to thwart it, though how I'm to help in that is more than I can conjecture, seeing that duty coops me up here."

"It's thrue we're all in love with Miss Margot," assented Mafferty, "and I think I know the perticler one av us she's selected to love back, which ain't meself, worse luck, as ye may know, lieutenant."

"You'd run *any* risk if you thought by doing so you could save Miss Margot?" pursued Walton.

"I'd turn Pandy or anythink else, sor, to save her for you."

Walton caught the private's hand:

"I'd never ask you what I'm going to ask if duty did not hold me here," he said. "There's one thing to be said; by following out my plan, you may save your own life, if you have luck, which is more than one of us here will do, I fancy."

"That's to be seen. But there, spake and I'll obey, sor. I've nivir bin disrespec'ful to me shuperior officer yit, and it's too quare a toime for me to be so now. Send me to bring Miss Margot back, an' I'll do it this toime, or I'll drop from a Pandy bullet."

"Listen to me, then," said Walton. The two men sat whispering together for some minutes, then Mafferty disappeared down the stairway. Five minutes afterwards a Sepoy went by the outpost, carrying an undoubted British musket; but that was nothing unusual for a Pandy to have at that time. One thing was clear. As he went along the Cawnpore road the firing from the loopholes ceased for a minute.

Private Mafferty was by no means displeased with his own skill in converting himself into an unsuspected Sepoy, while the risk he ran each minute of detection under his disguise only added fresh zest to the dangerous nature of the task he had undertaken.

Through the streets and alleys of Lucknow the disguised trooper went, into bazaars, opium dens, into houses that were being looted, and all with one purpose in view—to discover what had become of Margot Cornwallis. He chatted gaily with fat Chetties and fair-complexioned Moodeliars; he mixed with shopkeepers, whose bodies, naked above the waist, sorely tempted him to try his bayonet upon them; while well-clad Mohammedans, in gay turbans and silk attire, stopped to praise him for his theft of a Ferringhee musket, and to wish him luck in Allah's name when he turned the weapon against the English.

Try his utmost, as Mafferty did, the day had grown late before he got any news of the one he was seeking.

Two women were gossiping under the shade of some tulip trees, and, squatting down in native fashion near them, Mafferty heard some details of the "mem sahib," and of the place to which she was bound. Judging from the scraps of conversation he heard, and piecing them together, it was evident Monsieur Giraud had used the paper he got from Mafferty to good purpose. Margot Cornwallis had accompanied him willingly to the house of a wealthy Hindoo, where she at present was. At night she was to be taken, as she understood, out of Lucknow, to be received by friends prepared to hide her till all danger of the mutiny was past. Giraud, honest man, was in league with the mutineers, who were helping on his plans in return for his services as a spy.

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To find the house where the unsuspecting prisoner was Mafferty knew would be useless, so he contented himself with making his way to the city gate and watching what should happen.

Night came upon the besieged city, and the dull roar of the cannon ceased. The men in the outposts took it in turn to stretch themselves in sleep upon the bare planks of the floor, while the others kept watch as best they could, in case any night attack might be meditated. The excited throngs of Hindoos and Mohammedans filling the streets were disappearing; only here and there, where some fanatic hand had fired a European residence, could signs of the siege be seen.

"The trooper rose and struck down with the butt end of his musket one of the Hindoos."

It was a hot, close night, and Mafferty was half dozing at his post, when he saw a jutka, a kind of box upon wheels, pass out of the city. There were three occupants within it, two Hindoos with apparently a Hindoo woman, who was closely veiled, between them. The conveyance was drawn by two horses, while several natives walked beside, on either side of it. When he thought it safe to do so, Mafferty rose and sauntered slowly on. His disguise was so complete that he ventured to draw near to the party, and eventually went on side by side with one of the Hindoo guard, from whom he learnt their real destination, which accorded with what the Hindoo women had said. Once this was obtained, the trooper complained of fatigue, and began to lag behind. As soon as he was out of sight he took a *détour*, and ran forward with all speed. Finding a suitable spot, Mafferty scooped up the sand until he had made a hole sufficiently large for his body to lie in. He then lay down in it and drew the sand over himself, so that it was impossible for him to be detected by night as he lay hidden there.

Private Mafferty had so well calculated the route of the jutka, for he had been over the route many times during his service in India, that it passed him soon after, and within a few yards of where he lay concealed.

When the jutka was twenty yards ahead the trooper raised his musket and fired in the air, at the same time uttering a loud cry in Hindoo for help. The Hindoo guards ran to the spot whence, as they thought, the cry for succour had come, but could see nothing. No sooner had they given up the search, and gone on, than the musket was again fired, and a louder cry still raised for

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help. The Hindoos ran helter skelter to the spot, as near as they could judge, and after failing once more to find the one who called for their aid, were at last standing together, discussing their bearings, when, to their complete astonishment, out of the earth itself rose a Hindoo who fired his musket full at them, and before they could recover from their surprise, the man dashed on ahead, leapt into the jutka, flung the two Hindoos who were there out of it, and, seizing the reins, lashed the horses till they dashed desperately onward, the outwitted Hindoos following after.

"That Mossoo Giraud desaved ye," Mafferty found time to whisper into Margot's ear; "but for the ability of Lieutenant Walton, the shmartest man as iver eyes was clapped on, ye'd be Giraud's pris'ner as ye was, till I set ye free a minit since, by carrying out hinstructions that a baby couldn't have failed in. As to me attire, be aisy now, I've me own proper shute at the outpost, and it's there we're going if the Pandies don't prevent."

Hitherto it had, after all, only been conjecture on Mafferty's part that the woman he had gone to rescue was really Margot, but from the circumstances he had judged it was she, and when she spoke the trooper found he had guessed rightly.

The Hindoos following behind raised a shout that was heard some way off, and Mafferty, to his consternation, saw a number of forms rising in the gloom before him to bar the way. Instantly he turned the horses about, and headed them right at the Hindoos whom he had tricked. As the animals dashed on, the trooper rose and struck down with the butt of his musket one of the Hindoos who had seized hold of the side of the jutka.

Quick as the horses galloped, the Hindoos had no intention to be outdistanced, and for some considerable time they ran behind at full speed, while Mafferty leant forward and cheered the horses on to greater speed.

Two miles from Lucknow the pursuers gave up the chase and were soon lost in the darkness of the night. The trooper did not think it advisable to make direct for the town, but when he thought a safe distance lay between the Hindoos and the jutka, he dismounted and assisted Margot to do likewise. The two then loitered about till the day dawned, when together they went towards the great gate of Lucknow. It was closed!

A Sepoy, who was passing, observed them. Margot's face was completely hidden by her veil except her eyes. The Sepoy, who noticed that the woman was taller than are those of Hindoo extraction, at once grew suspicious.

"You are out early," he said. "Pretty faces should not be too closely veiled."

"Would you have me break the command of the gracious Mahomet by unveiling in public?" asked Margot. "Though the Ferringhees oppress us, are we not to be true to Allah and the Koran?"

The Sepoy, believing then that he was speaking to a Mohammedan woman, said no more on the subject, but turned to Mafferty:

"You are too late to enter Lucknow, the gates were closed at midnight, for the Ferringhees fear a strong force of ours is on its way to root them out. That is so, but we need no gate by which to enter. There is a better way."

Mafferty, eager to learn the enemy's plans, asked with apparent indifference:

"What other way have we to get into the town save by the gate?"

"Come and I will show you," answered the Sepoy, and he led them to where stood the remains of a house that had been shelled by the garrison, occupying what was known as the "Post Office."

Following close behind the Sepoy, Margot and the disguised trooper found themselves passing down a flight of rough stone stairs and then into a tunnel, from which the earth had been excavated. In various places the ceiling was propped up with beams, while along the whole of the passage was laid a thick train of powder.

With every sense strained to the utmost, the two followed the Sepoy, who carried a lantern, until a considerable distance had been traversed, when they reached, finally, a cellar some thirty feet square. A ladder slanted to its centre and led to a trap-door which opened into the room above, where the sound of voices could be distinctly heard. The whole cellar was piled high with barrels of powder, except the space near the ladder. A single barrel of powder stood there, and against it the Sepoy negligently leant.

Mafferty, to his great astonishment and alarm, realised that the cellar was one that he had seen before, for it ran beneath the outpost from which the day before he had started on his search for the missing Margot.

"We have every outpost of the Ferringhees undermined," said the Sepoy, with a laugh of satisfaction; "they blow us from guns, but we will blow them from their own houses!"

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Mafferty communicated his discovery to Margot, who, in spite of herself, uttered a stifled cry. The Sepoy, with all his former suspicion returned, without giving a sign beforehand of what he intended to do, suddenly caught hold of Margot's veil, and tore it from her face.

The trick was discovered, for Margot's face had not been stained in any way, and there before the Sepoy stood, as he plainly saw, a "mem sahib!"

In a moment he drew the knife which was in his belt and flung himself upon Mafferty, who was taken by surprise, and thrown down on his back, with the Sepoy's knee planted upon his chest. Mafferty managed to get from beneath his assailant, and in spite of a bad wound he had received, he struggled might and main with the Sepoy. The trooper had even got above his foe, when down from its position, disturbed by the scuffle, no doubt, came a heavy barrel. It struck Mafferty's head, and, releasing his grasp of the Sepoy, the trooper lay there unconscious.

The Sepoy, getting from beneath his still adversary, made towards Margot, who had meanwhile broken the lamp, and was holding the short candle end in her hand.

"Back, back!" she cried; "touch me but with a finger and I will fling the candle into the powder."

The Sepoy saw that the candle was within a few inches of the barrel, which stood by the ladder, and, having no wish to be destroyed at the hand of a woman, he stood irresolute. Margot saw her advantage, and acted upon it.

"Go up the ladder and open the trap-door," she commanded, pointing to it with her disengaged hand. The Sepoy refused. Margot held the candle right over the powder.

"Go, and at once, or——"

"Fate is against me," answered the Sepoy. Sullenly he went up the ladder and flung the trap-door open, to be immediately seized by one of the little garrison.

Down the ladder swarmed several troopers, Lieutenant Walton leading the way.

To everyone's surprise they found only a white woman there, while upon the stone flags lay Mafferty disguised as a Hindoo.

Margot's strange tale was told, and the little garrison learnt that a woman's courage had saved them. Margot was indeed the luck of the garrison.

The entrance to the mine was promptly destroyed, and the handful of men continued to hold the outpost till the day when all the British were withdrawn into the Residency, to wait for the relief that Havelock brought.

Giraud, honest fellow, before he was shot as a traitor, confessed that he had planned the carrying off of Margot and the undermining of the outpost.

Long after, when the siege of Lucknow was a thing of the past, Margot and Lieutenant Walton were married, while Mafferty, in the barrack-room, was given to relating how the lieutenant insisted on his being best man at the wedding, and how well everything went on that memorable occasion.

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SCOTLAND YARD.

THE DETECTIVE IN REAL LIFE.

By "Alfred Aylmer."*

SINCE Edgar Allan Poe first invented "Dupin" and the analytic method of solving criminal mysteries, the detective, both professional and amateur, has been a prominent personage in fiction and on the stage. He has been made the central figure of innumerable novels and plays; he is often the hero and protagonist, the pivot on which the plot hangs. He may be the chorus, but more often he is the god from the machine, the agent impassive and impartial of avenging fate.

He is always a favourite with reader and audience, whether he is called Hawkshaw, or Captain Redwood, Grice, Stanhope, Van Vernet, Père Tabaret, or Monsieur Lecocq. There were numbers who mourned the tragic death of Sherlock Holmes as though they had lost a dear friend, and now a fresh and nearly as keen an interest is being aroused in "Martin Hewitt, Investigator," the latest, quite one of the best, creations of the kind.

Yet it may be doubted whether imagination has outdone reality, whether fiction is equal to fact, whether the ideal is as interesting or even accurately resembles the real detective officer. No detective stories are stranger than the personal records and reminiscences of the men themselves.

Vidocq's astounding adventures, the memoirs of Canler, Claude, and Macé are less high coloured, but more impressive than any detective romances. The same

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superiority may be claimed for authentic portraiture as compared with the many imaginary characters so freely invented of late. A picture taken from life cannot but possess a certain truthfulness. It may possibly caricature, exaggerate, even mislead—so do photographs; but they are still the real thing, not fancy-drawn sketches, and must exhibit some actual phase in the aspect of the sitter.

As I have come across a good many detectives from time to time, both in public and in private, on official business and in private intercourse, I propose to set down some account of them as I have known them and seen them at work. It may be necessary to speak of some under pseudonyms; where they are still serving it might not be always discreet to mention the real name. The same reserve need not apply to those who have gone over to the majority or retired from active duty.

This latter is the condition of M. Macé, the former well-known head of the Parisian *police de la sûreté*, or detective police of Paris. M. Macé achieved some sensational and extraordinary triumphs in detection, and his first, when still but a police commissary in one of the out quarters, gave an earnest of his future usefulness.

M. GORON
(*Late Chef de la Sûreté*).

It was in the case of the murder of an old man named Linotte, who lived alone and was not actually missed until the discovery of certain dismembered limbs aroused suspicion. M. Macé, on forcing an entrance to his rooms, saw at once that although uninhabited they were visited daily, because a cuckoo clock was going, and it was a clock that must be wound up every twenty-four hours. Later in the inquiry he localised the spot where the murder and dismemberment had taken place by emptying a decanter on the floor and finding that it gradually dried everywhere except in one place, which was still damp with the blood effused by the victim.

It was my good fortune to be thrown a good deal with M. Macé once, and I remember him and some of his methods well. In appearance he was a small, fair man, with a mild, thoughtful eye, a soft voice, and a gentle, unassuming, and yet persuasive manner. He might have been an inventor or a mathematician, possibly a schoolmaster, for he was a little pedantic, and liked to put one right with one's French whenever idiom or pronunciation went astray. His favourite costume was the decorous suit of black and the white tie of the French officer of justice. There were times when he assumed disguise, and he could do it with the best, but disguises are much less used by detectives than is commonly supposed. There have been several successors to M. Macé, but none have outshone him in detection. M. Goron, who till quite recently occupied the post, was a man of a different type, more showy, perhaps, a rapid talker, fond of gesture and of dramatic effect. M. Goron did excellent service in his time, especially against the Anarchists, but he has now left the Prefecture, and resumed the duties of a police commissary.

M. Macé was an indefatigable worker; at his office—in those days, in a corner of the Palais de Justice—early and late, coming generally at 7 a.m., and remaining often till 10, 11, even 12 o'clock at night, unless he was called away, for it is the rule in Paris when any great crime has been committed to summon the *chef de la sûreté* without delay, and the chief himself, for obvious reasons, is anxious to be early upon the scene of the catastrophe.

But otherwise he seldom left the Palais except to go home, where he always took his meals—as a rule a short hour for breakfast and the same for dinner sufficed; he was a very domestic little man, loved the *coin du feu*. Even there he was within easy reach of the Prefecture, and was ready to go round at any hour, day or night, whenever he was sent for.

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I have sat with M. Macé through the day in his little bureau, hung round with relics and reminiscences of crimes, the sort of thing to be seen any day at the Black Museum in Scotland Yard.

His first business was the simple routine duties, inspecting "states," reading the return of any arrests made during the previous twenty-four hours. Then he scanned the whole of the morning papers for items of police news; where the reporters went too far he liked to put them right, where they were still in the dark he found it convenient sometimes to enlighten. Every afternoon, with this idea, he gave an interview to pressmen; it paid him well to furnish his own account of whatever was going on. The morning's correspondence was next disposed of; a lengthy affair, for all manner of people write to the *chef de la sûreté* seeking his advice or intervention, sometimes offering it to assist in the detection of still undiscovered crimes.

Every country has its amateur detectives, and very officious and wearisome they sometimes prove to the professional police officer. That is sufficiently well known to our own police officers, who were inundated with suggestions for the capture of Jack the Ripper. Only a few months back a most elaborate scheme was put forward by some silly busybody for proving Read's innocence, and discovering the real perpetrator of the Southend murder.

Then came M. Macé's morning *levée*. There were many waiting for interviews, but they had not to wait long, nor when once admitted were they suffered to waste much of his time. I sat with him through one of these *levées*, and greatly admired the tact and promptitude with which he despatched the morning's business.

First, a mother and son appeared. They had been haggling over a sum of money, the proceeds of a small inheritance which they ought to have divided; now they came to say they have so agreed. "*Ça tranche la question*," the incident was ended, "Good morning." Now a sub., the confidential clerk, a foxy-haired youth with weak eyes, brings up a small brown paper parcel. "One moment, please," says M. Macé as he deftly loosens the strings. Inside was a shirt, the missing link in a chain, Macé declares, on finding it marked with certain initials. "Put it with the other *pièces à conviction;* that completes the evidence. What next?"

A prisoner who has been caught red-handed about day dawn in an *appartement* not his own, and with stolen property on him. He is a respectable, harmless-looking youth.

"And what makes you a thief?" the *chef* asked him sharply. "You cannot be in want?"

The lad, who is in good clothes, and carries a shiny hat, hangs his head.

"Began at once to upbraid her stepson."

"Well, how did you get it?" proceeds the interrogator. "By force?"

"No, with a false key."

"Of what kind?" and M. Macé points to a series of photographs on the walls, representing all known varieties of false keys.

"That," answers the accused, pointing, without hesitation.

The key itself was in the hands of the police; why try to withhold information?

"Who else was in the job?"

"No one."

"Bah. What is your trade or calling? Been convicted before? Where, when, for what? Sentence—six months? Father alive?"

"Yes."

"Mother?"

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"No—step-mother. Madame La Bellemere is outside."

"Well, let her come in."

A lady, or a very good imitation of one, well but showily dressed, entered. She was overwhelmed with grief, and began at once to upbraid her stepson, whom she sees now for the first time since his arrest. Then she attacked the *chef*, imploring his clemency.

"The lad is not really *méchant;* he means well; he has been led into this by evil associates; he is a good honest youth."

"And yet he has a previous conviction against him, madame."

"True," she replied, a little disconcerted, "but he was a victim then, as now."

"What is his trade?"

"He's a——"

"Typographe," the youth interposed hurriedly, evidently afraid his step-mother might make some mistake.

"Indeed?" the *chef* said drily, as he caught at the lad's hand and examined his thumb and forefinger.

They were black, but with tobacco juice, not printer's ink.

"I *must* know who else was in this," insisted the stern official. "Take him away."

"Now, Madame," he went on, when the accused had been removed, "will you tell me who were the other parties?"

Instead of replying frankly, she had recourse to a woman's weapons—tears and entreaties, declaring that they are people of good position, respected in their *quartier*, that they will be overwhelmed with shame and disgrace by the scandal of this thing.

"That's all very likely," said M. Macé coldly, "but I am an official functionary; I have to deal with justice, not with family affairs," and he was about to bow her out. "If I only knew who—" he added tentatively, with his hand on the door-knob, "If I only knew who else was in the robbery, your stepson might get off."

"I can tell you," she now cried excitedly.

"Ah! A woman, no doubt? A bad woman? I was sure of it. And her name is——"

"I cannot quite remember, but she lives, or is to be heard of, at the Brasserie Cochin Chine, Rue des Carroubleurs. I will find out exactly, and I will come again. Meanwhile, you will take every care of my poor boy?"

"Of that you may rest assured," replied the *chef* with a meaning smile; and presently the youth is marched off to the prison of detention at Mazas.

A gentleman well dressed, well-to-do, was the next caller; he is a little nervous and shamefaced, perhaps, but nothing of the criminal about him. He had had the misfortune to lose a large sum in bank notes—fifty thousand francs worth. He had dropped them, left them behind him, forgotten them. Where? Somewhere, anywhere—he could not remember. He is rather incoherent; his story is confused and contradictory. When questioned his statements vary, all but the one fact of his loss.

"They were not stolen, I suppose?" the *chef* asked with a keen look.

"I cannot say; I think I dropped them."

"Where and how did you carry them?"

"In my breast pocket."

"In a purse?"

"No, wrapped in a parcel, in paper—newspaper."

"Really! Fifty thousand francs in a piece of old newspaper—extraordinary!"

"You do not disbelieve my story, I suppose?" the applicant exclaimed with some indignation.

"Certainly not; Monsieur's assertion is more than sufficient. Still——" M. Macé gave a significant glance towards the pile of papers on the table. Just then there were two loud knocks in succession at the door—a plain hint that other visitors were growing impatient.

"At least, tell me what I had better do."

"Advertise. Put it about. Say when and where you had the notes last. Offer an ample reward."

The poor man went off, and the *chef* turned to me muttering significantly, "*Mauvais lieux*," a plain hint as to his notion when and where the notes had disappeared.

But his easily aroused professional suspicion was in this case misplaced, as the sequel showed. The notes, still in their strange cover, were actually dropped upon the grand Boulevards. The bulky parcel attracted the notice of three young soldiers, who made a football of it for some hundreds of yards along the pavements. Then one of them picked it up and secreted it unobserved in a comrade's haversack. The unconscious possessor of two thousand pounds was on his way home on a short furlough, and did not open his haversack, but on reaching his father's cottage at Neuilly threw it on a shelf. There it lay unnoticed for several days; at length it was opened by one of the family and the

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treasure revealed. They were honest folk, these French peasants, and they were anxious to restore the money to its rightful owners. So they went to the nearest official—a brigadier of gendarmes—who examined the notes.

He found on one of them the name of a Parisian broker, to whom he at once telegraphed.

The story of the lost notes had been mentioned in the papers, and the news of their recovery was quickly communicated to the loser, who hastened to Neuilly by the first train. It is but fair to add that he gave the peasants a handsome reward.

Not the least important part of the French detective's duties is the preparation of cases for his *juge d'instruction*, the stern official who interrogates every accused person, and it is to be feared generally considers a man guilty until he can prove his innocence. The *chef de la sûreté* has therefore, access to all accused, and visits them regularly in prison, just in a friendly way to talk over the whole affair. I went with M. Macé one Monday to Mazas and accompanied him to several cells. We stayed longest with a suspected murderer—who was afterwards executed — but against whom there was nothing but circumstantial evidence. The judge had plied him hard to obtain a confession, or at least admissions, but without success. Now M. Macé came with one of his skilful assistants to have a chat. Chairs were placed for us in the cell, the prisoner was requested with much courtesy to be seated, the *chef* brought out his cigar case, which was handed round, and we all settled down quite good friends.

The detective agent—let me call him Adhemar—was a curious creature: a great, big, portly man, in a responsible-looking frock coat, in which was the red ribbon, his hat was as broad brimmed as a Quaker's, but very curly. He was coarse-featured, with a long nose, very dark, sallow skin, and dull, stagnant eyes, but the most jovial, open-hearted manner possible. He had, as M. Macé said, *l'air si bonasse*. He seemed such a simpleton, in fact, that no one could have imagined he was playing a part. But he was acting all through; did all the talking, and in the most dramatic way proceeded to tell Gilles exactly how he had committed the crime.

"You had often seen the old lady. You knew she had economies; where she kept the *magot* (property); you watched your opportunity, frequently passing to and fro up and down the street"—Adhemar stealthily paced the cell. "One evening she was alone in the kitchen, stirring the *pot au feu*; her back was towards you; you crept up to her"— Adhemar acted the stealthy movement across the cell. "You stood behind her thus; you raised your hand, armed with a cleaver, and struck down with all your force, cric—crac—she fell dead—*hein?* Wasn't that it, eh?"

Adhemar turned suddenly on Gilles to see the effect of his words, hoping that he had worked him up to the last pitch of excitement and that surely he would let some unguarded expression escape. We were watching Gilles closely, and once, as though the scene was again before him, I saw a flash in his eye, the first symptom of a shiver, a start involuntary, but immediately suppressed. By the time Adhemar turned the prisoner had recovered his self-possession, now he only shook his head and smiled vaguely. He was not to be caught that day.

"She was alone in the kitchen."

There were many trusted subordinates then as now, who were ready to face any discomfort, run any risks, to compass an

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arrest. While we were patiently going the rounds of the night-houses and were seeking suicide by trying the villainous brandy cherries at the drink shop of the once notorious Père Lunettes, once one of the lowest and vilest haunts in Paris, a man in a blue blouse and a flat silk cap, a *voyou* of

"Came up and fraternised."

the most forbidding aspect, came up and fraternised, even to the extent of following us into the street, importuning. My conductor, one of M. Macé's chief assistants, laughed afterwards when we broke away.

"He does it well. That is our Jules; he will go far. He has been here in this *bouge*, this infamous quarter, three weeks—it is an intricate case—but he is on the brink of something interesting."

I asked if this was often done.

"It is most necessary at times," replied my informant. He was an old soldier, Bertrand by name, who still retained the erect military carriage and was always punctiliously neat in his appearance. Yet he once went through all the inconvenience of a fortnight's imprisonment, and associated with a well-known ruffian who had a secret which he wished to worm out of him.

"How did you like it?" I inquired.

"Not much. I could not stomach the food; my cell companion, however, disposed of most of that. The deprivation of tobacco, too, was awful, only I sometimes got a whiff at the reception when I went down to have a short talk with the instructing judge. The chief warder managed that for me. He was the only one in the secret, and stood by me when the ward officer wished to force me to go to exercise in the general yard. Why there were dozens of prisoners there who would have known me by sight."

"And did you find out what you wanted?"

"Yes, yes. He confided the whole secret to me. You should have seen his face when I was put into the box to give evidence. He had still stoutly denied the one fact to which I could now swear. Although he was taken aback when taxed with it he still would admit nothing. But when the presiding judge asked me my name and quality, and I replied 'Bertrand, inspecteur de la police de surêté de Paris,' it was all over. 'I chuck—it's no good,' and he made a clean breast of the whole thing."

No doubt the French police employ methods that may seem a little underhand, but their defence is that they are acting in the best interests of justice. Our own police are not above similar subterfuges.

It is an old story now how a once famous inspector in his time secured the arrest of Tarpey, the jewel robber. It was through making desperate love to Tarpey's wife.

A detective, whom I will not name, as he afterwards came to conspicuous grief, admitted to me that he would never have succeeded in a certain case but for stealing a letter. He wanted an address, and had strong reasons for suspecting it was contained in a letter he saw the postman deliver at a house he was watching. By some plausible story he got possession of this letter, which he opened without scruple, and obtained the address. When the man wanted was at last arrested, and charged before a magistrate, the detective very prudently declined to say how he had obtained the address.

The English detective officer is perhaps more familiar to us than the French. Most of us have met or had to do with them in some way or other, yet few probably know them really. The late estimable Mr. Williamson, who spent a lifetime at Scotland Yard, and was long the life and soul of the detective department, starting as private and ending as chief constable, was little more than a name to the public through all his

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long years of arduous and uncompromising service.

Few but the initiated recognised in this quiet, unpretending, middle-sized man, who walked leisurely along Whitehall, balancing a hat, that was a little large for him, loosely on his head, and often with a sprig of a leaf or flower between his lips, was the redoubtable detective. He was naturally very reticent; no outsider could win from him any details of the many big things he had put through. His talk, for choice, was about gardening, for which he had a perfect passion; and his blooms were famous in the neighbourhood where he spent his unofficial hours. Another very favourite diversion with him, until the increasing pressure of work denied him any leisure, was boating. He was very much at home on the Thames, a powerful sculler, and very fond of it. He never missed till the very last a single Oxford and Cambridge boat race, seeing it for choice from the police steam launch—the very best way indeed of going to the race, but a pleasure reserved for the Home Secretary, police officials, and a few of their most intimate friends. The police-boat is the last to go down the course and the first to follow the competing eights.

One or two especially trying circumstances helped to break Williamson down rather prematurely. He took very much to heart the misconduct of certain detectives in the once well-known and notorious de Goncourt turf frauds. He was at that time practically the head of his branch, and some of the blame—but, of course, none of the disgrace—was visited upon him, as it was argued that his subordinates had been allowed too free a hand. This may have been the case; but he had to deal with men of uncommon astuteness, who were the more unscrupulous because he trusted them so implicitly, with the trust of a right loyal nature, true to those above him, and counting upon the same from his subordinates. Meiklejohn, a shrewd Scotchman—persistent, untiring—was clever enough for anything; he had made many notable arrests before he came to grief, and he was excessively lucky—one of the chief merits in a detective, as I have heard the best of them often say.

THE LATE MR. WILLIAMSON
(*Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department*).

On one occasion, for instance, Meiklejohn was following a clue when he met a comparative stranger, asked a simple question, was struck by the reply, turned and shadowed the man, and was led straight into the solution of the criminal problem he had in hand.

Mr. Williamson's active career was also chequered by the nature of the crimes which kept him most busily employed. Fenianism might have been found written on his heart, like Calais on Queen Mary's, and closely interwoven with it Anarchism and Nihilism in all their phases.

He knew no peace when foreign potentates were the guests of our royalties; Scotland Yard was, in fact, held responsible for the safety of Czar and Emperor, and the police authorities depended principally on Williamson, with his consummate knowledge and long experience in exotic crime.

It was Williamson who was first on the scene when dynamite was discovered, infernal machines had exploded, or might be expected to do so at any moment.

To him the officer who is nowadays our chief mainstay and defence against these outrages, Inspector Melville, owes much of his insight into the peculiar business of the "special section," as this important branch of criminal investigation is called.

The latter not long ago disposed very ingeniously of a case which might have led to very serious mischief. Fertility of resource with great promptitude in action are among Mr. Melville's strongest and most valuable traits. On one occasion, during the visit to England of a foreign Sovereign, information was received that one of his subjects residing in this country, and by no means loyal to him, intended to do him an

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injury the first time he could get near him in public. It so happened that at that moment the Emperor was on the point of joining in a great procession, which had either actually started or would in the course of an hour or so. The malcontent was employed as cellarman to a wine and spirit merchant or publican with large wine vaults. There was no time to lose, and Melville made the best of his way to the place, saw the proprietor, and enquired for a certain brand of champagne he wished to purchase. The master called his man and sent them down together into the cellars. The cellarman went first with a light; at the bottom of the staircase he unlocked the wine cellar and went in—still first.

"What wine is that over yonder?" asked

CHIEF INSPECTOR MELVILLE.
From a photo. by] [*Messrs. A. & G. Taylor, Regent St., W.*

Melville carelessly, and the man crossed over to the far end of the vault to look before he answered. This was all the astute officer wanted. With a sudden inspiration he seized upon the opportunity, stepped back out of the cellar, closed the door promptly and locked it. The irreconcileable cellarman was a prisoner, and was left there perfectly unable to carry out his fell purpose. After the procession was over he was set free.

Most of the prominent detectives of to-day learnt their work under Williamson—Butcher, now chief inspector, who is as fond of flowers as his master, and may be known by the fine rose in his buttonhole; Littlechild, who earned his first reputation in unravelling and exposing Long Firm and assurance office frauds; Neald, the present curator of the Black Museum, a sturdy, self-reliant, solid detective officer, with the *esprit* of his calling strong in him, who, among other great cases, worked to a successful issue the "Orrock" murder, when the syllable "rock" scratched upon a chisel led to ultimate detection.

The exposure of the detectives' misdeeds in 1876 brought a superior official to Scotland Yard, and the first head of the newly named Criminal Investigation Department was Colonel Howard Vincent.

His appointment was a surprise to many, and his fitness for the post was not immediately apparent. He was young, comparatively speaking, unknown in experienced police matters, with no previous record but a brief military service, followed by a call to the bar. But he was energetic, painstaking, a man of order, with some power of organisation; above all, a gentleman of high character and integrity. His reign at Whitehall Place might not have been marked by any phenomenal feats in detection; in the pursuit of crime he was dependent upon his most able subordinates, and it was his rule to summon the most experienced to advise on all serious cases.

In the more subtle processes of analysis and deduction, of working from effect to cause, from vague almost impalpable indices to strong presumption of guilt, Howard Vincent did not shine; he did not always realise the value of reticence and secrecy in detective operations; but he did good work at Scotland Yard by raising the general tone and systematising the service.

Mr. Anderson, the Assistant Commissioner of Police, the present chief of the Investigation Department, is an ideal detective officer, with a natural bias for the work, and endowed with gifts peculiarly useful in it. He is a man of the quickest apprehension, with the power of close, rapid reasoning from facts, suggestions, or even impressions. He seizes on the essential point almost by intuition, and is marvellously ready in finding the real clue or indicating the right trail. With all this he is the most discreet, the most silent and reserved of public functionaries. Some one said he was a mystery even to himself. This to him inestimable quality of reticence is not unaided by a slight but perhaps convenient deafness, which Mr. Anderson cultivates and parades on occasions. If he is asked an embarrassing question, he quickly puts up his hand and says the enquiry has been addressed to his deaf ear.

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But I shrewdly suspect he hears all that he wishes to hear; little goes on around him that is not noted and understood;

COLONEL HOWARD VINCENT, M.P.
From a photo. by Messrs. A. & G. Taylor, Photographers to the Queen.

without seeming to pay much attention, he is always listening and drawing his own conclusions.

Subordinates naturally look up to such a leader, relying confidently upon his advice, and eager for his encouragement. Of course he holds his whole department in the hollow of his hand; from his desk he can communicate with all its branches. The speaking tubes hang just behind his chair. A little further off is the office telephone, which brings him into converse with Sir Edward Bradford, the Chief Commissioner, or colleagues and subordinates in more distant parts of the house. He is, and must be, perforce, an indefatigable worker, for the labours of his department are unceasing, and often of the most anxious, even disappointing, character.

Although he has achieved greater success than any detective of his time, there will always be undiscovered crimes, and just now the tale is pretty full. Much dissatisfaction was vented upon Mr. Anderson at the utterly abortive efforts to discover the perpetrator of the Whitechapel murders. He has himself a perfectly plausible theory that Jack the Ripper was a homicidal maniac, temporarily at large, whose hideous career was cut short by committal to an asylum.

Mr. Macnaghten, the Chief Constable, or second in command of the Investigation Department, is a type of man admirably adapted to supplement his chief. He is essentially a man of action, while Mr. Anderson is perhaps best and strongest in the closet. He is in very close touch, too, with the *personnel* of the department, who gladly recognise his authority, and are eager to second him and give effect to his views. A man of presence is Mr. Macnaghten, tall, well-built, with a military air, although his antecedents are rather those of the public school, of Indian planter life, and not of the army. His room, like his chief's, is hung with speaking tubes, his table deep with reports and papers, but the walls are bright with photographs of officials, personal friends, and of some notorious criminals.

If you can persuade Mr. Macnaghten, he will show you some other and more gruesome pictures, which are carefully kept under lock and key; photographs, for instance, of the victims of Jack the Ripper and of other brutal murders, taken im-

MR. ANDERSON.

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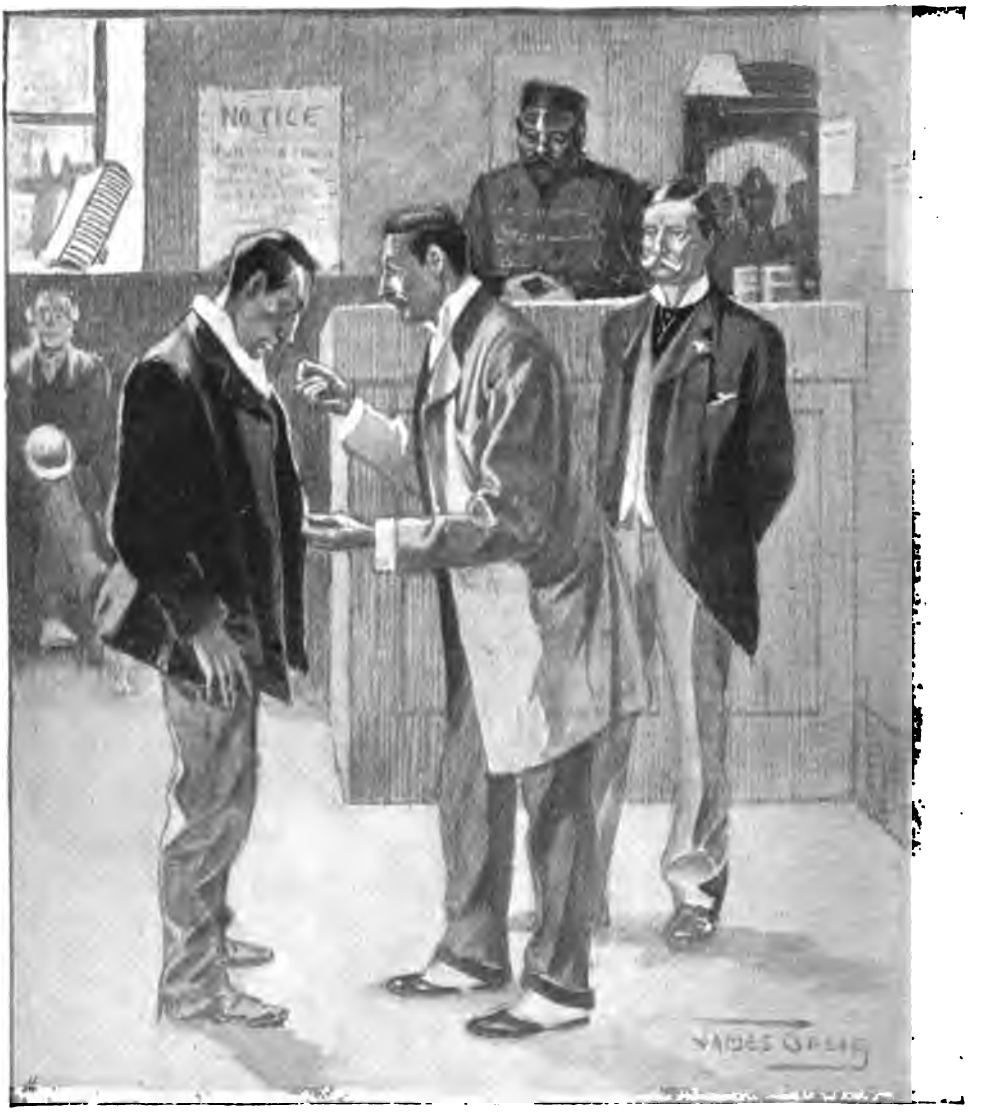
mediately after discovery, and reproducing with horrible fidelity the mutilated remains of a human body, but which might belong to a charnel house or *abattoir*. It is Mr. Macnaghten's duty, no less than his earnest desire, to be first on the scene of any such

which really serve them best, patience and persistence, following the hints and suggestions given them by their more thoughtful leaders. The best detective is he who has that infinite capacity for taking trouble, which has been defined as the true test of



"The coat with the other half of the broken button."

sinister catastrophe. He is therefore more intimately acquainted perhaps with the details of the most recent celebrated crimes than anyone in Scotland Yard.

Under such chiefs as these the rank and file labour, assiduously utilising the qualities

genius. It is not by guesses or sensational snap-shots that crimes are unearthed, but by the slow process of routine, almost commonplace enquiry, after the most minute painstaking investigation of the traces left upon the theatre of the deed. The smallest clues,

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in the hands of these laborious workers, will often bring them to the end of the labyrinth.

Not long ago half a horn button picked up on the floor of a house rifled by burglars led to the arrest of the perpetrators.

The detective employed remembered that certain notorious "family men" were just then at large, and he made it his business to beat up their quarters. Fortune, that still most useful adjunct in detection, helped him, for the man he wanted was in custody for some minor offence, and he was discovered in a police cell wearing the very coat with the other half of the broken button.

INSPECTOR ANDREWS
(*Late of Scotland Yard*).
From a photo. by] [*Hughes, 433, Strand, W.C.*

When the pursuit was hottest after the French anarchist, François, the trail was lost by his sudden change of residence. But someone in the locality he last lived in remembered the name on the van by which his goods were removed. This led the detectives employed to hunt up every van proprietor in London till they found the man they wanted. In the old days M. Canler, the famous French detective, "ran in" a murderer who had dropped a piece of paper supplied by a butterman; he made it his business to visit every butterman's shop in Paris, and eventually succeeded in his purpose.

Some of our best private inquiry agents have been trained in this way, their instincts developed, their methods systematised by the discipline and experience of regular police work. The private detective is a peculiar product of our latter-day civilisation, called into being by the complexity of modern life. It would take too long to trace here the causes which led to his creation—the reasons, some not too worthy or easily defensible, which impel people to set a watch upon each other, to unearth past histories, spy out present proceedings. But the unofficial, yet still professional, investigation is often the foreshadower and forerunner of legal process. Thus the recent unsavoury case which has disgusted society and shattered some reputations was entirely prepared by an ex-inspector of Scotland Yard, the Mr. Littlechild already mentioned as a former light of the department. Another well-known agent, Mr. Andrews, also learnt his business in the Metropolitan Police, and he has had the conduct of more than one preliminary preparation of a *cause célèbre*. Like Littlechild, he is an excellent specimen of his class: discreet, untiring, full of resource.

To me the most amusing result of my long acquaintance with detectives is the opportunity it gives me of often recognising them in strange places at unexpected times. I have come across them travelling in trains, on board steamboats, at hotels, always on the alert, of course, but betraying nothing in ways or appearance of their interesting profession. I have watched with peculiar pleasure the detectives kept in "the rooms" by the "administration" of the Monte Carlo Casino, especially when they ran in some notorious *escroc*, or sharper, whom they had long been shadowing. I have given my coat and hat to a detective at a great London reception in a historic house where many of the guests were titled or celebrated people, but into which others, unbidden and extremely undesirable, had been known to insinuate themselves in the prosecution of their nefarious trade. I have met detectives at a wedding breakfast, at a big dinner, at balls during the season, and I can safely assert that these "professionals" were certainly not the least gentlemanlike in manners or costumes of the guests assembled.

One or two anecdotal stories of the ingenuity, the patient pertinacity, the deter-

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mination to succeed so often displayed by the private inquiry agent may fitly end this article. I knew one who was employed by a famous firm of solicitors in a very delicate operation, which he terminated successfully, but in a way to show that he did not stick at trifles in securing his end. It was the sequel to a divorce case. The decree *nisi* had been granted, and against the wife, who had been refused the custody of the one child born of the marriage. The husband was anxious to secure possession of the child, but the ex-wife, like so many more of her sex, was much too sharp to be forestalled. She had a friend waiting at the court who, directly the decree was pronounced, started off in a hansom to the lady's residence, where the child was, laid hands on it, and brought it down to Victoria Station just in time for the night mail to the Continent, by which lady and child travelled together to the south of France. A detective was at once despatched in pursuit by the husband's lawyer, and his orders were at all costs to recover possession of the child.

He soon got upon the lady's track. She had not gone further than Monte Carlo. The detective found it impossible to kidnap the child, so he managed to make friends with the mother, gradually grew very intimate, paid her devoted attention, and eventually married her. When he was her husband he had no difficulty in completing his commission, and — possibly with the lady's full consent—he soon sent the child home. I never heard how this marriage—all in the way of business—turned out.

Another story is, perhaps, more dramatic. A man of considerable property, strictly entailed, who was married, died childless in India. The estates went to the next of kin, but he, just as he was entering into their enjoyment, was startled by a telegram from his relative's widow preparing him for the birth of a posthumous child. He at once consulted his lawyer, who, after warning him that much time and money would probably be spent in the process, promised to expose the fraud, if fraud there was, or, at any rate, prove that it was a *bonâ fide* affair.

A year passed, and yet the next of kin had heard nothing of the case. At last he went to his lawyers and insisted upon knowing how it stood. He was told that the matter was now ripe; the lady had arrived with her infant son. She was actually at that moment at a private hotel in the West End.

"Go and call on her, and insist upon seeing the child. If there's any difficulty about it, go out on the landing and call out 'Bartlett!' A man will come down and explain everything."

The lady did not produce the child when asked; she said it was out in the park with its nurse, and tried all sorts of excuses, so Bartlett was summoned.

"I want to see the child," says the next of kin.

"This lady's? She has no child. I have been with her now for six months, and she has asked me repeatedly to get her one—anywhere, in Cairo, at the Foundling in Malta, here in London."

"Who are you, then?" both inquired, astonished beyond measure.

And "Bartlett," having completed his mission, quietly informed the lady, whom he had been watching, and the next of kin, who was really his employer, that he was the detective engaged to unravel the case.

With such men as this long-continued fraud, however astutely prepared, becomes almost impossible. The private inquiry agent is generally equal to any emergency.

I can remember another story—it shall be the last—of a detective, crossing on a Channel steamer to France, when he ran up against the very person he was intended to watch in Paris. It was of the utmost importance that this person should not realise the detective's mission, who, by the way was perfectly well known to him. Before the steamer reached Calais the detective had persuaded the other to give him a job in Paris, as though he had had no idea of going there, a job which would enable him, moreover, to carry out all the better the original mission on which he had been dispatched.

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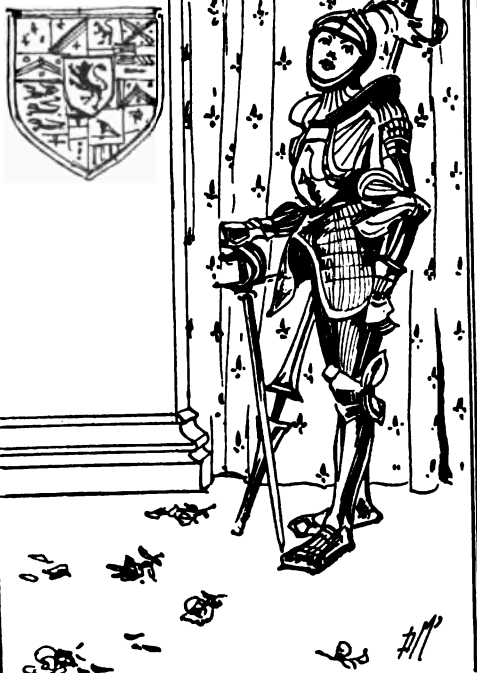
CHILDREN · OF NOTABLE PEOPLE

MISS · SMITH ·



AILEEN · BRODRICK

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A BID FOR FORTUNE;
OR, DR. NIKOLA'S VENDETTA.

By Guy Boothby.*

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

INTRODUCTION.

The preceding chapters relate how a mysterious Dr. Nikola invites three men, Baxter, Prendergast, and Eastover, to dine with him at a London restaurant. He secures their co-operation in a plot, which he does not fully divulge, but by which he hopes to ruin his enemy—Wetherell. The scene changes to Sydney, where we are introduced to Richard Hatteras, a rich young pearler; Mr. Wetherell, the Colonial Secretary; and Phyllis, his daughter, all three of whom travel to England in the same vessel. Eventually Hatteras falls in love with Phyllis, and vainly the father forbids any engagement between the two. Shortly after their arrival in London, Wetherell announces his determination to return home, explaining that he has met someone who made it impossible for him to remain. Hatteras being at a loss to know how to spend his time, hires a yacht at Bournemouth. One day he chances to rescue from drowning a youth, who proves to be no other than the Marquis of Beckenham, the son of the Duke of Glenbarth. On making the acquaintance of Mr. Baxter, tutor to the Marquis, Hatteras is most unfavourably impressed with the gentleman. Later he detects him dispatching a suspicious telegram to Dr. Nikola, at the Green Sailor Hotel, East India Dock Road, and he resolves to watch Baxter very closely. Business, however, calls him to London, where happening to be in the neighbourhood of the docks, he unexpectedly comes upon the Green Sailor Hotel. Recollecting Baxter's telegram, he investigates the place. Inside, to his astonishment, he encounters Baxter himself engaged in earnest conversation with a man who proves to be Nikola. Much confused, Baxter soon departs, and then Nikola and Hatteras fall into conversation. The doctor warns Hatteras against sailing in the *Saratoga* for Australia, but declines to enlighten him as to how he knew it was his intention to do so. Thereon Hatteras refuses to alter his plans. On reaching his hotel he finds a letter from the Marquis of Beckenham, informing him that he too is about to sail in the *Saratoga* for a tour round the world with his tutor, Baxter. Hatteras immediately suspects mischief, and to his still further surprise Nikola joins him after he has taken his seat in a train bound for Plymouth, where he intends to join the *Saratoga*. As the journey proceeds, however, the two men become very friendly, and lunch together. After this Hatteras remembers nothing more till he wakes up to find himself in bed in a Plymouth hotel. In answer to his inquiries, they inform him that he was found the day before insensible in the train, where he had evidently been mysteriously drugged, and that he has missed the *Saratoga*.

CHAPTER VII.

PORT SAID AND WHAT BEFELL US THERE.

FORTUNATELY for me my arrangements fitted in exactly, so that at one thirty p.m., on the seventh day after my fatal meeting with Dr. Nikola in the West of England express, I had crossed the continent and stood looking out on the blue waters of Naples Bay. To my right rose the hill of San Martino, behind me was that of Capo di Monte, and in the distance, to the southward, the cloud-tipped summit of Vesuvius.

The journey from London is generally considered, I believe, a long and wearisome one; it certainly proved so to me, for it must be remembered that my mind was impatient of every delay, while my bodily health was not as yet recovered from the severe strain that had been put upon it.

The first thing to be done on arrival at the terminus was to discover a quiet hotel; one where I could rest and recoup during the heat of the day, and, what was perhaps more important, a place where I should run no risk of meeting with Dr. Nikola or his satellites. I had originally intended calling at the office of the steamship company in order to explain the reason of my not joining the boat in Plymouth, planning afterwards to cast about me, among the various hotels, for the Marquis of Beckenham and Mr. Baxter. But, on second thoughts, I saw the wisdom of abandoning both these courses. If you have followed the thread of my narrative, you will readily understand why!

Nor for the same reason did I feel inclined to board the steamer, which I could see lying out in the harbour, until darkness fell. I ascertained, however, that she was due to sail at midnight, and that the mails were already being got aboard.

Almost exactly as eight o'clock was striking, I mounted the gangway, and strolled down the promenade deck to the first saloon entrance; then calling a steward to my assistance, I had my baggage conveyed to my cabin, where I set to work to arrange my little knicknacks, and to make myself comfortable for the five weeks' voyage that was before us. So far I had seen nothing of my friends, and, on making enquiries, I discovered that they had not yet come aboard. Indeed, they did not do so until the last boat had discharged its burden at the gangway. Then I met Lord Beckenham on the promenade deck, and unaffected was the young man's delight at seeing me.

"Mr. Hatteras," he cried, running forward to greet me with outstretched hand, "this

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was all that was wanting to make my happiness complete. I *am* glad to see you. I hope your cabin is near ours."

"I'm on the port side just abaft the pantry," I answered, shaking him by the hand. "But tell me about yourself. I expect you had a pleasant journey across the continent."

"Delightful!" was his reply. "We stayed a day in Paris, and another in Rome, and since we have been here we have been rushing about seeing everything, like a regulation pair of British tourists."

At this moment Mr. Baxter, who had

"Looking across the water at the gleaming lights."

been looking after the luggage, I suppose, made his appearance, and greeted me with more cordiality than I had expected him to show. To my intense surprise, however, he allowed no sign of astonishment to escape him at my having joined the boat after all. But a few minutes later, as we were approaching the companion steps, he said:

"I understood from his Lordship, Mr. Hatteras, that you were to embark at Plymouth; was I mistaken, therefore, when I thought I saw you coming off with your luggage this evening?"

"No, you were not mistaken," I answered, being able now to account for his lack of surprise. "I came across the continent like yourselves, and only joined her a couple of hours ago."

Here the Marquis chimed in, and diverted the conversation into another channel.

"Where is everybody?" he asked, when Mr. Baxter had left us and gone below. "There were a lot of names on the passenger list, and yet I see nobody about!"

"They are all in bed," I answered. "It is getting late, you see, and if I mistake not, we shall be under way in a few minutes."

"Then, I think, if you'll excuse me for a few moments, I'll go below to my cabin. I expect Mr. Baxter will be wondering where I am."

When he had left me I turned to the bulwarks and stood looking across the water at the gleaming lights ashore. One by one the boats alongside pushed off, and from the sounds that reached me from for'ard, I gathered that the anchor was being got aboard. Five minutes later we had swung round to our course and were facing for the open sea. For the first mile or so my thoughts chased each other in rapid succession. You must remember that it was in Naples I had learnt that my darling loved me, and it was in Naples now that I was bidding good-bye to Europe and to all the strange events that had befallen me there. I leant upon the rail, looked at the fast receding country in our wake, at old Vesuvius, fire-capped, away to port, at the Great Bear swinging in the heavens to the nor'ard, and then thought of the Southern Cross which, before many weeks were passed, would be lifting its head above our bows to welcome me back to the sunny land and to the girl I loved so well. Somehow I felt glad that the trip was over, and that I was really on my way home at last.

The steamer ploughed her almost silent

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course, and three-quarters of an hour later we were abreast of Capri. As I was looking at it, Lord Beckenham came down the deck and stood beside me. His first speech told me that he was still under the influence of his excitement; indeed, he spoke in rapturous terms of the enjoyment he expected to derive from his tour.

"But are you sure you will be a good sailor?" I asked.

"Oh, I have no fear of that," he answered confidently. "As you know, I have been out in my boat in some pretty rough weather and never felt in the least ill, so I don't think it is likely that I shall begin to be a bad sailor on a vessel the size of the *Saratoga*. By the way, when are we due to reach Port Said?"

"Next Thursday afternoon, I believe, if all goes well."

"Will you let me go ashore with you if you go? I don't want to bother you, but after all you have told me about the place, I should like to see it in your company."

"I'll take you with pleasure," I answered, "provided Mr. Baxter gives his consent. I suppose we must regard him as skipper."

"Oh, I don't think we need fear his refusing. He is very good-natured, you know, and lets me have my own way a good deal."

"Where is he now?"

"Down below, asleep. He has had a lot of running about to-day and thought he would turn in before we got under way. I think I had better be going now. Good night."

"Good night," I answered, and he left me again.

When I was alone I returned again to my thoughts of Phyllis and the future, and as soon as my pipe was finished, went below to my bunk. My berth mate I had discovered earlier in the evening was a portly English merchant of the old school, who was visiting his agents in Australia; and from the violence of his snores, I should judge had not much trouble on his mind. Fortunately mine was the lower bunk, and, when I had undressed, I turned into it to sleep like a top until roused by the bath-room steward at half-past seven next morning. After a good bathe I went back to my cabin and set to work to dress. My companion by this time was awake, but evidently not much inclined for conversation. His usual jovial face, it struck me, was not as rosy as when I had made his acquaintance the night before, and from certain signs I judged that his good spirits were more than half assumed.

All this time a smart sea was running, and, I must own, the *Saratoga* was rolling abominably.

"A very good morning to you, my dear sir," my cabin mate said, with an air of enjoyment his pallid face belied, as I entered the berth. "Pray how do you feel to-day?"

"In first-class form," I replied, "and as hungry as a hunter."

He laid himself back on his pillow with a remark that sounded very much like "Oh dear," and thereafter I was suffered to shave and complete my toilet in silence. Having done so I put on my cap and went on deck.

It was indeed a glorious morning; bright sunshine streamed upon the decks, the sea was a glorious blue, and so clear was the air that, miles distant though it was from

'We set off, step for step."

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us, the Italian coast-line could be plainly discerned above the port bulwarks. By this time I had cross-examined the chief steward, and satisfied myself that Nikola was not aboard. His absence puzzled me considerably. Was it possible that I could have been mistaken in the whole affair, and that Baxter's motives were honest after all? But in that case why had Nikola drugged me? And why had he warned me against sailing in the *Saratoga?* The better to think it out I set myself for a vigorous tramp round the hurricane deck, and was still revolving the matter in my mind, when, on turning the corner by the smoking-room entrance, I found myself face to face with Baxter himself. As soon as he saw me, he came smiling towards me, holding out his hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Hatteras," he said briskly; "what a delightful morning it is, to be sure. You cannot tell how much I am enjoying it. The sea air seems to have made a new man of me already."

"I am glad to hear it. And pray how is your charge?" I asked, more puzzled than ever by this display of affability.

"Not at all well, I am sorry to say."

"Not well? You don't surely mean to say that he is sea-sick?"

"I'm sorry to say I do. He was quite well until he got out of his bunk half an hour ago. Then a sudden, but violent, fit of nausea seized him, and drove him back to bed again."

"I am very sorry to hear it, but I hope he will be better soon. He would have been one of the last men I should have expected to be bowled over. Are you coming for a turn round?"

"I shall feel honoured," he answered, and thereupon we set off, step for step, for a constitutional round the deck. By the time we had finished it was nine o'clock, and the saloon gong had sounded for breakfast.

The meal over, I repaired to the Marquis' cabin, and having knocked, was bidden enter. I found My Lord in bed, retching violently; his complexion was the colour of zinc, his hands were cold and clammy, and after every spasm his face streamed with perspiration.

"I'm indeed sorry to see you like this," I said, bending over him. "How do you feel now?"

"Very bad indeed!" he answered with a groan. "I cannot understand it at all. Before I got out of bed this morning I felt as well as possible. Then Mr. Baxter was kind enough to bring me a cup of coffee, and within five minutes of drinking it, I was obliged to go back to bed feeling hopelessly sick and miserable."

"Well, you must try and get round as soon as you can, and come on deck; there's a splendid breeze blowing, and you'll find that'll clear the sickness out of you before you know where you are."

But his only reply was another awful fit of sickness, that made as if it would tear his very chest asunder. While he was under the influence of it, his tutor entered, and set about ministering to him with a care and fatherly tenderness that even deceived me. I can see things more plainly now, on looking back at them, than I could then, but I must own that Baxter's behaviour towards the boy that morning was of a kind that would have hoodwinked the very Master of All Lies himself. I could easily understand now how this man had come to have such an influence over the kindly natured Duke of Glenbarth, who, when all was said and done, could have had but small experience of men of Baxter's type.

Seeing that, instead of helping, I was only in the way, I expressed a hope that the patient would soon be himself again, and returned to the deck.

Lunch time came, and still Lord Beckenham was unable to leave his berth. In the evening he was no better. The following morning he was, if anything, stronger; but towards midday, just as he was thinking of getting up, his nausea returned upon him, and he was obliged to postpone the attempt. On Wednesday there was no improvement, and, indeed, it was not until Thursday afternoon, when the low-lying coast of Port Said was showing above the sea-line, that he felt in any way fit to leave his bunk. In all my experience of sea-sickness, I had never known a more extraordinary case.

It was almost dark before we dropped our anchor off the town, and as soon as we were at a standstill I went below to my friend's cabin. He was sitting on the locker fully dressed.

"Port Said," I announced. "Now, how do you feel about going ashore? Myself, I don't think you had better try it."

"Oh! but I want to go. I have been looking forward to it so much. I am much stronger than I was, believe me, and Mr. Baxter doesn't think it could possibly hurt me."

"If you don't tire yourself too much," that gentleman put in.

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"Very well, then," I said. "In that case I'm your man. There are plenty of boats alongside, so we'll have no difficulty on that score. Won't you come, too, Mr. Baxter?"

"I think not, thank you," he answered. "Port Said is not a place of which I am very fond, and as we shall not have much time here, I am anxious to utilise our stay in writing His Grace a letter detailing our progress so far."

"In that case I think we had better be going," I said, turning to his lordship.

We made our way on deck, and, after a little chaffering, secured a boat, in which we were pulled ashore. Having arrived there, we were immediately beset by the usual crowd of beggars and donkey boys, but withstanding their importunities, we turned into the Rue de Commerce and made our way inland. To my companion the crowded streets, the diversity of nationalities and costume, and the strange variety of shops and wares, were matters of absorbing interest. This will be the better understood when it is remembered that, poor though Port Said is in orientalism, it was nevertheless the first Eastern port he had encountered. We had both a few purchases to make, and this business satisfactorily accomplished, we hired a guide and started off to see the sights.

Passing out of the Rue de Commerce, our attention was attracted to a lame young beggar who, leaning on his crutches, blocked our way while he recited his dismal catalogue of woes. Our guide bade him be off, and indeed I was not sorry to be rid of him, but I could see, by glancing at his face, that my companion had taken his case more seriously. In fact we had not proceeded more than twenty yards before he asked me to wait a moment for him, and taking to his heels ran back to the spot where we had left him. When he rejoined us I said:

"You don't mean to say you gave that rascal something?"

"Only half a sovereign," he answered. "Perhaps you didn't hear the pitiful story he told us? His father is dead, and now, if it were not for his begging, his mother and five young sisters would all be starving."

"I am indeed sorry to see you like this," I said.

I asked our guide if he knew the man, and whether this tale were true.

"No, monsieur," he replied promptly, "it is all one big lie. His father is in the jail, and, if she had her rights, his mother would be there too."

Not another word was said on the subject, but I could see that the boy's generous heart had been hurt. He little knew how great an effect that little outburst of generosity was to have upon us later on.

At our guide's suggestion, we passed from the commercial, through the European quarter, to a large mosque situated in Arab Town. It was a long walk, but we were promised that we should see something there that would amply compensate us for any

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trouble we might be put to to reach it. This turned out to be the case, but hardly in the fashion he had predicted.

The mosque was certainly a fine building, and at the time of our visit was thronged with worshippers. They knelt in two long lines, reaching from end to end, their feet were bare, and their heads turned towards the east. By our guide's instructions we removed our boots at the entrance, but fortunately, seeing what was to transpire later, took the precaution to carry them into the building with us. From the main hall we passed into a smaller one, where a number of Egyptian standards, relics of the war of '82, were unrolled for our inspection. While we were examining them, our guide, who had for a moment left us, returned with a scared face to inform us that there were a number of English tourists in the mosque who had refused to take their boots off, and were evidently bent on making trouble. As he spoke the ominous hum of angry voices drifted in to us, increasing in volume as we listened. Our guide pricked up his ears and looked anxiously at the door.

"There will be trouble directly," he said solemnly, "if those young men do not behave themselves. If messieurs will be guided by me, they will be going. I can show them the backway out."

For a moment I felt inclined to follow his advice, but Beckenham's next speech decided me to stay.

"You will not go away and leave those stupid fellows to be killed?" he said, moving towards the door into the mosque. "However foolish they may have been, they're still our countrymen, and whatever happens we ought to stand by them."

"If you think so, of course, we will," I answered, "but remember it may cost us our lives. You still want to stay? Very good, then, come along, but stick close to me."

We left the small ante-room, in which we had been examining the flags and passed back into the mosque itself. Here an extraordinary scene presented itself.

In the furthest corner, completely hemmed in by a crowd of furious Arabs, were three young Englishmen, whose faces plainly showed how well they understood the dangerous position into which their own impudence and folly had drawn them.

Elbowing our way through the crowd, we reached their side and immediately called upon them to push their way towards the big doors; but before this manœuvre could be executed, someone had given an order in Arabic and we were all borne back against the wall.

"There is no hope for it!" I cried to the biggest of the strangers. "We must fight our way out. Choose your men and come along."

So saying, I gave the man nearest me one under the jaw to remember me by, which laid him on his back, and then, having room to use my arms, sent down another to keep him company. All this time my companions were not idle, and to my surprise I saw the young Marquis laying about him with a science that I had to own afterwards did credit to his education. Our assailants evidently did not expect to meet with this resistance, for they gave way and began to back towards the door. One or two of them drew knives, but the space was too cramped for them to do much harm with them.

"One more rush," I cried, "and we'll turn them out."

We made the rush, and next moment the doors were closed and barred on the last of them. This done, we paused to consider our position. True, we had driven the enemy from the citadel, but then we ourselves, unless we could find a means of escape, were equally prisoners in it. What was to be done? Why, as you will say, look for a means of escape!

Leaving three of our party to guard the doors, the remainder searched the adjoining rooms; but though we were unsuccessful in our attempt to find an exit, we did what was the next best thing to it, discovered our cowardly guide in a corner, skulking in a curious sort of cupboard.

By the time we had proved to him that the enemy were really driven out, and that we had obtained possession of the mosque, he recovered his wits a little, and managed, after hearing our promise to throw him to the mob outside unless he discovered a means of escape for us, to cudgel his brains and announce that he knew of one.

No sooner did we hear this, than we resolved to profit by it. The mob outside was growing every moment noisier, and from the clang of steel-shod rifle butts on the stone steps we came to the conclusion that the services of a force of soldiery had been called in. The situation was critical, and twice imperious demands were made upon us to open the door. But, as may be supposed, this we did not feel inclined to do.

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"There is no hope for it . . . we must fight our way out."

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when my senses returned to me again I found myself in complete darkness. The cord was gone from my neck, it is true, but something was still encircling it in a highly unpleasant fashion. On putting my hand up to it, to my intense astonishment, I discovered it to be a collar of iron, padlocked at the side, and communicating with a wall at the back by means of a stout chain fixed in a ring, which again was attached to a swivel.

This ominous discovery set me hunting about to find out where I was and for a clue as to what these things might mean. That I was in a room was evident from the fact that, by putting my hands behind me, I could touch two walls forming a corner. But in what part of the town such room might be was beyond my telling. One thing was evident, however, the walls were of brick, unplastered and quite innocent of paper.

As not a ray of light relieved the darkness I put my hand into my ticket pocket, where I was accustomed to carry matches, and finding that my captors had not deprived me of them, lit one and looked about me. It was a dismal scene that little gleam illumined. The room in which I was confined was a small one, being only about ten feet long by eight wide, while, if I had been able to stand upright, I might have raised my hand within two or three inches of the ceiling. In the furthest left-hand corner was a door, while in the wall on the right, but hopelessly beyond my reach, was a low window almost completely boarded up. I had no opportunity of seeing more, for by the time I had realised these facts the match had burnt down to my fingers. I blew it out and hastened to light another.

Just as I did so a low moan reached my ear. It came from the further end of the room. Again I held the match aloft; this time to discover a huddled-up figure in the corner opposite the door. One glance at it told me that it was none other than my young friend the Marquis of Beckenham. He was evidently still unconscious, for though I called him twice by name, he did not answer, but continued in the same position, moaning softly as before. I had only time for a hurried glance at him before my last match burned down to my fingers, and had to be extinguished. With the departure of the light a return of faintness seized me, and I fell back into my corner, if not thoroughly insensible, certainly unconscious of the immediate awkwardness of our position.

It was daylight when my power of thinking returned to me, and long shafts of sunshine were percolating into us through the chinks in the boards upon the window. To my dismay the room looked even smaller and dingier than when I had examined it by the light of my match some hours before. The young Marquis lay unconscious in his corner just as I had last seen him, but with the widening light I discovered that his curious posture was due more to extraneous circumstances than to his own weakness, for I could see that he was fastened to the wall by a similar collar to my own.

I took out my watch, which had not been taken from me as I might have expected, and examined the dial. It wanted five minutes of six o'clock. So putting it back into my pocket, I set myself for the second time to try and discover where we were. By reason of my position and the chain that bound me, this could only be done by listening, so I shut my eyes and put all my being into my ears. For some moments no sound rewarded my attention. Then a cock in a neighbouring yard on my right crowed lustily, a dog on my left barked, and a moment later I heard the faint sound of someone coming along the street. The pedestrian, whoever he might be, was approaching from the right hand, and, what was still more important, my trained ear informed me that he was lame of one leg, and walked with crutches. Closer and closer he came. But to my surprise he did not pass the window: indeed, I noticed that when he came level with it the sound was completely lost to me. This told me two things: one, that the window, which, as I have already said, was boarded up, did not look into the main thoroughfare; the other, that the street itself ran along on the far side of the very wall to which my chain was attached.

As I arrived at the knowledge of this fact, Beckenham opened his eyes; he sat up as well as his chain would permit and gazed about him in a dazed fashion. Then his right hand went up to the iron collar fastened round his neck, and when he had realised what it meant he appeared more mystified even than before. He seemed to doze again for a minute or so, then his eyes opened, and as they did so they fell upon me and his perplexity found relief in words.

"Mr. Hatteras," he said, in a voice like that of a man talking in his sleep, "where are we and what on earth does this chain mean?"

"You ask me something that I want to

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know myself," I answered. "I cannot tell you where we are, except that we are in Port Said. But if you want to know what I think it means; well, I thinks it means treachery. How do you feel now?"

"Very sick indeed, and my head aches horribly. But I can't understand it at all. What do you mean by saying that it's treachery?"

This was the one question of all others I had been dreading, for I could not help feeling that when all was said and done I was bitterly to blame. However, unpleasant or not, the explanation had to be got through, and that without delay.

"Lord Beckenham," I began, sitting upright and clasping my hands round my knees, "this is a pretty bad business for me. I haven't the reputation of being a coward, but I'll own I feel pretty rocky and mean when I see you sitting there on the floor with that iron collar round your neck and that chain holding you to the wall, and know that it's, in a measure, all my stupid blundering folly that has brought it about."

"Oh, don't say that, Mr. Hatteras!" was the young man's generous reply. "For whatever or whoever may be to blame for it, I'm sure you're not."

"That's because you don't know everything, my lord. Wait till you have heard what I have to tell you before you give me such complete absolution."

"I'm not going to blame you whatever you may tell me; but please go on!"

There and then I set to work and told him all that had happened to me since my arrival in London; informed him of my meeting with Nikola, of Wetherell's hasty departure for Australia, of my distrust for Baxter, described the telegram incident and Baxter's curious behaviour afterwards, narrated my subsequent meeting with him and Nikola in the Green Sailor Hotel, described my journey to Plymouth, and finished with the catastrophe that had happened to me there.

"Now you see," I said in conclusion, "why I regard myself as being so much to blame."

"Excuse me," he answered, "but I cannot say that I see it in the same light at all."

"I'm afraid I must be more explicit then. In the first place you must understand that, without a shadow of a doubt, Baxter was chosen for your tutor by Nikola, whose agent he undoubtedly is, for a specific purpose. Now what do you think that purpose was? You don't know? To induce your father to let you travel, to be sure. You ask why they should want you to travel? We'll come to that directly. Their plan is succeeding admirably, when I come upon the scene and, like the great blundering idiot I am, must needs set to work to assist them in their nefarious designs. Your father eventually consents, and it is arranged that you shall set off for Australia at once. Then it is discovered that I am going to leave in the same boat. This does not suit Nikola's plans at all, so he determines to prevent my sailing with you. By a happy chance he is unsuccessful, and I follow and join the boat in Naples. Good gracious! I see something else now."

"What is that?"

"Simply this. I could not help thinking at the time that your bout of sea sickness between Naples and this infernal place was extraordinary. Well, if I'm not very much mistaken, *you were physicked, and it was Baxter's doing.*"

"But why?"

"Ah! That's yet to be discovered. But you may bet your bottom dollar it was some part of their devilish conspiracy. I'm as certain of that as that we are here now. Now here's another point. Do you remember my running out of the Casino last night? Well, that was because I saw Nikola standing in the roadway watching us."

"Are you certain! How could he have got here? And what could his reasons be for watching us?"

"Why, can't you see? To find out how his plot is succeeding, to be sure."

"And that brings us back to our original question—what is that plot?"

"That's rather more difficult to answer! But if you ask my candid opinion I should say nothing more nor less than to make you prisoner and blackmail your father for a ransom."

(To be continued next month.)

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FIG. 1. A JAPANESE THEATRE.

ODD SCENES IN JAPANESE STREETS.

By Douglas Sladen.

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author.

MOST Japanese cities have their Strand—their theatre street; and Theatre Street, Yokohama, though it is not equal to the famous Theatre Street in Kyoto or the Dotom-bori at Ozaka, is quite the most interesting street in Yokohama. We discovered it for ourselves. At the hotel they tell everyone to go and see Deakin's and the Fine Art Gallery and (for a riksha drive) the Racecourse and Mississippi Bay. If the globe-trotter is evidently a person of intellect, who will not be content with thus scratching the surface of "things Japanese," they may even direct him to Shobey, the purveyor of silk pocket-handkerchiefs in the Honcho-dori (who is accused of having labelled his handkerchiefs "Crosse and Blackwell" in the first Japanese craze for imitating things English), or the make-believe native shops in the Benten-Dori, which the stranger thinks must be the genuine article, because they have no fronts. The Honcho-dori, the smart street of the native town, gives itself airs, and goes in for shop windows and chairs for customers. While in purely native streets the shop fronts—the wooden shutters known as *ama-do*—are taken off during the day, and the whole shops left open unless it is cold enough to put up the paper *shoji*, or sunny enough to require the big indigo-coloured (or chocolate) Bombay cotton curtains with large white Chinese characters on them.

Globe-trotters go very little to the theatres in Yokohama. It is part of their creed that there is only one theatre in Japan worth visiting—Danjuro's, which is situated in the foreign suburb of Tokyo, Tsukiji. A fatal error, because, though Danjuro is the David Garrick of Japan, his theatre is half Europeanised.

Fig. 1 is a picture of a Japanese theatre, the principal feature of which is always the playbills—huge boards from ten to twenty feet long, hung with a sharp tilt forward under a sort of pent-house roof. They are adorned with blood-curdling pictures, in all the colours of the rainbow (blood predominating), from the ferocious historical tragedy, which goes on within from morning to night.

In Japan historical plays and tragedies mean the same thing. Comedies are reserved for modern life, and the bloodshed which goes on is awful. Down below, in

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black characters on uncoloured wooden boards, are various notices about price and so on. The diamond effect shown in the picture is a sort of light plaster work—the theatres, like other buildings in this earthquake-terrorized country, are built of the lightest materials. The Japanese in the foreground illustrate well the two commonest lengths of the kimono worn by all who are not coolies, when in native dress. The kimono has very much the effect of the European dressing-gown.

I was taken to Theatre Street by a riksha boy named Sada. As a human horse he was a failure ; he was not up to my weight ; moreover I am certain, from the fact of his wearing glasses and speaking without excitement, that he was a Socialist. However, he spoke a good deal of English, and

Fig. 2.—THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

took an intelligent interest in the manias of globe-trotters. I discovered, too, just before I left Japan, that he had the prettiest little home on his father's farm, and such a pretty young wife and children. However, that is neither here nor there.

Sada, when he discovered that we wanted something more Japanese than pocket-handkerchiefs or the Benten-dori—that we were in search of Japanese impressions—suggested the Theatre Street as being the favourite native promenade. So we jumped into jinrikshas and, trotting down the Benten-dori and the Basha-michi, crossed the big canal by its hump-backed bridge, and found ourselves outside one of the fashionable police-stations, built of reformatory red bricks, and surmounted with the huge gilt conventionalised chrysanthemum, which is the Japanese equivalent of our Broad Arrow, as well as of our Lion and Unicorn. Though the Japanese are so delighted with these "stations," they are too hopelessly unpicturesque to illustrate, so I will content

Fig. 3.—NATIVE "DUDES."

myself with a presentation of the majesty of the law as represented by the officer who was on the whole the most imposing-looking policeman in Yokohama (Fig 2). The background is the ordinary native street of the better sort in a Treaty port.

No sooner were we in Theatre Street than we recognised that we were in a lounge

Fig. 4.—JAPANESE WOMAN CARRYING A CHILD.

affected by native "dudes" (Fig. 3). No less than two of them were wearing hard felt hats, two sizes too large for them, as the finishing touches to otherwise native costumes. The

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Japanese does not wear a hat because he catches cold or fears sunstrokes, but for an ornament—an emblem of fashion, as we

Fig. 5.—STREET FLOWER SELLER.

wear a Gardenia or a Malmaison. They were standing about too as if there was no such thing as time.

Lost in admiration of them (Fig. 4), or of us Europeans, or the Kodak with which I was "shooting folly as it flies," were a couple of little women with babies on their backs in *haori*. Japanese mothers and sisters always carry babies on their backs instead of in their arms, and a very common-sense way of doing things it is, for it leaves the hands free for bouncing-ball, or battledore and shuttlecock, or something useful. Some of the little girls carrying babies look so ridiculously small and young that they justify the American exaggeration that in Japan as soon as a new baby is born, the last one is made to carry it. This is easier to believe now that Edwin Arnold has discovered that in reality Japanese families are very small, and that the mother will often suckle a child for years. Sweet little women they were with glossy, faultlessly done raven hair, pretty soft grey kimonos brightened up with handsome *obes* (broad brocade sashes), and snowy-white *tabi* caught by the big toe on tall kiri-wood clogs. The *tabi*, which are made of linen, have divided toes, but otherwise are like a daintily fitted house boot with a neat seam up the front. In the background is the principal theatre with its brick arch and row of gaudy paper lanterns.

Near the little women (Fig. 5) was a street flower-seller in the skimpy dark-blue cotton kimono, which constitutes all the extra clothes a coolie puts on for cold weather, though he will wrap a red Indian blanket round his shoulders when he is standing about. For a shilling or two you can buy from him a charming flat porcelain pot like those shown in the picture with a flowering plum-tree in it. The New Year is the holiday *par excellence* in Japan, and no household is then complete without its flowering plum-trees, single or double-blossomed, white, pink, crimson, or variegated in colour, trained into all sorts of queer shapes (the spiral curve being the most admired) and mostly in blue and white porcelain pots. They are carried—a hundredweight or two of them—in a queer sort of scales suspended at each end of a shoulder bamboo by smaller bamboos arranged in a cone. The cheapness of plants in Japan is astonishing. This flower-seller sold me a large palmetto in an elaborately carved wooden box—the whole weighing I daresay half a hundredweight—for half-a crown, and as he had to deliver it at the hotel, no doubt my riksha boy and the hall porter had a squeeze out of that half-crown.

Fig. 6.—THE TRAVELLING AME-YA.

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I had a capital picture, which could not be reproduced, of another of these flower-sellers with a plum tree and dwarf fir tree in his flower-pots. These dwarf firs are very much prized, and can actually be trained not only to assume the most admired distortions, but even to decrease in size. When the Duchess of Connaught left Japan she had one a few inches high presented to her which was said to be a hundred years old. The value put on it was £10.

Theatre Street contains not only the theatres, but the principal baths and bazaars. The Japanese are very funny about their public baths in most places—though hardly as much in Yokohama, where there are so many inquisitive foreigners about. It is no longer legal for men and women to bathe together promiscuously, but in the remoter places the law is observed in the letter, as one might say; for one frequently sees men and woman bathing in the same bath, separated only by a bamboo floating on the top of the water. The native bazaars, with which Theatre Street is crowded—it being the fashion for the holiday-making Japanese to buy cheap presents for his lady-loves or his children—are full of most awful rubbish. To charm the heart of the mousmee there are cheap leather pipe and tobacco cases, mirror cases and purses, cheap scarlet lacquered combs, cheap hair-pins, decorated with coral, mother-o'-pearl,

Fig. 7.—JAPANESE SHOP EUROPEANISED.

artificial flowers, and sham gems; spurious soap that won't wash, cheap lacquer trash galore; and to please the children there are countless rubbishy wooden and paper toys, such as swords or firemen's standards, or the cardboard dragon's head used by the street dancers,

The very little children seem to like the

Fig. 8.—AN OLD MAN OF THE COOLIE CLASS.

dough toys, blown out as glass is blown by the travelling *ameya*, shown in Fig. 6. He sets up his wooden stall and with a little pipe blows out and moulds from flour paste gourds, cocks and hens, and flowers, and Japanese cupids, and what not, while the children stand round the stall in silent, stolid Asiatic expectation.

In Fig. 6 the *ameya* has made a few of his toys and impaled them on the wooden spikes of his stand. On the right are seen the bamboo on which he slings the stand to carry it away, and the flour drawers and kneading tub, which he slings at the other end to balance it. The high kiri-wood clogs the Japanese use for wet weather show very clearly on the feet of the big boy. They are held in position by a looped thong, which passes between the first and second toes. Theatre Street, where we saw the *ameya* on our first visit to it, is naturally much frequented by him.

Fig. 7 is a Japanese shop Europeanised to the extent of having a fixed front. It was kept by a very prosperous person indeed, who thought no small beer of his premises. He sold, if I remember rightly, the oblong envelopes of the flimsiest straw paper stamped with a decorative border, and the hundred feet rolls of thin absorbent paper which the Japanese use for their correspondence. The envelopes cost a sen (less than a halfpenny a packet), and the paper about

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sixpence a roll. Its being absorbent did not signify, because the Japanese write with a paint brush and Indian ink, holding the roll aloft in the left hand and unrolling the portion written upon so as to have the support of the roll for the portion upon which they are writing. When the letter is finished they tear off the yard or two they have used and fold it up into folds about six inches by two, and slip it into the oblong envelopes. But as his signboard implies, the proud proprietor did not depend upon these humble articles of stationery or upon the fascinatingly infinitesimal bottles of (reputed) European ink which he sold for fractions of a halfpenny, but upon a variety of agencies which he expressed in one agglutinative word RAILWAYSTEAMSHIPCOINTHINGSDEALTHERE. He had another shop in the Anjin-Cho (Pilot Street) in Tokyo—which is so named after Will Adams, the English pilot, who founded the Japanese navy and lived in that street close on three centuries ago. The fine Japanese woodwork made of unpainted, unstained, unvarnished firwood, and the shop curtains with various notices on them, come out very distinctly.

As we riksha'd further down Theatre Street, the character of the thoroughfare changed; it became more open and the dwellings more typically Japanese.

I got a snap-shot of a most characteristic old man of the coolie class (Fig. 8) as he passed along under a shallow overhanging paper-windowed Japanese bedroom, which was really quite a work of art with its even white wood-work couple of dozen of window frames. And I found out afterwards that I had taken two most typical shop curtains in the background. The old man's hooded capacious tunic is a very characteristic specimen of a fashion that is passing away, and his hair is done in the antique style. Fig. 9 gives a Japanese house of another kind which I cannot explain here, and shows one of the prettiest sights one sees in the Japanese streets, a children's cooking-stove. Some old man or woman will sit at one of these stoves, which have fascinating copper trays over little charcoal fire-boxes. In the little jars are various delicacies prized by the little human dolls, and sauces in which to dip them, as adults dip their food. Your Japanese is passionately fond of sauces, and dips every article of food which is sufficiently solid to be held in chopsticks. The child pays a rin or two—rins are worth say fourpence a hundred—chooses its delicacy and cooks it for itself on the frizzling tray. It is picturesque to the last degree to watch the old copper-coloured statue of benevolence behind it smiling at a row of tiny customers in brilliant bescarleted clothes with clear brown cheeks as soft and rounded and silky and crimson-flushed as ripe peaches, and shiny eyes like white porcelain beads with jet centres, and jet black hair shaved with the strictest subservience to infant fashions.

In Japan no child is too small to observe etiquette and be treated with ceremony. The Japanese are the most courtly nation in the world, as one begins to perceive when one begins to get an insight into their rules of life, which are as numerous as the Chinese alphabet—an institution I have always understood to contain 80,000 letters.

Fig. 9.—CHILDREN COOKING IN THE STREETS.

To see Theatre Street at its best, one wants to go down it at night in holiday time, when all the theatres are flaring with lights and caterwauling with oriental music; and the tea-houses are tinkling with samisens, and giving forth the sparrow-like notes of the singing girls, and the revelry of their saké-drinking patrons; and the whole street is festooned with lanterns, and packed with little mousmees in brilliant dresses and marvellous coiffures, between whom rikshas with twinkling lanterns spin along avoiding manslaughter the cherubs only know how. For there must be a special class of cherubs sitting up aloft and devoting their attention to preserving Japanese holiday-makers and children. And we often went down Theatre Street by night but we could not take any photographs then.

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ALONE IN THE WORKHOUSE.

BY FRANK HIRD.

Illustrated by BERTHA NEWCOMBE.

"HER'LL come if her can bring her bed-tie, an' if her can't her'll trapse home agean. That's what Esther do say, an' she be real powerful be Esther. Girl an' woman, maid an' wife, her've never gainsayed her word."

There was a note of defiance in Hannah's voice at which the group of ruddy-faced gentlemen exchanged glances. The Porrock guardians were unaccustomed to the acceptance with a proviso of the board and lodging they provided for deserving and undeserving indigence: a pauper compelling a favour outraged their traditions.

"Her 'bed-tie'?" asked a clergyman, the latest member of the board.

"She means her feather bed, sir," explained the matron, regarding Esther and her spokeswoman with doubtful eyes. "They would give up anything rather than part with their beds."

"'Tis a fine plumb tie," said Esther, "'twas me gran'mother Joan's, an' me mother's before I. Full o' grace they died on it, an' so will I——"

"Sea waves an' wild 'osses won't move she," interrupted Hannah, whereon Esther, alarmed by the uncertainty in the faces round her, grasped the knot of the bundle lying at her feet, her hands, twisted and distorted by the incessant work and rheumatism of many years, feverishly clutching the loose ends of linen.

"'Tis mine!" she quavered, her faded eyes suddenly grown bright. "'Tis mine!"

There was a short silence, broken by the chairman of the board, a portly squire.

"I think in this case we might waive our rule," he ventured hesitatingly.

"It would create an unpleasant precedent," retorted another. "And personally, I consider the spirit in which this old woman——"

"Tut, tut, man," answered the chairman testily, "Esther has known us all since we were boys; haven't you, Esther?"

But Esther's eyes had grown dim again. She stroked the bundle tenderly, murmuring to herself, "'Tis mine. I mind when 'twas Gran'mother Joan's, but 'tis mine now."

The pathos of the bowed old figure, of the pride of possession that remained when the passage of years and heavy trouble had

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numbed the brain, brought tears to the eyes of more than one of these arbiters of the destinies of the poorest poor. There was an unsteadiness in the chairman's voice as he said:

"It will be all right, Esther. You may bring your bed in with you."

Esther made no answer, but slowly rolling her shawl over her arms turned to the woman at her side, saying abruptly, "I'se goin' to stay, Hannah. The Lord be wi' 'ee."

Hannah's mouth twitched nervously.

"She stroked the bundle tenderly, murmuring to herself ''tis mine.'"

From beneath her apron she produced a roll of paper, carefully pinned.

"It 'ull be lonesome like sittin' and starin' at bare walls all th' day long," she stammered, hastily unpinning the paper; so I thought I'd leave 'ee that," thrusting a gaily coloured print into Esther's hands. "Our Jim be powerful fond o' thacky, an' 'ee took it down 'isself from th' chimbley wall for 'ee, Esther."

"Ma dear sensis!" Esther cried, her wrinkled face creased with smiles. "'Tis a purty picter, so 'tis. Luk at they flowers," she went on, showing the print to the matron. "A'most as big as yer can pick'em. Ma dear bones an' body, 'tis a bewty."

When the guardians had returned to the board-room, Hannah, after many parting admonitions, took her leave with that absence of feeling which is characteristic of the peasant. But she wiped her eyes furtively with a corner of her apron as she stood at the gate of the workhouse, a vague wonder possessing her mind whether such would be her future—a helpless old age spent within these ivy-clad walls, with only the memories of the past and thoughts of coming death to occupy her days. She could only wonder, she had not time to think; there were children at home, and a husband even then returning from his labour in the fields; bread was so hard to win and the mouths to be filled were so many.

Greedily clutching Hannah's gift, Esther followed the matron along whitewashed passages, through which the autumn air blew keenly, up many stairs, white with daily scrubbing, to the aged women's ward. As the door opened a sound of faint groaning came from the farther end of the room.

"If you feel as ill as that, Nancy," the matron said, going up to an old woman huddled in a large chair under one of the windows, "you must go back to bed."

"It just be a spasm," Nancy replied apologetically, looking with crafty eyes over the rims of her horn spectacles and laying

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down the book of Psalms she had been reading. "It do take I that sharp," she groaned again, pressing her hand against her side.

The matron frowned. Nancy's spasms were one of the many difficulties with which she had to contend.

"You must go back to bed if they don't get any better," she said rather peremptorily. "Now, here's Esther come to stay with us," turning to the other three women in the room; "she's not very strong and you must be kind to her. Sit down, Esther, and let me take your bonnet. There, that will be much warmer and cosier," she whispered cheerily, deftly slipping a mob cap over Esther's white hair and tying the strings in a bow under her chin. "It will keep all draughts away from your neck and ears. We'll see about a new dress for you to-morrow. I'll go and arrange about your bed at once, so rest until tea-time."

Scarcely had the door closed upon the kindly little matron than Nancy shut her book with an angry snap.

"This comes o' 'oldin' yer 'ead too 'igh, Esther Nankivell," she cried maliciously. "Fare forth wi' Fred Fullpocket an' trapse 'ome agean wi' Penny Liggan, 'ses th' ould saw. An' you've only followed your betters in comin' to th' House."

"Now here's Esther come to stay with us."

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Esther looked bewildered, her sad eyes fixed appealingly on Nancy's face.

"You're a psalm-singin' backslider, Nance Penlerrick!" one of the other women said hotly, hobbling across the room. "'Taint for 'ee to judge onyone o' we. A groanin' an' a rollin' your eyes whenever the matron comes nigh 'ee, an' 'avin' no more pain than th' chair 'ee sit on. An' 'ee a member o' th' Body too! Mark my word, Nance, you're bound for th' pit o' Tophet. Backslidin' an' backbitin' is snares o' Satan."

Nancy sought refuge in her book, casting her eyes upwards with many pious ejaculations appropriate to the occasion. She was the only woman in the ward who could read, but experience had taught her that even this weapon was powerless against her arch-foe, Mary, who continued, "There's no need for 'ee to sit there blasphemin', an' 'oldin' th' holy book downside foremost"—Nancy started: it was a chance shot, but the book was undoubtedly upside down—"an' standin' all the letters on their 'eads. Esther 've 'ad her trouble worse'n most o' we, an' 'taint seemly for 'ee to mind she o' th' times when her was stiffnecked an' proud. Her's lost her man an' her boy. The Lord's hand 've lay 'eavy on she, an' 'taint for th' likes o' 'ee Nance to rub in th' salt."

Mary was usually silent, and although she herself could not have described the emotion which led her to speak, it was the sight of Esther's hands, patiently folded in her lap, that had set ablaze her righteous wrath. She had known the time when these same hands, now almost useless, had been busy from morning until night. There was not a busier housewife in all Porrock village than Esther, not a more prosperous couple than she and her husband. Esther, perhaps, had been unduly proud of their growing comfort, of the small meadow they rented, of the cow, the three beehives nestling under the sunniest hedge of the garden, the trim fishing-boat, the great family Bible with its gaudy pictures, and the horse-hair chairs and sofa in the parlour, but prouder still of her husband, Josiah, and their son Jerry.

No other boat belonging to the little haven brought such heavy spoil from the treacherous Atlantic as theirs; no woman in all the countryside made such butter, sold such eggs, or washed linen so whitely and so carefully as Esther; none other was so thrifty, so tireless. Josiah rejoiced in her as a treasure beyond price; to her, Josiah was a king amongst men, and to both their son was the embodiment of all they loved in each other.

And so the world went very well with them. They tilled the land, and swept the sea with nets; the bank in the county town and certain shiny slips of paper, securely locked within Esther's work-box, showing the result of their incessant endeavour.

Perhaps Esther took too much heart of grace in their strength and in their good fortune. Her own carefulness made her impatient with the improvidence she saw amongst her neighbours, whom she was sometimes wont to criticise in no measured terms of disapproval. Perhaps envy lay at the root of the matter, but as the years of increase sped past, she began to be known as "stiffnecked" and "proud," a day of retribution being freely prophesied amongst the more envious of her detractors.

The change came with terrible swiftness. During one night Esther was robbed of her husband, of her son, and of her home.

After many days of ceaseless rain, the sea with sudden fury joined the waters of the swollen canal, bursting the lock-gates, and sweeping through the village with exulting force; and whilst Esther, aroused by the rushing torrent, was seeking refuge upon the roof of their cottage, her two dearest were being done to death by the mighty breakers amongst the rocks beyond the bar.

At the ceasing of the storm, death and lamentation filled the one cobbled street of Porrock, and Esther was utterly alone in the world; the work of years destroyed in a single hour, the garden swept away, the cow, the bees, the poultry, vanished as if they had never been. It was only when they brought her aboard, picked from the flotsam and jetsam of the rocky shore, bearing the word "Esther," that the whole of her loss became known to her; it was then her life ended, the further knowledge that Josiah's investments were worthless being mercifully spared to her.

She would not believe her dear ones were dead, and would remain for days without speaking, looking hungrily out to sea. Her needs were small, and for years she had lived with Hannah, but illness and the passage of time eventually swallowed up the balance at the county bank. Rheumatism claimed her for its own, but amid all its torture she looked for the return of her beloved. To-day was as yesterday, and yesterday was as to-morrow to her dulled mind, until she was told she must go to

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"The distant sea sparkling around the tower on the headland."

the workhouse; then a spark of the old energy returned, a flash of the old fire. Yes, she would go into the house, but not unless she could take her "bed-tie"—the last of her prized possessions. "I'll die on th' roadside sooner!" she had exclaimed passionately, and at the granting of her request, had relapsed into her former state of patient, placid expectancy.

And now in the winter of her life she waits with open arms to welcome death. Each day she sits at the same window, in the aged women's ward, with folded hands. Below, on sunny days, the old men sit on benches in the shady exercise-ground, with mumbling mouths and shaking heads: a murmur of young voices creeps upward from the schoolroom, but youth and age are as nothing; her eyes are fixed until the setting of the sun on the distant sea, sparkling around the gaunt tower on the headland.

It is from the north that the *Esther* will come. First a glint of red on the horizon, where the sunlight catches the sail as Josiah's boat leaves Lundy on the right; then, as the mast and rigging become distinct, the trim little craft will sweep outwards in a great circle, avoiding the rocks and shallows of the nearer waters. On, on, it will come, bravely breasting the retarding waves, advancing nearer and nearer upon their frothy summits to the entrance of the haven; then, a sudden twist of the tiller, one moment of breathless suspense as the vessel passes the Barrel Rock, the rattle of falling chains, the creaking of cordage, and husband and son will be in her arms again.

Looking landwards she can see the cottage that was the scene of all her happiness, of all her misery, but of that she has no memories.

At night, nestling wearily between the sheets, she strokes the "bed-tie" tenderly, whispering, as she falls asleep, "My man an' th' dear lad 'ull be back from th' fishin' to-morrer. There's th' butter to make, an' the Squire's shirts to wash. I'll get 'em done afore the boat comes in, an' I'll 'ave to get up wi' th' dawnin'."

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HOW SHELL-FISH ARE CAUGHT.

Written and Illustrated by HARRY TUCK.

"WELL! I reckon shell-fish is about the dearest food you can buy," said an old Devonshire fisherman one day, referring to crabs and lobsters, though he omitted to include oysters in his generalisation because they weren't in his line. "I don't reckon it be as cheap for the money as as a pound of rump steak (even though it be every bit as good), and goodness knows that be dear enough." And when the price of the better sort of shell-fish is considered and compared, possibly the Devonshire fisherman was not taking too extreme a view of the value of one of the most important among the many natural and exhaustless products of the sea.

Along the greater part of the southern and western coasts of England, the coasts of Scotland, the Scilly Islands, and a great part of Ireland the catching of crabs and lobsters is a valuable and almost ceaseless industry. But one particular part of the South Devonshire coast, the large and sweeping bay that reaches from Dartmouth round to the Start Point, affords the most fruitful feeding ground. It is here that the finest crabs are caught, known as "Start Bay" or "West Country" crabs.

To many people, crabs, and especially the smaller ones that are caught in muddy estuaries and on turbid shores, are a delusion. They are mostly to be found with extremely watery interiors. But the Devonshire crabs are large, firm, full of solid meat, and very sweet.

In the spring and summer the crab-pots, which are made by the fishermen themselves in the winter months from the "withies" grown in the marshy districts, are laid in the most favourable spots, often as distant as five or six miles away. Twice a day the boats go out with bait to overhaul the pots, re-bait, and bring along the captured crabs, which are then put into much larger "store-pots," kept a little way out from the shore, ready to be hauled up at any time or at any state of the tide.

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The boats are sometimes launched with difficulty over a rolling, breaking sea; and even more hazardous is the return if, during their absence, a stiff breeze has sprung up. It is then that the services of dogs are employed to swim out and bring ashore the rope with which to haul them in. These humble and useful servitors of the hardy fishermen are generalised under the term "say-dawgs;" fox-terrier, St. Bernard, retriever, and mongrel are equally honoured with the same appellation.

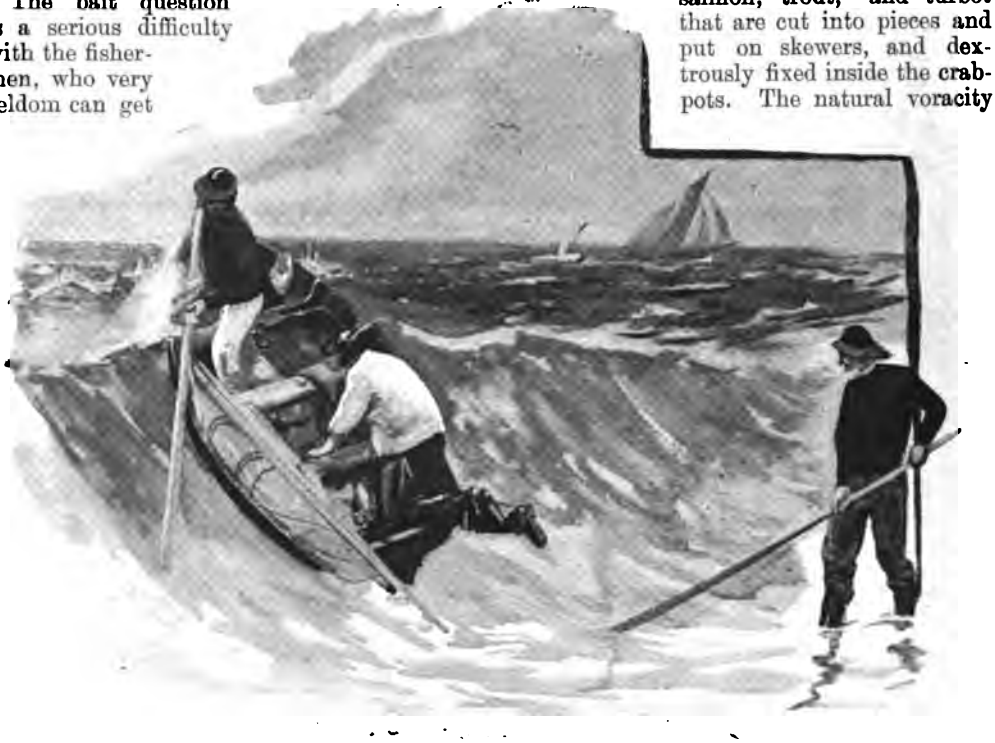
The journeys are, of course, regulated more or less by the tides; yet, unless the pots are kept well supplied with bait, the crabs fight and maim each other, besides tearing the pots and literally eating their way out.

The position of the pots is easily identified by the bundles of cork on the surface, attached by a line to each crab-pot. These also serve the purpose of enabling the men to haul up. It is rather a monotonous business, each set of pots taking from two to three hours to haul, bait, and replace; besides the sometimes necessarily hard work of rowing long distances to and from the scene of operation.

The bait question is a serious difficulty with the fishermen, who very seldom can get enough fish of any sort to cut up, and frequent expeditions are made to overhaul

MAKING A CRAB-POT.

the trawlers constantly passing up and down Channel to buy the necessary supplies. To the inexperienced landsman it would appear a shocking waste of good food to see the fine fresh bream, bass, salmon, trout, and turbot that are cut into pieces and put on skewers, and dextrously fixed inside the crab-pots. The natural voracity



GOING OFF IN A STIFF BREEZE.

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of the shell-fish, however, makes this waste imperative.

There are other difficulties, hardships, and frequent losses, too, which the fisherman has to put up with from the trawlers, steam and sailing, that drag up and destroy their property. While occasional gales will often wreck and break to pieces their stock-in-trade.

Lobsters and crayfish are caught in a similar manner to crabs. Almost any rocky portion of the coast serves as a feeding ground for the former, and, if accessible, is fished with more or less success. But the latter require for natural development a clear, clean, sandy-bottomed sea, and round no part of the British coast are the conditions so favourable as in Start Bay.

Crabs and lobsters are measured by their length, and of those under the regulation size two count as one. A large portion of the London supply is brought by water as far as Southampton, by smacks purposely constructed with a large hole or well, something like a huge Zoological cage, in the centre of the keel, through which the salt water is ever flowing as the vessel sails along. The fish are thus delivered at the market alive.

This is not the only means of conveyance, however. The large towns in the West of England and the midland counties take extensive supplies of shell-fish from the Start Bay fishing villages, but these are sent by cart to Dartmouth, and from thence by rail.

The competition to get the fish on board these smacks is very amusing, and almost ludicrous at times. One bright sunny Sunday morning, when the boats were all hauled up, the gear housed, and a general *laissez-faire, dolce-far-niente* kind of feeling seemed to pervade the whole village of little white-washed, ragged-thatched cottages, the peaceful quiet of the place, accentuated by the calmness of the atmosphere, we were suddenly startled by shouts, clatter, rattle, the barking of dogs, shrill whistles, and all kinds of noises, an apparently deserted village being transformed in a twinkling into a scene of the greatest activity. From every side and out of every

TAKING CRAB POTS ON BOARD.

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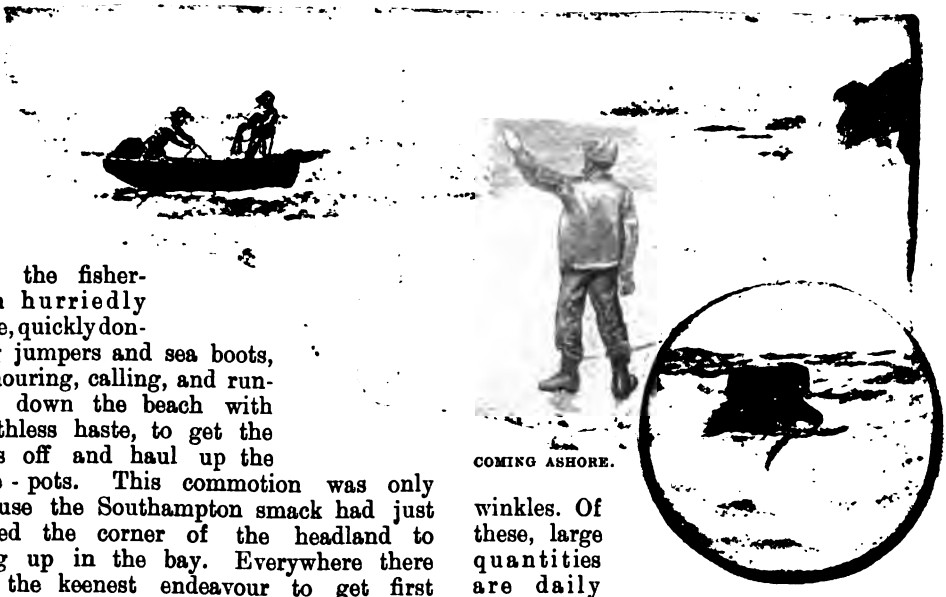

COMING ASHORE.

door the fishermen hurriedly came, quickly donning jumpers and sea boots, clamouring, calling, and running down the beach with breathless haste, to get the boats off and haul up the store-pots. This commotion was only because the Southampton smack had just turned the corner of the headland to bring up in the bay. Everywhere there was the keenest endeavour to get first aboard with the cargo of crabs, and the men, as they pulled off, rowed at racing speed to catch up with the little vessel.

As the western coast, with its high, precipitous, and rocky cliffs, is the natural home of the crab and lobster, so the eastern coast, with its long flat stretches of sand, extending far out to sea, is favourable to the development of the less expensive and comparatively inferior kinds of shell-fish, such as cockles, whelks, and periwinkles. Of these, large quantities are daily sent to town from round about the mouth of the Thames and the Essex marshes.

The most valuable product, however, of the rivers and streams flowing eastward is, of course, the oyster. Whitstable natives have a world-wide reputation, but though not generally known, the very finest oysters are cultivated at Burnham-on-Crouch, a small but interesting place near Maldon, to which, quite recently, the Great Eastern Railway has extended a branch, which in former years supplied a large portion of the Whitstable beds, besides exporting great quantities of oysters to France. Here the whole of the river is a series of oyster beds, which are assiduously fished nearly all the year round. Indeed, oyster-dredging as an industry is the mainstay of a large portion of the population of the east part of Essex, for valuable beds are also cultivated on other rivers, such as the Bramhill, Blackwater, and Colne.

HAULING THE STORE-POT.

The oyster-dredgers—as the boats engaged in the enterprise are called—are almost like

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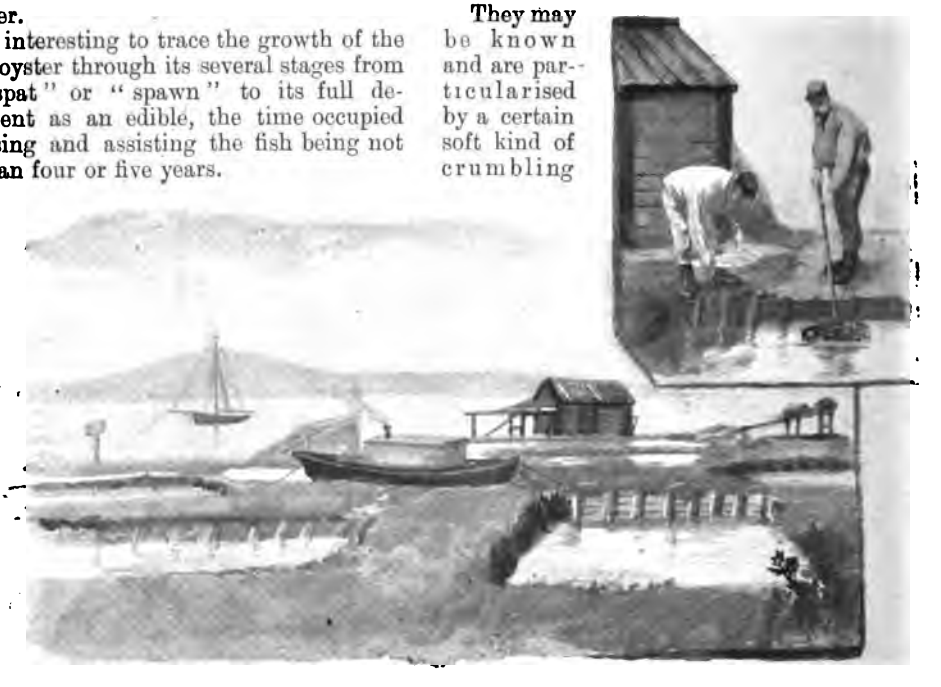
HAULING UP THE CRABBER'S BOAT.

well-formed sailing yachts, though the fittings are less luxurious. As a rule these are kept remarkably clean by their crew of two or three men, considering the rather dirty nature of their occupation. The actual dredger used is a small cage with open mouth, formed of strong "withies" netted across with twine, with an iron blade that scrapes the bottom as the vessel sails. It is thrown overboard to collect the oysters; these are sorted on deck, and all but the few more matured fish are returned to the bed of the river.

It is interesting to trace the growth of the native oyster through its several stages from the "spat" or "spawn" to its full development as an edible, the time occupied in nursing and assisting the fish being not less than four or five years.

At the commencement of the winter, operations for a new brood are commenced by the dispatch to Sheerness of boats, euphemistically styled "Knockabouts," to collect the old oyster-shells, called "culch," that are thrown up on shore by the action of the tide.

They may be known and are particularised by a certain soft kind of crumbling



OYSTER PITS.

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chalkiness — a cracknell biscuit kind of quality—and upon arrival are spread on the near low beds and banks of the river to dry.

These are put down in the river about the following June for the "spat" to fasten upon, and when dredged up in the autumn are collected and put in pits for the winter. These pits, which are large and shallow, are dug along the shore communicating with the river, and for the reception of the "spat" are prepared with shell or gravel bottoms.

ABOARD AN OYSTER DREDGER.

About March or April this "spat" is carefully laid along the sides or "saltings" of the river in shallow water, and when again dredged up the young oysters just formed, or at least those that are not sufficiently appreciative of the necessity of falling off and making a beginning for themselves, are ruthlessly removed with a "cultack," which is similar to an ordinary oyster knife, and ultimately put again into the pits for the following winter. At this stage these are termed "small brood."

They are, however, laid in the river and along the shores in the following spring, to be taken up as "large brood." The same operations are repeated, until next year the oysters have become "half-wear." They are then relaid in the stock grounds, and when finally dredged again, have become the full-grown oyster.

When oysters were more plentiful the supplies were measured by the bushel, but of late years they have been sold by number, each particular one being of some value.

The technical terms for the implements used in the cultivation are curious. A basket to hold about a bushel and a half is called a "priddle." A "tendle" is a flat basket for laying and spreading the oysters in the pits; while a "doydle" is an implement something like a spade or a gigantic weeding hoe for getting oysters out of the pits.

Of course such valuable property as the oyster beds are carefully guarded, watchmen being on duty all night: and they have even some deadly and fearsome-looking series of iron grappling-hooks, which are laid down in the river to catch marauders. The winter watchman's shelter is made out of an old hull of a once famous Thames racing yacht, and for months, in a little creek on

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the shores of the silent, bleak, and desolate river, he lives the life of a hermit, unaided and alone.

To the casual visitor various mysterious and odd-looking posts, dotted about the banks, are a puzzle, particularly the variously shaped tops like nondescript railway signals, but the explanation of these apparently curious adornments of the river, is that they mark to the sailing dredgermen the limits of the different properties, and they know full well that to fish up or down the river beyond these limits would be to poach on other people's domains.

When the serious and earnest cultivation of the oyster is seen to occupy so much attention, and so large a population is engaged in the industry, it cannot be regarded as other than one of the many large enterprises that are more or less indigenous to our island home. While, among the food products of England—co-existent if not almost co-equal with the agricultural interest in these latter and more degenerate days—crab, lobster, crayfish, oyster, and whelk fishing occupy an important position in ministering to the wants and necessities of our large and ever-increasing community.

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CHRONICLES OF MARTIN HEWITT.

By Arthur Morrison.*

V.—THE CASE OF LAKER, ABSCONDED.

THERE were several of the larger London banks and insurance offices from which Hewitt held a sort of general retainer as detective adviser, in fulfilment of which he was regularly consulted as to the measures to be taken in different cases of fraud, forgery, theft, and so forth, which it might be the misfortune of the particular firms to encounter. The more important and intricate of these cases were placed in his hands entirely, with separate commissions, in the usual way. One of the most important companies of the sort was the General Guarantee Society, an insurance corporation which, among other risks, took those of the integrity of secretaries, clerks, and cashiers. In the case of a cash-box elopement on the part of any person guaranteed by the society, the directors were naturally anxious for a speedy capture of the culprit, and more especially of the booty before too much of it was spent, in order to lighten the claim upon their funds, and in work of this sort Hewitt was at times engaged, either in general advice and direction, or in the actual pursuit of the plunder and the plunderer.

Arriving at his office a little later than usual one morning, Hewitt found an urgent message awaiting him from the General Guarantee Society, requesting his attention to a robbery which had taken place on the previous day. He had gleaned some hint of the case from the morning paper, wherein appeared a short paragraph, which ran thus:—

Serious Bank Robbery.—In the course of yesterday a clerk employed by Messrs. Liddle, Neal & Liddle, the well-known bankers, disappeared, having in his possession a large sum of money, the property of his employers — a sum reported to be rather over £15,000. It would seem that he had been entrusted to collect the money in his capacity of "walk-clerk" from various other banks and trading concerns during the morning, but failed to return at the usual time. A large number of the notes which he received had been cashed at the Bank of England before suspicion was aroused. We understand that Detective-Inspector Plummer, of Scotland Yard, has the case in hand.

The clerk, whose name was Charles William Laker, had, it appeared from the message, been guaranteed in the usual way by the General Guarantee Society, and Hewitt's presence at the office was at once

"On the day of the robbery he started out as usual."

desired, in order that steps might quickly be taken for the man's apprehension, and in the recovery, at any rate, of as much of the booty as possible.

A smart hansom brought Hewitt to Threadneedle Street in a bare quarter of an

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hour, and there a few minutes' talk with the manager, Mr. Lyster, put him in possession of the main facts of the case, which appeared to be simple. Charles William Laker was twenty-five years of age, and had been in the employ of Messrs. Liddle, Neal, & Liddle for something more than seven years —since he left school, in fact—and until the previous day there had been nothing in his conduct to complain of. His duties as walk-clerk consisted in making a certain round, beginning at about half-past ten each morning. There were a certain number of the more important banks between which and Messrs. Liddle, Neal, & Liddle there were daily transactions, and a few smaller semi-private banks and merchant firms acting as financial agents, with whom there was business intercourse of less importance and regularity; and each of these, as necessary, he visited in turn, collecting cash due on bills and other instruments of a like nature. He carried a wallet, fastened securely to his person by a chain, and this wallet contained the bills and the cash. Usually at the end of his round, when all his bills had been converted into cash, the wallet held very large sums. His work and responsibilities, in fine, were those common to walk-clerks in all banks.

On the day of the robbery he had started out as usual—possibly a little earlier than was customary—and the bills and other securities in his possession represented considerably more than £15,000. It had been ascertained that he had called in the usual way at each establishment on the round, and had transacted his business at the last place by about a quarter past one, being then, without doubt, in possession of cash to the full value of the bills negotiated. After that, Mr. Lyster said, yesterday's report was that nothing more had been heard of him. But this morning there had been a message to the effect that he had been traced out of the country—to Calais, at least, it was thought. The directors of the society wished Hewitt to take the case in hand personally, and at once, with a view of recovering what was possible from the plunder by way of salvage; also, of course, of finding Laker, for it is an important moral gain to guarantee societies, as an example, if a thief is caught and punished. Therefore Hewitt and Mr. Lyster, as soon as might be, made for Messrs. Liddle, Neal, & Liddle's, that the investigation might be begun.

The bank premises were quite near—in Leadenhall Street. Having arrived there, Hewitt and Mr. Lyster made their way to the firm's private rooms. As they were passing an outer waiting-room, Hewitt noticed two women. One, the elder, in widow's weeds, was sitting with her head bowed in her hand over a small writing-table. Her face was not visible, but her whole attitude was that of a person overcome with unbearable grief; and she sobbed quietly. The other was a young woman of twenty-two or twenty-three. Her thick black veil revealed no more than that her features were small and regular, and that her face was pale and drawn. She stood with a hand on the elder woman's shoulder, and she quickly turned her head away as the two men entered.

Mr. Neal, one of the partners, received them in his own room. "Good morning, Mr. Hewitt," he said, when Mr. Lyster had introduced the detective. "This is a serious business—very. I think I am sorrier for Laker himself than for anybody else, ourselves included—or, at any rate, I am sorrier for his mother. She is waiting now to see Mr. Liddle, as soon as he arrives—Mr. Liddle has known the family for a long time. Miss Shaw is with her, too, poor girl. She is a governess, or something of that sort, and I believe she and Laker were engaged to be married. It's all very sad."

"Inspector Plummer, I understand," Hewitt remarked, "has the affair in hand, on behalf of the police?"

"Yes," Mr. Neal replied; "in fact, he's here now, going through the contents of Laker's desk, and so forth; he thinks it possible Laker may have had accomplices. Will you see him?"

"Presently. Inspector Plummer and I are old friends. We met last, I think, in the case of the Stanway cameo, some months ago. But, first, will you tell me how long Laker has been a walk-clerk?"

"Barely four months, although he has been with us altogether seven years. He was promoted to the walk soon after the beginning of the year."

"Do you know anything of his habits—what he used to do in his spare time, and so forth?"

"Not a great deal. He went in for boating, I believe, though I have heard it whispered that he had one or two more expensive tastes —expensive, that is, for a young man in his position," Mr. Neal explained, with a dignified wave of the hand that he peculiarly affected. He was a stout old gentleman, and the gesture suited him.

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"You have had no reason to suspect him of dishonesty before, I take it?"

"Oh no. He made a wrong return once, I believe, that went for some time undetected, but it turned out, after all, to be a clerical error—a mere clerical error."

"Do you know anything of his associates out of the office?"

"No; how should I? I believe Inspector Plummer has been making inquiries as to that, however, of the other clerks. Here he is, by-the-bye, I expect. Come in!"

It was Plummer who had knocked, and he came in at Mr. Neal's call. He was a middle-sized, small-eyed, impenetrable-looking man, as yet of no great reputation in the force. Some of my readers may remember his connection with that case, so long a public mystery, that I have elsewhere fully set forth and explained under the title of "The Stanway Cameo Mystery." Plummer carried his billy-cock hat in one hand and a few papers in the other. He gave Hewitt good morning, placed his hat on a chair, and spread the papers on the table.

"There's not a great deal here," he said, "but one thing's plain—Laker had been betting. See here, and here, and here"—he took a few letters from the bundle in his hand—"two letters from a bookmaker about settling—wonder he trusted a clerk—several telegrams from tipsters, and a letter from some friend—only signed by initials—asking Laker to put a sovereign on a horse for the friend 'with his own.' I'll keep these, I think. It may be worth while to see that friend, if we can find him. Ah, we often find it's betting, don't we, Mr. Hewitt? Meanwhile, there's no news from France yet."

"You are sure that is where he is gone?" asked Hewitt.

"Well, I'll tell you what we've done as yet. First, of course, I went round to all the banks. There was nothing to be got from that. The cashiers all knew him by sight, and one was a personal friend of his. He had called as usual, said nothing in particular, cashed his bills in the ordinary way, and finished up at the Eastern Consolidated Bank at about a quarter past one. So far there was nothing whatever. But I had started two or three men meanwhile making enquiries at the railway stations and so on. I had scarcely left the Eastern Consolidated when one of them came after me with news. He had tried Palmer's Tourist Office, although that seemed an unlikely place, and there struck the track."

"Had he been there?"

"Not only had he been there, but he had taken a tourist ticket for France. It was quite a smart move, in a way. You see it was the sort of ticket that lets you do pretty well what you like; you have the choice of two or three different routes to begin with,

"You are sure that is where he has gone?"

and you can break your journey where you please, and make all sorts of variations. So that a man with a ticket like that, and a few hours' start, could twist about on some remote branch route, and strike off in another direction altogether with a new ticket from some out-of-the-way place, while we were carefully sorting out and enquiring along the different routes he *might* have taken. Not half a bad move for a new hand, but he made one bad mistake, as new hands always do—as old hands do, in fact, very often. He was fool enough to give his own name, C. Laker! Although that didn't matter much, as the description was enough to fix him. There he was, wallet and all, just as he had come from the Eastern Consolidated Bank. He went straight from there to Palmer's, by-the-bye, and probably in a cab. We judge that by the time. He left the Eastern Consolidated at a quarter past one, and was at Palmer's by twenty-five past — ten minutes. The clerk at Palmer's remembered the time because he was anxious to get out to his lunch, and kept looking at the clock, expecting another clerk in to relieve him. Laker didn't take much in the way of luggage, I fancy. We enquired carefully at the stations, and got the porters to remember the passengers for

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whom they had been carrying luggage, but none appeared to have had any dealings with our man. That, of course, is as one would expect. He'd take as little as possible with him, and buy what he wanted on the way, or when he'd reached his hiding-place. Of course, I wired to Calais (it was a Dover to Calais route ticket) and sent a couple of smart men off by the 8.15 mail from Charing Cross. I expect we shall hear from them in the course of the day. I am being kept in London in view of something expected at headquarters, or I should have been off myself."

"That is all, then, up to the present? Have you anything else in view?"

"That's all I've absolutely ascertained at present. As for what I'm going to do"—a slight smile curled Plummer's lip—"well, I shall see. I've a thing or two in my mind."

Hewitt smiled slightly himself; he recognised Plummer's touch of professional jealousy. "Very well," he said, rising, "I'll make an inquiry or two for myself at once. Perhaps, Mr. Neal, you'll allow one of your clerks to show me the banks, in their regular order, at which Laker called yesterday. I think I'll begin at the beginning."

Mr. Neal offered to place at Hewitt's disposal anything or anybody the bank contained, and the conference broke up. As Hewitt, with the clerk, came through the rooms separating Mr. Neal's sanctum from the outer office, he fancied he saw the two veiled women leaving by a side door.

The first bank was quite close to Liddle, Neal, & Liddle's. There the cashier who had dealt with Laker the day before remembered nothing in particular about the interview. Many other walk-clerks had called during the morning, as they did every morning, and the only circumstances of the visit that he could say anything definite about were those recorded in figures in the books. He did not know Laker's name till Plummer had mentioned it in making inquiries on the previous afternoon. As far as he could remember, Laker behaved much as usual, though really he did not notice much; he looked chiefly at the bills. He described Laker in a way that corresponded with the photograph that Hewitt had borrowed from the bank; a young man with a brown moustache and ordinary-looking, fairly regular face, dressing much as other clerks dressed—tall hat, black cutaway coat, and so on. The numbers of the notes handed over had already been given to Inspector Plummer, and these Hewitt did not trouble about.

The next bank was in Cornhill, and here the cashier was a personal friend of Laker's—at any rate an acquaintance—and he remembered a little more. Laker's manner had been quite as usual, he said; certainly he did not seem preoccupied or excited in his manner. He spoke for a moment or two—of being on the river on Sunday, and so on—and left in his usual way.

"Can you remember *everything* he said?" Hewitt asked. "If you can tell me, I should like to know exactly what he did and said to the smallest particular."

"Well, he saw me at a little distance off—I was behind there, at one of the desks—and raised his hand to me, and said, 'How d'ye do?' I came across and took his bills, and dealt with them in the usual way. He had a new umbrella lying on the counter—rather a handsome umbrella—and I made a remark about the handle. He took it up to show me, and told me it was a present he had just received from a friend. It was a gorse-root handle, with two silver bands, one with his monogram, C. W. L. I said it was a very nice handle, and asked him whether it was fine in his district on Sunday. He said he had been up the river, and it was very fine there. And I think that was all."

"Thank you. Now about this umbrella. Did he carry it rolled? Can you describe it in detail?"

"Well, I've told you about the handle, and the rest was much as usual, I think; it wasn't rolled—just flapping loosely, you know. It was rather an odd-shaped handle, though. I'll try and sketch it, if you like, as well as I can remember." He did so, and Hewitt saw in the result rough indications of a gnarled crook, with one silver band near the end, and another, with the monogram, a few inches down the handle. Hewitt put the sketch in his pocket, and bade the cashier good-day.

At the next bank the story was the same as at the first—there was nothing remembered but the usual routine. Hewitt and the clerk turned down a narrow paved court, and through into Lombard Street for the next visit. The bank—that of Buller, Clayton, Ladds, & Co.—was just at the corner at the end of the court, and the imposing stone entrance-porch was being made larger and more imposing still, the way being almost blocked by ladders and scaffold-poles. Here there was only the usual tale, and so on

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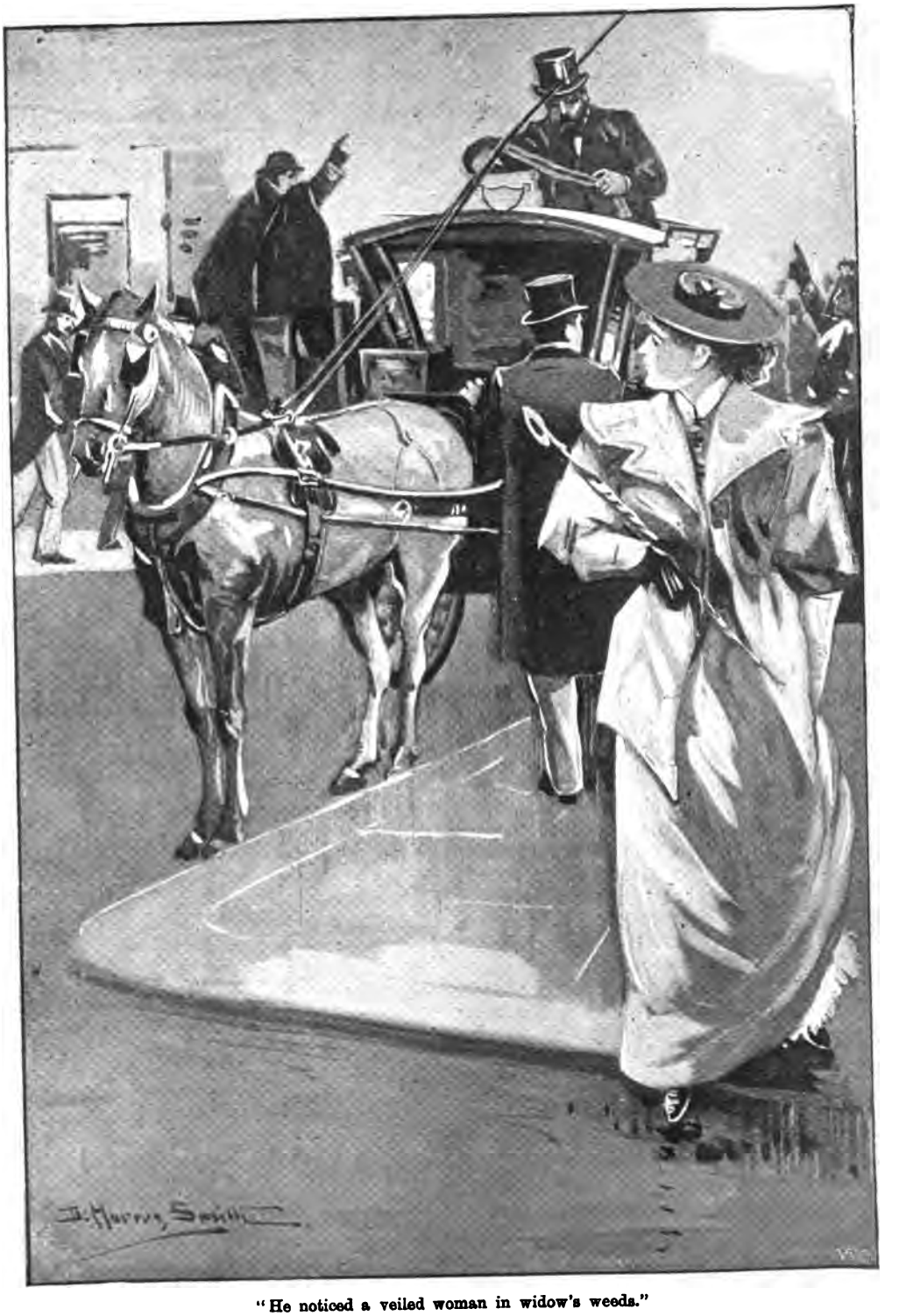

"He noticed a veiled woman in widow's weeds."

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through the whole walk. The cashiers knew Laker only by sight, and that not always very distinctly. The calls of walk-clerks were such matters of routine that little note was taken of the persons of the clerks themselves, who were called by the names of their firms, if they were called by any names at all. Laker had behaved much as usual, so far as the cashiers could remember, and when finally the Eastern Consolidated was left behind, nothing more had been learnt than the chat about Laker's new umbrella.

Hewitt had taken leave of Mr. Neal's clerk, and was stepping into a hansom, when he noticed a veiled woman in widow's weeds hailing another hansom a little way behind. He recognised the figure again, and said to the driver, "Drive fast to Palmer's Tourist Office, but keep your eyes on that cab behind, and tell me presently if it is following us."

The cabman drove off, and after passing one or two turnings, opened the lid above Hewitt's head, and said, "That there other keb *is* a follerin' us, sir, an' keepin' about even distance all along."

"All right; that's what I wanted to know. Palmer's now."

At Palmer's the clerk who had attended to Laker remembered him very well, and described him. He also remembered the wallet, and *thought* he remembered the umbrella—was practically sure of it, in fact, upon reflection. He had no record of the name given, but remembered it distinctly to be Laker. As a matter of fact names were never asked in such a transaction, but in this case Laker appeared to be ignorant of the usual procedure, as well as in a great hurry, and asked for the ticket and gave his name all in one breath, probably assuming that the name would be required.

Hewitt got back to his cab, and started for Charing Cross. The cabman once more lifted the lid and informed him that the hansom with the veiled woman in it was again following, having waited while Hewitt had visited Palmer's. At Charing Cross Hewitt discharged his cab and walked straight to the lost property office. The man in charge knew him very well, for his business had carried him there frequently before.

"I fancy an umbrella was lost in the station yesterday," Hewitt said. "It was a new umbrella, silk, with a gnarled gorse-root handle and two silver bands, something like this sketch. There was a monogram on the lower band—'C. W. L." were the letters. Has it been brought here?"

"There was two or three yesterday," the man said; "let's see." He took the sketch and retired to a corner of his room. "Oh, yes—here it is, I think; isn't this it? Do you claim it?"

"Well, not exactly that, but I think I'll take a look at it, if you'll let me. By the way, I see it's rolled up. Was it found like that?"

"No; the chap rolled it up what found it—porter he was. It's a fad of his, rolling up umbrellas close and neat, and he's rather proud of it. He often looks as though he'd like to take a man's umbrella away and roll it up for him when it's a bit clumsy done. Rum fad, eh?"

"Yes; everybody has his little fad, though. Where was this found—close by here?"

"Yes, sir; just there, almost opposite this window, in the little corner."

"About two o'clock?"

"Ah, about that time, more or less."

Hewitt took the umbrella up, unfastened the band, and shook the silk out loose. Then he opened it, and as he did so a small scrap of paper fell from inside it. Hewitt pounced on it like lightning. Then after examining the umbrella thoroughly, inside and out, he handed it back to the man, who had not observed the incident of the scrap of paper.

"That will do, thanks," he said. "I only wanted to take a peep at it—just a small matter connected with a little case of mine. Good morning."

He turned suddenly and saw, gazing at him with a terrified expression from a door behind, the face of the woman who had followed him in the cab. The veil was lifted, and he caught but a mere glance of the face ere it was suddenly withdrawn. He stood for a moment to allow the woman time for retreat, and then left the station and walked toward his office, close by.

Scarcely thirty yards along the Strand he met Plummer.

"I'm going to make some much closer inquiries all down the line as far as Dover," Plummer said. "They wire from Calais that they have no clue as yet, and I mean to make quite sure, if I can, that Laker hasn't quietly slipped off the line somewhere between here and Dover. There's one very peculiar thing," Plummer added confidentially. "Did you see the two women who

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were waiting to see a member of the firm at Liddle, Neal, & Liddle's?"

"Yes. Laker's mother and his *fiancée*, I was told."

"That's right. Well, do you know that girl—Shaw her name is—has been shadowing me ever since I left the Bank? Of course I spotted it from the beginning—these amateurs don't know how to follow anybody—and, as a matter of fact, she's just inside that jeweller's shop door behind me now, pretending to look at the things in the window. But it's odd, isn't it?"

"Well," Hewitt replied, "of course it's not a thing to be neglected. If you'll look very carefully at the corner of Villiers Street, without appearing to stare, I think you will possibly observe some signs of Laker's mother. She's shadowing *me*."

Plummer looked casually in the direction indicated, and then immediately turned his eyes in another direction.

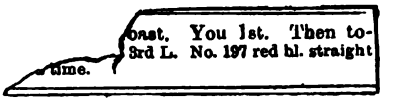
"I see her," he said; "she's just taking a look round the corner. That's a thing not to be ignored. Of course, the Lakers' house is being watched—we set a man on it at once, yesterday. But I'll put someone on now to watch Miss Shaw's place, too. I'll telephone through to Liddle's—probably they'll be able to say where it is. And the women themselves must be watched, too. As a matter of fact, I had a notion that Laker wasn't alone in it. And it's just possible, you know, that he has sent an accomplice off with his tourist ticket to lead us a dance while he looks after himself in another direction. Have you done anything?"

"Well," Hewitt replied, with a faint reproduction of the secretive smile with which Plummer had met an enquiry of his earlier in the morning; "I've been to the station here, and I've found Laker's umbrella in the lost property office."

"Oh? Then probably he *has* gone. I'll bear that in mind, and perhaps have a word with the lost property man."

Plummer made for the station and Hewitt for his office. He mounted the stairs and reached his door just as I myself, who had been disappointed in not finding him in, was leaving. I had called with the idea of taking Hewitt to lunch with me at my club, but he declined lunch. "I have an important case in hand," he said. "Look here, Brett. See this scrap of paper. You know the types of the different newspapers—which is this?"

He handed me a small piece of paper. It was part of a cutting containing an advertisement, which had been torn in half.



"I *think*," I said, "this is from the *Daily Chronicle*, judging by the paper. It is plainly from the 'agony column,' but all the papers are pretty much the same type for these advertisements, except the *Times*. If it were not torn I could tell you at once, because the *Chronicle* columns are rather narrow."

"Never mind—I'll send for them all." He rang and sent Kerrett for a copy of each morning paper of the previous day. Then he took from a large wardrobe cupboard a decent but well-worn and rather roughened tall hat. Also a coat a little worn and shiny on the collar. He exchanged these for his own hat and coat, and then substituted an old necktie for his own clean white one, and encased his legs in mud-spotted

"Will it do for Queen's taxes?"

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leggings. This done, he produced a very large and thick pocket-book, fastened by a broad elastic band, and said, "Well, what do you think of this? Will it do for Queen's taxes, or sanitary inspection, or the gas, or the water-supply?"

"Very well, indeed, I should say," I replied. "What's the case?"

"Oh, I'll tell you all about that when it's over—no time now. Oh, here you are, Kerrett. By-the-bye, Kerrett, I'm going out presently by the back way. Wait for about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour after I have gone, and then just go across the road and speak to that lady in black, with the veil, who is waiting in that little foot-passage opposite. Say Mr. Martin Hewitt sends his compliments, and he advises her not to wait, as he has already left his office by another door, and has been gone some little time. That's all; it would be a pity to keep the poor woman waiting all day for nothing. Now the papers. *Daily News*, *Standard*, *Telegraph*, *Chronicle*—yes, here it is, in the *Chronicle*."

The whole advertisement read thus:—

YOB.—H.R. Shop roast. You 1st. Then to-night. O2. 2nd top 3rd L. No. 197 red bl. straight mon. One at a time.

"What's this," I asked, "a cryptogram?"

"I'll see," Hewitt answered. "But I won't tell you anything about it till afterwards, so you get your lunch. Kerrett, bring the directory."

This was all I actually saw of this case myself, and I have written the rest in its proper order from Hewitt's information, as I have written some other cases entirely.

To resume at the point where, for the time, I lost sight of the matter. Hewitt left by the back way and stopped an empty cab as it passed. "Abney Park Cemetery," was his direction to the driver. In little more than twenty minutes the cab was branching off down the Essex Road on its way to Stoke Newington, and in twenty minutes more Hewitt stopped it in Church Street, Stoke Newington. He walked through a street or two, and then down another, the houses of which he scanned carefully as he passed. Opposite one which stood by itself he stopped, and, making a pretence of consulting and arranging his large pocket-book, he took a good look at the house. It was rather larger, neater, and more pretentious than the others in the street, and it had a natty little coach-house just visible up the side entrance. There were red blinds hung with heavy lace in the front windows, and behind one of these blinds Hewitt was able to catch the glint of a heavy gas chandelier.

He stepped briskly up the front steps and knocked sharply at the door. "Mr. Merston?" he asked, pocket-book in hand, when a neat parlourmaid opened the door.

"Yes."

"Ah!" Hewitt stepped into the hall and pulled off his hat; "it's only the meter. There's been a deal of gas running away somewhere here, and I'm just looking to see if the meters are right. Where is it?"

The girl hesitated. "I'll—I'll ask master," she said.

"Very well. I don't want to take it away, you know—only to give it a tap or two, and so on."

The girl retired to the back of the hall, and without taking her eyes off Martin Hewitt, gave his message to some invisible person in a back room, whence came a growling reply of "All right."

Hewitt followed the girl to the basement, apparently looking straight before him, but in reality taking in every detail of the place. The gas meter was in a very large lumber-cupboard under the kitchen stairs. The girl opened the door and lit a candle. The meter stood on the floor, which was littered with hampers and boxes and odd sheets of brown paper. But a thing that at once arrested Hewitt's attention was a garment of some sort, of bright blue cloth, with large brass buttons, which was lying in a tumbled heap in a corner, and appeared to be the only thing in the place that was not covered with dust. Nevertheless, Hewitt took no apparent notice of it, but stooped down and solemnly tapped the meter three times with his pencil, and listened with great gravity, placing his ear to the top. Then he shook his head and tapped again. At length he said:

"It's a bit doubtful. I'll just get you to light the gas in the kitchen a moment. Keep your hand to the burner, and when I call out, shut it off *at once*; see?"

The girl turned and entered the kitchen, and Hewitt immediately seized the blue coat—for a coat it was. It had a dull red piping in the seams, and was of the swallow-tail pattern—a livery coat, in fact. He held it for a moment before him, examining its pattern and colour, and then rolled it up and flung it again into the corner.

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"Right!" he called to the servant. "Shut off!"

The girl emerged from the kitchen as he left the cupboard.

"Well," she asked, "are you satisfied now?"

"Quite satisfied, thank you," Hewitt replied.

"Is it all right?" she continued, jerking her hand toward the cupboard.

"Well, no, it isn't; there's something wrong there, and I'm glad I came. You can tell Mr. Merston if you like that I expect his gas bill will be a good deal less next quarter." And there was a suspicion of a chuckle in Hewitt's voice as he crossed the hall to leave. For a gas inspector is pleased when he finds at length what he has been searching for.

Things had fallen out better than Hewitt had dared to expect. He saw the key of the whole mystery in that blue coat; for it was the uniform coat of the hall porters at one of the banks that he had visited in the morning, though which one he could not for the moment remember. He entered the nearest post-office and despatched a telegram to Plummer, giving certain directions and asking the inspector to meet him; then he hailed the first available cab and hurried toward the City.

"He held it for a moment before him."

At Lombard Street he alighted, and looked in at the door of each bank till he came to Buller, Clayton, Ladds, & Co.'s. This was the bank he wanted. In the other banks the hall porters wore mulberry coats, brick-dust coats, brown coats, and what not, but here, behind the ladders and scaffold poles which obscured the entrance, he could see a man in a blue coat, with dull red piping and brass buttons. He sprang up the steps, pushed open the inner swing door, and finally satisfied himself by a closer view of the coat, to the wearer's astonishment. Then he regained the pavement and walked the whole length of the bank premises in front, afterwards turning up the paved passage at the side, deep in thought. The bank had no windows or doors on the side next the court, and the two adjoining houses were old and supported in places by wooden shores. Both were empty, and a great board announced that tenders would be received in a month's time for the purchase of the old materials of which they were constructed; also that

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some part of the site would be let on a long building lease.

Hewitt looked up at the grimy fronts of the old buildings. The windows were crusted thick with dirt—all except the bottom window of the house nearer the bank, which was fairly clean, and seemed to have been quite lately washed. The door, too, of this house was cleaner than that of the other, though the paint was worn. Hewitt reached and fingered a hook driven into the left-hand door post about six feet from the ground. It was new, and not at all rusted; also, a tiny splinter had been displaced when the hook was driven in, and clean wood showed at the spot.

Having observed these things, Hewitt stepped back and read at the bottom of the big board the name, "Winsor & Weekes, Surveyors and Auctioneers, Abchurch Lane." Then he stepped into Lombard Street.

Two hansoms pulled up near the post-office, and out of the first stepped Inspector Plummer and another man. This man and the two who alighted from the second hansom were unmistakably plain-clothes constables—their air, gait, and boots proclaimed it.

"What's all this?" demanded Plummer as Hewitt approached.

"You'll soon see, I think. But, first, have you put the watch on No. 197, Hackworth Road?"

"Yes, nobody will get away from there alone."

"Very good. I am going into Abchurch Lane for a few minutes. Leave your men out here, but just go round into the court by Buller, Clayton, & Ladds's, and keep your eye on the first door on the left. I think we'll find something soon. Did you get rid of Miss Shaw?"

"No, she's behind now, and Mrs. Laker's with her. They met in the Strand and came after us in another cab. Rare fun, eh! They think we're pretty green! It's quite handy, too. So long as they keep behind me it saves all trouble of watching *them*." And Inspector Plummer chuckled and winked.

"Very good. You don't mind keeping your eye on that door, do you? I'll be back very soon," and with that Hewitt turned off into Abchurch Lane.

At Winsor & Weekes's information was not difficult to obtain. The houses were destined to come down very shortly, but a week or so ago an office and a cellar in one of them was let temporarily to a Mr. Westley. He brought no references; indeed, as he paid a fortnight's rent in advance he was not asked for any, considering the circumstances of the case. He was opening a London branch for a large firm of cider merchants, he said, and just wanted a rough office and a cool cellar to store samples in for a few weeks till the permanent premises were ready. There was another key, and no doubt the premises might be entered if there were any special need for such a course. Martin Hewitt gave such excellent reasons that Winsor & Weekes's managing clerk immediately produced the key and accompanied Hewitt to the spot.

"I think you'd better have your men handy," Hewitt remarked to Plummer when they reached the door, and a whistle quickly brought the men over.

The key was inserted in the lock and turned, but the door would not open; the bolt was fastened at the bottom. Hewitt stooped and looked under the door.

"It's a drop bolt," he said. "Probably the man who left last let it fall loose, and then banged the door, so that it fell into its place. I must try my best with a wire or a piece of string."

A wire was brought, and with some manœuvring Hewitt contrived to pass it round the bolt, and lift it little by little, steadying it with the blade of a pocket-knife. When at length the bolt was raised out of the hole, the knife-blade was slipped under it, and the door swung open.

They entered. The door of the little office just inside stood open, but in the office there was nothing, except a board a couple of feet long in a corner. Hewitt stepped across and lifted this, turning its downward face toward Plummer. On it, in fresh white paint on a black ground, were painted the words:

"BULLER, CLAYTON, LADDS, & Co.,
TEMPORARY ENTRANCE."

Hewitt turned to Winsor & Weekes's clerk and asked, "The man who took this room called himself Westley, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Youngish man, clean-shaven, and well-dressed?"

"Yes, he was."

"I fancy," Hewitt said, turning to Plummer, "I *fancy* an old friend of yours is in this—Mr. Sam Gunter."

"What, the 'Hoxton Yob?'"

"I think it's possible he's been Mr. Westley for a bit, and somebody else for another bit. But let's come to the cellar."

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Winsor & Weekes's clerk led the way down a steep flight of steps into a dark underground corridor, wherein they lighted their way with many successive matches. Soon the corridor made a turn to the right, and as the party passed the turn, there came from the end of the passage before them a fearful yell.

"Help! help! Open the door! I'm going mad—mad! O my God!"

And there was a sound of desperate beating from the inside of the cellar door at the extreme end. The men stopped, startled.

"Come," said Hewitt, "more matches!" and he rushed to the door. It was fastened with a bar and padlock.

"Let me out, for God's sake!" came the voice, sick and hoarse from the inside. "Let me out!"

"All right," Hewitt shouted. "We have come for you. Wait a moment."

The voice sank into a sort of sobbing croon, and Hewitt tried several keys from his own bunch on the padlock. None fitted. He drew from his pocket the wire he had used for the bolt of the front door, straightened it out, and made a sharp bend at the end.

"Hold a match close," he ordered shortly, and one of the men obeyed. Three or four attempts were necessary, and several different bendings of the wire were effected, but in the end Hewitt picked the lock, and flung open the door.

From within a ghastly figure fell forward among them fainting, and knocked out the matches.

"Hullo!" cried Plummer. "Hold up! Who are you?"

"Let's get him up into the open," said Hewitt. "He can't tell you who he is for a bit, but I believe he's Laker."

"Laker! What, here?"

"I think so. Steady up the steps. Don't bump him. He's pretty sore already, I expect."

Truly the man was a pitiable sight. His hair and face were caked in dust and blood, and his finger-nails were torn and bleeding. Water was sent for at once, and brandy.

"Well," said Plummer hazily, looking first at the unconscious prisoner and then at Hewitt, "but what about the swag?"

"You'll have to find that yourself," Hewitt replied. "I think my share of the case is about finished. I only act for the Guarantee Society, you know, and if Laker's proved innocent——"

"Innocent! How?"

"Well, this is what took place, as near as I can figure it. You'd better undo his collar, I think"—this to the men. "What

"The men stopped, startled."

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I believe has happened is this. There has been a very clever and carefully prepared conspiracy here, and Laker has not been the criminal, but the victim."

"Been robbed himself, you mean? But how? Where?"

"Yesterday morning, before he had been to more than three banks—here, in fact."

"But then how? You're all wrong. We *know* he made the whole round, and did all the collection. And then Palmer's office, and all, and the umbrella; why——"

The man lay still unconscious. "Don't raise his head," Hewitt said. "And one of you had best fetch a doctor. He's had a terrible shock." Then turning to Plummer he went on, "As to *how* they managed the job, I'll tell you what I think. First it struck some very clever person that a deal of money might be got by robbing a walk-clerk from a bank. This clever person was one of a clever gang of thieves—perhaps the Hoxton Row gang, as I think I hinted. Now you know quite as well as I do that such a gang will spend any amount of time over a job that promises a big haul, and that for such a job they can always command the necessary capital. There are many most respectable persons living in good style in the suburbs whose chief business lies in financing such ventures, and taking the chief share of the proceeds. Well, this is their plan, carefully and intelligently carried out. They watch Laker, observe the round he takes, and his habits. They find that there is only one of the clerks with whom he does business that he is much acquainted with, and that this clerk is in a bank which is commonly second in Laker's round. The sharpest man among them—and I don't think there's a man in London could do this as well as young Sam Gunter—studies Laker's dress and habits just as an actor studies a character. They take this office and cellar, as we have seen, *because it is next door to a bank whose front entrance is being altered*—a fact which Laker must know from his daily visits. The smart man—Gunter let us say, and I have other reasons for believing it to be he—makes up precisely like Laker, false moustache, dress, and everything, and waits here with the rest of the gang. One of the gang is dressed in a blue coat with brass buttons, like a hall-porter in Buller's bank. Do you see?"

"Yes, I think so. It's pretty clear now."

"A confederate watches at the top of the court and the moment Laker turns in from Cornhill—having already been, mind, at the only bank where he was so well known that the disguised thief would not have passed muster—as soon as he turns in from Cornhill, I say, a signal is given, and that board"—pointing to that with the white letters—"is hung on the hook in the door-post. The sham porter stands beside it, and as Laker approaches, says, 'This way in, sir, this morning. The front way's shut for the alterations.' Laker, suspecting nothing, and supposing that the firm have made a temporary entrance through the empty house, enters. He is seized when well along the corridor, the board is taken down and the door shut. Probably he is stunned by a blow on the head—see the blood now. They take his wallet and all the cash he has already collected. Gunter takes the wallet and also the umbrella, since it has Laker's initials, and is therefore distinctive. He simply completes the walk in the character of Laker, beginning with Buller, Clayton, & Ladds just round the corner. It is nothing but routine work, which is quickly done, and nobody notices him particularly—it is the bills they examine. Meanwhile this unfortunate fellow is locked up in the cellar here, right at the end of the underground corridor, where he can never make himself heard in the street, and where next him are only the empty cellars of the deserted house next door. The thieves shut the front door and vanish. The rest is plain. Gunter, having completed the round, and bagged some £15,000 or more, spends a few pounds in a tourist ticket at Palmer's as a blind, being careful to give Laker's name. He leaves the umbrella at Charing Cross, in a conspicuous place right opposite the lost property office, where it is sure to be seen, and so completes his false trail."

"Then who are the people at 197, Hackworth Road?"

"The capitalist lives there—the financier, and probably the directing spirit of the whole thing. Merston's the name he goes by there, and I've no doubt he cuts a very imposing figure in chapel every Sunday. He'll be worth picking up—this isn't the first thing he's been in, I'll warrant."

"But—but what about Laker's mother and Miss Shaw?"

"Well, what? The poor women are nearly out of their minds with terror and shame, that's all, but though they may think Laker a criminal, they'll never desert him. They've been following us about with a feeble, vague sort of hope of being able to

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baffle us in some way or help him if we caught him, or something, poor things. Did you ever hear of a real woman who'd desert a son or a lover merely because he was a criminal? But here's the doctor. When he's attended to him will you let your men take Laker home? I must hurry and report to the Guarantee Society, I think."

"But," said the perplexed Plummer, "Where did you get your clue? You must have had a tip from someone, you know—you can't have done it by clairvoyance. What gave you the tip?"

"The *Daily Chronicle*."

"The *what*?"

"The *Daily Chronicle*. Just take a look at the 'agony column' in yesterday morning's issue, and read the message to 'Yob'—to Gunter, in fact. That's all."

By this time a cab was waiting in Lombard Street, and two of Plummer's men, under the doctor's directions, carried Laker to it. No sooner, however, were they in the court than the two watching women threw themselves hysterically upon Laker, and it was long before they could be persuaded that he was not being taken to gaol. The mother shrieked aloud, "My boy—my boy! Don't take him! Oh, don't take him! They've killed my boy! Look at his head—oh, his head!" and wrestled desperately with the men, while Hewitt attempted to soothe her, and promised to allow her to go in the cab with her son if she would only be quiet. The younger woman made no noise, but she held one of Laker's limp hands in both hers.

Hewitt and I dined together that evening, and he gave me a full account of the occurrences which I have here set down. Still, when he was finished I was not able to see clearly by what process of reasoning he had arrived at the conclusions that gave him the key to the mystery, nor did I understand the "agony column" message, and I said so.

"In the beginning," Hewitt explained, "the thing that struck me as curious was the fact that Laker was said to have given his own name at Palmer's in buying his ticket. Now, the first thing the greenest and newest criminal thinks of is changing his name, so that the giving of his own name seemed unlikely to begin with. Still, he *might* have made such a mistake, as Plummer suggested when he said that criminals usually make a mistake somewhere—as they do, in fact. Still, it was the least likely mistake I could think of—especially as he actually didn't wait to be asked for his name, but blurted it out when it wasn't really wanted. And it was conjoined with another rather curious mistake, or what would have been a mistake, if the thief were Laker. Why should he conspicuously display his wallet—such a distinctive article—for the clerk to see and note? Why rather had he not got rid of it before showing himself? Suppose it should be somebody personating Laker? In any case I determined not to be prejudiced by what I had heard of Laker's betting. A man may bet without being a thief.

"But, again, supposing it *were* Laker? Might he not have given his name, and displayed his wallet, and so on, while buying

"Hewitt and I dined together that evening."

a ticket for France, in order to draw pursuit after himself in that direction while he made off in another, in another name, and disguised? Each supposition was plausible. And, in either case, it might happen that whoever was laying this trail would probably lay it a little further. Charing Cross was the next point, and there I went. I already had it from Plummer that Laker had not been recognised there. Perhaps the trail had been laid in some other manner. Something left behind with Laker's name on it, perhaps? I at once thought of the umbrella with his monogram, and, making a long shot, asked for it at the lost property office, as you know. The guess was lucky. In the umbrella, as you know, I found that scrap of paper. That, I judged, had fallen in from the hand of the man carrying the umbrella. He had

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torn the paper in half in order to fling it away, and one piece had fallen into the loosely flapping umbrella. It is a thing that will often happen with an omnibus ticket, as you may have noticed. Also, it was proved that the umbrella *was* unrolled when found, and rolled immediately after. So here was a piece of paper dropped by the person who had brought the umbrella to Charing Cross and left it. I got the whole advertisement, as you remember, and I studied it. 'Yob' is back-slang for 'boy,' and it is often used in nicknames to denote a young smooth-faced thief. Gunter, the man I suspect, as a matter of fact, is known as the 'Hoxton Yob.' The message, then, was addressed to someone known by such a nickname. Next, 'H.R. shop roast.' Now, in thieves' slang, to 'roast' a thing or a person is to watch it or him. They call any place a shop—notably, a thieves' den. So that this meant that some resort—perhaps the 'Hoxton Row shop'—was watched. 'You 1st then to-night,' would be clearer, perhaps, when the rest was understood. I thought a little over the rest, and it struck me that it must be a direction to some other house, since one was warned of as being watched. Besides, there was the number, 197, and 'red bl.,' which would be extremely likely to mean 'red blinds,' by way of clearly distinguishing the house. And then the plan of the thing was plain. You have noticed, probably, that the map of London which accompanies the Post Office Directory is divided, for convenience of reference, into numbered squares?"

"Yes. The squares are denoted by letters along the top margin and figures down the side. So that if you consult the directory, and find a place marked as being in D 5, for instance, you find vertical divisions D, and run your finger down it till it intersects horizontal division 5, and there you are."

"Precisely. I got my Post Office Directory, and looked for 'O 2.' It was in North London, and took in parts of Abney Park Cemetery and Clissold Park; '2nd top' was the next sign. Very well, I counted the second street intersecting the top of the square—counting, in the usual way, from the left. That was Lordship Road. Then, '3rd L.' From the point where Lordship Road crossed the top of the square, I ran my finger down the road till it came to '3rd L,' or, in other words, the third turning on the left—Hackworth Road. So there we were, unless my guesses were altogether wrong. 'Straight mon.' probably meant 'straight moniker'—that is to say, the proper name, a thief's *real* name, in contradistinction to that he may assume. I turned over the directory till I found Hackworth Road, and found that No. 197 was inhabited by a Mr. Merston. From the whole thing I judged this. There was to have been a meeting at the 'H.R. shop,' but that was found, at the last moment, to be watched by the police for some purpose, so that another appointment was made for this house in the suburbs. 'You 1st. Then to-night'—the person addressed was to come first, and the others in the evening. They were to ask for the householder's 'straight moniker'—Mr. Merston. And they were to come one at a time.

"Now, then, what was this? What theory would fit it? Suppose this were a robbery, directed from afar by the advertiser. Suppose, on the day before the robbery, it was found that the place fixed for division of spoils were watched. Suppose that the principal thereupon advertised (as had already been agreed in case of emergency) in these terms. The principal in the actual robbery—the 'Yob,' addressed—was to go first with the booty. The others were to come after, one at a time. Anyway, the thing was good enough to follow a little further, and I determined to try No. 197, Hackworth Road. I have told you what I found there, and how it opened my eyes. I went, of course, merely on chance, to see what I might chance to see. But luck favoured, and I happened on that coat—brought back rolled up, on the evening after the robbery, doubtless by the thief who had used it, and flung carelessly into the handiest cupboard. *That* was this gang's mistake."

"Well, I congratulate you," I said. "I hope they'll catch the rascals."

"I rather think they will, now they know where to look. They can scarcely miss Merston, anyway. There has been very little to go upon in this case, but I stuck to the thread, however slight, and it brought me through. The rest of the case, of course, is Plummer's. It was a peculiarity of my commission that I could equally well fulfil it by catching the man with all the plunder, or by proving him innocent. Having done the latter, my work was at an end, but I left it where Plummer will be able to finish the job handsomely."

Plummer did. Sam Gunter, Merston, and one accomplice were taken—the first and last were well known to the police—and were identified by Laker. Merston, as

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Hewitt had suspected, had kept the lion's share for himself, so that altogether, with what was recovered from him and the other two, nearly £11,000 was saved for Messrs. Liddle, Neal, & Liddle. Merston, when taken, was in the act of packing up to take a holiday abroad, and there cash his notes, which were found, neatly packed in separate thousands, in his portmanteau. As Hewitt had predicted, his gas bill *was* considerably less next quarter, for less than half-way through it he began a term in gaol.

As for Laker, he was reinstated, of course, with an increase of salary by way of compensation for his broken head. He had passed a terrible twenty-six hours in the cellar, unfed and unheard. Several times he had become insensible, and again and again he had thrown himself madly against the door, shouting and tearing at it, till he fell back exhausted, with broken nails and bleeding fingers. For some hours before the arrival of his rescuers he had been sitting in a sort of stupor, from which he was suddenly aroused by the sound of voices and footsteps. He was in bed for a week, and required a rest of a month in addition before he could resume his duties. Then he was quietly lectured by Mr. Neal as to betting, and, I believe, dropped that practice in consequence. I am told that he is "at the counter" now—a considerable promotion.

[We are indebted for the photographs of the Marquis of Stafford, Lord Alistair Gower, Miss Aileen Brodrick, Miss Smith, and Master Cyril Joy, to Mr. H. S. Mendelssohn, 14, Pembridge Crescent, Notting Hill Gate, W.]

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"A PENNY TIN WHISTLE!"

[*By R. Jack.*

THE GREY LADY.

By Henry Seton Merriman,*

(Author of "With Edged Tools," "The Slave of the Lamp," etc.)

Illustrated by R. Jack.

INTRODUCTION.

The foregoing chapters of this story introduce Henry and Luke Fitz Henry, two naval cadets, who have been adopted by the Honourable Mrs. Harrington. Luke, annoyed at some of Mrs. Harrington's remarks, walks out of her house and disappears. Six years elapse, and we next find Henry Fitz Henry in Majorca, a frequent visitor at the Casa d'Erraha, where Edward Challoner, a cousin of Mrs. Harrington, resides. Native gossip surmises that the young lieutenant finds the beautiful Eve Challoner even a greater attraction than her father. A stroke of paralysis seizes Challoner, however, and Eve is left an orphan. On her father's affairs being investigated, it is found that the Casa d'Erraha belongs to a Count de Llosets, and Eve is practically penniless, so she decides to return to England with her uncle, Captain Bontner. The scene then changes, and we find Luke Fitz Henry, who has just arrived in England in his vessel, the *Croonah*, dining with Mrs. Harrington. Here he meets Mrs. Ingham-Baker and her daughter, Agatha, whom he had known in his boyhood. Agatha determines to conquer Luke's heart, and Mrs. Harrington resolves to conquer his pride. Agatha then persuades her mother to take a trip to Malta, and their passages are taken on board the *Croonah*. Before they have passed Gibraltar, Agatha has succeeded in bringing the stern, proud Luke to her feet. She does not definitely accept him, however, as it is her ambition to marry a rich man, and she considers Luke too poor.

CHAPTER XIII.

A CHOICE.

"'Tis better far to love and be poor,
Than be rich with an empty heart."

MRS. HARRINGTON was sitting in the great drawing-room in Grosvenor Gardens, alone. The butler was fuming and cleaning plate in his pantry. The maid was weeping in the workroom. Mrs. Harrington had had a busy afternoon.

"'Tis always thus when she's alone in the house," the cook had said, with a grandiosity of style borrowed from the *Family Herald*. It is easy for the cook to be grandiose when the butler and the lady's maid are in trouble. Thus philosophy walketh in at the back door.

Mrs. Harrington's sharp grey face twitched at times with a certain restlessness which was hers when she had no one at hand to bully. She could not concentrate her attention on the newspaper she held in her hands, and at intervals her eyes wandered over the room in search of something to find fault with. She made the mistake common to persons under such circumstances—she forgot to look in the mirror. Mrs. Harrington was tired of herself. She wanted someone to come and call—at the same time she felt a cordial dislike to all her friends.

It was a hopelessly grey afternoon early in December, and everyone was out of London. Mrs. Harrington had a certain circle of friends—middle-aged or elderly women, rich like herself, lonely like herself—whom she disliked. They all rather disliked each other, these women, but they

"Fuming and cleaning plate in his pantry."

visited each other nevertheless. They dined with each other seriously; keeping in mind the cook, and watchful over the wine. But most of these ladies had gone away for the

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winter. The Riviera was created for such as these.

Mrs. Harrington, however, never went abroad in the winter. She said that she had travelled too much when she was younger—in the lifetime of her husband—to care about it now. The Honourable George Henry Harrington had, in fact, lived abroad for financial reasons, and the name was not of sweet savour in the nostrils of hotel keepers. The married life referred to occasionally in cold tones by the Honourable Mrs. Harrington had been of that order which is curtly called "cat and dog," and likewise "hand to mouth."

Therefore Mrs. Harrington avoided the Continent. She could easily, of her affluence, have paid certain large debts which she knew to be outstanding, but she held a theory that dead men owe nothing. And with this theory she lubricated an easy-going conscience.

The mistress of the large house in Grosvenor Gardens was wondering discontentedly what she was going to do with herself until tea-time, when she heard the sound of a bell ringing far down in the basement. Despite the grand drawing-room, despite the rich rustle of her grey silk dress, this great lady peeped from behind the curtain, and saw a hansom cab.

A few minutes later the door was thrown open by the angry butler.

"Miss Challoner—Captain Bontner."

Eve came in, and at her heels Captain Bontner, who sheered off as it were from the butler, and gave him a wide berth.

Mrs. Harrington could be gracious when she liked. She liked now, and she would have kissed her visitor had that young lady shown any desire for such an honour. But there was a little faint reflex of Spanish ceremony in Eve Challoner, of which she was probably unaware. A few years ago it would not have been noticeable, but to-day we are hail-fellow-well-met even with ladies—which is a mistake, on the part of the ladies.

"So you received my letter, my dear," said Mrs. Harrington.

"Yes," replied Eve. "This is my uncle—Captain Bontner."

Mrs. Harrington had the bad taste to raise her eyebrows infinitesimally, and Captain Bontner saw it.

"How do you do?" said Mrs. Harrington, with a stiff bow.

"I am quite well, thank you, marm," replied the sailor, with more *aplomb* than Eve had yet seen him display.

Without waiting to hear this satisfactory intelligence, Mrs. Harrington turned to Eve again. She evidently intended to ignore Captain Bontner systematically and completely.

"You know," she said, "I am related to your father——"

"By marriage," put in Captain Bontner, with simple rudeness. He was brushing his hat with a large pocket-handkerchief.

"And I have pleasant recollections of his kindness in past years. I stayed with him at the Casa d'Erraha more than once. I was staying there when—well, some years ago. I think you had better come and live with me until your poor father's affairs have been put in order."

Captain Bontner raised his head and ceased his operations on the dusty hat. His keen old eyes, full of opposition, were fixed on Eve's face. He was quite ready to be rude again, but women know how to avoid these shallow places better than men, with a policy which is not always expedient, perhaps.

"Thank you," replied Eve. "Thank you very much, but my uncle has kindly offered me a home."

Mrs. Harrington's grey face suggested a scorn which she apparently did not think it worth while to conceal from a person who wiped the inside of his hat with a pocket-handkerchief in a lady's presence.

"But," she said coldly, "I should think that your uncle cannot fail to see the superior advantages of the offer I am now making you, from a social point of view, if from no other."

"I do see them advantages, marm," said the Captain bluntly. He looked at Eve with something dog-like peering from beneath his shaggy eyelids.

"Of course," continued Mrs. Harrington, ignoring the confession, "you have been brought up as a lady, and are accustomed to refinement, and in some degree to luxury."

"You needn't make it any plainer, marm," blurted Captain Bontner. "I don't need you to tell me that my niece is above me. I don't set up for bein' anything, nor what I am. There's not much of the gentleman about me. But——"

He paused, and half turned towards Eve.

"But, 'cording to my lights, I'm seeking to do my duty towards the orphan child of my sister Amelia Ann."

"Not overlooking the fact, I suppose, that the orphan child of your sister Amelia Ann has a very fair income of her own."

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Captain Bontner smiled blandly, and smoothed his hat with his sleeve.

"Not overlooking that fact, marm," he said, "if you choose to take it so."

Mrs. Harrington turned to Eve again with a faint reflex of her overbearing manner towards the Ingham-Bakers and other persons who found it expedient to submit.

before you knew that I was ready to make a home for you."

Captain Bontner had turned away. He blew his nose so loudly that Mrs. Harrington frowned. There was something trumpet-like and defiant in the sound. Opposition had ever a strange effect on this spoilt woman. She liked it, as serving to enhance

"'By marriage,' put in Captain Bontner.'"

"You will see at a glance," she said, "that it is impossible for you to live with Captain Bontner."

"I have already accepted his kind offer," returned the girl. "Thank you, nevertheless."

"But," said Mrs. Harrington, "that was

the value of the wish which she rarely failed to gratify in the end.

"You must remember your position," she continued. "These are very democratic days, when silly people think that all men are equal. A lady is nevertheless still a lady, and a gentleman a gentleman, though

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one does not often meet them. I wish you to come and live with me."

Eve's dark eyes flashed suddenly. She glanced at her uncle, and said nothing.

"A girl with money is a ready dupe to designing persons," added Mrs. Harrington.

"I am saved that danger, for I have no money," replied Eva.

"Nonsense, child! I know the value of land in Mallorca. I see already that you are being deceived."

She glanced significantly towards the captain, who was again smiling blandly.

"The matter has been fully gone into," explained Eve, "by competent persons. The Val d'Erraha does not belong to me. It was held by my father only on 'rotas'—the Minorcan form of lease—and it has now been returned to the proprietor."

Mrs. Harrington's keen face dropped. She prided herself upon being a woman of business, and as such had always taken a deep interest in the business of other people. It is to be presumed that women have a larger mental grasp than men. They crave for more business when they are business-like, and thus by easy steps descend to mere officiousness.

Eve's story was so very simple and, to the ears of one who had known her father, so extremely likely, that Mrs. Harrington had for the moment nothing to say. She knew the working of the singular system on which land is to this day held in tenure in Majorca and Minorca, and there was no reason to suppose that there was any mistake or deception respecting the estate of the Val d'Erraha.

A dramatist of considerable talent, who is scarcely studied sufficiently in these modern times, has said that a man in his time plays many parts. He left it to be understood that a woman plays only one. The business woman is the business woman all through her life—she is never the charitable lady, even for a moment.

Mrs. Harrington had wished to have the bringing out of a beautiful heiress. She had no desire to support a penniless orphan. It had, in her mind, taken the usual form of a contract in black and white. Mrs. Harrington would supply position and a suitable home—Eve was to have paid for her own dresses (chosen by the elder contractor), and to have filled gracefully the gratifying, if hollow, position of a young person of means looking for a husband.

Mrs. Harrington's business habits had, in fact, kept her fully alive to the advantages likely to accrue to herself; and the small fact that Eve was penniless reduced these advantages to a mythical reward in the hereafter. And business people have not time to think of the hereafter.

It is possible that simple old Captain Bontner in part divined these thoughts in the set grey eyes, the grey wrinkled face.

"You'll understand, marm," he said, "that my niece will not be in a position to live the sort o' life"—he paused, and looked round the vast room, quite without admiration—"the sort o' life you're livin' here. She couldn't keep up the position."

"It would not be for long," said Mrs. Harrington, already weighing an alternative plan. She looked critically at Eve, noting, with the coarse eye of a middle-aged woman of the world, the grace of her straight young form, the unusual beauty of her face. "If you could manage to allow her sufficient to dress suitably for one season, I daresay she would make a suitable marriage."

Eve turned on her with a flash of bright dark eyes.

"Thank you; I do not want to make a suitable marriage."

Captain Bontner laid his hand on her arm.

"My dear," he said, "don't take any heed of her. She doesn't know any better. I have heard tell of such women, but——" he looked round the room a second, "I did not look to meet with one in a house like this. I did not know they called themselves ladies."

Mrs. Harrington gasped. She lived in a world where people think such things as these, but do not say them. Captain Bontner, on the other hand, had not yet encountered a person of whom he was so much afraid as to conceal a hostile opinion, should he harbour such.

He was patting Eve's gloved hand as if she had been physically hurt, and Eve smiled down into his sympathetic old face. It is a singular fact that utter worldliness in a woman seems to hurt women less than it does men.

Mrs. Harrington, with frigid dignity, ignored Captain Bontner, and addressed herself exclusively to Eve.

"You must be kind enough to remember," she said, "that I can scarcely have other motives than those of kindness."

A woman is so conscious of the weak links in her chain of argument, that she usually examines them publicly.

"I do remember that," replied Eve, rather softened by the grey loneliness of this woman's life—a loneliness which seemed

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to be sitting on all the empty chairs—" and I am very grateful to you. I think, perhaps, my uncle misunderstood you. But——"

"Yes—but——"

"Under the circumstances, I think it will be wiser for me to accept his kind offer, and make my home with him. I hope to be able to find some work which will enable me to—to help somewhat towards the household expenses."

Mrs. Harrington shrugged her shoulders.

"As you like," she said. "After a few months of a governess life perhaps you may reconsider your decision. I know——"

She was going to say that she knew what it was, but she recollected herself in time.

"I know," she said instead, "girls who have lived such lives."

With the air of Spain, with the tall graceful carriage that was hers, Eve Challoner seemed to have inhaled some of the Spanish pride, which is as a stone wall against which charity and pity may alike beat in vain. From her superior height the girl looked down on the keen-faced little woman.

"I am not in a position to choose," she said. "I am prepared for some small hardships."

Mrs. Harrington turned to ring the bell. With the sudden caprice which her money had enabled her to cultivate, she had taken a liking to Eve.

"You will have some tea?" she said.

Eve turned to thank her, and suddenly her heart leaped to her throat. She caught her breath, and did not answer for a moment.

"Thank you," she said, and her eyes stole back to the mantelpiece, where a large photograph of Fitz seemed to watch her with a quiet, thoughtful smile.

The whole room seemed to be different after that. Mrs. Harrington seemed to be a different woman—the world seemed suddenly to be a smaller place and less lonely.

During the remainder of the short visit they talked of indifferent topics, while Captain Bontner remained silent. Mrs. Harrington's caprice grew stronger, and before tea was over she said:

"My dear, if you will not come and live with me, at all events, make use of me. Your uncle will, no doubt, have to make some small changes in his household. I propose you stay with me a week or ten days, until he is ready for you."

This with a slight conciliatory bow towards Captain Bontner, who stared remorselessly at the clock.

"Thank you; I should very much like to," said Eve, mindful of the mantelpiece.

CHAPTER XIV.

A QUATRE.

"There is so much that no one knows,
So much unreached that none suppose."

"I WANT you to put on a nice dress to-night. I have two friends coming to dine."

Eve looked up from the book she was reading, and Mrs. Harrington tempered her curt manner of expressing her wishes with a rare smile. She often did this for Eve's benefit, almost unconsciously. In some indefinite way she was rather afraid of this girl.

"I will do my best," answered Eve, her mind only half weaned from the pages.

She had been ten days in the house, and the somewhat luxurious comfort of it appealed to a faintly developed love of peacefulness and ease, which had been filtered into her soul with the air of a Southern land. She had found it easier to get on with Mrs. Harrington than she had at first anticipated. Her nature, which was essentially womanly, had in reality long craved for the intimate sympathy and intercourse which only another woman could supply.

"Caught her breath and did not answer for a moment."

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There was something half-indolent, half-restful in the very atmosphere of the house that supplied a distinct want in the motherless girl's life. There were a number of vague possibilities of trouble in the world, half-perceived, half-divined by Eve; which possibilities Mrs. Harrington seemed capable of meeting and fending off.

It was all indefinite and misty, but Eve felt at rest, and, as it were, under protection in the house of this hard, cold woman of the world.

"It can only be a black one," the girl answered.

"Yes; but people don't know what a black dress is until they have seen one that has been made in Spain."

Eve did not return at once to her book. She was, in fact, thinking about her dress—being in no way superior to such matters.

When she came down into the drawing-room an hour later, she found awaiting her there the two men about whom she thought most.

Cipriani de Lloseta and Fitz were standing on the hearthrug together. Mrs. Harrington had not come down yet. They came forward together, the Count taking her hand first, with his courteous bow. Fitz followed, shaking hands in silence, with that semi-mystic simplicity which she had learnt to look for and to like in him.

"I wonder," said Eve, "why Mrs. Harrington did not tell me that you were the two friends she expected to dinner?"

The Count smiled darkly.

"Perhaps our hostess does not know that we have met before——" he began, and stopped suddenly when the door opened, and the rustle of Mrs. Harrington's silk dress heralded her coming.

Her quick eyes flashed over them with a comprehensive appreciation of the situation.

"You all seem to know each other," she said sharply. "I knew that Fitz had been of some service to you at d'Erraha; but I was not aware that you knew the Count de Lloseta."

"The Count de Lloseta was very kind to me at Barcelona—on a matter of business," explained Eve innocently.

Mrs. Harrington turned upon the Spaniard quickly, but nevertheless too late to catch the warning frown which he had directed towards Eve. Mrs. Harrington looked keenly into his face, which was blandly imperturbable.

"Then you are the owner of d'Erraha?"

"I am."

Mrs. Harrington gave a strange little laugh.

"What a rich man you are!" she said. "Come! Let us go to dinner."

She took the Count's arm, and led the way to the dining-room. She was visibly absent-minded at first, as if pondering over something which had come as a surprise to her. Then she woke from her reverie, and, turning to Fitz, said:

"And what do you think of the Baleares?"

"I like them," returned Fitz curtly.

He thought that it was bad taste thus to turn the conversation upon a subject which could only be painful to Eve. He only thought of Eve, and therefore did not notice the patient endurance of the Count's face.

De Lloseta was taking his soup with a slow concentration of his attention upon its flavour, as if trying not to hear the conversation. Mrs. Harrington looked sharply at him, and in doing so failed to intercept a glance, exchanged by Fitz and Eve across the table.

"Why are you here?" Fitz seemed to be asking.

And Eve reassured him by a little smile.

"There is one advantage in your long exile at Mahon," pursued the hostess inexorably. "It must have been economical. You could not have wanted money there."

Fitz laughed.

"Hardly so Arcadian as that," he said.

The Count looked up.

"I suppose," he said, misusing the word, as foreigners and Irishmen sometimes do, "that the port where one does not want money is yet to be discovered?"

Mrs. Harrington, sipping her sherry, glanced at the speaker.

"Surely," she said lightly, "you are talking of what you know absolutely nothing."

"Pardon me"—without looking up.

Mrs. Harrington laughed.

"Ah," she said, "we three know too much about you to believe that. Now, what can a lone man like you want with money?"

"A lone man may happen to be saddled with a name of—well, of some repute—an expensive luxury."

"And you think that a great name is worth spending a fortune upon, like a garden, merely to keep it up?"

"I do."

"You think it worth all that?"

The dark, inscrutable eyes were raised deliberately to her face.

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"'All ladies are wonderful!' said the Count."

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"Assuredly you must know that I do," he said.

Mrs. Harrington laughed, and changed the subject. She knew this man's face well, and her knowledge told her that he was at the end of his tether.

"So you saw Luke at Gibraltar?" she said, turning to Fitz.

"Yes, for a short time. I had never seen the *Croonah* before. She is a fine ship."

"So I understand. So fine, indeed, that two friends of mine, the Ingham-Bakers, were induced to go to Malta in her. There is no limit now to feminine enterprise. Mothers are wonderful, and their daughters no less so. *N'est-ce pas, el Señor Conde?*"

"All ladies are wonderful!" said the Count, with a grave bow. "They are as the good God made them."

"I don't agree with you there," snapped Mrs. Harrington. "So you saw the Ingham-Bakers also, Fitz?"

"Yes; they lunched with us."

"And Agatha was very pleasant, no doubt?"

"Very."

"She always is—to men. The Count admires her greatly. She makes him do so."

"She has an easy task," put in de Lloseta quietly. It almost seemed that there was some feeling about Agatha between these two people.

"You know," Mrs. Harrington went on, addressing herself to Fitz, "that Luke and I have made it up. We are friends now."

Fitz did not answer at once. His face clouded over. Seen thus in anger, it was almost a hard face, older and somewhat worn. He raised his eyes, and they as suddenly softened, for Eve's eyes had met them, and she seemed to understand.

"I am not inclined to discuss Luke," he said quietly.

"My dear, I did not propose doing so," answered Mrs. Harrington, and her voice was so humble and conciliatory that de Lloseta looked up from his plate, from one face to the other.

That Mrs. Harrington should accept this reproof thus humbly seemed to come as a surprise to them all, except Fitz, who went on eating his dinner with a singular composure.

It would appear that Mrs. Harrington had been put out of temper by some small incident at the beginning of the dinner, and like a spoilt child proceeded to vent her displeasure on all and sundry. In the same way she would no doubt have continued, until spoken sharply to, as Fitz had spoken.

For now her manner quite changed, and the rest of the meal passed pleasantly enough. Mrs. Harrington now devoted herself to her guests, and as carefully avoided dangerous subjects as she had hitherto appeared to seek them out.

After dinner she asked the Count to tune his violin, while she herself prepared to play his accompaniment.

Fitz lighted the candles and set the music ready with a certain neatness of hand rarely acquired by landsmen, and then returned to the smaller drawing-room where Eve was seated by the fire, needlework in hand.

He stood for a moment leaning against the mantelpiece. Perhaps he was waiting for her to speak. Perhaps he did not realise how much there was in his long, silent gaze.

"How long have you been here?" he asked when the music began.

"Ten days," she answered without looking up.

"But you are not going to live here?" with some misgiving.

"Oh no. I am going to live with my uncle in Suffolk."

He moved away a few steps to pick up a fallen newspaper. Presently he came back to her, resuming his former position at the corner of the mantelpiece.

It was Eve who spoke next—smoothing out her silken trifle of needlework and looking at it critically.

"I never thanked you," she said, "for all your kindness to me at d'Erraha. You were a friend in need."

It was quite different from what it had been at d'Erraha. Possibly it was as different as were the atmospheres of the two places. Eve seemed to have something of London in the reserve of her manner—the easy insincerity of her speech. This was no longer a girl untainted by worldliness, sincere, frank, and open. But women and the world will not let a woman be any one of those.

Fitz was rather taken aback.

"Oh," he answered, "I could not do much. There was really nothing that I could do except to stand by in case I might be wanted."

Eve took up her needle again.

"But," she said, "that is already something. It is often a great comfort, especially to women, to know that there is someone 'standing by,' as you call it, in case they are wanted."

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She gave a little laugh and then suddenly became quite grave. The recollection of a conversation they had had at d'Erraha had flashed across her memory, as recollections do—at the wrong time. The conversation she remembered was recorded at the time—it was almost word for word, but quite different.

Fitz was looking at her with his impenetrable stiff simplicity.

"Eve took up her needle again."

"Will you oblige me," he said, "by continuing to look upon me in that light?

She had bent her head rather far over her work as he spoke, and as he said the last five words her breath seemed to come with a little catch, as if she had pricked her finger.

The musicians were just finishing a brilliant piece, and before answering Fitz she looked round into the other room, nodded, smiled, and thanked them. Then she turned to him, still speaking in the light and rather indifferent tone which was so new to him and said:

"Thank you very much, but of course I have my uncle. How—how long will you be—staying on shore? You deserve a long leave, do you not?"

"Yes, I suppose I do," said Fitz absently. He had evidently listened more to the voice than the words. He forgot to answer the question. But she repeated it.

"How long do you get?" she asked, hopelessly conversational.

"About three weeks."

"Is that all? Ah! here is tea. I wonder whether I ought to offer to pour it out?"

But Mrs. Harrington left the piano and said that her sight was failing her. She had had enough music.

During the rest of the evening Fitz took one or two opportunities of looking at Eve to discover, if he could, what the difference was that he found in her. He had left a girl in Majorca—he found a woman in London. That was the whole difference; but he did not succeed in reducing it to so many words. He had passed most of his life at sea among men. He had not, therefore, had much opportunity of acquiring that doubtful knowledge—the knowledge of women—the only item by the way which men will never include among the sciences of existence. Already they know more about the soul than they do about women. Even if Fitz had possessed this knowledge he would not have applied it to himself. The wisest fail to do that. We only make use of our knowledge of women in the study of those women with whom other men have to do.

"Fitz has got rather dull and stupid," said Mrs. Harrington when the two guests had taken their leave.

Eve was folding up her work, and did not answer.

"Was he like that in Mallorca?" continued the grey lady.

"Oh—I think so. He was very quiet always."

Then Eve—the woman—cheerfully said good-night, and went to her room. She carefully locked her door—then quite suddenly she began fumbling with extraordinary haste for her pocket-handkerchief, and she cast herself all dressed upon the bed.

(To be continued next month.)

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MY BAG OF LIONS

By Percy Selous.

Illustrated by Cecil Aldin.

LION was not the first of the "big cats" with which I had tried conclusions. I had killed both jaguar and puma; the latter animal, I can assure my readers, being quite sufficiently awkward a customer to tackle. My only guidance, then, was what I had read concerning the "king of beasts," and hearsay; each sometimes good in its way, but nothing compared to a very little experience.

So far as personal risk goes—not that one thinks of that—I would rather encounter two lions than one jaguar. In actual brute strength, doubtless, the lion is supreme; at the same time, the particular development of the muscles of the forearm in the "true" climbing cats, is not nearly so marked in *Felis leo*. I once got myself into hot water for classing the tiger as non-climbing. A well-known officer who had shot many tigers and was a naturalist to boot, wrote that he had killed a tiger out of a tree; I would say the tiger was in the tree when he shot it. I can quite understand this. Probably the peculiar growth of the tree facilitated the ascent. We all know that a fox will sometimes go up a tree; still it would scarcely be admitted into the list of climbing animals.

At the same time, the forearm of the tiger approaches to the shape of that of the semi-arboreal cats more than does that of the lion. I have also found that the brain of the lion differs from that of the jaguar or leopard; in fact, the entire conformation of the skull of these latter denotes more cunning, whilst that of the lion is more dog-like. My experience also tends to show that the lion acts more on impulse and trusts less to stratagem than most of the family, and is consequently a less dangerous animal.

Doubtless there are exceptions, and I know of instances where lions have used their reasoning powers as well as any fox. I well remember the first lion I came across, and would have wondered what course events might have taken, had it been possible for me to light upon a grizzly bear under similar circumstances. Certainly the glare of a tropical sun, combined with the sameness of the surrounding veldt, rendered it difficult to distinguish objects assimilating in colour; so different to mountainous and well-wooded regions, where there is much to afford relief to the vision.

This lion was basking on some rocky ground, and, tired as I felt with tramping and weak also from fever, I was actually almost on the top of him before I was aware of his presence; probably he of mine also. Anyway, he bounded away directly, and although I fired I ignominiously missed him. I could not follow him—the ground was too rocky, and as I felt worse on my return to the waggon, I reluctantly had to lie by a few days longer, hoping that with returning strength I might be able to hunt him up. As I killed a lion about six miles away some weeks afterwards, it is more than probable that it was one and the same animal. I comfort myself with this conclusion, as the getting away of the first lion I had met with would have been very galling to me.

I will pass over the intervening period and describe my really first encounter with a lion, as nearly as my memory, assisted by my diary, will permit. My lager was still in the Kalahari desert, near the confluence of the Molopo and Kuruman rivers, and I was out hunting ostensibly for meat, which was running low, and wondering what could make game of all sorts so scarce, when the reason for its absence became accounted for. Two lionesses and a lion suddenly trotted into the open veldt from some thorns a little way ahead of me. To drop like a stone was my instant act; but I was sighted at the same moment, and the three stood gazing at me, whilst I returned the compliment with feelings I cannot describe. Inured as I had been to all sorts of roughing, and by not a few tough scuffles with powerful and ferocious game, having had all the "buck ague" dispersed for good, this (if I except the cursory glimpse I had of the lion before reported) my practically first encounter with these animals, impressed me very much, to say the least of it. The absurdity of the situation, so far as I was

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"The lion sat down on his haunches, and I got on my feet again as he did so."

concerned, if these three should have made up their minds to go for me *en masse*, flashed through my brain. Not even a dog to distract their attention, and just two bullets in my rifle!

Such thoughts, however, are merely cursory, and notwithstanding that my heart seemed to go slightly quicker, my equanimity was a little restored by seeing the two females return to the thicket. The lion sat down on his haunches, and I got on my feet again as he did so. I could not, however, bring myself to shoot, even at this short distance. He did not give me the chance I wanted, and the immense advantage of reserving your fire with dangerous game had been, by actual encounters, too deeply instilled into me.

I therefore edged away towards a mimosa, which appeared to me a desirable standpoint for affording certain shelter, as well as being nearer my quarry. In the meantime the lion had stood up again, and I could notice the tip of his tail twitching in a way which showed his pent-up rage, and boded no good to me. I had reached the thorn-bush by this, and lost no time in letting him have my bullet, kneeling as I did so, the better to rake him. Over he went like a shot hare, his hind quarter quivering in the air as he stood upon his head, for just as I pulled the trigger—though I did not think so—he must have started his spring. He recovered himself in less than no time, but fell again before I could get another shot. I kept his head covered, but his convulsions grew less and less, and he soon lay dead.

It was rather lucky I had reserved my fire, for before I had finished loading, one of the lionesses dashed out. As she was quite close, I let her have a bullet, which had the effect of making her retreat again into cover. That my ball had gone true I was certain; the roar she gave on receiving it, together with the snarling and uproar which went on in the thicket, assured me she was hard hit. In a few moments, however, she bounded out again, and gave me a good chance; so good, in fact, that I dropped her right there, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her lie as still as her lord, over whom she had so unceremoniously just bounded, very nearly falling on the top of him.

The other lioness had in the meantime slunk away without offering me an opportunity of giving her a shot. However, I did not always get off quite so easily. There had been more or less commotion one night among the cattle, from lions roaring and skulking around the skerm; but it had been much too dark to see anything. All I could do was to lie awake, or rather try and lie awake; for a more than ordinary drowsiness seemed to hold me on this particular night, which not even the immediate presence of lions could dispel.

In spite of all I could do, I must have been nearly asleep when I was aroused by a great hubbub, which made one fear that

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I should find an ox past further service; perhaps something worse. It was darker than ever, and the fire burned very low, consequently it was not the wisest of things to tumble out of the waggon. If a lion had happened to have gained an entry, I might have drawn his attention towards myself, to my signal disadvantage. The coast proved to be clear, however, so, hastily raking up the expiring embers, and heaping on more fuel, I saw by the blaze that the animals must have smelt the lion's breath, from the terror they evinced. The boys, too, were evidently in a great state of alarm.

Going carefully round, I satisfied myself that all was yet secure. I then went among the cattle, and by so doing quieted them not a little, and then, instead of turning in again, I got a couple of blankets, for it was chilly, and after further replenishing the fire, coiled myself up, rifle in hand, with my Homer, trying in this manner to ward off the gentle goddess.

Nothing further occurred to necessitate action, and with returning daylight things calmed down to the usual state. Looking round the enclosure I found there had been two lions about. There was a place where the barricade had been torn and scratched about, but the attempt to gain an entrance here had been abandoned, and doubtless it was at this time that the animals were seized with panic. After getting breakfast I started out, taking the two boys and the dogs. The spoor led us along the river for some distance, and as the bush was thick we had to proceed with considerable caution, for we could not tell the moment we might come upon our game. The dogs, which had been kept up, were now loosed, and we had not gone very much further before their action proclaimed the near presence of lions.

Working round a rather dense clump of thorns, the dogs entered, and very speedily the band began to play. Turning to the boys, I reiterated the command given on starting, that they were to stand by, and had scarcely done so, before a fine lion trotted out with one of the dogs at his heels, for which, however, he seemed to show the supremest contempt. The way he stood did not give me a fair chance, and I was endeavouring to get my sight on the roots of his tail, for he was turned from me, when out came a second lion. He appeared as if he had had his tail trodden on, for he was roaring and snarling. He was quite close to me, too; so close, in fact, that I could distinguish the scintillating of his pupils, during the second or two he allowed me this privilege, for with hardly any hesitation he charged.

I had barely time to pull both triggers at him at once when he was on top of me. He must then have struck me, exactly how I don't know, for he knocked me completely out of time. When, a little while after, I returned to the realms of consciousness, the *tout-ensemble* must have been rather realistic. Beside me lay the dead lion, his chest looking as if it had received a cannon ball, whilst my faithful Kaffirs were tending me with such concern that the uprising valediction stuck in my throat. As for myself, I felt as if I had been keel-hauled ten times over, but I escaped with bent ribs and a severe shaking, although it was some time before I got over the effects of our collision. It is certain that the lion's fore limbs were paralysed by the discharge, and that he must have struck me with his chest alone; this was demonstrated by the imprint of his wounds on my left shoulder and side. My Kaffirs had run on the first show of fight on the lion's part, without even leaving me my spare weapon.

On another occasion, also after the disturbing orgies had given me the clue to his whereabouts, I successfully followed up a lion. This time he had not disconcerted me very much, for a considerable portion of a giraffe I had shot lay near by on the veldt. All the same the oxen and horses were dreadfully uneasy. One description of a night of unrest is probably enough for my readers; I will therefore get on to the more exciting portions of the adventure. The same kind of country, with the everlasting wait-a-bit thorns, more or less sandy and rocky on to towards the veldt which was studded with ant heaps. I went on foot again. In the first place my horse was lame; in the second, unless the country is open, I prefer to be on *terra firma*. Dogs I had none; both had come to an untimely end; so there was nothing for it but to trust to woodcraft.

Spooring was comparatively easy, and after satisfying myself that a certain patch of thorns harboured my quarry, and seeing no better method of ousting it, I set fire to the dry grass here and there, not without a little trepidation, lest a charge might come before I was ready.

The smoke soon became thick, and shortly after a lioness broke away on the far side of the cover; the smoke and the distance, however, precluding my firing at her. I had given Bob instructions to be in readiness

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with my spare weapon, but had very little faith in him. The old adage, "Blessed is he that expecteth nothing," is pretty well verified when any dependence is to be placed on the ordinary Kaffir "boy" in a time of emergency. The lioness I marked into another patch of brush farther on, and after considering a little, decided to go in after her, too. I had no difficulty in keeping the spoor, and by stooping and crawling under, here and there, eventually came in sight of her again. She was crouched down in a bit of an opening, and was directly facing me.

Taking a rapid though steady aim at her head, I fired, just glancing over my shoulder after I had done so, to see whether Bob were anywhere near, which he was not. The lioness must have been partially stunned, and did not appear to stir at all for a moment; then she jumped up, and bounced into the bush still further, but in a way which showed me she was very sick. She seemed to reel as though blind.

Losing no time, I went on in pursuit, noticing that there was plenty of blood where she had lain, which kept the trail hot for me. I had not gone far before I again came upon her lying, but with her head from, instead of towards, me. As soon as I could get near, I let her have another ball; this time, being so close, I could see plainly enough the hole the bullet made at the back of her skull. Not a movement followed, for my first shot had done its work well. I was much disappointed when I came to examine her, for her skin was practically devoid of hair. I did not even take it off, but secured the skull and returned to the waggon. Certainly this lioness was both ugly and old, her teeth being ground down to stumps; all the same, I did not imagine she would be entirely alone.

"So close, in fact, that I could distinguish the scintillating of his pupils."

Accordingly, I made up my mind to go out the next day and see if I could not meet with further traces of lions. I spent another hour or so hunting around without success; but in the night roaring was heard again, though only at a distance. In the morning I was on the move as quickly as possible after breakfast, down stream this time, for the roaring had sounded in that direction. I soon found pugmarks where a lion had been drinking. So far, so good. My fellows were worse than useless, so I was again alone; but this did not trouble me much. Further on the ground was

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higher, and well calculated to form good shelter for such game.

Keeping along the nearer edge of a ravine which ran down to the river, I scanned every likely nook and crag. I did not relish the idea of not seeing the lion until late, as on the first occasion, but then my eye had got better trained to the nature of the ground. Anyone who knows the original difficulty of spying a hare on her form, or a spruce partridge on a bough, when you know very well that the object you search is there in full view, will realise my position, especially with such contingencies attached.

Every person would not have noticed the head and paws of a lion as quickly as I did either, unless he had followed my kind of life. All I could see was what I have stated; the rest of his body was at full length on the slope of the rock beyond. That he was watching me I also knew, and as soon as he saw that he was perceived he lazily raised himself, and began muttering. He was on the opposite side of the ravine, and as this was too wide for even a lion to spring across, I felt I held him at a disadvantage.

I therefore proceeded steadily until I was exactly opposite to him. He now stood up in full view, and his actions showed that he considered he had allowed things to proceed far enough, and was about to expedite matters. I chose, however, to be the one to take the initiative; and although we were a good thirty paces apart, planted a bullet into his shoulder, and over he rolled amid terrific roarings. He soon regained his feet, and made a show of charging, but in a very awkward manner; and, before he could reach me—for he had to go both down bank and up bank—I stopped him with another ball in the brisket, and down he went once more.

Again he recovered himself, roaring the while. Just then I heard other roaring some distance off; this did not make events less exciting. The lion still remained in a recumbent position, growling all the time. I reloaded where I stood, momentarily expecting another charge. I could see he was growing very sick, and, getting a good shot at his head, I this time finished him. He proved to be quite a young male, but fully as big as many an older animal. I sat down on him to rest a bit, and, on examining the bullet holes, found that the last one had gone near the ear and had stopped inside the skull. Our weapons then were not as now, or it would have gone out the other side; still it answered the end equally well.

The first bullet had struck where I had aimed, behind the shoulder; whilst the second had only gone through the fleshy part of the forearm—to be precise, the deltoid muscle. The first, the lung shot, was the one, and I need not have fired a third. There is no shot equal to this, if we except the brain or the vertebra.

Leaving him where he lay, I went up the slope of the kloof to the spot where I had first seen him, and, strange as it may appear to the majority of persons, began beating about the bush just as if nothing more startling than a guinea-fowl might jump up. I was getting pretty well tired, when a half-grown cub trotted out into the open followed by a second.

This turn of events somewhat "mixed" my ideas. It would never have done to shoot. The mother, unless she had been killed, would not be far away, and more than once I had had to stand the brunt of both maternal and paternal fury with bear and jaguar. I was not long kept in suspense, for in a few minutes the lioness made her appearance, and I thanked my luck that I had not made the youngsters cry out. She did not look particularly aggressive, though there was a something in her eye which bade me be cautious.

I had, however, no intention of allowing her to escape, so I aimed at her throat as she stood. To my dismay and disgust I knew I had missed her before I pulled the trigger, but luckily for me she did not move beyond lashing her tail somewhat more violently and uttering a growl. I soon got sighted again, under circumstances certainly not calculated to improve my steadiness, and this time managed to catch her right under the chin, causing her to flounder over the cubs to their signal discomfiture.

The commotion was lively, but I got a bullet into the lioness's head whilst the two cubs disappeared into the brush, and although I hunted considerably on subsequent days I never saw either of them again. As it would have been reasonable to think that at their age they would have hung around, I imagine the solution to be that the male parent took them in tow after seeing how matters stood. If this was so, the violent downpour during the night effectually removed all traces of it.

I will conclude this paper with one other

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"Before he could reach me I stopped him with another ball."

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incident. This time I was on horseback, and was out after other game, when I saw a lion going down towards the river. He was some distance away, and the country being broken and somewhat undulating, I must have escaped his notice; therefore, on sighting him, I quickly slipped off my horse and got entirely out of sight.

I waited until I thought I had given him time to reach the river, and then went on to where he had passed, stationing myself ready for his return. I had an idea he would come out the way he went down. Nor was I mistaken. In a little while he came back again, quite unconcernedly, and, seeing me, stopped short and gave a loud roar. My horse did not at all relish his presence; in fact, he had behaved very badly since the first appearance of the lion. I tried to fire, but my plunging horse prevented me. It was as much as I could do to stick to his bucking back and retain hold of my rifle.

At last I got a shot, my horse swinging round at the same time and galloping straight away, closely pursued by the lion. The latter stopped short after a few bounds, and as soon as I could pull up my panting steed and take in the position of affairs, I saw that the lion remained squatting where he had given up the chase. My horse being now much steadier, I managed to get a pretty steady aim and fired. It did not take half an eye to see that he was done for, but I had to get my horse in hand again, for the moment the lion roared he wheeled round and streaked out. After patting and quieting him, I dismounted, picketed him securely, and walking up to the paralysed lion soon put him out of his misery.

"It did not take half an eye to see that he was done for."

In conclusion, I may mention that though I got through these encounters practically without a scratch, I have not been so lucky with others of the cat family.

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THE INTER-UNIVERSITY MATCH AT LORD'S.

CRICKET:
SOME
HINTS AND RECOLLECTIONS.*

By William Brockwell.

SO many men well qualified to give advice to young cricketers have written upon the game that it is now difficult to say anything both new and true. There are many well-settled rules, stated upon indisputable authority, all of which must be followed before success can be attained. But there is one thing needful for these rules to be of any service, one essential preliminary qualification, if the best advice is not to be useless. The beginner must have a love, an enthusiasm for the game.

It is pleasant to see that this enthusiasm for cricket is very general and widespread, but I do not remember to have seen a more striking instance than one in the fall of 1889, when I had an engagement in South Africa. A match had been arranged for Douglas and Hopetown against Barkley West; the players had driven many miles from outlying districts to the Electric Ground at Kimberley: Miles and I were to be the umpires.

Unluckily the weather was most unkind. The match had no sooner started than down came the rain. But no one thought of stopping, and apparently no one wanted to stop, save the umpires. The players were soon wet to the skin, but they played on. The ball was so wet that the bowlers could not get a grip of it, and to aid their efforts they repeatedly wiped it against their shirts, staining them red till they seemed drenched with gore. Even then they kept bowling no-balls, for the puddles round the wicket drove them outside the return crease. It was only when the players had been inveigled into the pavilion by the suggestion that they should take off and wring their shirts that they recognised the impossibility of proceeding.

CUTTING (DR. W. G. GRACE).

* This article was written before the commencement of the recent Australian tour.

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BACK PLAY (ABEL).

Even with keenness for the game such as this, the young player will profit by the instruction of older hands. Such success as I have attained, I am glad to acknowledge, is largely due to the kindly advice and tuition received at the Oval, to hints and encouragement received from—among many others—Mr. J. Shuter and Mr. W. W. Read. And with the best advice much perseverance, even in the face of repeated failures, is required to attain success.

The first thing for the young batsman to learn is to take up a correct position at the wicket. He must see that the weight of the body is on the right foot, and the foot, of course, within the crease. This learnt, one need only advise him to take up the position most easy and natural to himself. The beginner will probably imitate the batsman who is his favourite.

If the weight of the body is on the right foot, it will be easier to keep that foot firm. The tendency of the beginner is to jump away on the leg side as the bowler delivers the ball, especially if the ball is fast. The impulse to avoid being hit is, no doubt, natural, but it must not be indulged. For if the batsman is to play the ball correctly, he must watch it closely, and he can get a steady view only by keeping his original position unmoved until actually making the stroke. Hence, too, it will be of advantage to use his full height.

The bat must be "straight" or upright. By acquiring this habit the batsman will find it easier to play the ball with the middle, not the edge of the bat. All great batsmen play straight. I think I never saw a finer innings than that of 131, which Dr. W. G. Grace played for the Gentlemen against the Players at Hastings in 1894. Mold, J. T. Hearne, Lockwood, Martin, and A. Hearne bowled against him, and I did not see one ball played with the edge of the bat. Every ball came to the middle of the blade.

It is essential, too, that the left shoulder should be turned towards the bowler, the effect of this will be to keep the left elbow well up, so that the handle of the bat is more forward than the blade. By this means the

THE CUT FORWARD (LOCKWOOD).

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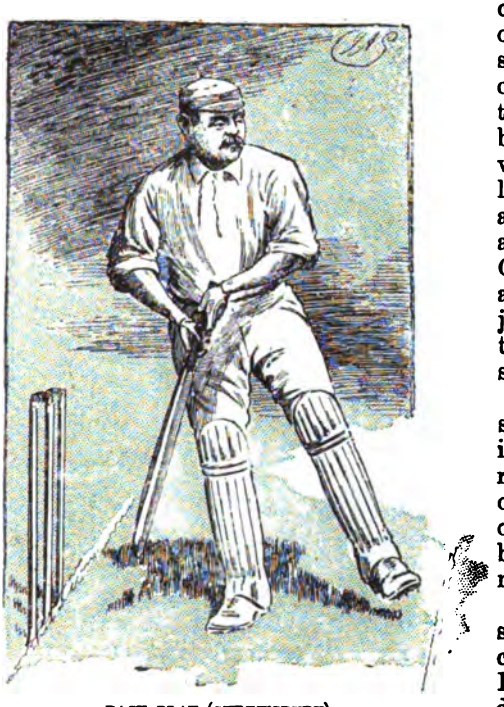
ball will be kept down; if this is not done the bowler or mid-off will soon have an easy catch. To keep the ball down is one of the



BACK PLAY (SHREWSBURY).

great arts of batting—easier for a tall man than a short. Yet Abel is a master of the art. For a man of his inches, his way of playing a rising or kicking ball is marvellous. The beginner could not do better than watch and imitate Abel in his manner of getting "above the ball."

The batsman must determine according to the length of the ball whether to play forward or back. In this his judgment will be affected by the pace as well as the length of the ball, for one can safely play forward to a fast ball, when a slow ball of the same length would cause one to play back. But whether forward or back, the stroke should be hard. The bat should always be made to hit the ball, not *vice versâ*.

In playing forward it is especially necessary to play hard, and to carry the stroke through till the ball is met. This is most of value when the ball is "doing a bit"—*i.e.*, breaking—for by playing right out a better chance is obtained of killing or smothering the break. For back play, I think no better model could be found than Shrewsbury; his back play is perfect, and he is equally good on all wickets. There is no one who on a bad wicket can play so nearly the same game as he plays on a good one.

Much has been written about the stroke called "the cut," and it is undoubtedly the one from which the batsman derives most satisfaction, but it is difficult to describe it on paper. It may be made by moving either the right or left foot across the wicket. Most batsmen move the right foot, and in this way they are in a better position for cutting late, or "fine." Dr. Grace's late cuts, *e.g.*, are made in this way, and are as fine things as one can wish to see. On the other hand, Gunn often cuts with the left foot moved across to the off; and, in cutting square, or just in front of point, this position enables the batsman to put greater force into the stroke.

But it has the disadvantage of being to some extent a "blind hit." When the ball is too low to be cut easily, many batsmen resort to what is called a "chop;" instead of hitting the ball at the side, they strike it on the top just as it passes, or has passed, behind the wicket. Mr. K. J. Key often makes this stroke very effectively.

With so many bowlers bowling on the off side for catches, it is often dangerous, especially on bumpy wickets, to attempt to cut. But whether it is fair for the batsman to defend his wicket with his pads is open to doubt. Shrewsbury, who understands off

FORWARD DEFENSIVE PLAY (BROCKWELL).

theory balls as well as anyone, constantly does so. I remember when I was first

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playing for Surrey, I had once guarded my wicket with my pads, and Dr. Grace said to me, as he passed by at the over, "Oh, play them with your bat! Don't play with your legs."

The Doctor might well give this advice, for he himself never uses this means of defence. Another characteristic of Dr. Grace's is that he will never allow a bowler to "stick him up," but will force the game, in order to knock off a bowler who is puzzling him. I have seen him, for instance, when in difficulties with Lohmann, indulge in the unorthodox game of pulling, in order to gain this end.

Leg-hitting is almost a lost delight. In first-class cricket one so rarely gets a ball actually off the wicket to leg that, in order to score on the on-side, one has to resort to other strokes. In particular, the forcing stroke off the legs is useful. This is a stroke between short-leg and mid-on—a sort of push from the body, and with practice it can be made hard. The left leg is drawn back against the right, so that the batsman faces the bowler, and the hit is made by a sort of whipping action. If, however, a fast bowler gives you a ball on the legs, the best way to score is, after drawing back the left leg as before, to place the bat in front of that leg,

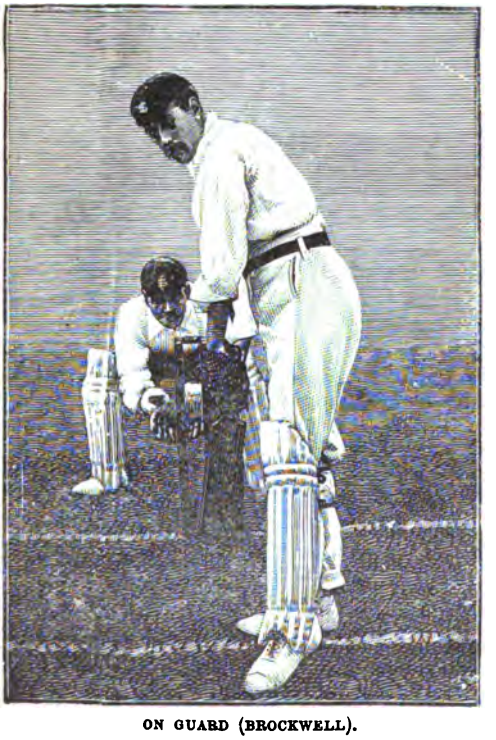
FORCING STROKE OFF THE LEGS (BROCKWELL).

slanting it so that the ball is just turned off the body.

In driving the great thing is to keep the ball down. To do this it must be met at the pitch, and the hit be made well on top of the ball. Indeed, one should never attempt a drive unless one is certain of meeting the ball at the pitch or half-volley. It is a great advantage to be able to score all round the wicket, a weakness to have only one or two favourite strokes. Mr. Stoddart has as many strokes as any one now playing first-class cricket, and is especially good in front of the stumps.

One caution may be added. The batsman should above all things avoid making up his mind to attempt a particular stroke before the ball is delivered. When it *is* delivered, quickness of perception and decision are essential. Indeed the art of judging or "timing" the ball is the secret of effective as well as pretty play; but to determine on the stroke before one sees the length and pace of the ball, and what it is likely to do, is to give oneself as a voluntary victim to the bowler.

I am afraid it is useless to caution anyone against nervousness. There is no medicine, but experience, for that disease. I well



ON GUARD (BROCKWELL).

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remember my own first appearance in a trial game at the Oval. The fact that it was a first appearance would account for some trepidation; the fact that Mr. W. W. Read, engaged in the search for new players, was standing umpire, did not lessen one's anxiety; and then the bowler started by giving me five wides! Doubtless he, too, felt the importance of the occasion.

In my second county match, facing that fine bowler, Pougher, I "bagged a brace;" and in 1894, after more success than I had before attained, and after realising the ambition of every batsman in scoring a century, I promptly repeated my early experience. On the other hand, I was surprised to find on the occasion of my first three-figure innings that I was as cool when I had scored between 90 and 100 as I had been earlier, though I stopped a long while at 96, and was glad as well as grateful to hear the cheer that followed when I made a hit for five. But whatever the batsman's temperament, he will be nervous *sometimes*, and I take long experience to be the only, and but a partial, cure.

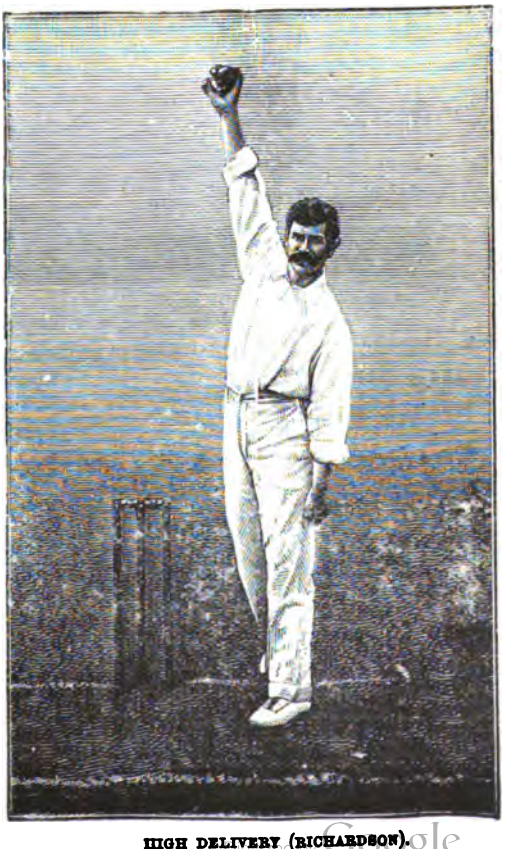
On bowling it is less easy to advise. A good bowler is as valuable to his side as a great batsman, and on hard true wickets a bowler's skill is submitted to a very severe test. But practice teaches more than volumes, and natural ability is here, even more than in batting, essential to success. Even this will be of little use without constant practice.

The beginner should first take pains to acquire an easy, regular manner of delivery, making the most of his height, and then to learn to pitch the ball where he desires, not paying at first much attention to break. Only when the arm has its proper swing, and a fair command of the ball has been obtained, should the requirements of break and change of pace be considered.

But both of these are essential to success against good batsmen. The break should be generally just sufficient to change the course of the ball, and it is most often given by a turn of the wrist at the moment of delivery. Of course it is important to conceal from the batsman any indication of the way in which it is intended to break. A change of pace effected, without any change of delivery, is one of the most deadly devices, but it is very necessary that the accuracy of pitch should be maintained; indeed, the change of pitch is almost useless if the accuracy of pitch is sacrificed.

A "yorker" is a great ball to send down; no other ball, perhaps, accounts for the dismissal of so many batsmen. But even from the bowler's point of view there is a degree of uncertainty about it; for if not pitched exactly in the right spot—dropping just underneath the bat—it gives a splendid opportunity to the batsman to score by hitting it full pitch or at the half-volley. The yorker, then, should be most carefully cultivated.

These elementary directions followed, the bowler must be left a good deal to his own devices. His task is to learn the batsman's strong and weak points, and to tempt or deceive him by balls planned at the moment without other aid than his own judgment. The command of the ball, which will enable him to execute his plan of attack, he must get by long practice; but in forming his plan he must rely mainly on the inspiration of the moment. Wainwright, Peel, and Briggs are full of resource, and the learner could not do better than watch them bowling on a sticky wicket; while of fast bowlers J. T. Hearne, Richardson, Mold, and Lockwood are the best examples.



HIGH DELIVERY (RICHARDSON).

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But on all wickets Lohmann was the finest bowler I ever saw. He could adapt himself to any condition of the pitch; he

WALTER HUMPHREYS, THE SUSSEX UNDERHAND BOWLER.

could vary his pace at will; when tired of bowling at the sticks he bowled for catches, he seemed always able to make the batsman hit. On sticky wickets he was unplayable, having a tremendous off-break with a perfect length. His yorker was deadly, and seemed to drop straight down. This occasional change of the flight of the ball in the air is most puzzling, and the bowler is sometimes more puzzled to account for such a ball than the batsman is to play it.

Fielding is one of the most important accomplishments of a good all-round cricketer, for runs saved are equal to runs made. The highest testimony to a player's ability is that he is a good field anywhere. The only directions of any great importance which can be given are to be always keen and on the alert, to watch the batsman closely, to get in front of the ball, and to put both hands to it whenever possible. Fielding round the wicket is a very different matter from fielding "in the country," and I think the latter is easier. For there the fieldsman has ample time to watch and judge the ball. On the other hand, in the long field one has more time to get nervous, and anxiety is the cause of many a catch being dropped. One should remember in returning the ball to the wicket-keeper to give him either an easy catch or a long-hop; and of course it is important to return the ball as quickly as possible after stopping it. A mere reputation for smart returns will often stop a second run.

These are, I think, the main things to be remembered in batting, bowling, and fielding. But the learner will profit more by the example of first-class players than by any amount of precept. It is especially useful to watch practice at the nets. There one can obtain a much better view of the ball and what it does, and of the precise stroke made by the batsman. For the learner himself match practice is the best

PEEL, THE YORKSHIRE LEFT-HANDED BOWLER.

practice; in matches he will gradually gain the confidence, without which he will be unable to apply the lessons he has learned at the nets or elsewhere.

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UNKNOWN LONDON.

By H. D. Lowry *and* T. S. C. Crowther.

V.—AN INN OF COURT.

"O London, whom we love, we love thee best
For this: that in the very heart of thee
Places remain where never a hint may be
Of man's eternal doom."

J. B. Martlet.

BY day an Inn of Court is almost as modern a place as the great thoroughfares which surround it. Its gardens are filled with folk who snatch a few moments of quiet from the turmoil of the day; and people of every class go to and fro continually: for often (as in the case of Gray's Inn) a short cut from one big street to another leads across the square. There are people who have come to consult their lawyers, and tradesmen's messengers who come to supply the residents in the Inn. Altogether, the place could hardly present a busier picture, and it is only at night time that one can realise what manner of place it was in the old days, when London was little more than a large and important country town.

RINGING THE CURFEW.

At nine o'clock each night a porter goes alone into the dark chapel, tugs at the bell-rope, and then tolls it thirty times. That is curfew, and immediately after it has sounded the gates are closed, and the square becomes silent. Then it does not seem hard to believe that when Gray's Inn was founded, "Oldbourne" was a pleasant place of fields and semi-rustic pathways, whither the citizen used to come to refresh his soul with quietness at the end of the day's business.

At this time all who dwelt in the Inns of Court were bound to attend and serve the Courts of Judicature; and, indeed, at one period, only the sons of noblemen, and of those gentlemen whose rank entitled them to do service to the King in his Court, were eligible for admission. This presently changed, however, and in the reign of Elizabeth it was calculated that only about half the students in the various Inns were of gentle birth. It was recorded of them that, "On working days, most of the students applied themselves to the study of the law, and on holy days to the study of Holy Scripture. At the same time, however, the students were not allowed to neglect lighter pursuits, for they learned to sing and to exercise themselves in all kinds of harmony, and they also made provision for the exercise and consequent health of the body, for they constantly practised dancing and other noblemen's pastimes. They did all things in peace and amity."

In the particular case of Gray's Inn one must not forget to write somewhat at large concerning the gardens, its chief glory. It would appear that they were laid out in the year 1597, by Francis Bacon, who at that time filled the post of Treasurer to the Inn.

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They are known now as containing the one rookery still existing in the heart of London. Twice the rooks have taken umbrage: once at the erection of a very unlovely building in their vicinity, and once at the felling—or was it only the fall in a storm?—of some of the trees in which their ancestors had been wont to build for generations beyond numbering. But they have always returned after a year's lamented absence.

These gardens have been at divers times a very fashionable promenade. Thus, it is recorded in the diary of the estimable Mr. Pepys, under date 1662, "When church was done my wife and I walked to Gray's Inn to observe the fashions of the ladies, because of my wife's making some new clothes."

That is as vivid a little picture as Mr. Pepys has left to us, but it is hard to realise that his record is any more a record of fact than that of the visits of another famous personage to the gardens. If he haunts them, so does Sir Roger de Coverley, whose coachman, "a grave, elderly person," called on the Spectator one morning with a message that his master had come to town the previous night, and would be glad to take a turn with him in Gray's Inn walks.

THE GATE KEEPER'S BUNK.

The picture of the squire, when the Spectator comes upon him, is quite unforgetable: "I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice with great vigour, for he

From "Chronicles of an Old Inn," by André Hope. London: Chapman and Hall. 1857.

loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with anyone who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems." Dreams and the real events of life are of the same texture when they are of the past, it has been said; and to-day it is just as important to remember Sir Roger de Coverley as Mr. Pepys among those who have visited the gardens in the old days.

Hospitality is not altogether extinct in our own time, and there are still occasions when the Benchers entertain great nobles and other men of fame in the Inn. But they did things on a larger scale and with a more profuse magnificence in the former days. They had a Master of the Revels, and frequently produced plays and masques—especially at Christmas time. One such play, produced in the reign of Henry VIII., appeared to be aimed at Cardinal Wolsey, who was then at the height of his power. It was difficult to find a company to represent it; and when this had been managed and the play produced, two of the actors suffered heavily. One fled over seas; as for the other, a serjeant in the law of twenty years' standing, his name was struck off the list of members of the Inn, and never reappeared upon it.

About the time of Elizabeth there was a sort of alliance between the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn, apparently for no other purpose than this of entertaining, and for a reminder of this ancient compact the griffin of Gray's Inn was placed over the great gates of the Inner Temple gardens,

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A MUSICAL EVENING IN GRAY'S INN.

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while the White Horse of the Inner Temple was placed above the principal entrance to Gray's Inn Square. Elizabeth was often entertained with great splendour, and there is a tale of how two students, dazzled by her grace and loveliness, went mad for love of her, and, because their hopes were vain, vowed suicide. A masque of flowers on the occasion of the marriage of the Earl of Somerset with Frances, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, cost Bacon £2,000; and even so late as 1682 it is recorded that one Gipps was "master of the revels" at Gray's Inn.

To jump a century or two, and come to times more recent, it can hardly be doubted (since men—often lonely—have lived in these places so long a time) that, whether

THE HEAD PORTER.

he knew it or not, Dickens had plenty of foundation in fact for certain passages in *Pickwick*. After his stormy interview with Messrs. Dodson & Fogg, Mrs. Bardell's attorneys, Mr. Pickwick requires a stimulant and seeks it at an hostel recommended by Sam Weller. There they chance upon "the old 'un," arrange to go with him to Ipswich the next day in pursuit of Jingle; and in the meantime go off to Gray's Inn to interview Mr. Perker. "After climbing two pairs of dirty stairs," and discovering that he is out, they come upon his laundress, who bids them go to the "Magpie and Stump," in Clare Market, and ask for Mr. Lowten, Perker's clerk. They find him taking the chair at a sort of free-and-easy, and after an awkward pause Mr. Pickwick makes an exceedingly happy remark: "I have been to-night in a place which you all know very well, doubtless, but which I have not been in for some years, and know very little of. I mean Gray's Inn, gentlemen. Curious little nooks in a great place like London these old Inns are."

"By Jove!" said the chairman, whispering across the table, "you have hit upon something that one of us would talk upon for ever. You'll draw old Jack Bamber out; he was never heard to talk of anything else but the Inns, and he has lived alone in them until he is half crazy." Then follows a description of Jack Bamber: "a little, yellow, high-shouldered man. There was a fixed, grim smile perpetually on his countenance; he leant his chin on a long skinny hand, with nails of extraordinary length; and as he inclined his head to one side and looked keenly out from beneath his ragged grey eyebrows, there was a strange wild slyness in his leer, quite repulsive to behold." Then follows a whole chapter made up of the old man's ghastly memoirs or imaginings about the Inns: stories of people who died in their lonely chambers, and lay unburied for years, because there was no one to be surprised at their absence from accustomed haunts; of rooms haunted by the ghosts of men who had suffered in them.

"They are no ordinary houses, those," he says. "There is not a panel in the old wainscotting but what, if it were endowed with the powers of speech and memory, could start from the wall and tell its tale of horror—the romance of life, sir, the romance of life! Commonplace as they seem now, I tell you they are strange old places, and I would rather hear many a

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legend with a terrific sounding name than the true history of one old set of chambers."

Dickens must have had pleasant memories of the Inns of Court, however, for it was in his chambers in Furnival's Inn that he received the commission which led to the writing of the book from which these quotations are taken: received it, too, by a strange and happy coincidence from the person from whose hands he had bought two or three years earlier his first copy of the magazine in which his first effusion appeared in all the glory of print. Perhaps these happier memories inspired him to invent and write that history of domesticity under difficulties — the tale of how Tommy Traddles married the dearest girl in the world and began housekeeping in chambers.

A QUIET SQUARE.

But if one confined himself to a recital of the bygone events—historical or fictitious—which make the Inns venerable and interesting, one would become more prolix than the oldest inhabitant of some village lost among the hills when he talks to you of rigorous winters and terrific storms which he alone of living men remembers. It is necessary to speak of the Inns as they are at the present time.

By day, as has already been stated, they are hardly less busy than the busiest and most public parts of London. There are still lawyers without number: Perkers, perhaps, and perhaps some who might reasonably enough have taken over the business—since they practise the methods — of Dodson and Fogg. There are still barristers who wait —with emotions which have been described, once for all, through the mouth of Mr. Jack Bamber — for briefs that do not come, and clients who seek for consolation that the law cannot afford them. The chambers highest on the stairs are often inhabited by married men, and ladies come and go, intent upon shopping. All sorts of people pass hurriedly through the square, and in the gardens there are always some who strive to forget during a few moments of leisure that they have not really escaped from the noise and hurry of London. The Inns by daylight are, in short, not unlike what Magdalen, St. John's, and Trinity may be expected to become when the Universities have been thoroughly "democratised."

But night, which transfigures everything to beauty, gives back their ancient quality of quiet and seclusion to the Inns of Court. You come along a noisy thoroughfare, pause on the crowded pavement, and ring the bell. The gate opens, the porter gives you a salute in military fashion, and as the gate closes behind you the sound, as well as the sight, of the outside world dies away. You pass onward, and there is nothing reaches

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you from without but a dim murmur of mingled noises, pleasantly broken by the jingling bells of passing hansoms.

A LOST LATCH-KEY.

The square is wonderfully silent, vast, and uninhabited, giving the solitary man an impression of seclusion which in London is a new sensation and one worth experiencing. The lights on the staircases shine, one above the other, through the windows; in other windows there are lights behind the coloured blinds; while others are unillumined, save for the gleaming reflection of the dim gas lamps sparsely scattered in the square. Now and again a sound of music comes, as it were, from a very long way off, the distance lending it the same enchantment, as it does to music heard upon the water when one is inhabiting a houseboat for a month of the summer.

It is to be supposed that there are still many students, properly so called, in the Inns, and perhaps this sound of revelry disturbs them, if only by arousing in them an overmastering desire to go forth and do likewise. But it is still absolutely appropriate to the time and place, and perhaps one might best describe the Inns of Court, if it were desired to explain their charm for those who live in them, as "little necks" in the very centre of London, where we may sing with one's windows up, notwithstanding the strange fact that there is quiet without.

All night the porter goes through a series of very diminutive naps in his rather diminutive bunk, for all through the night there are people coming and going. There is no longer any provision of masques and suchlike frivolities by the Benchers; and those who still desire them must find satisfaction somewhere outside the Inn. Therefore it is that, on reaching the gate some morning very early, you may sometimes cry, "C'est l'Empereur!" seeing Napoleon Bonaparte descend from a hansom, and, entering, pass on rapidly towards the chambers of some staid lawyer, hardly replying to the salute of the porter, and manifestly growing a little ashamed, as the cold, grey, reasonable dawn comes on, of the garb in which he has been gaily dancing through the small hours at Covent Garden.

At another time—perhaps when the whole square echoes with the *drip-drop* of the rain—you may observe a little drama, in which a lost latch-key is the leading motive. A burly constable is called in to assist the exiled householder, and, fetching a ladder, he makes a burglarious entry by the window. If ever Mr. Jack Bamber had been witness of such an incident one is very certain he would have had a ghastly tale to tell when next he spent an evening at the "Magpie and Stump"—a story of how the policeman made a mistake, and got into the wrong set of chambers, and then, poking about in the darkness, found—But one has not the imagination of Jack Bamber, and it is not the mission of these papers to give new horrors to the nervous.

Before the dawn there is a space of utter

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quiet. Then the sparrows wake and begin their monotonous *cheep-cheep* — the sound which above all others wakes the ire of the man who fain would sleep and cannot. For the sound is kept up continually, yet the interval of time between each *cheep* varies constantly, and so one cannot ignore or grow accustomed to it. But they say that if your rooms overlook the gardens you may sometimes hear Benchers singing just as rapturously as their ancestors sang in the same place centuries ago, when Holborn was "Oldbourne," and the Thames below the Strand a river in which fish could positively manage to live.

After the birds have wakened, the noise of traffic in the outside streets begins to reassert itself. Then the friends who have stopped on, talking ever since it became impossible for them to continue their singing, rise, and decide that they must go. The host, weary and very sleepy, hears their footsteps echoing in the square as he disrobes himself, quoting:

> "Even the weariest river
> Wins somewhere safe to sea."

The porter hears the same footsteps, and has the gate open before they reach it. They go out into workaday London, declining or engaging the hansoms which come towards them with jingling bells; and the chances are they do not reach their destinations without undergoing a lamentable disenchantment at the spectacle of the grey deserted streets.

NAPOLEON.

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SOME COMMON MISTAKES ABOUT BABIES.

By Dr. J. E. Cooney,

Late Medical Officer of Health, Fulham, London; Barrister-at-Law, etc.

THE baby is usually exposed to the risks and disadvantages of artificial food, even on the day of its birth, and at the very moment when it is least fitted for an ordeal by which indigestion, flatulency, and too often irritation of the bowels is engendered. To put it shortly, the balance between nutrition and digestion is overthrown by unwise interference, while the probability of the necessity for the further use of aperients is increased. The nurse should never be permitted to give sugar and butter, and other equally vile mixtures—as is only too often the case—or any variety of artificial food without explicit instructions from the medical attendant. Neither is there the slightest need, during the first few days of its birth, to give the child any artificial food till the milk has developed. For the first three or four days a sufficient quantity of milk, though poor in quality, is present, but it is all that is absolutely necessary for the baby's requirements. Nurses, however, usually think otherwise, and so pursue the unfortunate child with all sorts of artificial food and aperient medicines. This is a grievous error, the magnitude of which cannot be easily estimated. The secretion provided by nature is sufficient.

BABY'S EVENING BATH.

A mother should, if practicable, suckle her baby, more or less, till it is eleven months old; but never longer. And even this period depends wholly on the respective conditions of mother and child, and the quality and quantity of her milk. In those cases where it is considered imperative to resort to artificial feeding—if a perfectly healthy wet nurse cannot be obtained — the milk of a few animals is usually had recourse to.

The donkey is sometimes requisitioned, it being considered that ass's milk is nearest in quality to that of the woman, but this is a mistake. It contains more water, but is much

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poorer in curd and butter, and contains about twice as much sugar and salts. It is, however, sometimes very valuable for children who are too delicate to bear cow's milk, as it is very easily digested, though sometimes it occasions diarrhœa owing to the excess of salts. If a healthy baby be fed on ass's milk, twice the quantity will be needed to make up the necessary amount of butter and albuminous substances, but then the sugar and salts will be greatly in excess. These chief defects could to some extent be remedied by the addition of cream. Ass's milk is not an appropriate food for a healthy infant, as it is erroneously considered to be.

Goat's milk, on the other hand, is richer in solids, and like the ass's milk the sugar and salts are much in excess. If however care is taken with the animal's food—for it is common knowledge that the goat is a promiscuous, if not a dirty feeder, and that the nature of the food readily affects the milk—there is nothing better than her milk for the rearing of infants. It is most imperative that only wholesome food should be given to the goat. It is because of this precaution being neglected that irritating effects are produced on the child's stomach and bowels, by causing vomiting or diarrhœa, or both—the goat being permitted to forage on her own account; hence a prejudice has arisen against goat's milk.

Cow's milk is the nearest approach to mother's milk, though each kind of the solid matters is in excess. The water is, however, less, and the sugar diminished; thus it is the usual practice to imitate mother's milk, and reduce the quantity of butter and curd by adding a small quantity of water and sugar.

MILK.	Per 100 Parts		Solids.		
	Water.	Solids.	Fats (heat forming).	Albuminous (flesh forming).	Sugars and Salts.
Ass's ...	90·50	9·40	1·40	1·7	6·40
Goat's ...	85·60	14·40	4·10	4·50	5·80
Cow's ...	86·40	13·60	3 70	4·55	5·35
Woman's	89·54	10·66	3·34	3·35	3·77

From the foregoing table it will be readily seen that the four varieties of milk represent a wholly different kind of food.

It is a very popular fallacy that milk should be boiled preparatory to giving it to children. Such milk does not possess the same nutritive value as raw milk. There is a certain volatile principle driven off by the heating process, which possesses a great value in aiding the infant's powers of digestion, and which is thus lost. It is however sometimes necessary, in certain ailments, to boil the milk. This is often done as a precautionary measure against infectious diseases.

Many persons prefer to obtain their milk from one cow. This is clearly an error; for the slightest bovine ailment or variation in the animal's food immediately affects the baby. So it is always advisable to use the milk of many cows. By this method an average quality is obtained, which is as near as possible similar to the normal standard of healthy milk. Another objection to obtaining milk from one cow in a large town is, that the animal is usually stall-fed, and is thus naturally unfit for baby's food, for its milk is more or less acid, causing stomach and bowel troubles; whereas the pasture-fed cow's milk is alkaline, and so similar to woman's milk. Cow's milk, and especially stall-fed, is liable to putrify and ferment in warm weather; it becomes rancid, and loses its sweetness in a few hours, especially when kept in long-necked narrow vessels. This condition of things also obtains when the milk is kept close to cheese, tainted meat or game, and some kinds of fruit.

To remedy this difficulty many prefer condensed milk. There is no difference between this and ordinary cow's milk except the removal of the water and the addition of sugar. One pound of the condensed milk is equivalent to three or four of cow's milk. Condensed milk is certainly to be preferred to ordinary cow's milk for infants during the hot months of the year. The best dairy milk exposed for twelve or fourteen hours becomes full of innumerable living organisms, from which the condensed milk is preserved, doubtless, by the moderate but sufficient heat employed when condensing it. The great advantages of the condensed forms of milk are that they undergo very few changes, and are unvarying in their qualities; if the best brands are chosen. These are the Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Company of the commune of Cham—which were the first to introduce condensed milk — the English Company at Aylesbury, and the Irish Company at Mallow, near Cork.

To bring up children healthy and strong, it is most essential that they should have suitable food. Constitutional weakness in

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children is greatly developed through improper feeding; hence the great mortality before the age of one year is reached. So grave and great is the death rate that it may well be termed "the Slaughter of the Innocents!" During the year 1892, in England, 132,463 babies died under one year of age, out of a total number of 559,684 deaths at all ages, or nearly 24 per cent. The death rates in the large towns is very much higher. In Scotland, during the same year, 4,381 infants died under one year of age, out of a total number of 75,545 deaths of all ages, or nearly 6 per cent. The reason for this is easily explained. The great difference between English and Scotch feeding, among the poor, is the cause of this variation. The Scotch mothers seldom, if ever, give farinaceous food to their infants before they can assimilate it. It is a bad practice to overfeed a child at one time, and also to give it food whenever it cries. A sixth part of a pint of milk and water at a time is sufficient for a child a month old. It should be fed every two hours till it is two months old, and every three hours afterwards.

Farinaceous food should never be substituted for milk, and, as a general rule, should not be resorted to in any form or quantity till dentition justifies it. If a baby required such food in the early months of its troubled life, it certainly would have been provided with a set of teeth at its birth. The saliva, which is an important element in the digestion of such starchy foods, is not secreted at all during the first few months of infant life, and yet it is very common to find nurses giving boiled bread, baked flour, arrowroot, gruel, corn flour, rusks, biscuits, and suchlike foods during this early period.

THE OLD STYLE OF FEEDING BABY.

With the first appearance of teeth, and sometimes earlier, on the expressed advice of the medical attendant, some of the intermediate malted "infant foods" may be given, and then only as an addition to the condensed or other milk. For this purpose there are few more popular than Liebig's food for infants, or, better still, because it is more palatable, Mellin's preparation of the same article. These intermediate foods are very different from the farinaceous foods mentioned above, because they have been so chemically treated that part of the work of digestion has been performed before the food reaches the stomach. This has been accomplished artificially, by which means the starch has been disposed of, and practically converted into a sugar compound. As for most of the other varieties of so-called "infant foods"—which the public unfortunately too often regard as such, because they are everywhere so well puffed and advertised—they exist only in name, and

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are really not so, and should be invariably avoided.

When *six* months old, farinaceous food may be given to the baby, and for this purpose there is perhaps nothing equal to "Chapman's Entire Wheat Flour," because it has the advantage of containing the inner husk of the wheat, which retains some very valuable nutritive qualities such as phosphates.

At *eight* months, the milk should not be diluted. Two farinaceous meals should be continued, and here I should like to speak a good word for the Frame Food Diet for children.

At *nine* months, a little chicken or mutton broth, or veal tea without any grease on it, may be given instead of one of the meals of milk, or it may be mixed with the milk.

At *ten* months, the quantity of farinaceous food may be increased. The yolk of an egg beaten up and given in the afternoon milk on one day, alternately with some broth or beef tea and rusk on the day following.

It is a mistake to use brown sugar to sweeten the baby's food. It is generally used because it is considered to be sweeter, and the reason for avoiding it is, that it is apt to set up fermentation and cause vomiting and diarrhœa.

The best kind of feeding bottle to be employed is the old-fashioned one without tubes of any kind. It can be more easily and thoroughly cleaned, any particle of food adhering to it being readily seen, and moreover it ensures due attention to the process of feeding on the part of the nurse, who is compelled to hold the bottle in her hand all the while.

The food taken by the mother, if, of an improper character, usually has an injurious effect on the health of the baby she is suckling. Her diet should be of a simple nature. She should not indulge in highly seasoned dishes, salads, uncooked vegetables, tinned provisions, and an excess of solid meat. She should partake of a sufficiency of vegetables and good fresh meat. It is a very grave mistake, solely based on ignorance, to make her eschew vegetables, especially potatoes. If she avoids these, or even sparingly uses them, her blood is rendered impure, and so her general health is affected.

During the first year of life the meals of the baby should be so arranged that the last meal should be given at eleven p.m. and the first meal at six a.m. If healthy, the baby should sleep between these hours at night without being disturbed. During the first sleep on the day it is born, which may extend for some hours, the baby should not be disturbed, even on the plea of giving it nourishment or on any other pretence. Many nurses believe that an infant should be awakened at least once for its food during the night. This is clearly a mistake. A perfectly tranquil sleep is natural to infancy. Heavy sleep is sometimes a normal sleep, and should not be disturbed. On the other hand, unquiet sleep, tossing about, hurried

AT NINE MONTHS OLD BABY MAY BE FED WITH A LITTLE CHICKEN BROTH.

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respiration, and waking in a fright, probably caused by dreams, indicates feverishness; while sudden startings and grindings of the teeth will occur if the nervous system is being irritated.

After the baby's first bath, it should be bathed regularly once daily; when in health the water of the bath should never be below 65 degrees Fahr. temperature. During the first nine or ten months a temperature of 98·4 Fahr. (blood heat) is desirable. A greater heat is injurious, and a very hot bath is positively dangerous. The cold bath for babies is very objectionable, for more reasons than one, but especially because it has a very depressing effect. In illness the bath should not be given, but the child may be sponged, limb by limb. Some infants have a great objection to, nay, terror of the bath, and the best way to overcome this is to place a sheet over the bath tub so as to conceal the water. The child is then to be lowered into the tub upon the sheet. The best time of the day to bathe the very young baby, and especially during the cold months of the year, is very late in the evening. The reasons are obvious. The baby is washed before the night's rest, which is more refreshing on this account. If a baby is bathed in the morning, though the water be warm and a fire lighted in the morning, the room cannot be sufficiently warmed for hours, owing to its having become chilled through the night; and the baby before and especially after its bath is dangerously liable to receive a chill, which is the precursor of most of the illnesses of childhood. In the evening, the room, if not quite warm enough at the time, is at least ten degrees warmer than it was in the morning, and very little heat is needed to raise the temperature to the required height; and not only does the room in consequence remain warmer through the night, but the baby runs very little or no risk of catching a cold at the time of bathing.

Teething is passed through with less trouble during the summer than the winter; in the country than in large towns, and, as naturally to be expected, by healthy than by delicate children. Every ailment, whether it be an ephemeral rash on the skin, chill, bronchitis, diarrhœa, or convulsions, is usually put down to teething, should such affections occur before or during the dentition period. It is commonly considered that as teething is a natural process it is not necessary to notice these complications, with the result that the baby is neglected till the last moment, when severer symptoms supervene, and perhaps, and then too late, medical advice is hurriedly sought.

Looseness of the bowels in moderation during teething is a natural and good thing, but let such be slightly in excess, especially in the summer and autumn, and convulsions quickly follow and carry off the young life. So, through carelessness, thoughtlessness, and bad management, infant mortality is higher during teething than if there were no such process in nature. It is not denied that, with all the care in the world, a few very delicate children may succumb to teething and its accompanying nervous irritation; but teething, pure and simple, never did kill anything like the number of babies with which it is credited. Very great care should therefore be taken of the infant during the teething period. The food should be as simple as possible, exposure to chills should be avoided, and the nursery and bedroom should not be overheated. The bowels should be kept regular and neither diarrhœa nor constipation permitted. The clothing should be sufficient and carefully adapted to the weather, and the babe's sleep never disturbed. Thus the first teething period may be passed over safely.

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AN EARLY GREETING!

[*By J. Jellicoe.*

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BESIDE A GRAVE.

OUT of the grass that is over thy breast,
Hearing my coming, a bird took her flight;
Where shall she travel for holier rest,
Scattering dew on the robes of the night?
Was she thy soul for a moment returned
Out of God's hand to the temple of rust,
Touching the bosom of clay she has spurned,
Leaving her tears on thy forehead of dust?

Friend of my heart, I was sad all the day,
Hearing thee ask for me, hearing thee sigh;
Now I am come at the evening to pray
Under the darkening dome of the sky:
Calling by blossom, and crying by bird,
Have I not felt thee in lily and lark?
All of thy tender imperatives heard,
Comfort thee, comfort thee, friend in the dark!

What shall I tell thee? Night changes to morn,
Woodlands are sweet with the call of the dove,
Motherly finches contented in thorn
Nurse for their husbands a nestful of love.
What is all beauty if thou have no part?
Would that life's rule might be dead for thy sake,
Friend, as I moan from the turf on my heart,
O to be sleeping and know thee awake!

NORMAN GALE.

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[*By F. H. Townsend.*

BESIDE A GRAVE.

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MARRIAGE INSURANCE SCHEME.

PERHAPS one of the most gratifying results in connection with the issue of this magazine has been the widespread interest that has been taken in the "WINDSOR MAGAZINE Insurance Scheme." From all parts of the country and from some of the Colonies we have received appreciative letters from unknown readers, while the number of persons that have already taken advantage of the special facilities offered, either for their daughters or for themselves, far exceeds our most hopeful anticipation.

Yet for long enough it has been felt that something ought to be done, and done quickly, for the average women of the present day who have but straitened means. The actual poor are infinitely better off in comparison than they are. Scores of people are ready to assist those who have failed in the grim struggle for existence, and do not mind admitting that starvation has knocked at their doors. Indeed, on every hand we meet with funds for the relief of poverty, if that poverty will only come and proclaim openly its need.

The perplexing problem has been this—how to enable those more cultured, refined, and sensitive women belonging to a higher grade in society to *help themselves*. Assistance from outsiders they could not possibly accept. A modest independence is usually all they crave, yet, until quite recently, this has been in the majority of cases a very difficult matter to obtain. Added to this, competition everywhere becomes more keen as the years go on; the striving for success continually grows more fierce.

Now it is evident that numerous fathers in the professional classes are realising that the extreme hardship of their daughters' circumstances can be considerably mitigated, if not entirely removed. All along they have been willing and anxious to secure a comfortable future for their girls, but their trouble has been to know how to do it on their own by no means too abundant income. Alas! in how many instances has not an unfortunate marriage been attributable originally to the parents' desire to see the future of their daughter settled and assured! What an insult it is to even intimate that a girl has married for the sake of a home, and yet in how many cases is this only too true!

At last, however, Miss C. O'Conor Eccles brought forward this Marriage Insurance Scheme, and of its advantages the public have not been slow to avail themselves. Now many a girl has a desirable little dowry being stored up for her, though she is, in all probability, quite unconscious of it.

The sacrifice at the time is not a very great matter. The small sum of money devoted each quarter to this purpose is scarcely missed at all, but it may make a material difference to the girl some day, when she possibly has no longer a father's roof to protect her—when the old home is but a dear memory and a regret.

But, after all, the most pleasing feature of the Scheme is the section which enables women with only small incomes to provide themselves with a means of subsistence when they are no longer able to earn money. There is no need to dwell further on the benefit of this. We all know only too many instances of women no longer young who have no brighter prospect before them than increasing poverty with increasing years. But we hope the time is rapidly approaching when such distressing cases will be merely matters of history—a time when women will be enabled to face the battle of life with a very different equipment to that which has hitherto been considered sufficient; when independence will be the birthright of the majority, not of a few; and when that same independence will mean strength and happiness.

Those of our readers who may have only just determined to give this Scheme their consideration will find all particulars in the February and March numbers of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE, which can still be obtained from any newsagent or bookseller by order.

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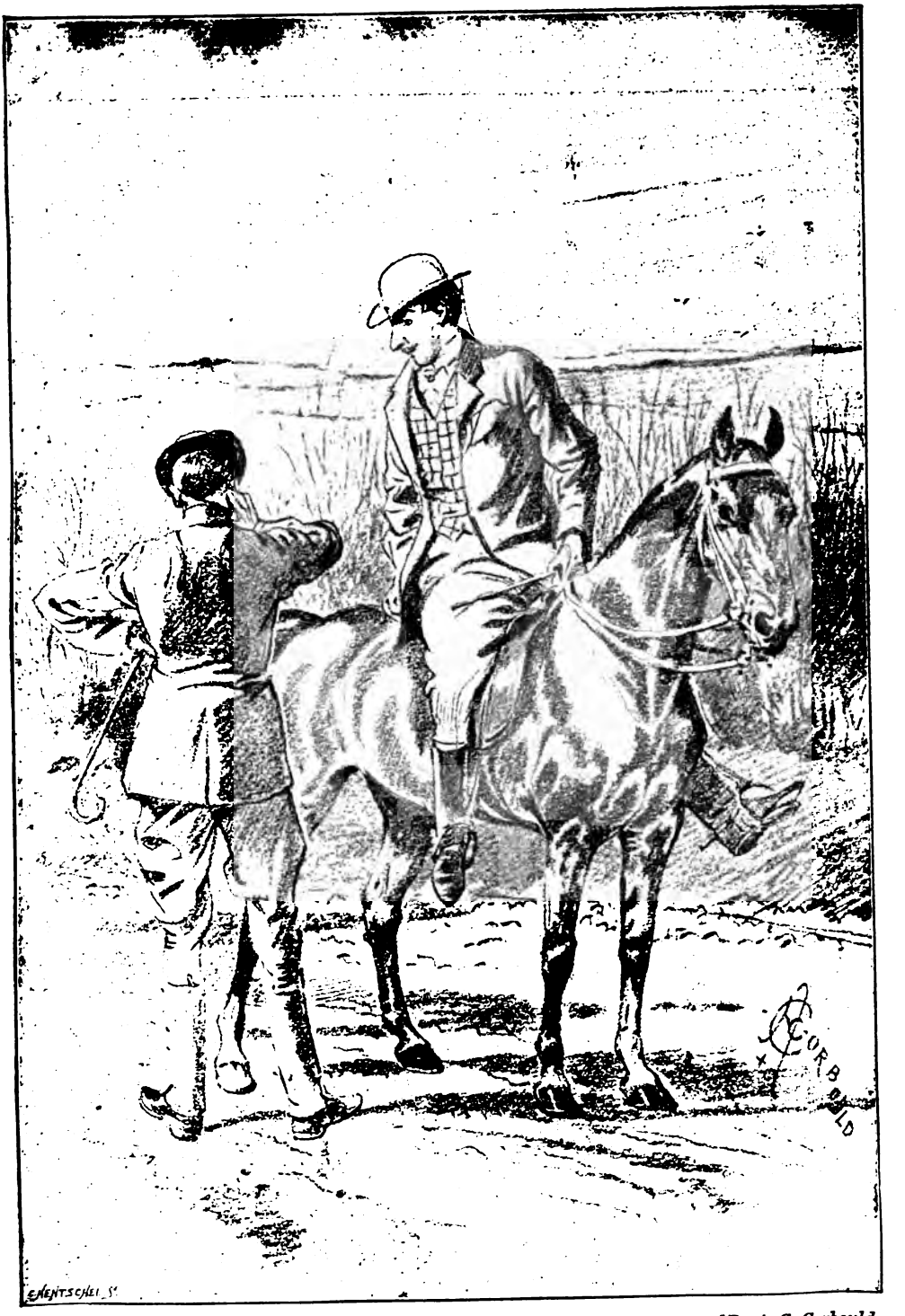

VERY TRUE! [*By A. C. Corbould.*

"She refused me last night!"
"Don't let that cut you up, dear boy; there's as good fish in the sea as ever yet came out."
"Yes, but goldfish don't bite every day."

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[*By Cecil Aldin.*

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[*See* "A Bid for Fortune," by Guy Boothby, page 657.

DOCTOR NIKOLA.

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THE LIFE STORY OF A FAMOUS PAINTER.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. H. S. TUKE.

By Flora Klickmann.*

"WHAT an ideal spot for an artist's studio!" I exclaimed, when I first had pointed out to me an unpretending little cottage, perched on one of the many cliffs with which the neighbourhood of Falmouth abounds.

A few feet in front of its whitewashed walls huge precipitous crags look down into the sea, which thunders at their base and tosses up immense clouds of white spray. On one side of the house, higher up the hill, stand dark pine trees, well in keeping with the general ruggedness of the coast line, while a gentle slope on the other side brings one down to the silent Swanpool lake, surrounded by its thick water-reeds and rushes, with only a narrow strip of white sand dividing it from the sea that comes rolling in until the waters almost meet.

And this is Pennance, or rather it is a small portion of it, for it would take the artist who lives there to adequately describe the rest of its beauties—the colours on water and clouds, the sunshine on the rocks, the shadows in the coves, and a thousand other things which the casual observer feels but cannot reduce to words.

Some years ago I remember I was walking in Falmouth through one of its delightful avenues of old trees.

"Here comes an important local celebrity," said a friend who was with me, as someone was seen in the distance; "though I suppose I should not describe him as merely local, seeing that he is fast becoming an artist of the first rank. Of course you have heard of Mr. H. S. Tuke?"

I had. A picture of his had made a sensation in the Academy that year, and people were continually speaking of him and discussing his work.

From a photo by] IN THE COVE. [*A. Bishop.*

* Copyright, 1895, by Flora Klickmann.

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The subject of our conversation came swinging along with an indescribable air of freedom, his straw hat tilted on the back of his head at an angle not usually prescribed

THE COTTAGE, PENNANCE.

by fashion. Well built, about medium height, with black hair and a strong, manly face absolutely bronzed with the sun, he looked every inch an athlete—certainly anything but a typical artist.

To this day I greatly pride myself on the fact that when we were introduced I did *not* say:

"And is it true, Mr. Tuke, that you *really* live most of the time in a boat? How *charming* it must be!" This being the usual form of feminine attack, I am given to understand.

No, we started our conversation on much less hackneyed lines. So far as I can remember, the rising artist suddenly dropped his *nonchalance*, looked around uneasily as though longing for a means of escape, till, a bright and original idea seizing him, he said:

"How do you like Falmouth?"

Fortunately I was quite equal to the emergency, as, by some strange coincidence, I had already been asked that same question by about one hundred and fifty other people.

But that was Mr. Tuke in the past: our immediate concern is with Mr. Tuke in the present.

When in England, he divides his time between Lyndon Lodge, Hanwell, and the cottage at Pennance. The death, this year, of his father, the celebrated Dr. Tuke, is so recent an occurrence that I must not do more than sympathetically mention his name.

In Falmouth, Mr. Tuke throws overboard the trammels of society and lives a life of absolute freedom. Not that he entirely disregards all social functions, but he sets about them in a very unconventional manner. He sometimes starts for a dinner, his immaculate evening-dress being covered by yellow oilskins. On one occasion, when he was living on his brig, he came ashore thus attired, bringing a suit of every-day clothes for the morrow's use tied up in a red handkerchief instead of in the orthodox portmanteau. He had engaged to call for a lady and take her to an evening festivity of some sort. He therefore calmly deposited his bundle beneath a bush before presenting himself at her door. On their return later

AT THE COTTAGE DOOR.

in the evening, he was indiscreet enough to reveal his hidden treasure. Next day an amusing story was freely circulating in

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"ALL HANDS TO THE PUMP."

(From the original painting by H. S. Tuke, now at the South Kensington Museum. Exhibited in the Royal Academy and bought by the Chantry Bequest Committee.)

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THE STUDY, PENNANCE.

Falmouth to the effect that he had used the garden as a dressing room, despite all his protests to the contrary.

His bachelor existence at Pennance is mildly regulated by a devoted housekeeper and the various members of her family. His rooms, including a new studio that he has lately had built adjoining the house, are always in a state of quasi-untidiness, though the general air of negligence is oddly artistic. Fishing tackle, casts, sails, field-glasses, oars, curios, finished and unfinished pictures, models of vessels, brushes and palettes, charts, telescopes, rackets, and quaintnesses of one sort and another, ornament the walls and shelves and are left in the direst confusion.

Should you wish to find the owner of all this, it is more than likely that, unless he is expecting visitors, he will eventually be discovered—barely recognisable—in an ordinary fisherman's dress, blue jersey, sea-boots, a peaked cap, and oilskins (if the day be wet), painting among the boats and the men, or looking out for fresh situations.

No one is more popular with the Falmouth fishermen than he. You have only to mention his name to the boatmen on the quay, and, in their downright Cornish fashion, they seem as if they cannot sufficiently praise him. Loyalty to his friends is one of his marked characteristics, while his kindness to those who work for him is almost quixotic.

This latter trait was strikingly exemplified when he was photographed, specially for this

From a photo by] LYNDON LODGE, HANWELL. [*M. Tuke Tylor.*

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THE "RIPPLE" AT NEWLYN.

Magazine, standing at the door of the cottage.

"I am afraid I shall not come out well," he said to me, when I inquired about the photographs; "but the photographer says my housekeeper will be splendid. I am so glad."

"Is Mrs. Foreacre to appear?" I asked.

"Why, yes, of course," he replied. "No photo of the place would be complete without her."

Later on, when I saw the said photo, I found that a boy—one of Mr. Tuke's models—had also been included; and I firmly believe that had the photographer allowed him time, he would have had all the fishermen in the place photographed for the benefit of the readers of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE!

"I cannot see that there is any advantage in my being interviewed," Mr. Tuke said, when I approached him on that subject. "If you think your readers would feel any interest in my pictures I shall be very pleased to let you have photos of them for reproduction; but as for anything else, there is really nothing interesting to tell you," and the sentence ended with a shrug of the shoulders.

But I preferred to ignore the latter half of this remark, and after gladly accepting the offer of some of the pictures, I inquired:

"What is your opinion as to the best system of training for an artist?"

"That is a difficult question to answer at all adequately. For myself, I commenced at the Slade School. But wherever a student may begin, I certainly advocate his going sooner or later to Paris. That is the great

"A CAT AND A MOUSE."
(*From an original drawing by H. S. Tuke.*)

art centre nowadays. Of course Italy is the most splendid country in the world for art lovers, but in Paris you are brought into contact with the living world of Art. Yes, I am sure that every artist ought to spend some time working there. Mind, I

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H. S. AND W. S. TUKE.
(*The standing figure shows the artist, aged 4 years.*)

say *working*, not simply enjoying himself and frittering away his time, but steadily grinding."

AGED 14 YEARS.

"Do you recommend joining a school in Paris, or working in a private studio?"

AGED 19 YEARS.

"The best way is to look round and choose under whom you would like to study. Matters are generally started by several students, who all wish to study under one particular man, uniting their efforts, setting up a studio of their own, and then engaging the master to come at stated intervals, as

AGED 28 YEARS.

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often as can be managed. The great artists are very good in helping struggling students in this manner; sometimes they will refuse a fee. Here is a photograph of the members of the studio in Paris to which I belonged," and my host rummaged in a portfolio. "It is rather unique, and has never been published. Many of the men in the group have since become famous."

"With regard to the course of study an artist pursues, do you think it advisable that he should early determine which particular branch of the subject he means to make his speciality, and then follow it up closely?"

A PARIS STUDIO.

"I think it well for an artist to get a thorough all-round grounding; after that he will usually find his inclinations lead him into one decided groove; but it is not advisable to adhere too slavishly to one distinct subject. It may dwarf one's capabilities."

"Of course I know that, apart from portraits, you show a marked preference for nautical subjects. Was this always the case?" I asked.

"Not always," Mr. Tuke replied gravely. "Some of my earlier pictures (which, by the way, were *not* purchased by the Chantry Bequest Committee) give but little indication of my passion for the sea." And once more the artist dived into a battered and well-worn portfolio. I observed a suppressed smile on his face as he handed me a portion of a dilapidated exercise book, and my eyes fell on a sketch entitled "Hunting." After that came "An Illustration to the 'Lays of Ancient Rome'"; this was intended to be one of a mighty series! With admirable forethought (though with rather shaky spelling) the figures in this masterpiece had been carefully ticketed, in order that there might be no possible mistake as to whom they really represented. Thus one hero bears the annotation "*Julus* Dead," and others: "Proud Tarquin Wounded"; "Titus Defending his *Farther*"; "*Valerus* getting *Stabed*." Other drawings of equal interest followed.

"How old were you when you did these?" I inquired.

"Between four and five years. They are some of my earliest attempts. But please do not injure your eyes by looking at them any longer." And Mr. Tuke put the drawings on one side, though I regret to say he has not been able to find them since.

"Returning to the subject of your later works, do you paint everything from models, or utilise your memory?"

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"I usually paint from models. Some men can remember accurately every detail in a scene and go home and reproduce it. This

A HUNTING SCENE.
(*From an original drawing by H. S. Tuke.*)

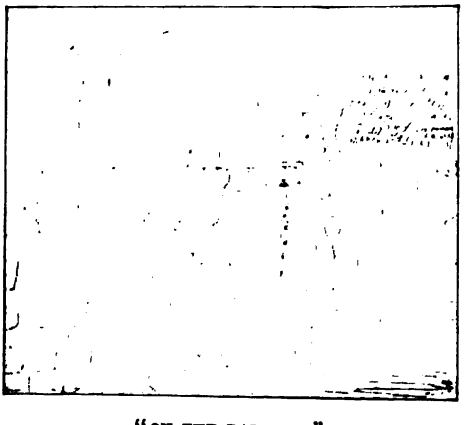
is partly the result of long training, but it is also a great gift, and I only wish I possessed it. On the contrary, I generally have everything before me as I work."

"But such pictures as 'The Bathers,' and 'August Blue' must be very awkward to arrange? It must be difficult to persuade your models to remain in the water."

"No. I have made a special study of the nude in the open air. In 'August Blue,' for instance, I had two sets of boys, and when one set got perished with the cold they were relieved, and the others went on duty."

"But are you not very cruel to your models sometimes?"

"Well I think I have improved lately in this respect. When I first began painting nudes out of doors the model sat out till mid-November, and I used to watch him



"ON THE RAILWAY."
(*From an original drawing by H. S. Tuke.*)

going pink and blue in patches. But he was a professional and knew what to expect. Latterly I have worked from amateurs, and am much more careful to preserve them. They are very plucky generally, and if you let them swear a little now and again, it seems to relieve them.

"Perhaps you would consider this unkind. There was the harbour missionary. A man wanted a sketch of the mission boat going alongside a French barque. To give it a final air of verisimilitude, I persuaded the missionary to come off and sit in his boat. Soon it came on to blow and drizzle, but he stopped till I had finished. I think we were both wet through, but he was a good fellow, and didn't mind. Here is a photograph taken by a friend while I was working in one of my favourite coves." (This appears on page 611.)

"In painting portraits, how long do the people sit?" I next inquired.

"Some are very good, and devote all day

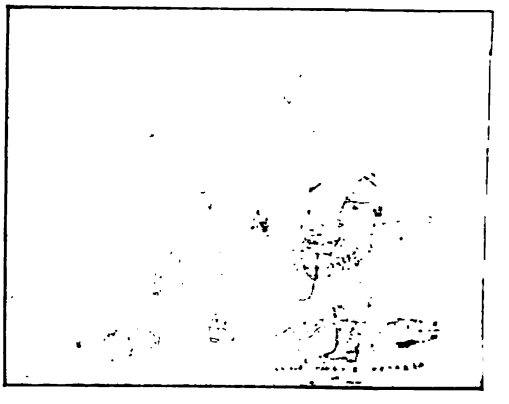


ILLUSTRATION TO "LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME."
(*From an original drawing by H. S. Tuke.*)

to it; with others you are fortunate to get an hour. My record sitter was a man whose portrait, head and shoulders life-size, I had promised to paint for a small sum on condition that it was done in one day. So a day was appointed (it was a hot one in June). He came at nine o'clock, and things went well till the afternoon; then he got very red and heated. Various remedies were tried, in order to modify his complexion and temperature, but all to no purpose. In the end, we had recourse to the cold tap, which I turned on his head at intervals, till seven o'clock in the evening, when the portrait was finished."

"Do you prefer to work on land, or on a boat, as in former days?"

"So much depends on the subject upon which I am engaged. For my sea pictures, I infinitely prefer to be on a boat. That was why I originally bought my brigantine.

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THE "JULIE."

(Specially drawn by H. S. Tuke for the WINDSOR MAGAZINE.)

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I was looking about for a model for my pictures, 'All Hands to the Pump,' and 'Euchre,' when I saw that the *Julie* had been condemned as unseaworthy, and was put up for auction. She was exactly the kind of boat I was wanting, and I bought her straight away, as you know. I had all the down-below portion fitted up and made generally habitable and comfortable, but the deck, rigging, and such like were left untouched. Here I worked every day, having my models and scenery immediately to hand. I painted

"THE PROMISE."
(*From a painting by H. S. Tuke.*)

the sailors, the vessel, and everything just as they stood.

"I was rather amused to hear a criticism that was passed on 'All Hands to the Pump,' the other day. I was at South Kensington, and a policeman and some other men were standing in front of the picture. 'Well I'm blessed if I can see anything in it,' said one. 'No, indeed,' the policeman corroborated. 'It's just a fake up. 'E's got a few dock-hands and put 'em together; but I guess 'e don't know no more about a ship than I do!' After that I thought I had better 'move on'!"

"Did not people think it strange of you to live on a vessel?"

"At first they considered me quite mad, but when my pictures began to sell they thought there might possibly be something in the idea.

"Strangers usually guessed the *Julie* to be a prison or a floating hospital. This impression was encouraged by the fact that when I first went to live aboard her, it was with a friend who had just cut his head badly in diving. He wore a big white bandage, and as we swam together, side by side, people thought I was the doctor, or keeper, taking a patient out for exercise. Altogether the life on the *Julie* was very delightful, and I was extremely sorry when the poor thing finally dropped to pieces."

"By the way, do you artists at Falmouth in any way identify yourself with the Newlyn School?"

"No; we consider ourselves quite a dis-

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tinct branch of the brotherhood, and we are a very congenial set, too. There is Hemy, and Ingram, and Humphris, to say nothing of Downing and other clever amateurs."

"Have any of your pictures been bought by other public galleries, besides those in South Kensington?"

"Yes; I have been rather fortunate in that respect. 'Euchre' was bought last year by the Bavarian Government for the Munich gallery, 'The Fisherman' is at Nottingham, 'The Bathers' at Leeds, and other smaller ones are about the country in various directions."

"How many pictures are you exhibiting in the Academy this year?"

"Two. A portrait of Mrs. Talbot, and 'The Swimmer's Pool.'"

"Which of your paintings is your personal favourite?"

"That I cannot say. I get very interested in each one as I am painting it, and for the time being the principal one on hand is my favourite. There is one painting here, however, that interests me more than many I have done. I have called it 'The Promise.' It is a very simple little scene, and I have left the sea behind me, for a wonder, and gone inland."

"To turn from work to play, what is your favourite hobby?"

"Boat-sailing is about all I have time for."

"I suppose you are not quite up to date at Falmouth, being so far from racing centres?"

"On the contrary, in the new Sailing

THE "FIREFLY."

(*An original sketch by H. S. Tuke specially drawn for the* WINDSOR MAGAZINE.)

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PORTRAIT OF MRS. TALBOT.

(From a painting by H. S. Tuke, exhibited this year in the Royal Academy.)

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Club we have just started, everything will be well up to the mark. Two or three of us have one-raters building now, with all the latest improvements."

"What is your boat to be called?"

"Oh, nothing high-arty; not Fragonard or Watteau, as a friend of mine has just christened his cats; not even Manet or Burne-Jones; simply the *Red Heart*."

"Was the *Julie* your first experiment in the way of a boat?"

"No; at Newlyn I had a little fishing-boat, the *Ripple*. And I do not think you have seen my half-rater, the *Firefly*; this I use principally for racing.

"I notice people usually imagine that we must be a century, or a half a century at least, behind the times down here at Falmouth; but it is not so. True, we have not advanced so far as to have a fashionable parade, pier, and bandstand of the orthodox description; but we are unsophisticated enough to prefer to be without these badges of civilisation. Yet in other respects we are well ahead. We have an Art Gallery now. Then we are quite waking up in the matter of music. Since Mr. Patey came to live in Falmouth music has certainly improved.

"For the rest, I think we are just as happy as we can be. We have sunshine most of the year, and in addition to that we have always before us some of the most beautiful scenery in the country; and even *you* will own that the various views from the editorial windows at Warwick House *might* be improved upon, and the landscape be extended with advantage."

I was forced to confess that Falmouth scored heavily in the matter of scenery; and as I looked from the studio windows at the blue sea glittering in the sun, the white foam at the foot of the cliffs, the dark pine trees on the ridge of the crags, the bramble bushes smothered in honeysuckle, and the wild roses on the open hillside, the sea-gulls calling to each other on the water, and the swallows skimming about the house, I thought of a few sooty sparrows of my acquaintance, and rows of houses, brick walls and squares, and I remarked that the life of an artist was certainly an enviable one, to which Mr. Tuke added:

"Yes; if he knows how to live it."

PAINTING IN THE OPEN AIR.

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HASTE, ye starry servants,
Yoke the matchless team;
Rubies in the harness,
Every rein a beam!
Over cloudy mountains
How the chariot bounds!
Doctor Sunshine's driving,
Radiant on his rounds!

Come, divinest surgeon,
Speeding from the blue;
Every bud's a patient
Waiting here for you.
Never weed so humble,
Deep within the brook,
But it drinks your tonic,
Shares your healing look.

As you drive, forgetting
None upon your list,
Placing golden fingers
On Creation's wrist,
How you help me weary,
Make me feel a boy,
Eager for my labour,
Hungry for my joy

NORMAN GALE.

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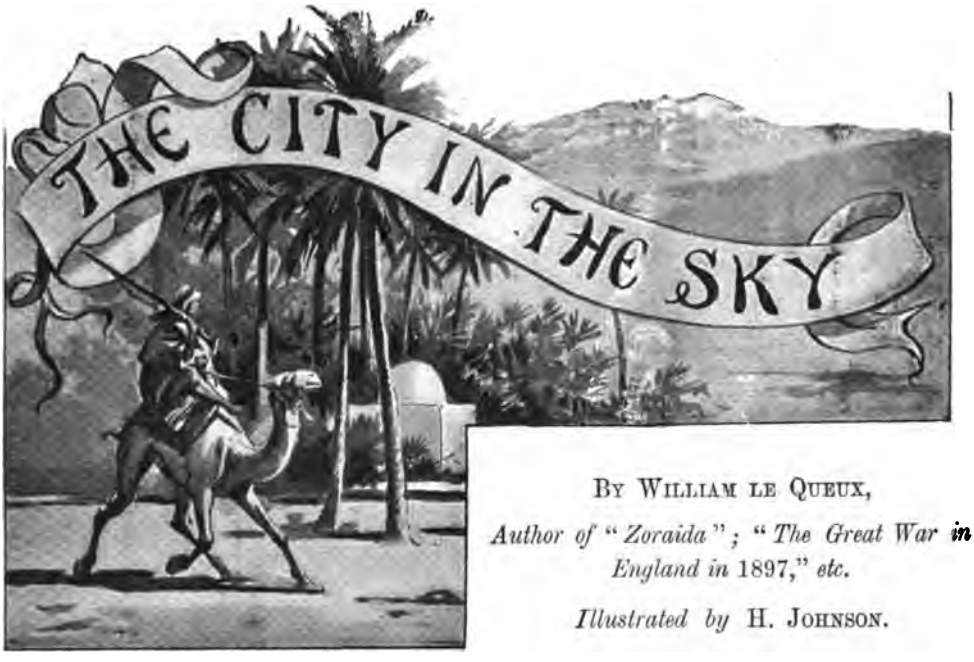

By William le Queux,

Author of "Zoraida"; "The Great War in England in 1897," etc.

Illustrated by H. Johnson.

IN the mystic haze of the slowly dying day a solitary Arab, mounted on a *méheri*, or swift camel, and carrying his long rifle high above his head, rode speedily over the great silent wilderness of treacherous ever-shifting sand. Once he drew rein, listening attentively and turning his keen dark eyes to the left where the distant serrated crests of the mountains of Nanagamma loomed forth like giant shadows; but as nothing broke the appalling stillness he sped forward again until at length he came to a small oasis, where, under a clump of palms, he made his camel kneel, and then dismounted.

As he stalked towards the lonely shrine of Sidi Okbar, a small domed building constructed of sun-dried mud under which reposed the remains of one of the most venerated of Arab marabouts, he looked a young and muscular son of the desert, whose bronzed face bore expressions of good nature and genuine *bonhomie*. Tall and erect, he strode with an almost regal gait, even though his burnouse was brown, ragged, and travel-stained, the haick that surrounded his face was torn and soiled, and upon his bare feet were rough heavy slippers that were sadly the worse for wear. The latter, however, he kicked off on approaching the shrine, then kneeling close to the sun-blanched wall he cast sand upon himself, kissed the earth, and drawing his palms down his face repeated the Testification. In fervent supplication he bowed repeatedly, and raising his voice until it sounded distinct on the still air, invoked the blessing of Allah. "O Merciful! O Beneficent Granter of Requests!" he cried, "O King of the Day of Faith, guide us, ere to-morrow's sun hath run its course, into the path that is straight and leadeth unto the kasbah of our enemies of Abea. Strengthen our arms, lead us in times of darkness and in the hours of day; destroy our enemies, and let them writhe in Al-Hâwiyat, the place prepared for infidels, where their meat shall be venomous serpents, and they shall slake their thirst with boiling pitch."

Startled suddenly by a strange sound he listened with bated breath. The thought occurred to him that his words might have been overheard by some spy, and instinctively his hand drew from his belt his *jambiyah*—the long crooked dagger that he always carried. Again a noise like a deep-drawn sigh broke the silence, and Hatita—for such was the young Arab's name—sprang to his feet and rushed round to the opposite side of the building just in time to see a fluttering white robe disappearing in the gloom. With the agility of a leopard the man of the Kanouri—the most daring of the slave-raiding tribes of the Great Sahara—sprang towards it, and in twenty paces had overtaken the eavesdropper, who, with a

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slight scream, fell to earth beneath his heavy hand.

"Rise!" he cried, roughly dragging the figure to its feet. "Why dost thou flee?"

Next second, however, he discovered the fugitive was a woman, veiled, enshrouded in her haick, and wearing those baggy white trousers that render all Arab females hideous when out of doors.

"Thou hast overheard my orison!" he cried, raising his knife. "Speak! speak! or of a verity will I strike!"

But the mysterious woman uttered no word, and Hatita, in a frenzy of desperation, tore the veil from her face.

Aghast he stood, and the knife fell from his fingers. The countenance revealed was amazingly beautiful—so charming indeed that instantly he became entranced by its loveliness, and stood speechless and abashed. She was not more than eighteen, and her features, fair as an Englishwoman's, were regular, with a pair of brilliant dark eyes set well apart under brows blackened by kohl, and a forehead half hidden by strings of golden sequins that tinkled musically each time she moved. Upon her head was set jauntily a little scarlet *chachia*, trimmed heavily with seed pearls; her neck was encircled by strings of roughly-cut jacinths and turquoises, while in the folds of her silken haick there clung the subtle perfumes of the harem.

Slowly she lifted her fine eyes, still wet with tears, to his, and with her breast rising and falling quickly, trembled before him, fearing his wrath.

"Loosen thy tongue's strings!" he cried at last, grasping her slim white wrist with his rough hard hand. "Thou art from Afo, the City in the Sky, and thou hast gained knowledge of our intended attack!"

"Thy lips, O stranger, utter the truth," she faltered.

"Why art thou here and alone, so far from thine home on the crest of yonder peak?" he inquired, gazing at her in wonderment.

"I came hither for the same purpose as thyself," she answered seriously, looking straight into his face, "to crave Allah's blessing."

"Art thou a dweller in the house of grief?" he asked. "Tell me why thou didst venture here alone?"

She hesitated, toying nervously with the jewelled perfume bottle suspended at her breast, then she answered:

"I—I am betrothed to a man I hate. The Merciful Giver of Blessings alone can rescue me from a fate that is worse than death—a marriage without love."

"And who is forcing thee into this hateful union? If it is thy father tell me his name."

"Yes, it is my father; his name is Abd el Jelíl ben Séf e' Nasr, the Sultan of Abea."

"The Sultan!" he cried in amazement. "Then thou art Kheira!" he added, for the extraordinary beauty of the only daughter of the Sultan of Abea was proverbial throughout the Great Desert, from Lake Tsád even to the Atlas.

"Yes," she replied; "and from thy speech and dress I know thou art of the Kanouri, our deadliest enemies."

"True," answered the desert pirate. "To-morrow my tribe to the number of ten thousand, now lying concealed in the valley called Deforou, will swarm upon thine impregnable city and——"

"Ten thousand!" she gasped, pale and agitated. "And thou wilt kill my father and reduce our people to slavery? Ah, no!" she added imploringly. "Save us, O stranger! Our fighting-men went south one moon ago to collect the taxes at Dchagada, therefore we are unprotected. What can I do—how can I act to save my father?"

"Dost thou desire to save him, even though he would force upon thee this odious marriage?"

"I do!" she cried. "I—I will save the City in the Sky at cost of mine own life."

"To whom art thou betrothed?" Hatita asked, tenderly taking her hand.

"To the Agha Hassan e' Rawi, who dwelleth at Zougra beyond the Nanagamma. He is threescore years and ten, and 'tis said he treateth his wives with inhuman cruelty. One of his slaves told me so."

Hatita stood silent and thoughtful. Though he was a member of a tribe who existed wholly upon loot obtained from caravans and towns they attacked, yet so earnestly did the Sultan's daughter appeal that all thought of preserving the secret of the intended attack by murdering her disappeared, and he found himself deeply in love. His was a poor chance, however, he told himself. The proud Sultan of Abea would never consent to a brigand as a kinsman, even if Kheira, known popularly as "the Light of the Eyes of the Discerning," looked upon him with favour.

"To-night, O daughter of the sun, we meet as friends; to-morrow as enemies," he said. "Our spies hath reported that thy city

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"As she spoke she pointed to the high shadowy peak on which stood the great white stronghold."

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remaineth undefended, and there is a blood feud between my people and thine, therefore, when the hosts of the Kanouri enter with fire and sword, few, I fear, will be spared. Wilt thou not remain here with my tribesmen and escape?"

"No," she answered proudly. "I am a woman of Afo, and I will return unto my people even though I fall before to-morrow's sundown under thy merciless scimitars!"

As she spoke one hand rested upon her supple hip, and with the other she pointed to the high shadowy peak whereon stood the great white stronghold known to the Arabs as the City in the Sky.

"But thou, who art like a sun among the stars, knowest our plans, and it is my duty to kill thee," he said, hitching his ragged burnouse about his broad shoulders.

"I am in thine hands. If thou stainest them with my blood thou wilt ever have upon thy conscience the remembrance that thou hast taken the life of one who was innocent of intrigue. If thou givest me freedom I shall have at least one brief hour of felicity with my people before—before——" And she sighed without concluding the sentence.

"Thou, a fresh rose from the fountain-head of life, art in fear of a double fate, the downfall of to-morrow and the marriage feast next noon. Let not thy mind be troubled, for I stretch not forth the tongue to blame," he said at last, endeavouring to smile. "In Hatita, son of Ibrahim, thou hast a devoted friend, and one who may, peradventure, assist thee in a manner thou hast not dreamed. Therefore, mount thine horse and return with all speed unto Afo, not, however, before thou hast given me some little souvenir of this strange meeting."

"Thou slakest my thirst with the beverage of kindness," she cried, in joy. "I knew when first I saw thee that thou wert my friend."

"Friend?—nay, lover!" he answered gallantly, and taking her tiny hand again he pressed her henna-stained nails softly to his lips. She blushed and tried to draw away, but he held her firmly until she withdrew one of her gold bangles from her wrist and with a smile placed it upon his.

"Behold!" she exclaimed, with a merry rippling laugh, "it is thy badge of servitude to me!"

"I am slave of the most handsome mistress in the world," he said happily. Urging her to warn the Sultan of the intentions of the Kanouri, he kissed her once tenderly upon the lips, lifted her into the saddle of her gaily-caparisoned horse, and then she twisted her torn veil about her face and, giving him "peace," sped away swift as an arrow into the darkness, bearing intelligence that would cause the utmost sensation in the mountain fastness.

"I love her," murmured Hatita, when the sound of her horse's hoofs had died away. "But how can I save her? To-morrow, when we enter Afo and loot the Palace, she will be secured to grace our Sheik's harem. No!" he cried with a fierce guttural imprecation, "she shall never fall into Nikále's brutal hands—never while I have breath!"

The sound of sinister whispering caused him to rivet his gaze upon a dark shadow thrown by some ethel bushes, and next second half-a-dozen men similarly attired to himself advanced.

"So, dog of a spy, thou hast betrayed us!" cried a voice, which in a moment he was startled to recognise as that of Mohammed el Sfaski, a kaid of his tribe.

"Yes," the others shouted with one accord. "We watched the son of offal speaking with the woman, and we overheard him telling her to warn the Sultan!"

"Follow her on the wings of haste," cried the kaid. "Kill her, for death alone can place the seal of muteness upon the lips of such a jade!" and in a few seconds two white-robed figures vaulted into their saddles and tore past in the direction Kheira had disappeared.

"Speak!" thundered el Sfaski, who with the others had now surrounded him. "Knowest thou the punishment of traitors?"

"Yes," answered Hatita hoarsely.

"Who is the woman whose blackness and deceit hath captivated thee?"

Three rapid shots sounded in the distance. The Arabs had evidently overtaken and murdered the daughter of the Sultan. The young tribesman held his breath.

"I—I refuse to give thee answer," he said resolutely.

"By Allah! thou art a traitor to our lord Nikále, and of a verity thou hast also *A'inu-l-Kamâl*,* therefore shalt thou die!" Then turning to the others, he added: "We have no time to bandy words with this accursed son of Eblis. Tie him to yon tree and let the vultures feast upon their carrion."

With loud imprecations the men seized

* "The Eye of Perfection," or "evil eye," is considered by the Arabs to be so maleficent that it can not only injure, but kill a person.

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their clansman, tore off his haick and burnouse and bound him securely to a palm-trunk in such a position that he could only see the great expanse of barren sand. Then, with that refinement of cruelty of which the nomadic Kanouri are past masters, they smeared his face, hands and feet with date-juice to attract the ants and other insects, and, after jeering at him and condemning

"There were sounds of hurrying footsteps and a woman's scream."

him to everlasting perdition and sempiternal culpability, they remounted their horses and laughing heartily left him alone to await the end.

Through the long silent night Hatita, with arms and legs bound so tightly that he could not move, remained wondering what terrible fate had befallen the beautiful girl who had overheard his orison. The two Arabs had not returned. He knew the men as splendid riders, therefore it was more than probable that they had very quickly overtaken her. Utterly hopeless, well knowing that to the blazing sun and the agonies of being half devoured by insects he must very soon succumb, he waited, his ears on the alert to catch every sound.

In the sky a saffron streak showed on the edge of the sandy plain heralding the sun's coming. He watched it gradually spread, knowing that each moment brought him nearer to an end of agony. Saffron changed to rose, and rose to gold, until the sun shone out, lighting up the trackless waste. The flies awakened began to torment the condemned man, who knew that the merciless rays beating down upon his uncovered head would quickly produce the dreaded delirium of madness. The furnace heat of sunshine

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grew intense as noon approached, and he was compelled to keep his eyes closed to avoid the brilliant glare.

Suddenly a noise fell upon his ear. At first it sounded like a low distant rumbling, but soon his practised ears detected that it was the rattle of musketry.

The City in the Sky was being attacked!

His tribesmen had arranged to deliver the assault at noon. But what puzzled him was a sullen booming at frequent intervals. It was the sound of cannon, and showed plainly that Afo was being defended.

From where he was he could see nothing of it. Still the tumult of battle served to prevent him from lapsing into unconsciousness, and not until the sun had sunk in a brilliant blood-red blaze did the firing cease. Then all grew silent again, the hot poison-wind from the desert caused the feathery heads of the palms to wave like funeral plumes, and night crept on. The horrible torture of the insects, the action of the sun upon his brain, the hunger, the thirst, and the constant strain of the nerves proved too much, and he slept, haunted by spectral horrors and a constant dread of the inevitable—the half-consciousness precursory of death.

So passed the night until the sun reappeared, but Hatita's eyes opened not. The heat of the blazing noon caused him no concern, neither did the two great grey vultures that were hovering over him, for it was not until he heard voices in the vicinity that he gazed around.

One voice louder than the others was uttering thanks to Allah. He listened, then summoning all the strength that remained he cried aloud in the name of the One Merciful for assistance.

There were sounds of hurrying footsteps, voices raised in surprise, a woman's scream, and then objects, grotesquely distorted, whirled around him, and he knew no more.

* * * *

When Hatita again opened his weary, fevered eyes he was amazed to find himself lying upon a soft silken divan in a magnificent apartment, with slaves watching ready to minister to his wants. He took a cooling draught from a crystal goblet handed to him, then raised himself and inquired where he was. The slaves made no reply, but bowing low left. Then in a few moments the *frou-frou* of silk startled him, and next second he leapt to his feet and, with a cry of joy, clasped Kheira in his arms!

"He leapt to his feet and clasped Kheira in his arms."

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In her gorgeous harem dress of pale rose silk with golden bejewelled girdle she looked bewitching, though around her eyes were dark rings that betrayed the anxiety of the past few days. As their lips met in a hot passionate caress she was followed by a tall, stately, dark-bearded man of matchless bearing, whose robe was of amaranth silk, and who wore in his head-dress a magnificent diamond aigrette. Kheira saw him, and withdrawing herself from Hatita's embrace, introduced her lover to her father, the Sultan of Abea.

"To thee I owe my life and my kingdom," said the potentate, giving him "peace" and wringing his hand warmly. "Kheira hath related unto me the mercy thou didst show towards her, and it was thy word of warning that enabled us to repel and defeat the Kanouri."

"Then thou didst escape, O signet of the sphere of beauty!" the young Arab cried, turning to the Sultan's daughter.

"Yes; though I was hard pressed by two of thine horsemen, I took the secret path, and thus were they baffled."

"The Director of Fate apprised our fighting men of our danger," said the Sultan, "and they returned on the same night. The breeze of grace blew, the sun of the favour of Allah shone. The news brought by Kheira was quickly acted upon, and the defences of the city so strengthened that when at noon the assault was delivered, our cannon swept thy tribesmen from the pass like grains of sand before the sirocco. For six hours they fought, but their attempts to storm the city gate were futile, and the handful of survivors were compelled to retire, leaving nearly a thousand prisoners, including Nikále himself, in our hands."

"And how was I rescued?" Hatita asked, after briefly explaining how his conversation with Kheira had been overheard.

"On the day following the fight we went to the shrine of Sidi Okbar to return thanks unto Allah, and there found thee dying of heat and thirst," she said. "Thou didst sacrifice thy life to save our Ruler and his city, therefore we brought thee hither."

"And as reward," added the Sultan, smiling upon them both, "I give unto thee my daughter Kheira in marriage." Then, taking their hands, he placed them in each other's, and said, "Thou hast both the verdure of the meadows of life. May Allah preserve thee and grant unto thee long years, perfect peace, and an eternal rose-garden of happiness! In order that thou shalt have position fitting the husband of thy Sultan's daughter, I have ordered our Palace of Kyoukoi to be prepared for thy reception. Therefore wipe off the rust of ennui and fatigue from thy mind and follow me, for a banquet is already prepared for celebration of this betrothal."

And the happy pair, hand in hand, passed onward through the private pavilions, bewildering in their magnificence of marble and gold and green with many leaves, to the great Hall of the Divan, where, standing under the royal baldachin of yellow silk brocade, the Sultan of Abea rejoiced them with his favours, proclaiming Hatita, son of Ibrahím, the future husband of Kheira, and appointing him governor of the City in the Sky.

[We are indebted for the photographs of the children of the Honourable Holland Hibbert, the daughter of Sir John Evans, the grandsons of Mr. Justice Kekewich, and the children of Mr. W. M. Hutchinson, to Mr. Frederick Downer, Watford; Miss Dorothy East, to Mr. H. S. Mendelssohn, 14, Pembridge Crescent, Notting Hill Gate, W.]

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BACHELOR'S BUTTONS. [*By Raymond Potter.*

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AT AN ATLANTIC CABLE STATION.

By Roland Belfort.

OCCUPYING a picturesque position on the Canadian coast, in the vicinity of the Strait of Canso—the Golden Gate of the St. Lawrence—stands the Commercial Cable Company's Hazel Hill Station, an important centre of those "nerves of the nations" which maintain the Old World and the New in constant communication and facilitate international relations. A recent visit to this establishment afforded us an interesting insight into the working of that admirable system of submarine telegraphy which constitutes one of the triumphs of the nineteenth century.

GENERAL VIEW OF COMMERCIAL CABLE COMPANY'S STATION AT HAZEL HILL, NOVA SCOTIA.

The station itself, especially when seen in the radiant sunlight of a glorious summer morning, forms a striking picture, set in a framework of hill, dale, and sparkling waters. It comprises about a score of substantial buildings—houses, offices, and cottages—built in the form of a crescent, rising upon a terrace of green lawn, on an eminence overlooking a beautiful islet-dotted lake. Beyond can be seen wooded hills, and the Atlantic surf breaking on the shingly shores of a miniature bay, where the cables land. Around the station are the outbuildings, the recreation hall, the cricket and tennis grounds, and several trim gardens. Every building throughout the station is heated by hot-water pipes, lighted by electricity, and furnished with an abundant supply of pure water from the lake. Protection from fire is provided by a complete system of hydrants and electric fire alarms connected with the various buildings and registering in the cable office, where men are at work night and day. Groves of pines form a health-giving background for this model commercial colony. "A delightful spot!" is the involuntary exclamation.

Remote from any civilised centre, the station is so isolated, especially in winter, that it had to be made almost self-supporting. The manager acts as a sort of magistrate, conducts the postal business, and fulfils other useful functions. The staff comprises a doctor, but Hazel Hill is so healthy that his services are seldom required. Educational and religious matters receive due attention. One might suppose that they are completely snow-bound in winter, and wonder how they get their news and mails. But we find that the latter arrive with fair regularity. As for news, they are better informed than the ordinary inhabitants of London or New York. Every hour brings them bulletins from the remotest corners of the earth; not an event of importance occurs anywhere that is not instantly known at Hazel Hill. The results of the Derby, Boat Race, and

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THE CABLE HUT AT CANSO, NOVA SCOTIA.

other important fixtures are flashed to them in ten seconds. The smartest journalists on the world's Press work for them, and they often get important news before it is published in London or New York, and always before those who pay for it!

Entertainments and concerts are not rare. Singers, dancers, and pianists are found on the staff. There is sure to be a smart photographer or two. The battery man will do all the carpentering work, make and mend boots, whilst his wife will "do" generally for the bachelors. Some enterprising individual will keep a small Whiteley's, selling a variety of articles—whisky and tobacco for the men, sweetmeats for the children, light literature for the ladies. One cablist we know wields the razor with the grace of a Figaro. Thus they have realised that ideal independence dreamed of by social reformers.

Naturally, this result was not attained without labour, patience, and careful organisation. When the manager arrived he found nothing but a barren waste. He had to buy the land, have it cleared, get the timber felled, make paths across the property, plan the sites for the first buildings, and watch their construction. Then he organised the offices, set up the instruments, ran the wires in, and prepared for business. By the time the ship had laid the cables, the station was ready. He and his assistants camped out for some time, leading a jolly pioneer's life. When the staff arrived a mess was organised, quarters furnished. Then the married ladies appeared on the scene, and the barren waste was thus transformed into a thriving colony of skilled workers. By degrees the staff increased, so did the population, and the station reached the perfection in which we find it.

The centre of interest is naturally the cable office, a large fireproof building of granite, brick, and iron. It comprises: the operating room, containing the apparatus for working the cables; the mechanician's room, where the beautiful and delicate machinery is made and repaired; the testing room, fitted up with the most accurate electrical instruments, with which are made the various tests requisite to the maintenance of the

MR. J. W. MACKAY.
(*The President of the Commercial Cable Company.*)

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cables, the location of breaks, faults, etc.; the battery room, with its neatly-arranged shelves, containing seven hundred cells of battery power; the post office, and, finally, the manager's office. The ocean cables are brought to Hazel Hill through a chain of lakes and trenches into the testing room, whence they are connected with the signalling instruments.

Standing in the office, about 2 p.m. (London time), just as the daily rush of work is commencing, we witness a scene admirable in its regularity, rapidity, and orderly character. Hazel Hill is ready for action; so are the other stations: New York, Waterville, and London. All the managers are present, their eyes everywhere, ever ready to remedy the slightest defect. The buzzing instruments glisten, the bright duplex apparatus is arranged in neat array. Every clerk is at his post; there is no bustle or noise; quiet is essential, much work being done by sound.

From Hazel Hill they work three of Lord Kelvin's Recorders to Ireland, one to New York, another to a point near Boston, a third to St. Pierre, Miquelon, whilst other circuits connect with important American cities west of New York. The European cable terminus is at Waterville, a picturesque little town on the south-west coast of Ireland, whence other cables and land lines connect with London and England generally, and the Continent. During busy times all lines are utilised. The entire system, comprising 9000 miles of cable, is worked at maximum speed. The cables vibrate with despatches of all descriptions, from the three-word "stock" to the interminable "Press" message. The rush now commences. Little is heard but the buzz of the recorders and the tick-tack of the transmitting keys. A constant stream of messages is passing along all the cables, *both ways at the same time*, thanks to a most ingenious system of duplex working, which almost doubles the capacity of the cables.

THE OPERATORS' ROOM.]

The clerks sit at their instruments, quiet and attentive; some "sending," others reading the serpentine signals printed on the slips, and transcribing the messages with unerring exactitude and rapidity. High speed and accuracy go together. Check-clerks flit noiselessly about, passing messages and assisting the operators. Occasionally the human relay is used. The slip that runs from a New York Recorder is handed to the man on another cable, and he, without transcribing the messages, transmits them to Ireland, thus saving the time required to write them out. This requires a skilled, keen-eyed operator, capable of reading the most

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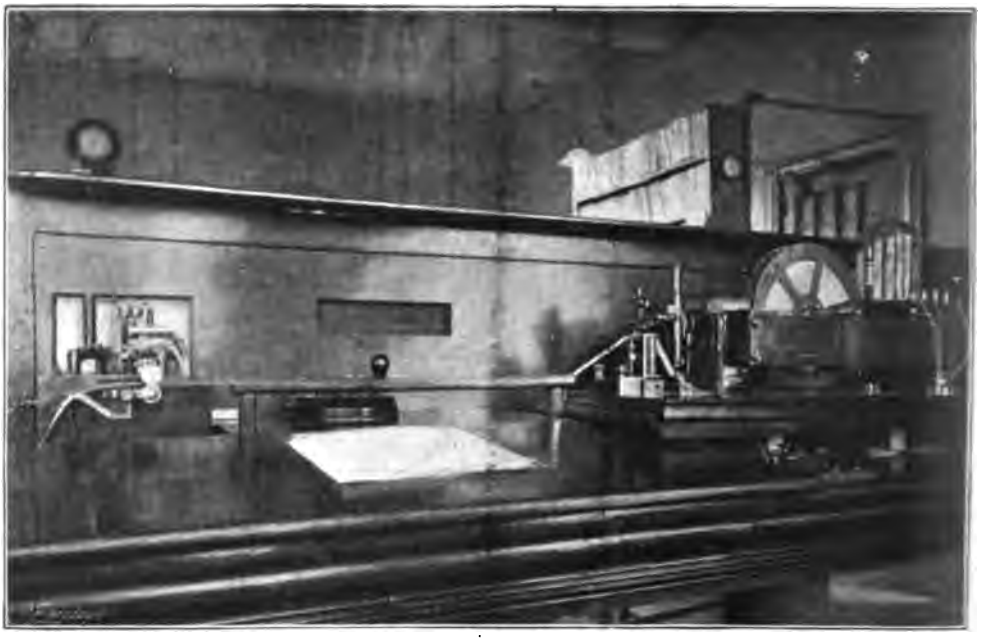

THE SIPHON RECORDER.

difficult signals at a glance. But this company has introduced an improved apparatus, known as the "Automatic Transmitter," by which the work is done with greater speed and accuracy. Its function is to replace the ordinary combination of men and transmitting keys, by mechanism which combines the utmost uniformity of signal with a speed and tirelessness unattainable by hand.

Fascinated, we watch the beautiful Recorder, which works with almost human intelligence. The slip is kept constantly running by clockwork. The delicate siphon, with one end in the ink and the other hanging over the running slip, is gently undulated by the current transmitted from the distant station. Thus it records a continuous series of signals, cabalistic zigzags to us, but as easy as A B C to the operator. A skilful clerk will decipher eighty or ninety ordinary messages per hour, and do five hundred messages a day without making a serious error. But this involves great powers of concentration, and a rare strain on the eyes and nerves. Accuracy is a cardinal point here. Slight errors may lead to serious losses. The company has an elaborate system of tracing errors, and fines are imposed, ranging from sixpence to a month's pay. Errors are a terror to all concerned, and the clerks check their messages with minute care.

When the Stock Exchange is agitated the short "stocks" pour in by hundreds, the offices in New York and London are besieged by excited brokers. Prices rise and fall with startling incoherency; the cables literally hum with frantic orders to buy, sell, cancel, and quote. Some firms exchange a hundred and fifty messages on such occasions. Very curious is this battle of the bulls and bears, waged through a copper "string" buried beneath the waves, the two armies being three thousand miles apart. The clerks, becoming as excited as the brokers, work with extraordinary precision and rapidity. One of the first messages sent over the Atlantic in 1858 occupied twenty-five minutes in transmission, but cablegrams are now delivered in London one minute after leaving New York.

Before five o'clock this "stock" work ceases. Then begins the ordinary commercial work, long cipher despatches from the English Government offices and Foreign Ministers, and Press messages for the New York evening papers. These occupy the line till about nine p.m., when a slight lull occurs till midnight. At that hour the news agencies and special correspondents hand in long despatches for the American morning papers. Dozens of these bright, crisp cablegrams are required to keep our American cousins up to date in European affairs. During any startling crisis this company gets as many

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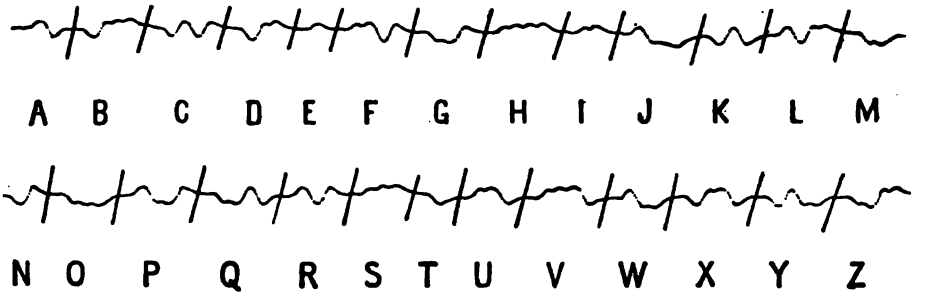
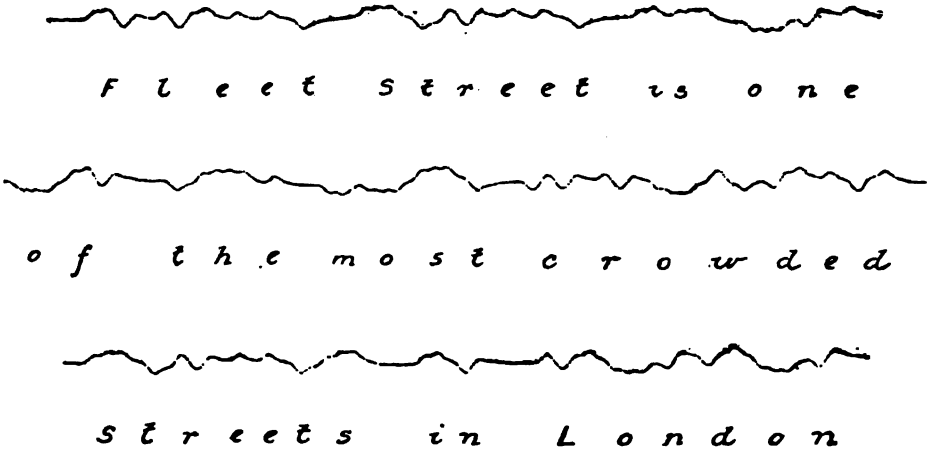
as 10,000 words of press matter for transmission during the night, and the speed attained by judicious abbreviation is astonishing. Whilst this work is going westward the American commercial and press work is streaming towards Europe, and the lines are kept busy until about six a.m. They usually remain clear from that time to midday, when work again commences.



THE CABLE ALPHABET.

To properly handle this traffic the station manager must be a smart man, gifted with tact and resource, well acquainted with every detail of practical telegraphy, administration, etc. He must also be a good electrician, and carefully watch over the lines running into his station. All cables are tested every Sunday morning—that being the most convenient time available. When the manager finds a fault he makes a careful test in order to locate its position and advise headquarters. If this fault be sufficiently serious, the ship is despatched to repair it. Localising is a very delicate operation. In one case an eminent electrician localised a fault within five miles of the actual spot in the Atlantic where it was afterwards repaired!

As may be gathered, operating work is very hard; a man's entire attention is absorbed by his delicate instrument and minute signals. No careless working is possible without complaint from the distant station. "Wake up, U Q," is the warning signal. Quarrelling on the cable is severely repressed; clerks breaking this rule sometimes pay for their conversation at current rates. Curiously enough, operators often detest correspondents they have never seen. An incompetent clerk betrays himself in many ways, and is execrated by his colleagues. Naturally, there are operators and operators; some seem born for the work,



A SPECIMEN MESSAGE.

others barely attain mediocrity. Some will make endless errors and madden their correspondents, whilst others will not make ten errors in a month, and are hailed as "O M" by their colleagues. "O M" is "Old Man,"

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an affectionate appellation only bestowed by cablists on jolly good fellows and smart operators.

A healthy rivalry exists between the various stations, and high speed is attained, the average delay rarely exceeding fifteen minutes. Spurred on by keen competition, the company is continually improving its system. They once offered to transmit the Liverpool merchant's messages to Havre, *viâ* New York, ten times quicker than they could be sent *viâ* Calais; but the French Government, jealous of such superiority, pronounced this a violation of the company's concession. That novel service was suppressed. A commercial code telegram would run thus :—

Cleopatra, New York.

Elephant, carrot, machine, packman, swallow, hoopnet, dukedom, sprats.

"Stock" messages are usually short :—

Spy, London.

1240, tomtit, barleycorn.

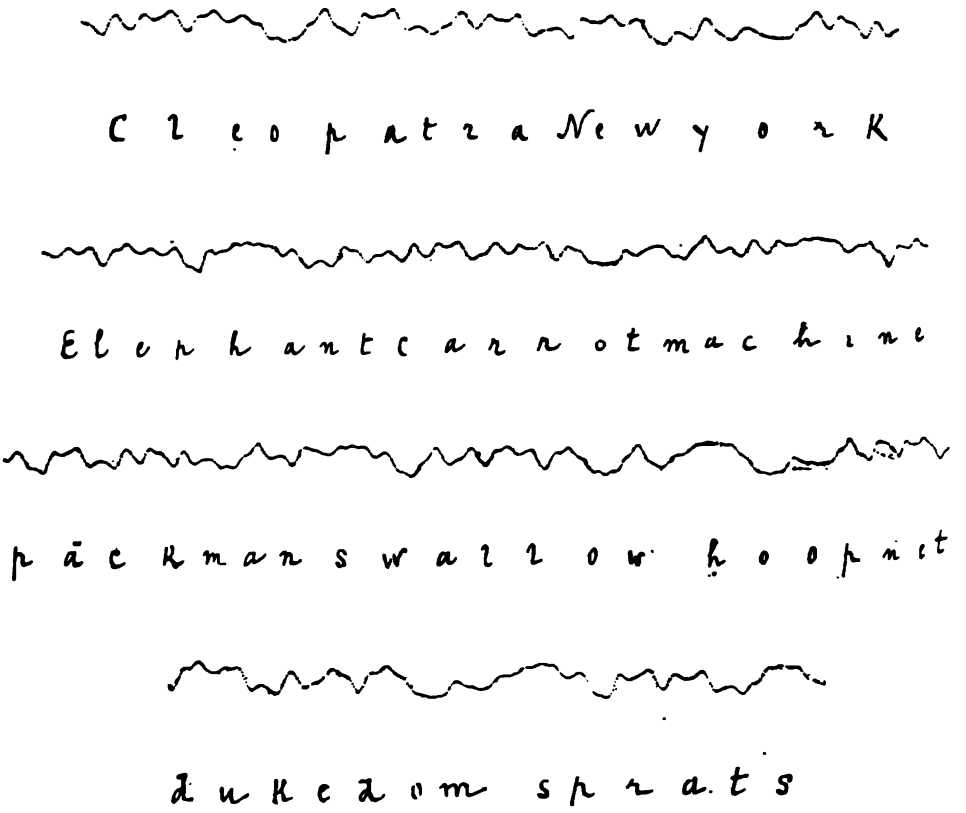
The figures represent the time, 12.40 p.m.; the two words may mean, "Sell £100,000 Wabash." A Government cipher message looks something like this :—

Governor-General, Ottawa.

68591, 24390, 70915, 31093, 44581, 30710, 11004, 85061, 20119, 37829, 25831, 14130.

—*Colonies.*

Press messages are sent in plain language, more or less abbreviated. But the cable is used in a variety of other ways, of which the general public hardly dreams. A famous French *comédienne* once used it for an animated conversation with a dear friend. She was in New York, and he was in France. These two stations were connected one Sunday, and the divine but nervous artiste commenced a passionate dialogue with her distant correspondent, who answered promptly and with equal warmth. Though three thousand miles apart, they conversed as rapidly as if standing face to face.



ANOTHER TYPICAL MESSAGE.

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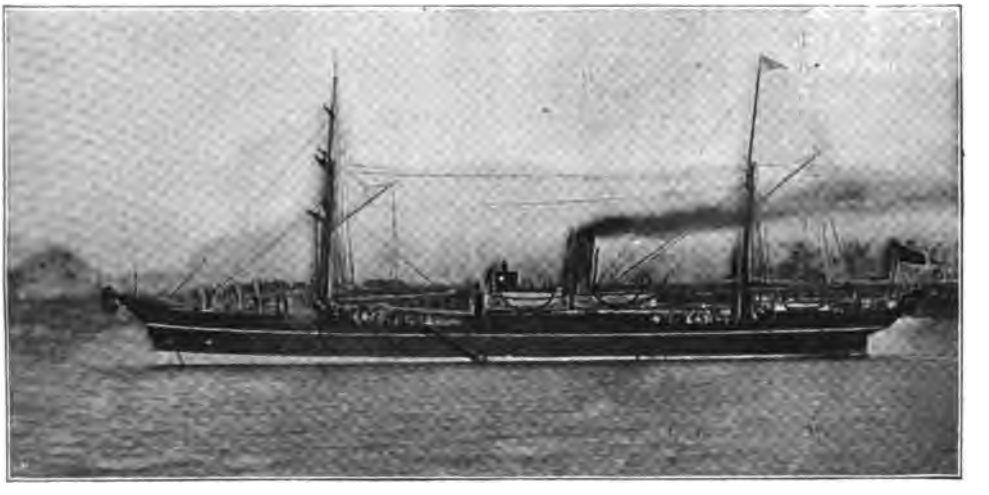
Astronomers in England and Canada have chatted across the Atlantic and compared notes. A chess tournament was recently conducted across these cables. Mr. Gordon Bennett edits his newspaper by this medium, seldom visiting New York. Whether in Paris or cruising in Eastern seas, the cable keeps him in constant touch with America. He often despatches entire leading articles on burning questions necessitating personal views. Weather warnings are sent by cable, an important point of observation being



COMMERCIAL CABLE COMPANY'S REPAIRING STEAMER "MACKAY-BENNETT."

Bermuda, where an American has established an observatory which enables him to herald advancing cyclones and hurricanes.

Though the receipts are good, the expenses are very heavy. The costly transmitting stations in Canada and Ireland do not earn a penny directly. The cables average £250 per mile; the delicate instruments cost from £50 to £200 each; the expenses of executive management amount to about £10,000 per annum; the station managers draw from £500 to £800 per annum. The stations being 3000 miles apart, travelling expenses form a serious item. Repairing expeditions are ruinous. £35,000 was sunk in one expedition that failed; another ship had to be employed at £500 per day. Cables break. Four were broken down simultaneously by an extraordinary seaquake — a violent submarine eruption; whales get entangled with them. Once a schooner settled down on one and broke it. Ship's anchors break cables in shallow water. Fishermen bent on a "catch" will drag for a cable, hook it, and then claim compensation for not having cut it to save their anchor and chain! On one occasion a cable was *wilfully* cut off Newfoundland. The culprits were strongly suspected; but conviction would have been difficult and costly. Cables have been buried for miles in submarine ravines and lost. Even the landing rights in France cost this company £8000 and three months' tedious negotiations. They got similar facilities in England for £1, and a polite letter to the Board of Trade! The repairing ship cost £60,000, and often absorbs £500 per month to maintain her ready for sea at a moment's notice.

The colony numbers about 150—60 being employees. The senior clerks are mostly married men with families; they receive from £20 to £25 per month, and live rent free. The bachelors have comfortable quarters, club, mess rooms, etc. They draw from £12 to £18 per month, according to ability and seniority. All recreations provided by the company are enjoyed by the whole staff. Each man gets a month's holiday every year on full pay, and the company pays half the premium of his life insurance.

Operators average eight hours per day. The staff is usually divided into three brigades, working morning, evening, and night, the hours being arranged to suit local requirements and the clerk's convenience. Cablists—the aristocrats of the telegraphic profession—work free from petty restraints and that officious supervision so irksome to Government operators. Smoking is tolerated whenever possible; reading when the lines are "clear" is allowed; temporary leave is

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readily granted, and studious men are always encouraged. Unlike most cable clerks, who are migratory in their habits, the Atlantic men seldom wander far; being well treated and well paid, they settle down and save money, usually with matrimonial ambitions.

When off duty the men have plenty of time for sport and study. Some boat, fish, or play cricket, others indulge in billiards or lawn tennis; several have musical tastes, whilst the kodak keeps others busy. A glance around the station at the sturdy, happy children, the placid and contented features of the colonists, and the solid comfort apparent in their homes—all these things convince us that, leading a pleasant, healthy existence, free from the worries and drawbacks incidental to town life, they are absolutely satisfied with their lot.

During the evening we visit the billiard-room, where some good play is proceeding on a hundred-guinea table presented by the President, who paid the same sum for a piano for the reading-room. The young men seem very comfortable, and speak favourably of Hazel Hill. They have dull moments, it is true; but are the dwellers in cities always gay? Many clerks know from experience what London life is like for the telegraphist vegetating on a small salary. Several graduated as Government clerks before entering the company's service. Nothing would induce them to leave their comfortable though isolated quarters to return to the doubtful delights of London life. They are all in robust health, their genial manager studies their welfare with paternal solicitude, their work is agreeable, and they can indulge in all those manly sports so dear to Englishmen. What more could they wish for?

No season of the year is without its pleasures and amusements, which are at all times entered into with commendable heartiness and appreciation. Far from dreading the advent of winter, they quite look forward to that season. They lay in stocks of everything, furbish up their sleighs, skates, snow-shoes, etc., and decorate their recreation hall for dancing. Friends come from afar to their dances, and they reciprocate when climatic conditions are favourable. But these social functions often prove expensive to the company, as they necessitate the building of more houses. Young fellows, envying the comforts enjoyed by their married colleagues, apply for a cottage, annex a bonny Canadian, or send for their English sweetheart, and boldly plunge into matrimony. The cables of the world are worked by British operators, the few foreigners employed usually occupying subordinate positions. Even foreign companies employ English clerks, who have made of cable telegraphy a national speciality. Practically the English have made, laid, worked and repaired all our ocean cables.

MR. GEORGE WARD.
(*The General Manager.*)

WATERVILLE STATION.

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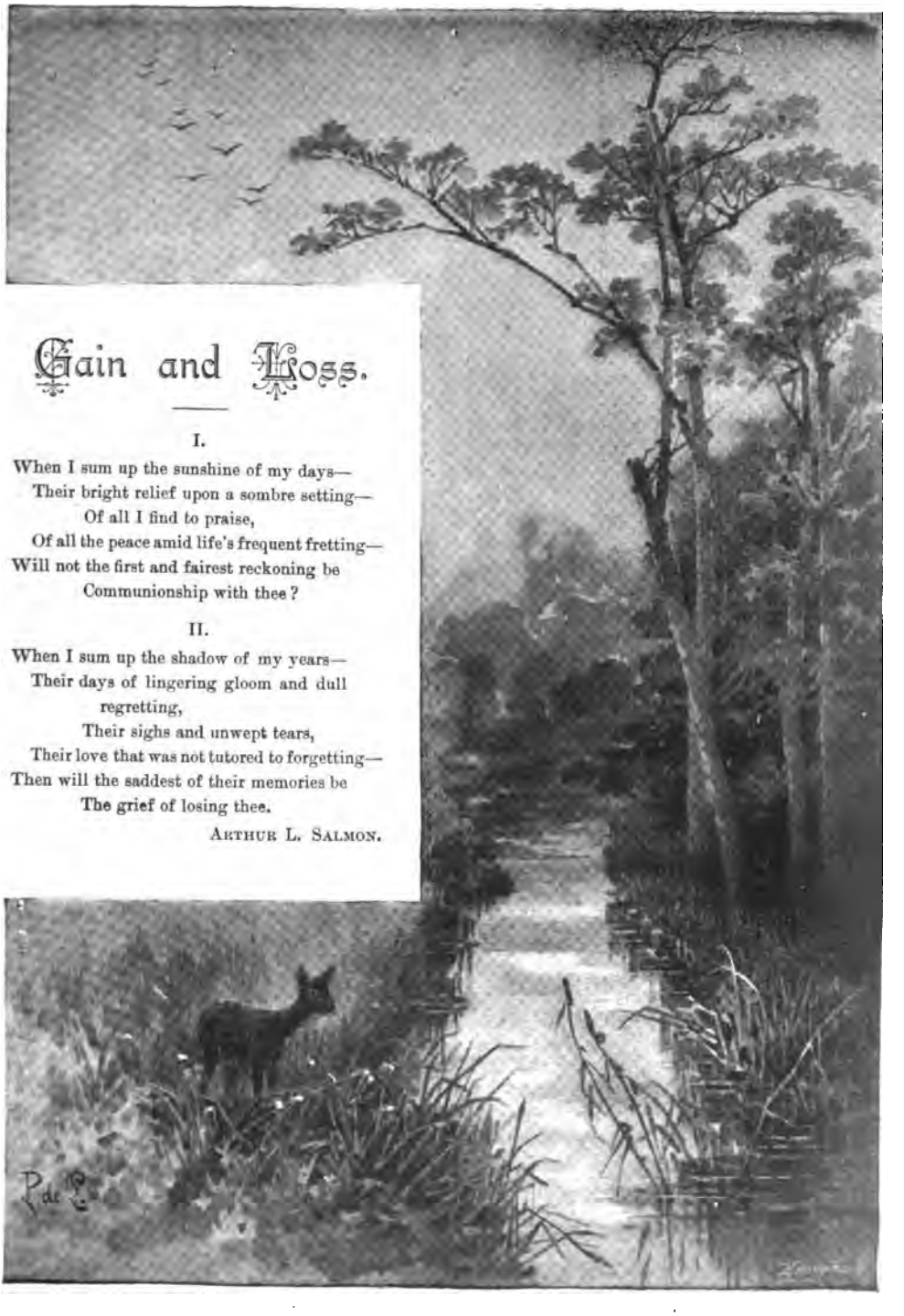

Gain and Loss.

I.

When I sum up the sunshine of my days—
Their bright relief upon a sombre setting—
Of all I find to praise,
Of all the peace amid life's frequent fretting—
Will not the first and fairest reckoning be
Communionship with thee?

II.

When I sum up the shadow of my years—
Their days of lingering gloom and dull regretting,
Their sighs and unwept tears,
Their love that was not tutored to forgetting—
Then will the saddest of their memories be
The grief of losing thee.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

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CHRONICLES OF MARTIN HEWITT.

By Arthur Morrison.

VI.—THE CASE OF THE LOST FOREIGNER.*

HAVE already said in more than one place that Hewitt's personal relations with the members of the London police force were of a cordial character. In the course of his work it has frequently been Hewitt's hap to learn of matters on which the police were glad of information, and that information was always passed on at once; and so long as no infringement of regulations or damage to public service were involved, Hewitt could always rely on a return in kind.

It was with a message of a useful sort that Hewitt one day dropped into Vine Street police station and asked for a particular inspector, who was not in. Hewitt sat and wrote a note, and by way of making conversation said to the inspector on duty: "Anything very startling this way to-day?"

"Nothing *very* startling, perhaps, as yet," the inspector replied. "But one of our chaps picked up rather an odd customer a little while ago. Lunatic of some sort, I should think—in fact, I've sent for the doctor to see him. He's a foreigner—a Frenchman, I believe. He seemed horribly weak and faint; but the oddest thing occurred when one of the men, thinking he might be hungry, brought in some bread. He went into fits of terror at the sight of it, and wouldn't be pacified till they took it away again."

"That was strange."

"Odd, wasn't it? And he *was* hungry too. They brought him some more a little while after, and he didn't funk it a bit. Pitched into it, in fact, like anything, and ate it all, with some cold beef. It's the way with some lunatics—never the same five minutes together. He keeps crying like a baby, and saying things we can't understand. As it happens, there's nobody in just now who speaks French."

"I speak French," Hewitt replied. "Shall I try him?"

"Certainly, if you will. He's in the men's room below. They've been making him as comfortable as possible by the fire until the doctor comes. He's a long time. I expect he's got a case on."

Hewitt found his way to the large mess-room, where three or four policemen in their shirt-sleeves were curiously regarding a young man of very disordered appearance who sat on a chair by the fire. He was pale, and exhibited marks of bruises on his face, while over one eye was a scarcely healed cut. His figure was small and slight, his coat was torn, and he sat with a certain indefinite air of shivering suffering. He started and looked round apprehensively as Hewitt entered. Hewitt bowed smilingly, wished him good-day, speaking in French, and asked him if he spoke the language.

The man looked up with a dull expression, and after on effort or two, as of one who stutters, burst out with, "*Je la nie!*"

"That's strange," Hewitt observed to the men. "I ask him if he speaks French, and he says he denies it—speaking *in* French."

"He's been saying that very often, sir," one of the men answered, "as well as other things we can't make anything of."

Hewitt placed his hand kindly on the man's shoulder and asked his name. The reply was for a little while an inarticulate gurgle, presently merging into a meaningless medley of words and syllables—"*Qu'est ce qu'—il n'a*—Leystar Squarr—*sacré nom*—not spik it—*quel chemin*—sank you ver' mosh—*je la nie! je la nie!*" He paused, stared, and then, as though realising his helplessness, he burst into tears.

"He's been a-cryin' two or three times," said the man who had spoken before. "He was a-cryin' when we found him."

Several more attempts Hewitt made to communicate with the man, but though he seemed to comprehend what was meant he replied with nothing but meaningless gibber, and finally gave up the attempt, and, leaning against the side of the fireplace, buried his head in the bend of his arm.

Then the doctor arrived and made *his* examination. While it was in progress Hewitt took aside the policeman who had been speaking before and questioned him further. He had himself found the French-

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man in a dull back street by Golden Square, where the man was standing helpless and trembling, apparently quite bewildered and very weak. He had brought him in, without having been able to learn anything about him. One or two shopkeepers in the street where he was found were asked, but knew nothing of him — indeed had never seen him before.

"But the curiousest thing," the policeman proceeded, "was in this 'ere room, when I brought him a loaf to give him a bit of a snack, seein' he looked so weak an' 'ungry. You'd 'a thought we was a-goin' to poison 'im. He fair screamed at the very sight o' the bread, an' he scrouged hisself up in that corner an' put his hands in front of his face. I couldn't make out what was up at first—didn't tumble to it's bein' the bread he was frightened of, seein' as he looked like a man as 'ud be frightened at anything else afore *that*. But the nearer I came with it the more he yelled, so I took it away an' left it outside, an' then he calmed down. An' s'elp me, when I cut some bits off that there very loaf an' brought 'em in, with a bit o' beef, he just went for 'em like one o'clock. *He* wasn't frightened o' no bread then, you bet. Rum thing, how the fancies takes 'em when they're a bit touched, ain't it? All one way one minute, all the other the next."

"Yes, it is. By the way, have you another uncut loaf in the place?"

"Yes, sir. Half-a-dozen if you like."

"One will be enough. I am going over to speak to the doctor. Wait awhile until he seems very quiet and fairly comfortable; then bring a loaf in quietly and put it on the table, not far from his elbow. Don't attract his attention to what you are doing."

"Hewitt placed his hand kindly on the man's shoulder, and asked his name."

The doctor stood looking thoughtfully down on the Frenchman, who, for his part, stared gloomily, but tranquilly, at the fire-place. Hewitt stepped quietly over to the doctor and, without disturbing the man by the fire, said interrogatively, "Aphasia?"

The doctor tightened his lips, frowned, and nodded significantly. "Motor," he murmured, just loudly enough for Hewitt to hear; "and there's a general nervous break-down as well, I should say. By the way, perhaps there's no agraphia. Have you tried him with pen and paper?"

Pen and paper were brought and set before the man. He was told, slowly and distinctly, that he was among friends, whose only object was to restore him to his proper health. Would he write his name and address, and

any other information he might care to give about himself, on the paper before him?

The Frenchman took the pen and stared at the paper; then slowly, and with much hesitation, he traced these marks:—

The man paused after the last of these futile characters, and his pen stabbed into the paper with a blot, as he dazedly regarded his work. Then with a groan he dropped it, and his face sank again into the bend of his arm.

The doctor took the paper and handed it to Hewitt. "Complete agraphia, you see," he said. "He can't write a word. He begins to write 'Monsieur' from sheer habit in beginning letters thus; but the word tails off into a scrawl. Then his attempts become mere scribble, with just a trace of some familiar word here and there—but quite meaningless all."

Although he had never before chanced to come across a case of aphasia (happily a rare disease), Hewitt was acquainted with its general nature. He knew that it might arise either from some physical injury to the brain, or from a break-down consequent on some terrible nervous strain. He knew that in the case of motor aphasia the sufferer, though fully conscious of all that goes on about him, and though quite understanding what is said to him, is entirely powerless to put his own thoughts into spoken words—has lost, in fact, the connection between words and their spoken symbols. Also that in most bad cases, agraphia—the loss of ability to write words with any reference to their meaning—is commonly an accompaniment.

"You will have him taken to the infirmary, I suppose?" Hewitt asked.

"Yes," the doctor replied. "I shall go and see about it at once."

The man looked up again as they spoke. The policeman had, in accordance with Hewitt's request, placed a loaf of bread on the table near him, and now as he looked up he caught sight of it. He started visibly and paled, but gave no such signs of abject terror as the policeman had previously observed. He appeared nervous and uneasy, however, and presently reached stealthily toward the loaf. Hewitt continued to talk to the doctor, while closely watching the Frenchman's behaviour from the corner of his eye.

The loaf was what is called a "plain cottage," of solid and regular shape. The man reached it and immediately turned it bottom up on the table. Then he sank back in his chair with a more contented expression, though his gaze was still directed toward the loaf. The policemen grinned silently at this curious manœuvre.

The doctor left, and Hewitt accompanied him to the door of the room. "He will not be moved just yet, I take it?" Hewitt asked as they parted.

"It may take an hour or two," the doctor replied. "Are you anxious to keep him here?"

"Not for long; but I think there's a curious inside to the case, and I may perhaps learn something of it by a little watching. But I can't spare very long."

At a sign from Hewitt the loaf was removed. Then Hewitt pulled the small table closer to the Frenchman and pushed the pen and sheets of paper toward him. The manœuvre had its result. The man looked up and down the room vacantly once or twice and then began to turn the papers over. From that he went to dipping the pen in the inkpot, and presently he was scribbling at random on the loose sheets. Hewitt affected to leave him entirely alone, and seemed to be absorbed in a contemplation of a photograph of a police-division brass band that hung on the wall, but he saw every scratch the man made.

At first there was nothing but meaningless scrawls and attempted words. Then rough sketches appeared, of a man's head, a chair or what not. On the mantelpiece stood a small clock—apparently a sort of humble presentation piece, the body of the clock being set in a horse-shoe frame, with crossed whips behind it. After a time the Frenchman's eyes fell on this, and he began a crude sketch of it. That he relinquished, and went on with other random sketches and scribblings on the same piece of paper, sketching and scribbling over the sketches in a half mechanical sort of way, as of one who

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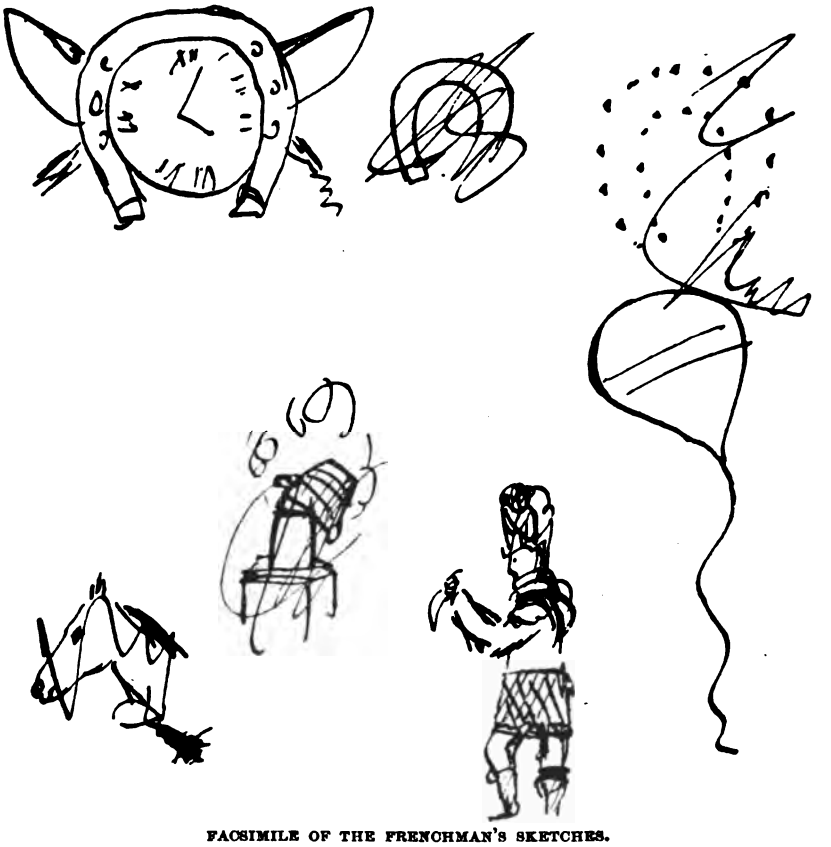
trifles with a pen during a brown study. Beginning at the top left-hand corner of the paper he travelled all round it till he arrived at the left-hand bottom corner. Then dashing his pen hastily across his last sketch he dropped it, and with a great shudder turned away again and hid his face by the fireplace.

Hewitt turned at once and seized the papers on the table. He stuffed them all into his coat-pocket, with the exception of the last which the man had been engaged on, and this, a facsimile of which is subjoined, he studied earnestly for several minutes.

"Certainly. I'll find somebody. Want to write a note?"

Hewitt wrote and despatched a note, which reached me in less than ten minutes. Then he asked the inspector, "Have you searched the Frenchman?"

"Oh, yes. We went all over him, when we found he couldn't explain himself, to see if we could trace his friends or his address. He didn't seem to mind. But there wasn't a single thing in his pocket—not a single thing, barring a rag of a pocket-handkerchief with no marking on it."



FACSIMILE OF THE FRENCHMAN'S SKETCHES.

Hewitt wished the men good-day, and made his way to the inspector.

"Well," the inspector said, "not much to be got out of him, is there? The doctor will be sending for him presently."

"I fancy," said Hewitt, "that this may turn out a very important case. Possibly—quite possibly—I may not have guessed correctly, and so I won't tell you anything of it till I know a little more. But what I want now is a messenger. Can I send somebody at once in a cab to my friend Brett at his chambers?"

"You noticed that somebody had stolen his watch, I suppose?"

"Well, he hadn't got one."

"But he had one of those little vertical buttonholes in his waistcoat, used to fasten a watch-guard to, and it was much worn and frayed, so that he must be in the habit of carrying a watch; and it is gone."

"Yes, and everything else too, eh? Looks like robbery. He's had a knock or two in the face—notice that?"

"I saw the bruises and the cut, of course;

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and his collar has been broken away, with the back button; somebody has taken him by the collar or throat. Was he wearing a hat when he was found?"

"The doctor left, and Hewitt accompanied him to the door."

"No."

"That would imply that he had only just left a house. What street was he found in?"

"Henry Street—a little off Golden Square. Low street, you know."

"Did the constable notice a door open near by?"

The inspector shook his head. "Half the doors in the street are open," he said, "pretty nearly all day."

"Ah, then there's nothing in that. I don't think he lives there, by-the-bye. I fancy he comes from more in the Seven Dials or Drury Lane direction. Did you notice anything about the man that gave you a clue to his occupation—or at any rate to his habits?"

"Can't say I did."

"Well just take a look at the back of his coat before he goes away—just over the loins. Good-day."

As I have said, Hewitt's messenger was quick. I happened to be in—having lately returned from a latish lunch—when he arrived with this note:—

"My dear B.,—I meant to have lunched with you to-day, but have been kept. I expect you are idle this afternoon, and I have a case that will interest you—perhaps be useful to you from a journalistic point of view. If you care to see anything of it, cab away *at once* to Fitzroy Square, south side, where I'll meet you. I will wait no later than 3.30. Yours, M. H."

I had scarce a quarter of an hour, so I seized my hat and left my chambers at once. As it happened, my cab and Hewitt's burst into Fitzroy Square from opposite sides almost at the same moment, so that we lost no time.

"Come," said Hewitt, taking my arm and marching me off, "we are going to look for some stabling. Try to feel as though you'd just set up a brougham and had come out to look for a place to put it in. I fear we may have to delude some person with that belief presently."

"Why—what do you want stables for? And why make me your excuse?"

"As to what I want the stables for—really I'm not altogether sure myself. As to making you an excuse—well, even the humblest excuse is better than none. But come, here are some stables. Not good enough, though, even if any of them were empty. Come on."

We had stopped for an instant at the entrance to a small alley of rather dirty stables, and Hewitt, paying apparently but small attention to the stables themselves, had looked sharply about him with his gaze in the air.

"I know this part of London pretty well," Hewitt observed, "and I can only remember one other range of stabling near by; we must try that. As a matter of fact, I'm coming here on little more than conjecture, though I shall be surprised if there isn't something in it. Do you know anything of aphasia?"

"I have heard of it, of course, though I can't say I remember ever knowing a case."

"I've seen one to-day—very curious case. The man's a Frenchman, discovered helpless in the street by a policeman. The only thing he can say that has any meaning in it at all is '*je la nie*,' and that he says mechanically, without in the least knowing what he is saying. And he can't write. But he got sketching and scrawling various things on some paper, and his scrawls—together with another thing or two—have given me an idea. We're following it up now. When we are less busy, and in a quiet place, I'll show you the sketches

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and explain things generally; there's no time now, and I *may* want your help for a bit, in which case ignorance may prevent you spoiling things, you clumsy ruffian. Hullo! here we are, I think!"

We had stopped at the end of another stable-yard, rather dirtier than the first. The stables were sound but inelegant sheds, and one or two appeared to be devoted to other purposes, having low chimneys, on one of which an old basket was rakishly set by way of cowl. Beside the entrance a worn-out old board was nailed, with the legend, "Stabling to Let," in letters formerly white on a ground formerly black.

"Come," said Hewitt, "we'll explore."

We picked our way over the greasy cobble-stones and looked about us. On the left was the wall enclosing certain back-yards, and on the right the stables. Two doors in the middle of these were open, and a butcher's young man, who, with his shiny bullet head would have been known for a butcher's young man anywhere, was wiping over the new-washed wheel of a smart butcher's cart.

"Good-day," Hewitt said pleasantly to the young man. "I notice there's some stabling to let here. Now, where should I inquire about it?"

"'Good-day,' Hewitt said pleasantly to the young man."

"Jones, Whitfield Street," the young man answered, giving the wheel a final spin. "But there's only one little place to let now, I think, and it ain't very grand."

"Oh! which is that?"

"Next but one to the street there. A chap 'ad it for wood-choppin', but 'e chucked it. There ain't room for more 'n a donkey an' a barrow."

"Ah, that's a pity. We're not particular, but want something big enough, and we don't mind paying a fair price. Perhaps we might make an arrangement with somebody here who has a stable."

The young man shook his head.

"I shouldn't think so," he said doubtfully; "they're mostly shop-people as wants all the room theirselves. My guv'nor couldn't do nothink, I know. These 'ere two stables ain't scarcely enough for all 'e wants as it is. Then there's Barkett the greengrocer 'ere next door. *That* ain't no good. Then, next to that, there's the little place as is to let, and at the end there's Griffith's at the butter-shop."

"And those the other way?"

"Well, this 'ere first one's Curtis's, Euston Road—that's a butter-shop, too, an' 'e 'as the next after that. The last one, up at the end—I dunno quite whose that is. It ain't been long took, but I b'lieve it's some foreign baker's. I ain't ever see anythink come out of it, though; but there's a 'orse there, I know—I seen the feed took in."

Hewitt turned thoughtfully away.

"Thanks," he said. "I suppose we can't manage it, then. Good-day."

We walked to the street, as the butcher's young man wheeled in his cart and flung away his pail of water.

"Will you just hang about here, Brett," he asked, "while I hurry round to the nearest ironmonger's? I shan't be gone long. We're going to work a little burglary. Take note if anybody comes to that stable at the further end."

He hurried away and I waited. In a few moments the butcher's young man shut his doors and went whistling down the street, and in a few moments more Hewitt appeared.

"Come," he said, "there's nobody about now; we'll lose no time. I've bought a pair of pliers and a few nails."

We re-entered the yard at the door of the last stable. Hewitt stooped and examined the padlock. Taking a nail in his pliers he bent it carefully against the brick wall. Then using the nail as a key, still held by the pliers, and working the padlock gently in his left hand, in an astonishingly few seconds he had released the hasp and taken off the padlock. "I'm not altogether a bad burglar," he remarked. "Not so bad, really."

The padlock fastened a bar which, when removed, allowed the door to be opened.

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Opening it, Hewitt immediately seized a candle stuck in a bottle which stood on a shelf, pulled me in and closed the door behind us.

"We'll do this by candle-light," he said, as he struck a match. "If the door were left open it would be seen from the street. Keep your ears open in case anybody comes down the yard."

The part of the shed that we stood in was used as a coach-house, and was occupied by a rather shabby tradesman's cart, the shafts of which rested on the ground. From the stall adjoining came the sound of the shuffling and trampling of an impatient horse.

We turned to the cart. On the name-board at the side were painted in worn letters the words, "Schuyler, Baker." The address, which had been below, was painted out.

Hewitt took out the pins and let down the tailboard. Within the cart was a new bed-mattress which covered the whole surface of the bottom. I felt it, pressed it from the top, and saw that it was an ordinary spring-mattress—perhaps rather unusually soft in the springs. It seemed a curious thing to keep in a baker's cart.

Hewitt, who had set the candle on a convenient shelf, plunged his arm into the furthermost recesses of the cart and brought forth a very long French loaf, and then another. Diving again he produced certain loaves of the sort known as the "plain cottage"—two sets of four each, each set baked together in a row. "Feel this bread," said Hewitt, and I felt it. It was stale—almost as hard as wood.

Hewitt produced a large pocket-knife, and with what seemed to me to be superfluous care and elaboration, cut into the top of one of the cottage loaves. Then he inserted his fingers in the gap he had made and firmly but slowly tore the hard bread into two pieces. He pulled away the crumb from within till there was nothing left but a rather thick outer shell.

"No," he said, rather to himself than to me, "there's nothing in *that*." He lifted one of the very long French loaves and measured it against the interior of the cart. It had before been propped diagonally, and now it was noticeable that it was just a shade longer than the inside of the cart was wide. Jammed in, in fact, it held firmly. Hewitt produced his knife again, and divided this long loaf in the centre; there was nothing but bread in *that*. The horse in the stall fidgeted more than ever.

"That horse hasn't been fed lately, I fancy," Hewitt said. "We'll give the poor chap a bit of this hay in the corner."

"But," I said, "what about this bread? What did you expect to find in it? I can't see what you're driving at."

"I'll tell you," Hewitt replied, "I'm driving after something I expect to find, and close at hand here, too. How are your nerves to-day—pretty steady? The thing may try them."

Before I could reply there was a sound of footsteps in the yard outside, approaching. Hewitt lifted his finger instantly for silence and whispered hurriedly, "There's only one. If he comes *here*, we grab him."

The steps came nearer and stopped outside the door. There was a pause, and then a slight drawing in of breath, as of a person suddenly surprised. At that moment the door was slightly shifted ajar and an eye peeped in.

"Catch him!" said Hewitt aloud, as we sprang to the door. "He mustn't get away!"

I had been nearer the doorway, and was first through it. The stranger ran down the yard at his best, but my legs were the longer, and halfway to the street I caught him by the shoulder and swung him round. Like lightning he whipped out a knife and I flung in my left instantly on the chance of flooring him. It barely checked him, however, and the knife swung short of my chest by no more than two inches; but Hewitt had him by the wrist and tripped him forward on his face. He struggled like a wild beast, and Hewitt had to stand on his forearm and force up his wrist till the bones were near breaking before he dropped his knife. But throughout the struggle the man never shouted, called for help, nor, indeed, made the slightest sound, and we on our part were equally silent. It was quickly over, of course, for he was on his face and we were two. We dragged our prisoner into the stable and closed the door behind us. So far as we had seen, nobody had witnessed the capture from the street, though, of course, we had been too busy to be certain.

"There's a set of harness hanging over at the back," said Hewitt; "I think we'll tie him up with the traces and reins—nothing like leather. We don't need a gag; I know he won't shout."

While I got the straps Hewitt held the prisoner by a peculiar neck-and-wrist grip that forbade him to move except at the peril of a snapped arm. He had probably never

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been a person of pleasant aspect, being short, strongly and squatly built, large and ugly of feature, and wild and dirty of hair and beard. And now, his face flushed with struggling and smeared with mud from the stable-yard, his nose bleeding and his forehead exhibiting a growing bump, he looked particularly repellent. We strapped his elbows together behind, and as he sullenly ignored a demand for the contents of his pockets Hewitt unceremoniously turned them out. Helpless as he was the man struggled to prevent this, though, of course, ineffectually. There were papers, tobacco, a bunch of keys, and various odds and ends. Hewitt was glancing hastily at the papers when, suddenly dropping them, he caught the prisoner by the shoulder and pulled him away from a partly-consumed hay-truss which stood in a corner, and toward which he had quietly sidled.

"Keep him still," said Hewitt; "we

"We strapped his elbows together."

haven't examined this place yet." And he commenced to pull away the hay from the corner.

Presently a large piece of sackcloth was revealed, and this being lifted left visible below it another batch of loaves of the same sort as we had seen in the cart. There were a dozen of them in one square batch, and the only thing about them that differed them from those in the cart was their position, for the batch lay bottom side up.

"That's enough, I think," Hewitt said. "Don't touch them, for heaven's sake!" He picked up the papers he had dropped. "That has saved us a little search," he continued. "See here, Brett; I was in the act of telling you my suspicions when this little affair interrupted me. If you care to look at one or two of these letters you'll see what I should have told you. It's Anarchism and bombs, of course. I'm about as certain as I can be that there's a reversible dynamite bomb inside each of those innocent loaves, though I assure you I don't mean meddling with them now. But see here. Will you go and bring in a four-wheeler? Bring it right down the yard. There's more to do, and we mustn't attract attention."

I hurried away and found the cab. The meaning of the loaves, the cart, and the spring-mattress was now plain. There was an Anarchist plot to carry out a number of explosions, probably simultaneously, in different parts of the city. I had, of course, heard much of the terrible "reversing" bombs—those bombs which, containing a tube of acid plugged by wadding, required no fuse, and only needed to be inverted to be set going to explode in a few minutes. The loaves containing these bombs would form an effectual "blind," and they were to be distributed, probably in broad daylight, in the most natural manner possible, in a baker's cart. A man would be waiting near the scene of each contemplated explosion. He would be given a loaf taken from the inverted batch. He would take it—perhaps wrapped in paper, but still inverted, and apparently the most innocent object possible—to the spot selected, deposit it, right side up—which would reverse the inner tube and set up the action—in some quiet corner, behind a door or what not, and make his own escape, while the explosion tore down walls and—if the experiment were lucky—scattered the flesh and bones of unsuspecting people.

The infernal loaves were made and kept reversed, to begin with, in order to stand more firmly, and—if observed—more naturally, when turned over to explode. Even if a child picked up the loaf and carried it off,

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that child at least would be blown to atoms, which at any rate would have been something for the conspirators to congratulate themselves upon. The spring mattress, of course, was to ease the jolting to the bombs, and obviate any random jerking loose of the acid, which might have had the deplorable result of sacrificing the valuable life of the conspirator who drove the cart. The other loaves, too, with no explosive contents, had their use. The two long ones, which fitted across the inside of the cart, would be jammed across so as to hold the bombs in the centre, and the others would be used to pack the batch on the other sides and prevent any dangerous slipping about. The thing seemed pretty plain, except that as yet I had no idea of how Hewitt learned anything of the business.

I brought the four-wheeler up to the door of the stable and we thrust the man into it, and Hewitt locked the stable door with its proper key. Then we drove off to Tottenham Court Road police station, and, by Hewitt's order, straight into the yard.

In less than ten minutes from our departure from the stable our prisoner was finally secured, and Hewitt was deep in consultation with police officials. Messengers were sent and telegrams despatched, and presently Hewitt came to me with information.

"The name of the helpless Frenchman the police found this morning," he said, "appears to be Gérard—at least I am almost certain of it. Among the papers found on the prisoner—whose full name doesn't appear, but who seems to be spoken of as Luigi (he is Italian)—among the papers, I say, is a sort of notice convening a meeting for this evening to decide as to the 'final punishment' to be awarded the 'traitor Gérard, now in charge of comrade Pingard.'

"The place of meeting is not mentioned, but it seems more than probable that it will be at the Bakunin Club, not five minutes' walk from this place. The police have all these places under quiet observation, of course, and that is the club at which apparently important Anarchist meetings have been held lately. It is the only club that has never been raided as yet, and, it would seem, the only one they would feel at all safe in using for anything important.

"Moreover, Luigi just now simply declined to open his mouth when asked where the meeting was to be, and said nothing when the names of several other places were suggested, but suddenly found his tongue at the mention of the Bakunin Club, and denied, vehemently, that the meeting was to be there—it was the only thing he uttered. So that it seems pretty safe to assume that it *is* to be there. Now, of course, the matter's very serious. Men have been despatched to take charge of the stable very quietly, and the club is to be taken possession of at once—also very quietly. It must be done without a moment's delay, and as there is a chance that the only detective officers within reach at the moment may be known by sight, I have undertaken to get in first. Perhaps you'll come? We may have to take the door with a rush."

Of course I meant to miss nothing if I could help it, and said so.

"Very well," replied Hewitt, "we'll get ourselves up a bit." He began taking off his collar and tie. "It is getting dusk," he proceeded, "and we shan't want old clothes to make ourselves look sufficiently shabby. We're both wearing bowler hats, which is lucky. Make a dent in yours—if you can do so without permanently damaging it."

We got rid of our collars and made chokers of our ties. We turned our coat-collars up at one side only, and then, with dented hats worn raffishly and our hands in our pockets, we looked disreputable enough for all practical purposes in twilight. A cordon of plain-clothes police had already been forming round the club, we were told, and so we sallied forth. We turned into Windmill Street, crossed Whitfield Street, and in a turning or two we came to the Bakunin Club. I could see no sign of anything like a ring of policemen, and said so. Hewitt chuckled. "Of course not," he said; "they don't go about a job of this sort with drums beating and flags flying. But they are all there, and some are watching us. There is the house. I'll negotiate."

The house was one of the very shabby *passé* sort that abound in that quarter. The very narrow area was railed over and almost choked with rubbish. Visible above it were three floors, the lowest indicated by the door and one window, and the other two by two windows each—mean and dirty all. A faint light appeared in the top floor, and another from somewhere behind the refuse-heaped area. Everywhere else was in darkness. Hewitt looked intently into the area, but it was impossible to discern anything behind the sole grimy patch of window that was visible. Then we stepped lightly up the three or four steps to the door and rang the bell.

We could hear slippered feet mounting a stair and approaching. A latch was shifted,

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a door opened six inches, an indistinct face appeared, and a female voice asked, "*Qui est là?*"

"*Deux camarades*," Hewitt grunted testily. "*Ouvrez vite.*"

I had noticed that the door was kept from opening further by a short chain. This chain the woman unhooked from the door, but still kept the latter merely ajar, as though intending to assure herself still further. But Hewitt immediately pushed the door back, planted his foot against it, and entered, asking carelessly as he did so, "*Où se trouvé Luigi?*"

I followed on his heels, and in the dark could just distinguish that Hewitt pushed the woman instantly against the wall and clapped his hand to her mouth. At the same moment a file of quiet men were suddenly visible ascending the steps at my heels. They were the police.

The door was closed behind us almost noiselessly, and a match was struck. Two men stood at the bottom of the stairs and the others searched the house. Only two men were found—both in a top room. They were secured and brought down.

The woman was now ungagged, and she used her tongue at a great rate. One of the men was a small, meek-looking slip of a fellow, and he appeared to be the woman's husband. "Eh, messieurs le police," she exclaimed vehemently, "it ees not of 'im, mon pauvre Pierre, zat you sall rrun in. 'Im and me—we are not of the clob—we work only—we housekeep."

Hewitt whispered to an officer, and the two men were taken below. Then Hewitt spoke to the woman, whose protests had not ceased. "You say you are not of the club," he said, "but what is there to prove that? If you are but housekeepers, as you say, you have nothing to fear. But you can only prove it by giving the police information. For instance, now, about Gérard. What have they done with him?"

"Jean Pingard—'im you 'ave take downstairs—'e 'ave lose 'im. Jean Pingard get last night all a-boosa—all dronk like zis"—she rolled her head and shoulders to express intoxication—"and he sleep too much today, when Émile go out and Gérard, he go too, and nobody know. I will tell you anysing. We are not of the clob—we housekeep, me and Pierre."

"But what did they do to Gérard before he went away?"

"We looked disreputable enough for all practical purposes."

The woman was ready and anxious to tell anything. Gérard had been selected to do something—what it was exactly she did not know, but there was a horse and cart, and he was to drive it. Where the horse and cart

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was also she did not know, but Gérard had driven a cart before in his work for a baker, and he was to drive one in connection with some scheme among the members of the club. But *le pauvre Gérard* at the last minute disliked to drive the cart; he had fear. He did not say he had fear, but he prepared a letter—a letter that was not signed. The letter was to be sent to the police, and it told them the whereabouts of the horse and cart, so that the police might seize these things, and then there would be nothing for Gérard, who had fear, to do in the way of driving. No, he did not betray the names of the comrades, but he told the place of the horse and the cart.

Nevertheless, the letter was never sent. There was suspicion, and the letter was found in a pocket and read. Then there was a meeting, and Gérard was confronted with his letter. He could say nothing but "*je la nie!*"—found no explanation but that. There was much noise, and she had observed from a staircase, from which one might see through a ventilating hole, Gérard had much fear—very much fear. His face was white, and it moved; he prayed for mercy and they talked of killing him. It was discussed how he should be killed, and the poor Gérard was more terrified. He was made to take off his collar, and a razor was drawn across his throat, though without cutting him, till he fainted.

"He clapped his hand on her mouth."

Then water was flung over him, and he was struck in the face till he revived. He again repeated, "*je la nie! je la nie!*" and nothing more. Then one struck him with a bottle, and another with a stick; the point of a knife was put against his throat and held there, but this time he did not faint, but cried softly, as a man who is drunk, "*je la nie! je la nie!*" So they tied a handkerchief about his neck, and twisted it till his face grew purple and black, and his eyes were round and terrible, and then they struck his face, and he fainted again. But they took away the handkerchief, having fear that they could not easily get rid of the body if he were killed, for there was no preparation. So they decided to meet again and discuss when there would be preparation. Wherefore they took him away to the rooms of Jean Pingard—of Jean and Émile Pingard—in Henry Street, Golden Square. But Émile Pingard had gone out, and Jean was drunk and slept, and they lost him. Jean Pingard was he downstairs—the taller of the two; the other was but *le pauvre Pierre*, who with herself was not of the club. They worked only; they were the keepers of the house. There was nothing for which they should be arrested, and she would give the police any information they might ask.

"As I thought, you see," Hewitt said to me, "the man's nerves have broken down

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under the terror and the strain, and aphasia is the result. I think I told you that the only articulate thing he could say was "*je la nie!*" and now we know how those words were impressed on him till he now pronounces them mechanically, with no idea of their meaning. Come, we can do no more here now. But wait a moment."

There were footsteps outside. The light was removed, and a policeman went to the door and opened it as soon as the bell rung. Three men stepped in one after another, and the door was immediately shut behind them —they were prisoners.

We left quietly, and although we, of course, expected it, it was not till the next morning that we learned absolutely that the largest arrest of Anarchists ever made in this country was made at the Bakunin Club that night. Each man as he came was admitted and collared.

* * * *

We made our way to Luzatti's, and it was over our dinner that Hewitt put me in full possession of the earlier facts of this case, which I have set down as impersonal narrative in their proper place at the beginning.

"But," I said, "what of that aimless scribble you spoke of that Gérard made in the police station? Can I see it?"

Hewitt turned to where his coat hung behind him and took a handful of papers from his pocket.

"Most of these," he said, "mean nothing at all. *That* is what he wrote at first," and he handed me the first of the two papers which were presented in facsimile in the earlier part of this narrative.

"You see," he said, "he has begun mechanically from long use to write 'monsieur'— the usual beginning of a letter. But he scarcely makes three letters before tailing off into sheer scribble. He tries again and again, and although once there is something very like 'que,' and once something like a word preceded by a negative 'n',' the whole thing is meaningless."

"This" (he handed me the other paper which has been printed in facsimile) "*does* mean something, though Gérard never intended it. Can you spot the meaning? Really, I think it's pretty plain—especially now that you know as much as I about the day's adventures. The thing at the top left-hand corner, I may tell you, Gérard intended for a sketch of a clock on the mantelpiece in the police station."

I stared hard at the paper, but could make nothing whatever of it. "I only see the horse-shoe clock," I said, "and a sort of second, unsuccessful attempt to draw it again. Then there is a horse-shoe dotted, but scribbled over, and then a sort of kite or balloon on a string, a highlander, and—well, I don't understand it, I confess. Tell me."

"I'll explain what I learned from that," Hewitt said, "and also what led me to look for it. From what the inspector told me, I judged the man to be in a very curious state, and I took a fancy to see him. Most I was curious to know why he should have a terror of bread at one moment and eat it ravenously at another. When I saw him I felt pretty sure that he was not mad, in the common sense of the term. As far as I could judge it seemed to be a case of aphasia.

"Then when the doctor came I had a chat (as I have already told you) with the policeman who found the man. He told me about the incident of the bread with rather more detail than I had had from the inspector. Thus it was plain that the man was terrified at the bread only when it was in the form of a loaf, and ate it eagerly when it was cut into pieces. That was *one* thing to bear in mind. He was not afraid of *bread*, but only of a *loaf*.

"Very well. I asked the policeman to find another uncut loaf, and to put it near the man when his attention was diverted. Meantime the doctor reported that my suspicion as to aphasia was right. The man grew more comfortable, and was assured that he was among friends and had nothing to fear, so that when at length he found the loaf near his elbow he was not so violently terrified, only very uneasy. I watched him and saw him turn it bottom up—a very curious thing to do; he immediately became less uneasy—the turning over of the loaf seemed to have set his mind at rest in some way. This was more curious still. I thought for some little while before accepting the bomb theory as the most probable.

"The doctor left, and I determined to give the man another chance with pen and paper. I felt pretty certain that if he were allowed to scribble and sketch as he pleased, sooner or later he would do something that would give me some sort of a hint. I left him entirely alone and let him do as he pleased, but I watched.

"After all the futile scribble which you have seen, he began to sketch. First, a man's head, then a chair—just what he might happen to see in the room. Presently he took to the piece of paper you have before

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you. He observed that clock and began to sketch it, then went on to other things, such as you see, scribbling idly over most of them when finished. When he had made the last of the sketches he made a hasty scrawl of his pen over it and broke down. It had brought his terror to his mind again somehow.

"I seized the paper and examined it closely. Now just see. Ignore the clock, which was merely a sketch of a thing before him, and look at the three things following. What are they? A horse-shoe, a captive balloon, and a highlander. Now, can't you think of something those three things in that order suggest?"

I could think of nothing whatever, and I confessed as much.

"Think, now. Tottenham Court Road."

I started. "Of course," I said. "That never struck me. There's the Horse-shoe Hotel, with the sign outside, there's the large toy and fancy shop half-way up, where they have a captive balloon moored to the roof as an advertisement, and there's the tobacco and snuff shop on the left, toward the other end, where they have a life-size wooden highlander at the door—an uncommon thing, indeed, nowadays."

"You are right. The curious conjunction struck me at once. There they are, all three, and just in the order in which one meets them going up from Oxford Street. Also, as if to confirm the conjecture, note the *dotted* horse-shoe. Don't you remember that at night the Horse-shoe Hotel sign is illuminated by two rows of gas lights?

"Now here was my clue at last. Plainly, this man, in his mechanical sketching, was following a regular train of thought, and unconsciously illustrating it as he went along. Many people in perfect health and mental soundness do the same thing if a pen and a piece of waste paper be near. The man's train of thought led him, in memory, up Tottenham Court Road, and further, to where some disagreeable recollection upset him. It was my business to trace this train of thought. Do you remember the feat of Dupin in Poe's story, 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue'—how he walks by his friend's side in silence for some distance, and then suddenly breaks out with a divination of his thoughts, having silently traced them from a fruiterer with a basket, through paving-stones, Epicurus, Dr. Nichols, the constellation Orion, and a Latin poem to a cobbler lately turned actor?

"Well, it was some such task as this (but infinitely simpler, as a matter of fact) that was set me. This man begins by drawing the horse-shoe clock. Having done with that, and with the horse-shoe still in his mind, he starts to draw a horse-shoe simply. It is a failure, and he scribbles it out. His mind at once turns to the Horse-shoe Hotel, which he knows from frequently passing it, and its

"I seized the paper and examined it closely."

sign of gas-jets. He sketches *that*, making dots for the gas lights. Once started in Tottenham Court Road his mind naturally follows his usual route along it. He remembers the advertising captive balloon half-way up, and down *that* goes on his paper. In imagination he crosses the road, and keeps on till he comes to the very noticeable highlander outside the tobacconist's. *That* is sketched. Thus it is plain that a familiar route with him was from New Oxford Street up Tottenham Court Road.

"At the police station I ventured to guess from this that he lived somewhere near Seven Dials. Perhaps before long we shall know if this was right. But to return to the sketches. After the highlander there is something at first not very distinct. A little examination, however, shows it to be in-

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tended for a chimney-pot partly covered with a basket. Now an old basket, stuck sideways on a chimney by way of cowl, is not an uncommon thing in parts of the country, but it is very unusual in London. Probably, then, it would be in some by-street or alley. Next and last, there is a horse's head, and it was at this that the man's trouble returned to him.

"Now, when one goes to a place and finds a horse there, that place is not uncommonly a stable; and, as a matter of fact, the basket-cowl would be much more likely to be found in use in a range of back stabling than anywhere else. Suppose, then, that after taking the direction indicated in the sketches —the direction of Fitzroy Square, in fact— one were to find a range of stabling with a basket-cowl visible about it? I know my London pretty well, as you are aware, and I could remember but two likely stable-yards in that particular part—the two we looked at, in the second of which you may possibly have noticed just such a basket-cowl as I have been speaking of.

"Well, what we did you know, and that we found confirmation of my conjecture about the loaves you also know. It was the recollection of the horse and cart, and what they were to transport, and what the end of it all had been, that upset Gérard as he drew the horse's head. You will notice that the sketches have not been done in separate rows, left to right, they have simply followed one another all round the paper, which means preoccupation and unconsciousness on the part of the man who made them."

"But," I asked, "supposing those loaves to contain bombs, how were the bombs put there? Baking the bread round them would have been risky, wouldn't it?"

"Certainly. What they did was to cut the loaves, each row, down the centre. Then most of the crumb was scooped out, the explosive inserted, and the sides joined up and glued. I thought you had spotted the joins, though they certainly were neat."

"No, I didn't examine closely. Luigi, of course, had been told off for a daily visit to feed the horse, and that is how we caught him."

"One supposes so. They hadn't re-arranged their plans as to going on with the outrages after Gérard's defection. By the way, I noticed that he was accustomed to driving when I first saw him. There was an unmistakable mark on his coat, just at the small of the back, that drivers get who lean against a rail in a cart."

The loaves were examined by official experts, and, as everybody now knows, were found to contain, as Hewitt had supposed, large charges of dynamite. What became of some half-dozen of the men captured is also well known—their sentences were exemplary.

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LES MISERABLES. [*By Cecil Aldin.*

A wet day at the Zoo.

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THE GUARDS ENTERING THE BANK, 7 P.M.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND:

ITS HISTORY AND ROMANCE.

By Henry J. W. Dam.

THE Bank of England on the 27th of last July reached the two hundredth anniversary of its birth. For two centuries it has been, as it is to-day, the greatest bank in the world, and the governing factor in the enormous financial operations which, having their origin in London, reach out to every part of the globe in which civilisation guarantees the protection of invested capital, and valuable natural products or popular necessities offer opportunities for the creation or collection of wealth. It began business on the 27th of July, 1694. It was founded by a group of rich city merchants, William Patterson, a shrewd Scotchman, being the leading spirit. The subscriptions to the capital were received in the Mercers' Chapel, where the bank's operations were conducted until the end of the year. From the Mercers' Chapel the bank moved to Grocers' Hall, where it had its home for forty years, first occupying its present premises in Threadneedle Street in 1735.

The whole of the capital of £1,200,000 was promptly lent to the Government, to meet the pressing necessities of King William. In return for this loan, Parliament passed an act "levying new duties on the tonnage, for the benefit of such loyal persons as should advance money for carrying on the campaign against the French." This enactment, passed on the 16th of July, 1694, created the institution, and gave to the "Governor and Company of the Bank of England" a peculiarly favourable charter, which has been from time to time renewed, modified, and systematised, though its original fundamental idea has never been changed.

The site of the Bank of England bears an estimated annual value of £70,000. This sum, if capitalised at three per cent., would represent a gross value of £2,100,000. Estimating the buildings, vaults, printing and weighing machines, etc., at £400,000

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THE BANK GARDEN.

more, it will be seen that the "plant" of the bank must be worth over £2,400,000. Add to this the average amount of bullion, coin, securities, and unissued notes usually held, and you have the gigantic sum of £120,000,000 sterling, all heaped on a space of less than four acres. Nowhere else in the world is there such an aggregation of actual and potential wealth within so small an area.

In its early days the bank employed fifty-four clerks, and the yearly salary list amounted to £4300, the chief accountant and the secretary receiving £250 each.

At the present time the total number of employees is about fifteen hundred. The present price of Bank of England £100 shares is £332, making the capital of £14,553,000 worth £48,315,960. The usual dividend distributed is equal to ten per cent. on the original capital. The solidity of the bank is thus shown to be, in the opinion of investors, equal to that of the British Government, as the yield on bank shares at the enhanced price, and on Consols, is nearly the same—two and three-fourths per cent.

The bank is managed by twenty-four directors, in addition to the governor and deputy-governor; and they, by their committees, have full cognisance of all the bank's transactions, and full governing power in all respects. The governors are selected annually as candidates by the directors from among themselves, though they are elected by the stockholders. The governor receives £2000, the deputy-governor £1500, and the directors £500 a year each for their services. A chief official resides within the bank's walls. Clerks of standing and character are selected to remain at the bank every night during the year, and on Sundays and bank holidays. A guard of soldiers is on duty every night, marching from the Wellington or Chelsea Barracks, and they are assisted by a body of watchmen, formed of porters and workmen, fully trained in case of fire or other emergency.

Under the general name of the Bank of England have been grouped, ever since its start, three separate institutions, each of which has been complete in itself, and distinct in its operations from any other, since the passage of the Act of 1844. These are, first, "The National Debt Department," which occupies the Bartholomew Lane side, and conducts the issue of all Government loans and the payment of dividends on its own stock, on national bonds, and other securities

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controlled by the bank. The second is the "Issue Department," occupying the centre of the Threadneedle Street side, and having for its scope the issue of bank-notes, their printing, cancellation and redemption, and the numberless transactions in the issue and receipt of the gold coin and bullion by which the note issue is mainly guaranteed. The third is the "Government and General Banking Department," on the Princes Street side, in which all the banking functions of a national treasury and the ordinary business of an ordinary commercial bank are separately carried on. These departments, with the spacious offices of the officials and the cancellation and printing departments, occupy the whole street floor. Below this is a basement equal in area to the floor above it, and containing three acres of vaults and store rooms, in which all the gold and the enormous aggregation of records which have accumulated in the bank's history are stored.

MR. ALBERT G. SANDEMAN.
From a photo by] (*The present Governor.*) [*Elliott & Fry.*

A journey through the bank has long been a privilege largely sought by tourists and provincial visitors; and though the permits have been greatly restricted of late, through anarchic disturbances and newspaper criticism, it is all the more requested and enjoyed by the favoured few. After passing through the main entrance in Threadneedle Street, you come upon an inner court guarded by a gorgeous functionary in a black velvet cocked hat and a long gown of braided scarlet, who has something of the gaudiness of a Brazilian parrot, but is much less inclined to enter into conversation. He has great dignity and a wand of office, which jointly wave you towards the inner door which gives upon the Issue Department.

This is a large square room with counters on all its sides, at which all the gold or notes paid into the bank by the general public are received. Anybody can here exchange notes for gold, or *vice versa*, and all the bags of sovereigns from other banks, or from abroad, are here paid in. Its only peculiar feature is that anyone paying in a note is asked to indorse it on the back. This is for tracing purposes, which will be discussed later on.

All the sovereigns and half-sovereigns received here immediately undergo, in a large room adjoining, the ordeal of the weighers, or separators. These are (as will be seen from a sketch on another page) small brass boxes, perhaps a cubic foot in size, with glass sides. In the centre of the brass top is a small round hole, a little larger than the sovereign, which is filled by the round plate of a delicate balance. Upon this balance the sovereigns or half-sovereigns, according to the machine, slide, one at a time, by their own weight from an inclined half-tube, in which they are placed by the handful, forming a long inclined cylinder of gold coins. As each coin weighs the balance, the latter sinks. If the coin be of standard weight, the balance sinks far enough for a tiny steel finger, moving to the left, to tilt the coin off down a tube into a receptacle below. If the coin be light in weight, the balance does not sink so far, and the coin is

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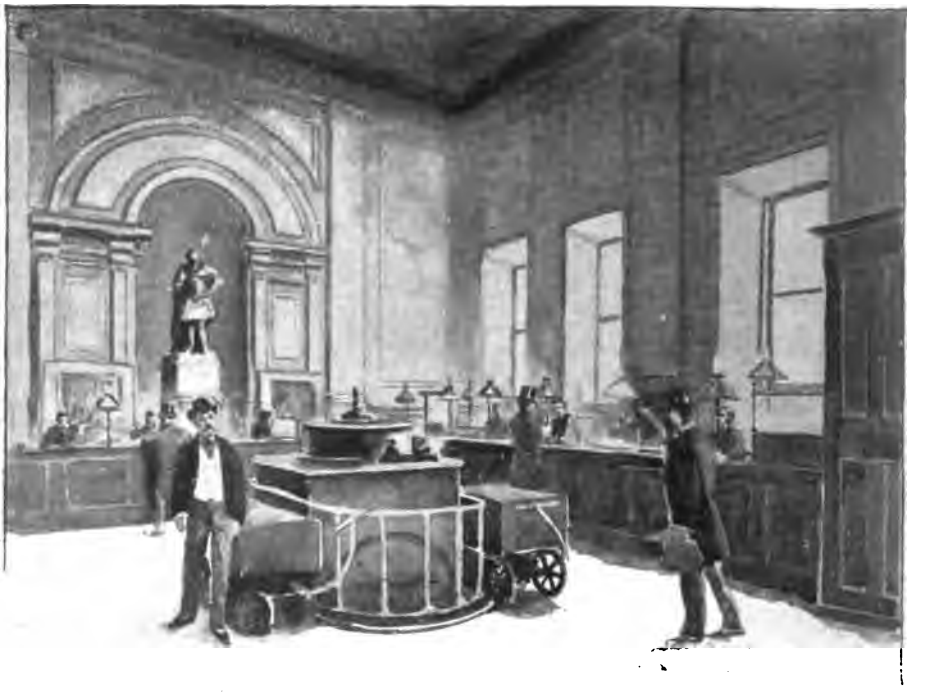
caught by a second finger, moving in the opposite direction, which tilts it into a receptacle on the right. These machines work automatically and perfectly, and save an amount of labour which can only be imagined, testing thirty million pieces per annum. The room contains sixteen of them, all working silently and regularly by atmospheric engine power, under the care of a single employee. The light coins are immediately cut, and are sold as bullion to the mint or any other purchaser, while those of standard weight remain in circulation.

Issue Department, and paid for in notes, at the rate of £3 17*s.* 9*d.* per ounce of twenty-two parts of pure gold out of twenty-four. This price is three halfpence below the market value of gold per ounce, and is consequently less by that proportion than the seller would receive in coin after it had passed through the mint. He would lose the interest on it, however, while it was being coined; and the discount arrangement, which is a convenient one for both parties, yields the bank an annual profit of £15,000. For the privilege of issuing the notes, and



H LATIMER BROWN

THE ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

The Issue Department is so distinct in its operations from the others that it could be just as well conducted in a separate building. It is required by law to issue a weekly statement, and this statement, hung at its door, shows, on this special day, that the outstanding note issue amounts to £44,114,165. This indebtedness is guaranteed, according to the statement, by the debt owing from the Government to the amount of £11,015,100; other securities to the amount of £5,784,500, and £28,514,165 in coin and bullion now in the vaults. Gold in bars is received by the

for the exemption of duty upon them, the bank pays the Government about £200,000 per annum. Per contra, the amount paid by the Government for the management of the national debt, according to the Act of 1892, is £325 per million, up to £500,000,000, and £100 per million for the remainder. This now aggregates about the sum above mentioned, £200,000 per year.

The Issue Department practically manages itself, presenting no complications in the ordinary course of business. As every bank-note issued beyond the amount of

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£16,800,000 is represented by bullion in the vaults, and the £16,800,000 is invested in Government securities, no risk can possibly occur until the issue of bank-notes is reduced to this amount; and even then the conversion of the liability would be easy.

Passing through the Issue Department, you enter the main corridor, leading to the court-room or bank-parlour, where the general courts of proprietors, as well as the weekly courts of directors, are held. It is notable on account of three exquisite and antique chimney-pieces, and the doorways at either end are columned archways of the finest workmanship and most imposing effect. The western archway leads into the committee room—a vaulted apartment, decorated in renaissance style. The governors' and deputy-governors' rooms are also in this part of the building, the latter containing a selection of weapons formerly kept for bank defence.

Passing these apartments and their attendant offices, including that of the chief cashier, you come to the secretary's office, where a polite messenger in a salmon-coloured coat and top hat takes charge of you for the conventional round. He conducts you first to the accountants' bank-note office, which, with the printing department above it, is on the Princes Street side. No note, out of the fifty or sixty thousand now issued daily, is ever issued twice. If, as a depositor, you should draw any amount in notes at the bank and pay them back into your account ten minutes afterward, they would be cancelled. So, also, any other notes received by you from any other bank in London are always new ones, crisp from the Bank of England presses of the day before. The signature is cut off immediately a note is paid in, and the Cancellation Department proceeds to file them in their regular order, taking notice and keeping account of all notes which have not been returned.

One of the curiosities of this department is a twenty-five pound note, which was paid in after being out for one hundred and eleven years. The bank-note library is also here, with albums containing old bank-notes of various large amounts, with the names of the noblemen for whom they were issued. There is also the million-pound bank-note, a bit of paper which, in its day, was worth £1,000,000, and was issued for convenience in closing an undertaking of unusual moment. The records of this department are of invaluable assistance in checking forgery, and the cancelled notes, which are kept for a period of about five years before being burned, are constantly under examination by Scotland Yard detectives in search of stolen money, or by other people whose notes have been lost. The strange stories of single notes which this department can furnish are many, and are ready-made plots for any number of romances, but they are too numerous to be told in this article. A more important question, and one often raised, is whether or not a Bank of England note, which mainly composes the national currency, is invariably good for its face. As a matter of fact, whether lost or stolen, the note will always be paid at the bank.

A CHARACTERISTIC CUSTOMER.

This point was finally settled many years ago by the theft of £20,000 in notes by the principal clerk in one of the London banks. He escaped to Holland, and there disposed of the notes to a Jew. The theft, with the numbers of the notes, was widely advertised for six months. After that period the Jew appeared with them and demanded payment which was refused. He went to the Exchange and raised an outcry. The bank, he said, had refused to pay its own notes, and was clearly insolvent. In a very few minutes a clerk appeared to invite him back to the cashier's office, and his claim, as well as the question which it raised, was settled for all time.

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THE FRONT COURTYARD.

Thence came the habit of requesting all persons presenting notes in the Issue Department to indorse them. The custom is for every person who reports his loss of a note to pay half-a-crown, and for this sum the bank guarantees to send to him the name or names of whoever may present the stolen money. Nearly all the stolen notes in England are returned through bookmakers. These gentlemen do business on race courses, and have no means of tracing persons who deal with them. They suffer no loss through the stolen paper, and are very generally used in this way by the thieves.

One of the directors in 1740 deposited £30,000, and took a single note, filled out by the cashier, in return. He went home, laid the note on the mantelpiece, and fell asleep. It disappeared. He believed it had fallen into the fire, made an affidavit to this effect, and received £30,000 more, giving a guarantee that if the note was found he would assume its responsibility. Thirty years afterward, the man having in the meantime died, the note was presented, and the bank had to pay it; and as the man's estate had long been divided, the bank lost the money.

The notes are printed in a long and

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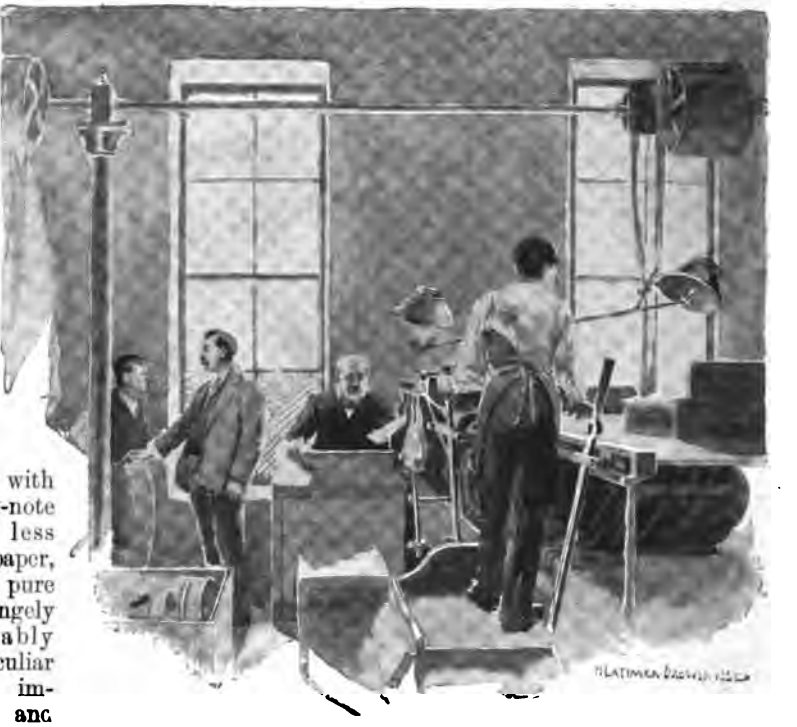
narrow printing room, in which a dozen machines of similar construction are in full action. Their denominations vary from £5 to £1000, the largest note now printed. They cost less than a halfpenny each. A single impression completes the note, specially numbered, dated, and signed by the cashier. The notes are delivered in pairs, slid upon a small table at the back of the press, where an employee stands to examine each one and see that it is correctly numbered and perfectly printed. The numbers run backward, so that the notes of each bundle of five hundred sheets lie in their natural order when they are taken away. Thus, the two notes on each sheet are numbered, say, 67168 and 77168, and the next pair are 67167 and 77167. The bundles are cut in two by an ordinary cutter, and it thus happens that every Bank of England note has three rough edges and one clean one. Great reliance, as a check upon counterfeiting, is placed upon the paper itself, the engraving, as compared with the American bank-note standard, being less elaborate. The paper, specially made from pure linen rags, is strangely thin and remarkably tough. It has a peculiar shade of whiteness impossible to describe, and is printed in indelible black ink of a special manufacture. The paper is made by a secret process at a special mill, which time out of mind has been the property of the Portal family. The note to-day is practically the same as it ever has been, and its apparent simplicity offers a great temptation to counterfeiters out of employment.



PRINTING THE NOTES.

The known losses of the bank through counterfeiting mount up, in the two hundred years of its history, among the millions. The first offence of this kind against the bank was in 1758. A young man named Richard William Vaughan, to show his lady-love how easily he could make money, counterfeited twenty notes, and gave them to her, she thriftily taking them to the bank. What was done with Richard William nobody appears to know, but there is a general consensus of opinion that he never did it again. Gilbart, in his "History and Principles of Banking," states that he was hanged!

Forgery does not seem to have attained the dignity of a public industry until 1797, when the one-pound notes were issued. For six years previous to this date there had been only one execution—forgery in those days being a capital offence. In the six years succeeding, however, eighty-five forgers were put to death. Executions continued, but forgery thrived, until justices were compelled, by the long death-roll, to take a more lenient view. Finally, in 1820, the convictions for forgery in a single year amounted to three hundred and twenty, and the death penalty, on the petition of N. M. Rothschild; Overend, Gurney and Company; and a man named Sanderson, the three biggest names in the city, along with other merchants, was finally abrogated. In 1784, "Old Patch,"

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the son of an old-clothes dealer, and the ex-partner of Foote the comedian, in a brewery, took £200,000 from the bank by forgeries, making his own ink, paper, and press, and he hung himself when arrested. Astlett, in 1803, embezzled Exchequer bills to the value of £342,000. Fauntleroy, a banker,

DETECTED.

in 1824, obtained £360,000 by forging powers of attorney for the sale of Consols, and was hung at Newgate. In the general jubilee throughout the city over the proclamation of peace with the American Republic, in 1783, fourteen forged £50 notes were cashed unnoticed; and for years in the early part of this century the bank's annual loss by counterfeits was a figure of many thousands of pounds. Forgeries to-day are rare. The machinery of detection is perfect, and the system of numbering, as well as the perpetual use by all banks of freshly printed Bank of England notes, presents insurmountable obstacles to "smashers."

The most sensational episode in the history of forgeries on the Bank of England was that of the Bidwells. While the total amount of money out of which they defrauded the bank was not as large as had been obtained by other great swindlers, the scale on which they were operating, the systematic cleverness with which the *coup* had been arranged, and the wonderfull skill with which a large number of forgeries had been executed and passed by the bank, showed clearly that but for an accidental discovery through carelessness on their part, the amount of their frauds might easily have mounted into the millions. I am assured by a gentleman who was cognisant of the state of feeling in the bank at the time that when the first discovery was made there was only one word to express it, and that was consternation. The scope of the swindle was so wide that for a day or two all confidence in commercial paper, upon which the bulk of trade is conducted, was in suspension, because the paper of so many substantial firms, including written and stamped indorsements of many kinds, had been so perfectly imitated as to defy detection.

The enterprise and its success were almost entirely due to the genius of George Bidwell, though he was ably assisted by his brother Austin, George Macdonnell, and, in a subsidiary way, by a young American named Noyes, for whom they cabled. They came to England well supplied with money, the proceeds of forgery, and had a well-defined idea of what they proposed to do.

The first thing necessary was to obtain a banking account with the bank, and this was cleverly managed by Austin, through a first-class firm of West-End tailors, who had an account at the West-End branch of the bank. Austin told them he was going to Ireland, and wished to deposit a large amount of money. They obliged him by introducing him to the bank, and he deposited £1200, and £1000 on the day following. A transaction of £8000, which he then induced the bank to carry through for him, removed all doubts as to his solidity, and Mr. Frederick Albert Warren, which name he assumed, was known to be a client who might deal to any amount without exciting suspicion.

Even with this advantage, George, who was buying commercial paper in Holland, and vainly endeavouring to "do" the Dutch business men, did not see his way clearly, until a small transaction through the Barings in London showed Macdonnell the whole inside of the system by which the commercial paper—usually bills at three months—of all reputable and substantial firms passed from hand to hand and bank to bank without the slightest inquiry as to drawer and acceptor, until it

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came due. Macdonnell telegraphed for George who came at once to London, and the three went to work. They bought all the first-class bills they could get, laid in a complete outfit of ink, stamps, and paper, and went to work drawing commercial bills, accepting them, indorsing them, and producing results which were never questioned by anybody, and probably would not have been till they fell due, but for the error mentioned.

In the meantime Austin opened another account, at the Continental Bank, as Mr. Charles Johnson Horton. He pretended to be an American who had come over to build Pullman palace cars at Birmingham, and from Birmingham nearly all the forged bills were sent to the bank, and discounted for Mr. "Warren." By means of the Continental Bank account they were enabled to obtain large amounts in notes, which, if they had taken them from the Bank of England and immediately turned them back into gold, as was their plan, in the same bank, would have excited suspicion.

Once started, the plan worked without a hitch. They made one or two preliminary trials, and finding that the forgeries were not questioned, sent down, on January 21st,

CRAZY!

1872, a batch amounting to £4200. The money was paid, the bank discounting the bills without a word, and filing them away for presentation when due. A few days later, February 4th, they sent the second batch of £11,072 with the same result. They quickly followed this up, at short intervals, with batches of £4,642 on February 10th, £14,696 on February 13th, £14,686 on February 20th, £19,253 on February 24th, and £24,265 on February 28th. Their system was perfect, and their confidence was great. The first of the forged bills did not fall due until March 25th. They were exchanging notes from the Continental Bank into gold at the Bank of England at the rate of £10,000 per day, and carrying the gold to their rooms near Piccadilly Circus, and did this until they became "sick of carrying the stuff." At the same time they were buying United States bonds through Jay Cooke & Company, £44,000 in these securities being afterwards recovered in a trunk full of dirty linen sent by George Bidwell to New York.

All being ready, they were preparing their grand stroke. They proposed to take an indefinite amount, something between half a million and a million in one day, and then leave the country. An oversight, however, proved their ruin. In the batch of £24,265, there were two bills on which the acceptance by B. W. Blydenstein was not dated. The clerk who received them thought this merely an oversight, and on March 1st sent the bills to Mr. Blydenstein for the correction. He promptly pronounced them forgeries, and the Bank was aghast.

The notification of Scotland Yard was a matter of a few minutes, and Noyes, who had been regularly and formally indentured as "Horton's" clerk, was arrested as he entered the Continental Bank to draw the money. Even then all preparations for discovery were so perfect that the quartet would have escaped but for a second oversight. George, who was watching, saw the arrest. He sent word without delay to Macdonnell and Austin. Austin fled, George fled, and Macdonnell fled. Noyes proved to be all they had expected of him. He was to receive only five per cent. of the profits, but he resolutely held to his story, refused to betray them under promise of freedom, and took a sentence of penal servitude for life rather than turn traitor. He held to his first statement that he was merely a clerk, and knew nothing of the transactions.

There would have been no means of discovering the connection between the three but for a piece of clean blotting paper in Macdonnell's lodgings, upon which he had blotted a note to George just before he went

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ARRIVAL OF BULLION.

away without notifying his landlady, and thereby exciting her suspicion. The police knew that the Bidwells were in England, and flashed George Bidwell's description in all directions. He was hunted through Ireland, and caught, after an exciting chase, in Scotland. Austin was caught in Havana, and Macdonnell in New York. All four were tried, and sentenced to penal servitude for life on August 26, 1872, but were released, after fourteen years' imprisonment, on tickets-of-leave, George and Austin coming out of Woking in 1887. The only thing about the whole plot which we have never been able to understand is, that forgers who had so much money to start with should have taken the chances of further crime.

At another time a crazy old lady haunted the premises. She was under the delusion that the heaps of gold, which were being weighed out, belonged to herself, and would calmly endeavour to appropriate them, in the fashion our artist has shown on the previous page.

After passing through the departments occupied with printing and cancellation, you come to the one most familiar to the public in the daily routine of city finance, viz., the General Banking Department. This is a spacious apartment, looking in all respects like an ordinary banking-room, at the Princes Street corner, facing the Royal Exchange. This department has two distinct branches, the first of which is the Public Drawing Office, which office, however, is in another part of the building. This has charge of all public or Government accounts, and is practically a national treasury. It receives all the money collected throughout the country as taxes, customs, excise duties, etc.; and all payments made on account of the public service are made through orders issued upon it, and paid over its counters.

The second branch, the Private Drawing Office, is devoted entirely to private accounts. Any person properly introduced to the chief cashier may open an account here, though the business which he offers must, in the

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opinion of the cashier, be a remunerative one. No stipulated cash balance is required, but, according to a rough calculation, the account to be regarded as desirable must yield an average of sixpence per check cashed throughout the year. All the London banks have drawing accounts at the Bank of England, which is essentially the bankers' bank. This creates some criticism of its system of management, since its directors, chosen according to custom, are always merchants and never bankers.

A special room is reserved for the drawing bankers, and here the vast daily exchanges of the London banks are conducted as a valuable aid to the Clearing House. The number of private accounts in the Private Drawing Office is about five thousand, and the average total balances is about £21,000,000.

The subsidiary departments in this branch of the bank are numerous. They include the Bill Office, in which all bills of exchange belonging to customers or discounted by the bank are kept sorted and arranged, so as to be presented without fail at maturity; and the Securities Office. This receives for safe custody all mortgage and debenture shares belonging to customers of the bank who wish to deposit them. The interest is collected as it falls due, coupons are cut off, sold, or collected as may be desired, and the proceeds credited to the customer's drawing account. A separate branch of this department is also the Discount Office, the bank employing a certain amount of its usual deposits in this customary line of banking business.

The National Debt Department occupies the Bartholomew Lane side, and under its popular title of the Dividend Room is well known to the two hundred and seventy thousand owners of national securities, who now exchange coupons there for notes or coin. This department, occupying ten rooms, pays quarterly the interest on £655,000,000 of Government stock, and at other periods the interest on the Colonial securities managed by the bank, all of a public or semi-public character. The most interesting room in this department is the Stock Office Library. Here are stored in almost limitless number all the stock ledgers, transfer books, dividend books, power of attorney cases, and other volumes and documents which have accumulated in the past two hundred years. There are about sixty-five thousand of these in all, so systematically arranged that reference can be made to any one of them in a very short time. The most remarkable feature about them is their excellent state of preservation, and by means of them the whole of any Government loan can be traced from its present possessors to the original holders, the title of any holder, at any period, being thus clearly established. The staff in this department numbers one hundred and seventy-five men, and seventeen hundred books are in constant use.

The most important general function fulfilled by the bank is that of regulating the money market by establishing the standard rate of discount. This is altered, weekly or daily, whenever circumstances call for a change. After estimating the probable movements of bullion during the next few days, the bank announces the lowest rate per

THE DIVIDEND OFFICE.

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annum at which it will discount the best secured bills of its regular customers. Much higher rates are required by it and other banks for trade bills, according to the standing of drawer and acceptor. The bank rate does not absolutely govern other banks, as many of them, when money is plentiful, often discount well secured paper at figures below that of the Bank of England. As the stock of gold diminishes, the bank rate goes up, and descends as gold becomes more plentiful. At any period of commercial uneasiness, when the reserve is likely to be unduly diminished, the governors use their discretion, with the advice of the court of directors, in selling securities, or raising the rate of discount, or both.

The bank has had a number of crises in its history, though these were mainly confined to its early years. From its start it was bitterly opposed by the goldsmiths, who, in 1696, when it was but two years old, formed a conspiracy to break it. They quickly collected a large sum of its notes, and organised a run, one man alone demanding £30,000 in coin. The bank could not pay, and sent them to Parliament for redress, though it continued to pay ordinary demands. Great excitement followed, and the bank was compelled to issue a call to its proprietary. By this means it paid twenty per cent. of the claims, indorsed this on the notes, and returned them to the holders. At this time the notes fell to twenty-four per cent. discount.

It was in the 1707 crisis that the bank, to gain time, began paying in silver. It had a line of its own men, who, as fast as they were paid their shillings and sixpences, passed out and deposited the money, again joining the line with more notes. By this means the outside claimants were kept in check until the needed coin arrived. Queen Anne also intervened to help the bank in this crisis, allowing it six per cent. interest on a large amount in sealed bills.

The essential point in the Bank of England system is one which is even now much debated, though bankers generally aver that it has worked remarkably well. This is the suspension by Parliament, when necessary, of the bank's charter, thereby allowing it to issue any amount of notes, for which extra issue the Government, by its action, becomes morally, if not legally, responsible. This is a safety-valve, the calming effect of which in a panic, since panics arise largely from the lack of ready money, is wonderful. The relation of the bank to financial affairs in the City has always been of a maternal character, and its intervention has on several occasions had a most salutary effect.

WEIGHING GOLD COIN.

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A BID FOR FORTUNE; OR, DR. NIKOLA'S VENDETTA.

By Guy Boothby.*

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

INTRODUCTION.

The preceding chapters of this remarkable story relate how a mysterious Dr. Nikola invites three men, Baxter, Prendergast, and Eastover, to dine with him at a London restaurant. He secures their co-operation in a plot, which he does not fully divulge, but by which he hopes to ruin his enemy—Wetherell. The scene then changes to Sydney, where we are introduced to Richard Hatteras, a rich young pearler; Mr. Wetherell, the Colonial Secretary, and Phyllis, his daughter, all three of whom travel to England in the same vessel. Eventually Hatteras falls in love with Phyllis, and vainly the father forbids any engagement between the two. Shortly after their arrival in London, however, Wetherell announces his determination to return home, explaining that he has met someone who made it impossible for him to remain. Hatteras then hires a yacht at Bournemouth, where he chances to rescue from drowning the young Marquis of Beckenham. On making the acquaintance of Mr. Baxter, the tutor to the Marquis, Hatteras is most unfavourably impressed with that gentleman. Later he detects him dispatching a suspicious telegram to Dr. Nikola, and he resolves to watch Baxter very closely indeed. Unfortunately business calls him to London, from which port he resolves to sail in the *Saratoga* for Australia, in company with the Marquis, who is going for a tour round the world with his tutor. After an extraordinary encounter with Dr. Nikola, he joins the vessel at Naples, and at Port Said he and the Marquis go ashore to inspect the town. Here Hatteras fancies he sees Nikola in the distance, and while making their way back to the vessel the two are entrapped and rendered insensible. On recovering consciousness they find that they are chained to a wall in a small room, but where, or why, they have no idea.

CHAPTER VIII. *(continued.)*

FOR some few minutes neither of us spoke. The outlook seemed too hopeless for words, and the Marquis was still too weak to keep up an animated conversation for any length of time. He sat leaning his head on his hand. But presently he looked up again.

"My poor father!" he said. "What a state he will be in!"

"And what frets me more," I returned, "how he will regret ever having listened to my advice. What a dolt I was not to have told him of my suspicions."

"You must not blame yourself for that. I am sure my father would hold you as innocent as I do. Now let us consider our position. In the first place, where are we, do you think? In the second, is there any possible chance of escape?"

"To the first my answer is, 'don't know;' to the second, 'can't say.' I have discovered one thing, however, and that is that the street does not lie outside that window, but runs along on the other side of this wall behind me. The window, I suspect, looks out on to some sort of a courtyard. But unfortunately that information is not much good to us, as we can neither of us move away from where we are placed."

"Is there no other way?"

"Not one, as far as I can see. Can you see anything on your side?"

"Nothing at all, unless we could get at the door. But what's that sticking out of the wall near your feet?"

I stooped as much as I was able to get a better view of it.

"It looks like a pipe."

The end of a pipe it certainly was, and sticking out into the room, but where it led to and why it had been cut off in this peculiar fashion were two questions I could no more answer than I could fly.

"Does it run out into the street, do you think?" was Beckenham's immediate query. "If so, you might manage to call through it to some passer-by, and ask him to obtain assistance for us!"

"A splendid notion if I could get my mouth anywhere within a foot of it, but as this chain will not permit me to do that, it might as well be a hundred miles off. It's as much as I can do to touch it with my fingers."

"Do you think if you had a stick you could push a piece of paper through? We might write a message on it."

"Possibly, but there's another drawback to that. I haven't the necessary piece of stick."

"Here is a stiff piece of straw; try that."

He harpooned a piece of straw about eight inches long, across the room towards me, and, when I had received it, I thrust it carefully into the pipe. A disappointment, however, was in store for us.

"It's no use," I reported sorrowfully, as I threw the straw away. "It has an elbow

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halfway down, and that would prevent any message from being pushed through."

"Then we must try to discover some other plan. Don't lose heart!"

"Hush! I hear somebody coming."

True enough a heavy footfall was approaching down the passage. It stopped at the door of the room in which we were confined, and a key was inserted in the lock. Next moment the door swung open and a tall man entered the room. A ray of sunlight, penetrating between the boards that covered the window, fell upon him and showed me that his hair was white and that his face was deeply pitted with small-pox marks. Now where had I met or heard of a man with those peculiarities before! Ah! I remembered! He stood for a moment in the doorway looking about him, and then strolled into the centre of the room.

"It's a very probable there will be a fight."

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said, with an airy condescension that stung like an insult, "I trust you have no fault to find with the lodging our poor hospitality is able to afford you."

"Mr. Prendergast," I answered, determining to try him with the name of the man mentioned by my sweetheart in her letter. "What does this mean? Why have we been made prisoners like this? I demand to be released at once. You will have to answer severely to our consul for this detention."

For a brief space he appeared to be dumbfounded by my knowledge of his name. But he soon recovered himself and leaned his back against the wall, looking us both carefully over before he answered.

"I shall be only too pleased," he said sneeringly, "but if you'll allow me to say so, I don't think we need trouble about explanations yet awhile."

"Pray, what do you mean by that?"

"Exactly what I say; as you are likely to be our guests for some considerable time to come, there will be no need for explanation."

"You mean to keep us prisoners, then, do you? Very well, Mr. Prendergast, be assured of this, when I *do* get loose I'll make you feel the weight of my arm."

"I think it's very probable there will be a fight if ever we do meet," he answered, coolly taking a cigarette from his pocket and lighting it. "And it's my impression you'd be a man worth fighting, Mr. Hatteras."

All this time the young Marquis had not said a word. Now he interrogated Prendergast in his turn.

"If you think my father will let me remain here very long you're much mistaken," he said. "And as for the ransom you expect him to pay, I don't somehow fancy you'll get a halfpenny."

At the mention of the word "ransom" I noticed the a new and queer expres on

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came into our captor's face. He did not reply, however, except to utter his usual irritating laugh. Having done so he went to the door and called something in Arabic. In answer a gigantic negro made his

"A gigantic negro made his appearance."

appearance, bearing in his hands a tray on which were set two basins of food and two large mugs of water. These were placed before us and Prendergast bade us, if we were hungry, fall to.

"You must not imagine that we wish to starve you," he said. "Food will be served to you twice a day. And if you want it, you can even be supplied with spirits and tobacco. Now, before I go, one word of advice. Don't indulge in any idea of escape. Communication with the outside world is absolutely impossible, and you will find that those collars and chains will stand a good strain before they give way. If you behave yourselves you will be well looked after; but if you attempt any larks you will be confined in different rooms, and there will be a radical change in our behaviour towards you."

So saying he left the room, taking the precaution to lock the door carefully behind him.

When we were once more alone, a long silence fell upon us. It would be idle for me to say that the generous behaviour of the young Marquis with regard to my share in this wretched business had set my mind at rest. But if it had not done that it had at least served to intensify another resolution. Come what might, I told myself, I would find a way of escape, and he should be returned to his father safe and sound, if it cost me my life to do it. But how *were* we to escape? We could not move from our places on account of the chains that secured us to the walls, and, though I put all my whole strength into it, I found I could not dislodge the staple a hundredth part of an inch from its holding-place.

The morning wore slowly on, midday came and went, the afternoon dragged its dismal length, and still there was no change in our position. Towards sundown the same gigantic negro entered the room again, bringing us our evening meal. When he left we were locked up for the night, with only the contemplation of our woes, and the companionship of the multitudes of mice that scampered about the floor, to enliven us.

The events of the next seven days are hardly worth chronicling, unless it is to state that every morning at daylight the same cock crew and the same dog barked, while at six o'clock the same cripple invariably made his way down the street behind me. At eight o'clock, almost to the minute, breakfast was served to us, and just as punctually the evening meal made its appearance as the sun was declining behind the opposite housetop. Not again did we see any sign of Mr. Prendergast, and though times out of number I tugged at my chain I was never a whit nearer loosening it than I had been on the first occasion. One after another plans of escape were proposed, discussed, and invariably rejected as impracticable. So another week passed and another, until we had been imprisoned in that loathsome place not less than twenty days. By the end of that time, as may be supposed, we were as desperate as men could well be. I must, however, admit here that anything like the patience and pluck of my companion under such trying circumstances I have never in my life met with before. Not once did he reproach me in the least degree for my share in the wretched business, but took everything just as it came, without unnecessary comment and certainly without complaint.

One fact had repeatedly struck me as significant, and that was the circumstance that every morning between six and half-past, as already narrated, the same cripple

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went down the street; and in connection with this, within the last few days of the time, a curious coincidence had revealed itself to me. From the tapping of his crutches on the stones I discovered that while one was shod with iron, the other was not. Now where and when had I noticed that peculiarity in a cripple before? That I had observed it somewhere I was certain. For nearly half the day I turned this over and over in my mind, and then, in the middle of my evening meal, enlightenment came to me. I remembered the man whose piteous tale had so much affected Beckenham on the day of our arrival, and the sound his crutches made upon the pavement as he left us. If my surmise proved correct, and we could only manage to communicate with him, here was a golden opportunity. But how were we to do this? We discussed it and discussed it times out of number, but in vain. That he must be stopped on his way down the street need not to be argued at all. In what way, however, could this be done? The window was out of the question, the door was not to be thought of; in that case the only communicating place would be the small pipe by my side. But as I have already pointed out, by reason of the elbow it would be clearly impossible to force a message through it. All day we devoted ourselves to attempts to solve what seemed a hopeles difficulty. Then like a flash another brilliant inspiration burst upon me.

"By Jove, I have it!" I said, taking care to whisper lest anyone might be listening at the door. "We must manage by hook or crook to catch a mouse *and let him carry our appeal for help to the outside world.*"

"A magnificent idea. I do believe you've saved us!"

But to catch a mouse was easier said than done. Though the room was alive with them they were so nimble and so cunning that, try how we would, we could not lay hold of one. But at length my efforts were rewarded, and after a little struggle I held my precious captive in my hand. By this time another idea had come to me. If we wanted to bring Nikola and his gang to justice and to discover their reason for hatching this plot against us, it would not do to ask the public at large for help—and I must own, in spite of our long imprisonment, I was weak enough to feel a curiosity as to their motive. No! It must be to the beggar who passed the house every morning that we must appeal.

"This letter concerns you more than me," I said to my companion. "Have you a lead pencil in your pocket?"

He had, and immediately threw it across to me. Then taking a small piece of paper from my pocket I set myself to compose the following in French and English:—

"If this should meet the eye of the individual to whom a young Englishman gave half-a-sovereign in charity three weeks ago, he is implored to assist one who assisted him, and who has been imprisoned ever since that day in the room with the blank wall facing the street and the boarded-up window on the right hand side. To do this he must obtain a small file and discover a way to convey it into the room by means of the small pipe leading through the blank wall into the street; if this could be dislodged it might be pushed in through the aperture thus made. On receipt of the file an English five-pound note will be conveyed to him in the same way as this letter, and another if secrecy is observed and those imprisoned in the house escape."

This important epistle had hardly been concocted before the door was unlocked and our dusky servitor entered with the evening meal. He had long since abandoned his first habit of bringing us our food in separate basins, but conveyed it to us now in the saucepan in which it was cooked, dividing it thence into our basins. These latter, it may be interesting to state, had not been washed since our arrival.

All the time that our jailer was in the room I held my trembling prisoner in my hand, clinging to him as to the one thing which connected us with liberty. But the door had no sooner closed upon him than I had tilted out my food upon the floor and converted my basin into a trap.

It may be guessed how long that night seemed to us, and with what trembling eagerness we awaited the first signs of breaking day. Directly it was light I took off and unravelled one of my socks. The thread thus obtained I doubled, and this done, secured one end of it to the note, which I had rolled into a small compass, attaching the other to my captive mouse's hind leg. Then we set ourselves to wait for six o'clock. The hour came; and minute after minute went by before we heard in the distance the tapping of the crutches on the stones. Little by little the sound grew louder, and then

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fainter, and when I judged he was nearly at my back I stooped and thrust our curious messenger into the pipe. Then we sat down to await the result.

As the mouse, only too glad to escape, ran into the aperture, the thread, on which our very lives depended, swiftly followed, dragging its message after it. Minutes went by; half-an-hour; an hour; and then the remainder of the day; and still nothing came to tell us that our appeal had been successful.

That night I caught another mouse, wrote the letter again, and at six o'clock next morning once more despatched it on its journey. Another day went by without reply. That night we caught another, and at six o'clock next morning sent it off; a third, and even a fourth, followed, but still without success. By this time the mice were almost impossible to catch, but our wits were sharpened by despair, and we managed to hit upon a method that eventually secured for us a plentiful supply. For the sixth time the letter was written and dispatched at the moment the footsteps were coming down the street. Once more the tiny animal crawled into the pipe, and once more the message disappeared upon its journey.

Another day was spent in anxious waiting, but this time we were not destined to be disappointed. About eight o'clock that night, just as we were giving up hope, I detected a faint noise near my feet; for all the world as if someone were forcing a stick through a hole in a brick wall. I informed Beckenham of the fact in a whisper, and then put my head down to listen. Yes, there was the sound again. Oh, if only I had a match! But it was no use wishing for what was impossible, so I put my hand down to the pipe. *It was moving!* It turned in my hand, moved to and fro for a brief space and then disappeared from my grasp entirely; next moment it had left the room. A few seconds later something cold was thrust into my hand, *and from its rough edge I knew it to be a file.* I drew it out as if it were made of gold and thrust it into my pocket. A piece of string was attached to it, and the reason of this I was at first at some loss to account for. But a moment's reflection told me that it was to assist in the fulfilment of our share of the bargain. So, taking a five pound note from the secret pocket in which I carried my paper money, I tied the string to it, and it was instantly withdrawn.

A minute could not have elapsed before I was at work upon the staple of my collar, and in less than half an hour it was filed through and the iron was off my neck.

If I tried for a year I could not make you understand what a relief it was to me to stand upright. I stretched myself again and again, and then crossed the room on tiptoe in the dark to where the Marquis lay.

"You are free!" he whispered, clutching and shaking my hand. "Oh, thank God!"

"Hush! Put down your head and let me get to work upon your collar before you say anything more."

As I was able this time to get at my work standing up, it was not very long before Beckenham was as free as myself. He rose to his feet with a great sigh of relief and we shook hands warmly in the dark.

"Now," I said, leading him towards the door, "we will attempt our escape, and I pity the man who attempts to stop us."

CHAPTER IX.

DR. NIKOLA PERMITS US A FREE PASSAGE.

THE old saying, "Don't count your chickens before they're hatched," is as good a warning as any I know. Certainly it proved so in our case. For had we not been so completely occupied filing through the staples of our collars we should not have omitted to take into consideration the fact that, even when we should have removed the chains that bound us, we would still be prisoners in the room. I'm very much afraid, however, even had we remembered this point, we should only have considered it of minor importance and one to be easily overcome. As it was, the unwelcome fact remained that the door *was* locked, and, what was worse, that the lock itself had, for security's sake, been placed on the outside, so that there was no chance of our being able to pick it, even had our accomplishments lain in that direction.

"Try the window," whispered Beckenham, in answer to the heavy sigh which followed my last discovery.

Accordingly we crossed the room, and I put my hands upon one of the boards and pulled. But I might as well have tried to tow a troopship with a piece of cotton, for all the satisfactory result I got; the planks were trebly screwed to the window frame, and each in turn defied me. When I was tired Beckenham put his strength to it, but even our united efforts were of no

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avail, and, panting and exhausted, we were at length obliged to give it up as hopeless.

"This is a pretty fix we've got ourselves into," I said as soon as I had recovered sufficient breath to speak. "We can't remain here, and what on earth are we to do to escape?"

"I can't say, unless we manage to burst that door open and fight our way out. I wonder if that would be possible?"

"First, let 's see if it 's possible to burst the door!"

We crossed the room again and I examined the door carefully with my fingers. It was not an over-strong one; but I was sufficient of a carpenter to tell that it would withstand a good deal of pressure before it would give way.

"I've a good mind to try it," I said; "but in that case, remember, it will probably mean a hand-to-hand fight on the other side, and, unarmed and weak as we are, we shall be pretty sure to get the worst of it."

"Never mind that," my intrepid companion replied, with a confidence in his voice that I was very far from feeling. "In for a penny, in for a pound, even if we're killed it couldn't be worse than being buried alive in here."

"That's so, and if fighting's your idea, I'm your man," I answered. "Let me first take my bearings, and then I'll see what I can do against it. You get out of the way, but be sure to stand by to rush the passage directly the door goes."

Again I felt the door and wall in order that I might be sure where it lay, and having done so crossed the room. My heart was beating like a Nasmyth hammer, and it was nearly a minute before I could pull myself together sufficiently for my rush. Then summoning every muscle in my body to my assistance, I dashed across and at it with every ounce of strength my frame was capable of. Considering the darkness of the room, my steering was not so bad, for my shoulder caught the door just above its centre; there was a great crash—a noise of breaking timbers—and amid a shower of splinters and general *débris* I fell headlong through into the passage. By the time it would have taken me to count five, Beckenham was beside me helping me to rise.

"Now stand by for big trouble!" I said, rubbing my shoulder, and every moment expecting to see a door open and a crowd of Prendergast's ruffians come rushing out. "We shall have them on us in a minute."

But to our intense astonishment it was all dead silence in the house. Not a sound of any single kind, save our excited breathing, greeted our ears. We might have broken into an empty house for all we knew the difference.

For nearly five minutes we stood, side by side, waiting for the battle which did not come.

"What on earth does it all mean?" I asked my companion. "That crash of mine was loud enough to wake the dead. Can they have deserted the place, think you, and left us to starve?"

"I can't make it out any more than you can," he answered. "But don't you think we'd better take advantage of their not coming to find a way out?"

"Of course. One of us had better creep down the passage and discover how the land lies. As I'm the stronger, I'll go. You wait here."

Stealthily as a cat I crept along the passage, treading cautiously, for I knew that both our lives depended on it. Though it could not have been more than sixty feet, it seemed of interminable length, and was as black as night. Not a glimmer of light, however faint, met my eyes.

On and on I stole, expecting every moment to be pounced upon and seized; but no such fate awaited me. If, however, our jailers did not appear, another danger was in store for me.

In the middle of my walk my feet suddenly went from under me, and I found myself falling I knew not where. In reality it was only a drop of about three feet down a short flight of steps. Such a noise as my fall made was surely never heard, still, however, no sound came. Then Beckenham fumbled his way cautiously down the steps to my side, and whispered an enquiry as to what had happened. I told him in as few words as possible, and then struggled to my feet again.

Just as I did so my eyes detected a faint glimmer of light low down on the floor ahead of us. From its position it evidently emanated from the doorway of a room.

"Oh! if only we had a match," I whispered.

"It's no good wishing," said Beckenham. "What do you advise?"

"It's difficult to say; but I should think we 'd better listen at that door and try to discover if there is anyone inside.

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If there is, and he is alone, we must steal in upon him, let him see that we are desperate, and, willy nilly, force him to show us a way out. It's ten chances to one, if we go on prowling about here, we shall stumble upon the whole nest of them—then we'll be caught like rats in a trap. What do you think?"

"I agree with you. Go on."

Without further ado we crept towards the light, which, as I expected, came from under a door, and listened. Someone was plainly moving about inside; but though we listened for what seemed a quarter of an hour, but must in reality have been less than a minute and a half, we could hear no voices.

"Whoever he is, he's alone — that's certain," whispered my companion. "Open the door softly, and we'll creep in upon him."

In answer, and little by little, a cold shiver running down my back lest it should creak and so give warning to the person within, I turned the handle, pushed open the door, and we looked inside. Then—but, my gracious! if I live to be a thousand I shall never forget even the smallest particular connected with the sight that met my eyes.

The room itself was a long and low one; its measurements possibly sixty feet by fifteen. The roof—for there was no ceiling—was of wood, crossed by heavy rafters, and much begrimed with dirt and smoke. The floor was of some highly polished wood closely resembling oak and was completely bare. But the shape and construction of the room itself were as nothing compared with the strangeness of its furniture and occupants. Words would fail me if I tried to give you a true and accurate description of it. I only know that, strong man, used to the horrors of life and death, as I was, what I saw before me made my blood run cold and my flesh creep as it had never been made to do before.

To begin with, round the walls were arranged, at regular intervals, more than a dozen enormous bottles, each of which contained what looked, to me, only too much like human specimens pickled in some light-coloured fluid resembling spirits of wine. Between these gigantic but more than horrible receptacles were numberless smaller ones holding other and even more dreadful remains; while on pedestals and stands, bolt upright and reclining, were skeletons of men, monkeys, and quite a hundred sorts of animals. The intervening spaces were filled with skulls, bones, and the apparatus for every kind of murder known to the fertile brain of man. There were European rifles, revolvers, bayonets, and swords; Italian stilettos, Turkish scimitars, Greek knives, Central African spears and poisoned arrows, Zulu knobkerries, Afghan yataghans, Malay krises, Sumatra blow-pipes, Chinese dirks, New Guinea head-catching implements, Australian spears and boomerangs, Polynesian stone hatchets, and numerous other weapons the names of which I cannot now remember. Mixed up with them were implements for every sort of wizardry known to the superstitious; from English love charms to African Obi sticks, from spiritualistic planchettes to the most horrible of Fijian death potions.

In the centre of the wall, opposite to where we stood, was a large fireplace of the fashion usually met with in old English manor-houses, and on either side of it a figure that nearly turned me sick with horror. That on the right side was apparently a native of Northern India, if one might judge by his dress and complexion. He sat on the floor in a constrained attitude, accounted for by the fact that his head, which was at least three times too big for his body, was so heavy as to require an iron tripod with a ring or collar in the top of it to keep it from overbalancing him and bringing him to the floor. To add to the horror of this awful head, it was quite bald; the skin was drawn tensely over the bones, and upon this great veins stood out as large as macaroni stems.

On the other side of the hearth was a creature half ape and half man—the like of which I remember once to have seen in a museum of monstrosities in Sydney, where, if my memory serves me, he was described upon the catalogue as a Burmese monkey-boy. He was chained to the wall in somewhat the same fashion as we had been, and was chattering and scratching for all the world like a monkey in a Zoo.

But, horrible as these things were, the greatest surprise of all was yet to come. For, standing at the heavy oaken table in the centre of the room, was a man I should have known anywhere if I had been permitted half a glance at him. *It was Dr. Nikola.*

When we entered he was busily occupied

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with a scalpel, dissecting an animal strangely resembling a monkey. On the table, and watching the work upon which his master was engaged, sat his constant companion, the same fiendish black cat I have mentioned on a previous occasion. While at the end nearest us, on tip-toe, in order to see what was going on, stood an albino dwarf, scarcely more than two feet eight inches high.

Now, though it has necessarily taken me some time to describe the scene which greeted our eyes, it must not be supposed that anything like the same length of time had really elapsed. Three seconds at the very most would have sufficed to cover the whole period.

So stealthily, however, had our approach been made, and so carefully had I opened the door, that we were well into the room before our appearance was discovered, and also before I had realised into whose presence we had stumbled. Then my foot touched upon a board that creaked, and Dr. Nikola looked up from the work upon which he was engaged.

His pale, thin face did not show the slightest sign of surprise as he said, in his usual placid tone:

"So you have managed to escape from your room, gentlemen. Well, and pray what do you want with me?"

For a moment I was so much overcome with surprise that my tongue refused to perform its office. Then I said, advancing towards him as I spoke, closely followed by the Marquis:

"So, Dr. Nikola, we have met at last!"

"At last, Mr. Hatteras, as you say," this singular being replied, still without a sign of either interest or embarrassment. "All things considered, I suppose you would deem me ironical if I ventured to say that I am pleased to see you about again. However, don't let me keep you standing, won't you sit down? My Lord Marquis, let me offer you a chair."

All this time we were edging up alongside the table, and I was making ready for a rush at him. But he was not to be taken off his guard. His extraordinary eyes had been watching me intently, taking in my every movement; and a curious effect they had upon me.

"Dr. Nikola," I said, pulling myself together, "the game is up. You beat me last time; but now you must own I come out on top. Don't utter a word or call for assistance—if you do you're a dead man. Now drop that knife you hold in your hand, and show us the way out!"

The Marquis was on his right, I was on his left, and we were closing in upon him as I spoke. Still he showed no sign of fear, though he must have well known the danger of his position. But his eyes glowed in his head like living coals.

You will ask why we did not rush at him? Well, if I am obliged to own it, I must—the truth was, such was the power

"Prendergast, revolver in hand."

that emanated from this extraordinary man, that though we both knew the crucial moment of our enterprise had arrived, while his eyes were fixed upon us, neither of us could stir an inch. When he spoke his voice seemed to cut like a knife.

"So you think my game is up, Mr. Hatteras, do you? I'm afraid once more I must differ from you. Look behind you, my friend."

I did so, and that glance showed me

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how cleverly we'd been trapped. Leaning against the door, watching us with cruel, yet smiling eyes, was our old enemy Prendergast, revolver in hand. Just behind me were two powerful Soudanese, while near the Marquis was a man looking like a Greek—and a very stalwart Greek at that. Observing our discomfiture, Nikola seated himself in a big chair near the fireplace and folded his hands in the curious fashion I have before described; as he did so his black cat sprang to his shoulder and sat there watching us all. Dr. Nikola was the first to speak.

"Mr. Hatteras," he said, with devilish clearness and deliberation, "you should really know me better by this time than to think you could outwit me so easily. Is my reputation after all so small as that? And, while I think of it, pray let me have the pleasure of returning to you your five-pound note and your letters. Your mice were perfect messengers, were they not?"

As he spoke he handed me the selfsame Bank of England note I had despatched through the pipe that very evening in payment for the file; then he shook from a box he had taken from the chimneypiece all the communications I had written imploring assistance from the outside world. To properly estimate my chagrin and astonishment would be very difficult. I could only sit and stare, first at the money and then at the letters, in blankest amazement. So we had not been rescued by the cripple after all. Was it possible that while we had been so busy arranging our escape we had in reality been all the time under the closest surveillance? If that were so, then this knowledge of our doings would account for the silence with which my attack upon the door had been received. Now we were in an even worse position than before. I looked at Beckenham, but his head was down and his right hand was picking idly at the table edge. He was evidently waiting for what was coming next. In sheer despair I turned to Nikola.

"Since you have outwitted us again, Dr. Nikola, do not play with us—tell us straight out what our fate is to be."

"If it means going back to that room again," said Beckenham in a voice I hardly recognised, "I would far rather die and be done with it."

"Do not fear, my lord, you shall not die," Nikola said, turning to him with a bow. "Believe me, you will live to enjoy many happier hours than those you have been compelled to spend under my roof!"

"What do you mean?"

The doctor did not answer for nearly a moment; then he took what looked to me suspiciously like a cablegram form from his pocket and carefully examined it. Having done so, he said quietly:

"Gentlemen, you ask what I mean? Well, I mean this—if you wish to leave this house this very minute, you are free to do so on one condition!"

"And that condition is?"

"That you allow yourselves to be blindfolded in this room and conducted by my servants to the harbour side. I furthermore ask your words of honour that you will not seek to remove your bandages until you are given permission to do so. Do you agree to this?"

Needless to say we both signified our assent.

This free permission to leave the house was a second surprise, and one for which we were totally unprepared.

"Then let it be so. My Lord Marquis, and you, Mr. Hatteras, it is with sincere pleasure I restore to you your liberty again!"

He made a sign to Prendergast, who instantly stepped forward. But I had something to say before we were removed.

"One word first, Dr. Nikola. You have——"

"Mr. Hatteras, if you will be guided by me, you will keep a silent tongue in your head. Let well alone. In the words of the proverb, Beware how you disturb a sleeping dog. Why I have acted as I have done towards you you may some day learn; in the meanwhile rest assured it was from no idle motive. Now take me at my word, and go while you have the chance. I may change my mind in a moment, and then——"

He stopped and did not say any more. At a sign, Prendergast clapped a thick bandage over my eyes, another man did the same for Beckenham; a man on either side of me took my arms, and next moment we had passed out of the room, and before I could have counted fifty were in the cool air of the open street.

How long we were walking after leaving the house I could not say, but at last our escort called a halt. Prendergast was evidently in command, for he said:

"Gentlemen, before we leave you you will renew your words of honour not to remove your bandages for five full minutes?"

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We complied with his request; instantly our arms were released, and a moment later we heard our captors leaving us. The minutes went slowly by. Presently Beckenham said:

"How long do you think we've been standing here?"

"Nearly the stipulated time, I should say," I answered. "However, we'd better give them a little longer, on chance of mistake."

Again a silence fell on us. Then I tore off my bandage, to find Beckenham doing the same.

"They're gone, and we're free again," he cried. "Hurrah!"

We shook hands warmly on our escape and then looked about us. A ship's bell out in the stream chimed half an hour after midnight, and a precious dark night it was. A number of vessels were to be seen, and from the noise that came from them it it was evident they were busy coaling.

"What's to be done now?" asked Beckenham.

"Find an hotel, I think," I answered; "get a good night's rest, and first thing in the morning hunt up our consul and the steamship authorities."

"Come along, then. Let's look for a place. I noticed one that should suit us close to where we came ashore that day."

Five minutes' walking brought us to the house we sought. The proprietor was not very fastidious, and whatever he may have thought of our appearances he took us in without demur. A bath and a good meal followed, and then after a thorough overhauling of all the details connected with our imprisonment we turned into bed resolved to thrash it out upon the morrow.

Next morning, true to our arrangement, as soon as breakfast was over, I set off for the steamship company's office, leaving the Marquis by himself at the hotel for reasons which had begun to commend themselves to me, and which will soon be apparent to you.

I found the *Saratoga's* agent busily at work in his private office. He was a tall, thin man, slightly bald, wearing a pair of heavy gold pince-nez, and very slow and deliberate in his speech.

"I beg your pardon," he began, when I had taken possession of his proffered chair, "but did I understand my clerk to say that your name was Hatteras?"

"That's my name," I answered. "I was a passenger in your boat the *Saratoga* for Australia three weeks ago, but had the misfortune to be left behind when she sailed."

"Ah! I remember the circumstances well," he said. "The young Marquis of Beckenham went ashore with you, I think, and came within an ace of being also left behind."

"Within an ace!" I cried; "but he *was* left behind."

"No, no! there you are mistaken," was the astounding reply; "he *would* have been left behind had not his tutor and I gone

"The *Saratoga's* agent."

ashore at the last moment to look for him and found him wandering about on the outskirts of Arab Town. I don't remember ever to have seen a man so angry as the tutor was, and no wonder, for they only just got out to the boat again as the gangway was being hauled aboard."

"Then you mean to tell me that the Marquis went on to Australia after all!" I cried. "And pray how did this interesting young gentleman explain the fact of his losing sight of me?"

"He lost you in a crowd, he said," the agent continued. "It was a most extraordinary business altogether."

It certainly was, and even more extraordinary than he imagined. I could hardly believe my ears. The world seemed to be

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turned upside down. I only know that I stumbled out a few lame enquiries about the next boat sailing for Australia, and what would be done with my baggage on its arrival at the other end, and then made my way as best I could out of the office.

Hastening back to the hotel, I told my story from beginning to end to my astonished companion, who sat on his bed listening open-mouthed. When I had finished he said feebly:

"But what does it all mean? Tell me that! What does it mean?"

"It means," I answered, "that our notion about Nikola's abducting us in order to blackmail your father was altogether wrong, and, if you ask me, I should say not half picturesque enough. No, no! this mystery is a bigger one by a hundred times than even we expected, and there are more men in it than ourselves. It remains with you to say whether you will assist in the attempt to unravel it or not. Oh! my beauty Baxter, if ever I get hold of you! What a meeting that will be!"

"What do you mean by saying it remains with me to say whether we shall unravel it or not? Do I understand you to mean that you intend following it up?"

"Of course I do. Nikola and Baxter between them have completely done me—now I'm going to do my best to do them. By Jove!"

"What is it now?"

"I see it all as plain as a pikestaff. I understand exactly now why Baxter came for you, why he telegraphed that the train was laid, why I was drugged in Plymouth, why you were seasick between Naples and this place, and why we were both kidnapped so mysteriously!"

"Then explain, for mercy's sake!"

"I will. See here. In the first place, remember your father's peculiar education of yourself. If you consider that you will see that you are the only young nobleman of high rank whose face is not well known to his brother Peers. That being so, Nikola wants to procure you for some purpose of his own in Australia. Your father advertises for a tutor; he sends one of his agents—Baxter—to secure the position. Baxter, at Nikola's instruction, puts into your head a desire for travel. You pester your father for the necessary permission. Just as this is granted I come upon the scene. Baxter suspects me. He telegraphs to Nikola 'The train is laid,' which means that he has begun to lay the seeds of a desire for travel, when a third party steps in—in other words, I am the new danger that has arisen. He arranges your sailing, and all promises to go well. Then Dr. Nikola finds out I intend going in the same boat. He tries to prevent me; and I—by Jove! I see another thing. Why did Baxter suggest that you should cross the Continent and join the boat at Naples? Why, simply because if you had started from Plymouth you would soon have got over your sickness, if you had ever been ill at all, and in that case the passengers would have become thoroughly familiar with your face by the time you reached Port Said. That would never have done, so he takes you to Naples, drugs you next morning—for you must remember you were ill after the coffee he gave you—and by that means keeps you ill and confined to your cabin throughout the entire passage to Port Said. Then he persuades you to go ashore with me. You do so, with what result you know. Presently he begins to bewail your non-return, invites the agent to help in the search. They set off, and eventually find you near the Arab quarter. You must remember that neither the agent, the captain, nor the passengers have seen you, save at night, so the substitute, who is certain to have been well chosen and schooled for the part he is to play, is not found out. Then the boat goes on her way, while we are left behind languishing in durance vile."

"Do you really think those are the facts of the case?"

"Upon my word, I do!"

"Then what do you advise me to do? Remember, Baxter has letters to the different Governors from my father."

"I know what I should do myself!"

"Go to the consul and get him to warn the authorities in Australia, I suppose?"

"No. That would do little or no good—remember, they've three weeks' start of us."

"Then what shall we do? I'm in your hands entirely, and whatever you advise I promise you I'll do."

"If I were you I should doff my title, take another name, and set sail with me for Australia. Once there, we'll put up in some quiet place and set ourselves to unmask these rascals and to defeat their little game whatever it may be. Are you prepared for so much excitement as that?"

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"Of course I am. Come what may, I'll go with you, and there's my hand on it."

"Then we'll catch the next boat—not a mail-steamer—that sails for an Australian port, and once ashore there we'll set the ball a-rolling with a vengeance."

"That scoundrel Baxter! I'm not vindictive as a rule, but I feel I should like to punish him."

"Well, if they've not flown by the time we reach Australia, you'll probably be able to gratify your wish. It's Nikola, however, I want."

Beckenham shuddered as I mentioned the Doctor's name. So to change the subject I said:

"I'm going for another walk now. Would you care to accompany me?"

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I'm off to try and find the house where we were shut up," I answered, "I want to be able to locate it for future reference, if necessary."

"Is it safe to go near it, do you think?"

"In broad daylight, yes! But just to make sure we'll buy a couple of revolvers on the way. And if it becomes necessary we'll use them."

"Come along, then."

With that we left our hotel and set off in the direction of the Casino, stopping, however, on the way to make the purchases above referred to.

On arrival at the place we sought, we stopped and looked about us. I pointed to a street on our right.

"That was the way we came from the mosque," I said. Then, pointing to a narrow alley way almost opposite where we were, I continued, "And that was where I saw Nikola standing watching us. Now when we came out of this building we turned to our left hand, and, if I mistake not, went off in that direction. I think, if you've no objection, we'll go that way now."

We accordingly set off at a good pace, and after awhile arrived at the spot where the guide had caught us up. It looked a miserably dirty neighbourhood in the bright sunlight. Beckenham looked round him thoughtfully, and finally said:

"Now we turn to our right, I think."

"Quite so. Come along!"

We passed down one thoroughfare and up another, and at last reached the spot where I had commented on the sign-boards, and where we had been garotted. Surely the house must be near at hand now. But though we hunted high and low, up one street and down another, not a single trace of any building answering the description of the one we wanted could we discover. At last, after nearly an hour's search, we were obliged to give it up, and return to our hotel, unsuccessful.

As we finished lunch a large steamer made her appearance in the harbour, and brought up opposite the town. We questioned our landlord, who was an authority on the subject, and he informed us that she was the s.s. *Pescadore*, of Hull, bound to Melbourne.

Hearing this we immediately chartered a boat, pulled off to her, and interviewed the captain. As good luck would have it, he had room for a couple of passengers. We therefore paid the passage money there and then, provided ourselves with a few necessaries, articles of attire, toilet, etc., and shortly before nightfall steamed into the Canal. Port Said was a thing of the past. Our eventful journey was resumed—what was the end of it all to be?

(To be continued next month, when the second part of the story will be begun.)

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UNKNOWN LONDON.

VI.—MODEL AND OTHER LAUNDRIES.

By H. D. Lowry and T. S. C. Crowther.

THE last few years have seen the death of many an opinion which had long been honoured merely because of its extreme old age; but among all latter-day changes, nothing is more remarkable than the disappearance of the conviction which we English shared, through our invincible modesty, with our neighbours beyond the Channel, to the effect that they do things better in France than we can do them here. The French *gommeux* dresses nowadays in the fashion of England, turning up his trousers at the bottom in the finest weather; and it has been said at divers times—though one hardly believed it possible—that he sends his body-linen from Paris to London when it requires to be washed and done up.

France herself has made the assertion credible, for it is but a few weeks since the closing of an "Exposition des Lavoirs" in the Champs de Mars, which was organised wholly and entirely in order that the *blanchisseuses* of Paris might have an opportunity of giving a public demonstration of their ability to do work just as good as that done by their English rivals.

The effect of the show may be to injure our industries, though it can hardly do so as completely as the proposed establishment of a big steam laundry in Holland, which, specially favoured by the steamship companies, will make a bid for London's washing. But the fact of its having been deemed necessary, is calculated to fill with legitimate pride all those who labour at this trade in the smoky London atmosphere; and it makes their operations interesting, if only as a matter of common patriotism, to the outsider.

One of the greatest boons conferred of late years on the respectable poor of the metropolis has been the establishment of municipal baths and washhouses. There is something pathetic in the spectacle—to be seen in the course of a Monday morning's journey on any of the suburban lines—of clothes hung out to dry from the back windows of a little yellow-brick house, the trains passing hard by at intervals of five minutes, and filling the air with smuts. And it is pleasing to learn that there are now about twenty-six public baths and washhouses in London, at which a woman may do her own washing, privately, and yet as effectually as if she could afford to pay for having the work done at a big steam laundry. Islington, to take one example, is particularly well provided in this respect: as, indeed, it is no more than reasonable to expect, seeing how dense is the population there, and how monstrously big the parish.

The first establishment was opened in Caledonian Road in May, 1892, while the second, which is believed to be the largest of its kind in the country, was inaugurated in

AN OLD MANGLE WORKED BY STEAM.

the Hornsey Road two months later. Since the opening no less than 169,515 people have taken advantage of the facilities afforded for doing their washing at these two institutions. Little over a month ago a third place of the kind was inaugurated in Tibberton Square

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him guilty had all the same laundry-mark, and that mark his mother's. When this has been seen to, the divers articles are sorted into huge wicker baskets, and then they are ready for the wash.

The old custom of letting linen soak in water over night, in order that it may be the easier to cleanse in the morning, is now entirely superseded. The machine which does the washing consists, in the first place, of a big cylinder of metal. Boiling water and steam pass in at the top and can be drawn away at the bottom. Inside there is another cylinder, made of metal rods and divided in the middle by a partition. The inner cylinder takes the clothes; into the outer some hot water is admitted. Then the machinery is set in motion, and the inner cylinder revolves. By this means the clothes in the one half fall heavily upon the water, then rise again, while those contained in the other half fall in their turn. The force of the concussion drives the water through the material and cleanses it very thoroughly, so that the "break-down," which used to be effected by a whole night's soaking, is now carried out in ten minutes or thereabouts.

The difference between the old and the new washing-machine is much the same as the difference between the old barrel churn, which revolved upon its longitudinal axis, and the new, which revolves end over end, so that the cream comes in for two shocks at each completed revolution. And in each case the effectiveness of the machine is vastly increased by the change.

Sometimes, indeed, for collars and such-like articles, an ordinary water trough suffices. The water is kept hot by a current of steam which, passing into it, condenses and gives up its latent heat. Naturally, it is this device which is used in the public laundries mentioned above, for in these places one of the most important matters is that each washer should have her own tub and her own little partition.

But the big machine takes almost everything, being very much more convenient. The "break-down" being accomplished, the water is drawn off, the washing compounds are admitted, and the water renewed. The door of the outer cylinder is closed, and, as the safety-valve shows, the pressure of the steam soon becomes considerably over the normal. This means that the temperature is higher than that of boiling water, and that, as the clothes revolve, they are being to all intents and purposes disinfected as well as washed, though one need hardly add that it is apt to go ill with the parent of sick

IRONING BY MACHINERY.

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children who is so careless as to send to the laundry linen which is likely to be dangerous to the public health until it has been disinfected.

The methods adopted for drying the clothes when they are taken from the washing-machine are especially interesting. London laundries sometimes advertise that they possess "extensive drying-grounds." Some of them have a right to boast, but it is doubtful if even they make much use of their valuable possessions. The London atmosphere is apt to make things dirty again long before it makes them dry; and the centrifugal drying machine, invented by a German named Seyrig, is wonderfully quick, and involves no exposure to the air. The inventor hit upon the idea through seeing a woman who was twirling a mop round and round to rid it of superfluous water. He might have had the same inspiration had he watched French peasants wash their lettuces, then place them in a basket of wire-netting and whirl it round and round until the leaves are almost dry. His machine consists, first of all, of a sort of round tub of metal, having an outlet at the bottom. Inside is another round tub whose sides are perforated. The clothes are packed away in this, and by means of machinery it is made to revolve, the pace increasing until the inner cylinder is moving at the rate of perhaps 1200 revolutions to the minute.

Gradually, as the frequency of the revolutions increases, a small stream of water begins to come away at the outlet. It increases, and then comes a shower of drops from the linen. Then, after an interval, the flow begins to die away until it has ceased altogether. And, at the end of fifteen minutes, perhaps, the clothes have been so effectually dried that in some cases they only need to be ironed, after the fashion presently to be described, before they are sent home.

Sometimes, however, they are taken to the drying closet. This consists of a series of clothes-horses running in grooves, and coming so closely together that their ends form the wall of a closed compartment. At the top of this is a big fan; at the bottom are numerous pipes, warmed with steam. The fan draws a current of air in at the bottom, where it is warmed by the hot pipes. It passes through the linen, which has been spread upon the clothes-horses, and most effectually removes whatever moisture may remain in them.

The ironing-room is peculiarly interesting.

AN UP-TO-DATE WASHER

The irons consist of smooth metal troughs with huge metallic cylinders revolving in them. The cylinders may be adjusted so as to come as closely as may be required to the convex surface of the troughs, and they are so long that the biggest of table-cloths may be ironed and sent home on rollers without a single crease in it.

A number of girls stand on each side of each machine. One takes the article which is to be ironed — a jack-towel, say—and, touching a treadle, causes a rim at the edge of the trough to spring back. She adjusts the towel, releases the spring, and then the thing is carried under, reappearing on the other side. There a girl awaits it. It comes out steaming; she shakes it once or twice, and then throws it back over the cylinder to the first girl, who sends it through again.

Both convex trough and revolving cylinder

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THE WRINGING PROCESS.

are heated by steam, and the cylinder is covered with thick flannel. This takes the moisture from the heated articles on which it presses as they pass through. It is presently exposed to the air in the course of its revolution, and then it gives up the moisture it has absorbed in the form of steam. And, naturally, there is now no particular use for the "box-mangle" of olden times, though it is interesting to know that one such mangle, having glass beds, was exhibited at the great Exhibition in 1851, and is to this day in use, being in the possession of the laundry which has to attend to the linen of a very exalted personage indeed.

The effectiveness of the steam-iron is such that tablecloths, towels, sheets, and so on, are finished and done with when they have passed through it once or twice. Shirts must needs be done up more carefully, while collars are placed on an ironing-board, over which a hollow metal roller, heated by gas, moves to and fro. They are thus ironed to the desired degree of shininess.

It is lamentable, in conclusion, to have to admit that housewives complain of these new-fangled laundries just as bitterly as of those others, in which, if there be foundation for a batchelor's hypothesis, cuffs and collars are cleaned with the aid of a machine no less powerful as an erosive than the common

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nutmeg-grater. The life of all things upon earth is strictly limited, but the man who runs a modern laundry has no difficulty in demonstrating that it is impossible, theoretically, for his appliances to injure the garments passing through them. Certainly one can hardly believe that they are not a vast improvement on those which preceded them.

And, in any case, it appears probable that big laundries will more and more usurp the place of small ones, for they alone can meet all the demands of their customers. There are clubs, for example, where a great quantity of table-linen is soiled every day. It would be both expensive and inconvenient —since space is limited—to keep on hand a stock of linen sufficient for a week or a fortnight's use, and therefore things which are sent out one morning are expected back within four and twenty hours. What is more, the expectation is justified by the event where the stuff has been sent to such a laundry as has been described, though it would be impossible for the work to be done in the time without the aid of the most modern appliances. The custom of the clubs, therefore, like that of many other desirable patrons, goes to the places where the customer's conditions can be best fulfilled. And it is just these big, and, so to speak, unreasonable orders, which make the business worth pursuing for those who can meet them.

CLUB TABLECLOTHS.

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THE MELANCHOLY CORNET PLAYER! [By R. Jack.

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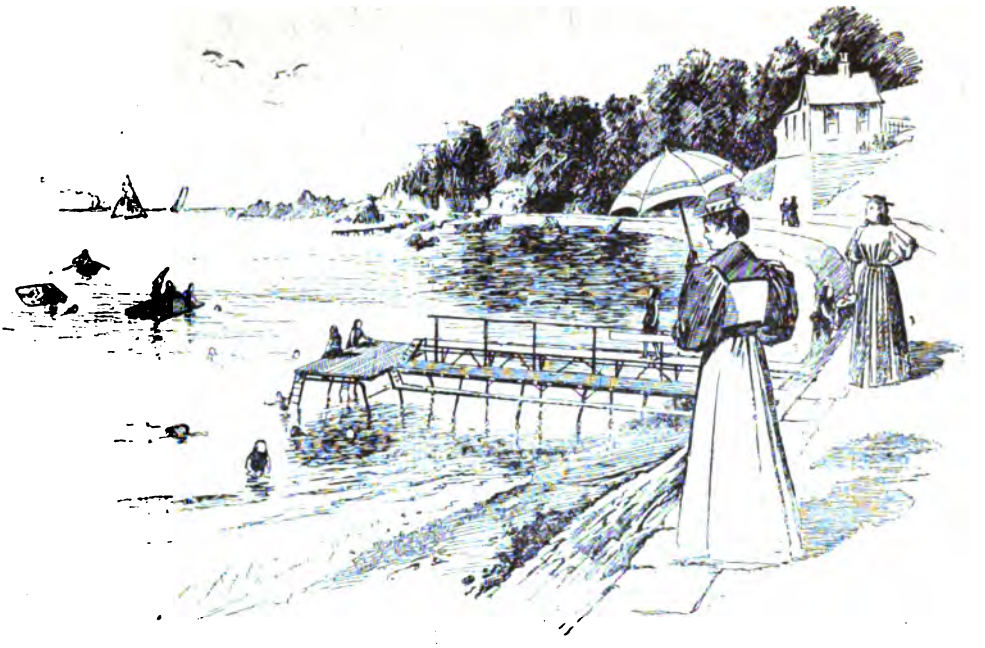

"Jersey: the ideal home of a swimmer."

SWIMMING: ITS VALUE AND PROGRESS.

By Archibald Sinclair,

Joint Author of the Badminton Handbook on "Swimming as an Art."

AMONG the numerous pastimes in which the youth of this country now indulge, none is more important than the sport termed by one of the old writers on the subject "the thrice noble exercise and art of swimming." That swimming was regarded as an accomplishment during the Middle Ages there is abundant evidence to prove, but of the older history of the art little can be gleaned. It can, however, be conclusively demonstrated that it was known and practised long before the Christian era, for in the Nimroud Gallery at the British Museum are to be found bas-reliefs depicting men in the act of swimming across rivers. Frequent references to the art are made in the classics, and it would appear that by the Greeks and Romans it was held in high estimation, and formed a portion of their military training. It must have been of extreme value in time of war, as in those days men met in hand-to-hand conflict, and it was a trial of physical strength, combined with military strategy, from start to finish.

Apart from the advantages to be gained by soldiers able to swim when swift and deep rivers opposed their advance or retreat, the ancients recognised that cold water bathing was in itself useful in building up sturdy frames, and that consistent practice inured and hardened their forces to cold. It is worthy of note that the decay of the Roman Empire was simultaneous with the decay of swimming in Rome. When Rome was at the zenith of its power, and its armies were dreaded throughout the then known world, the youths who were trained to bear arms had to include in their exercises bathing and swimming in the waters of the Tiber. But gradually the spirit of effeminacy spread among the patricians, and first of all covered baths, said to have been copied from the Greeks, and then the more luxurious warm bath came into vogue.

At one time there were nearly nine hundred baths in Rome, some of them most sumptuously furnished and splendidly appointed. The charge for admission was but small. Gibbon estimates it at half a farthing English money. The most famous bath was that of Caracalla, erected by Aurelius Antoninus Bassianus, and completed in

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217 A.D. It was afterwards restored by Theodoric about 500 A.D., and the ruins of it still remain. It must have been a magnificent building, for the enclosure in which it was erected contained nearly thirty acres, with additional space for tanks. Cold, tepid, warm, hot, and vapour baths, lecture rooms, open spaces for recreation, and a gymnasium were provided, while the whole of the building as well as the grounds were laid out in such a sumptuous style as to excite the envy of other nations.

The Romans carried their predilection for bathing and swimming with them when they became conquerors of, or mixed with, other nations, as the old baths to be found in this country still testify. There were many of them in England at one period, and though the sites have long been built over and the baths forgotten, the names of the streets in which they were situated still perpetuate them. Bath Street, a short turning out of Newgate Street in the City of London, was one of the favoured spots; and even unto this day, in a turning off the Strand close to the Savoy Theatre, there yet remains open an old Roman plunge bath.

But with the advance made in civilisation, and the consequent dependence on scientific warfare as a means of protection more than brute force, swimming as a part of military education gradually died out. Though the Norwegians and the other barbarians, as authors choose to term them, were experts, their skill in the art did not materially assist them when fighting, and as a resultant but little is to be discovered as to the ability of the men in the days antecedent to the publication of the first known book on swimming.

This was published in 1538, and is one of the most curious and amusing books that a swimmer can read; yet it formed the basis of most of the works published after its production, at least for a couple of centuries. It was written by Nicolas Wynman, a Dutchman, and was plagiarised by Sir Everard Digby in 1587, Middleton in 1595, Percy in 1658, and Thevenot in 1697.

No information as to the contemporary history of swimming is to be obtained from any of these works. It seems to have been looked upon as a pastime, in much the same manner as golf is at the present day, and never to have been pursued as an art likely to be of infinite use in time of danger.

Strangely enough, the modern revival of swimming has been the means of leading our military and naval authorities to adopt and advocate the ideas of the ancients anent the sport, and to insist that sailors and marines should be capable swimmers. Quite recently at Sheerness a sea-water bath has been secured by the Government for teaching purposes, and further developments in this direction are expected.

"Surrounded with bathing machines and pleasure boats."

This change of front has been brought about mainly through the passing of the Baths and Washhouses Act in 1846, because through the operation of that measure increased facilities for bathing have been provided, and the public have gradually been convinced that swimming is a healthy pastime, and that the knowledge of it is often of extreme use in saving life. But it is only during the past ten years that the increase in the votaries of swimming has been so marked. Baths have sprung up everywhere, and the youth of the present day can now disport themselves in spacious, clean, and well-ventilated buildings—a chance which the older race of swimmers never possessed.

Although it may seem strange, nearly all our fastest swimmers have been born and bred in inland towns. J. H. Tyers, the present amateur champion of England at all distances from one hundred yards to five and three-quarter miles, is a resident of Manchester, a city famous for its experts in the art. J. Nuttall, the professional champion,

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comes from the same district, as does also J. H. Derbyshire, who bids fair to make a worthy successor to Tyers in the near future. The development in speed rates has been most marked since the advent of Nuttall, and now all the old records have been wiped out, most of them by Tyers. One of the records which obtained the longest was that for a mile in still water—29 minutes 25½ seconds—made by the famous Ilex Club swimmer, Mr. Horace Davenport, whose last championship victory was secured thirteen years after his first.

The record held good until 1892, when S. W. Greasley, of Leicester, beat it by over a minute; and since then Tyers has reduced the time to 27 min. 21⅘ secs. The mile race is looked upon as *the* championship of the year, but it has been robbed of its interest during the past few seasons owing to the marked superiority of Tyers over every other amateur swimmer. Another favourite contest is the long distance championship instituted in 1877, as the "Lords and Commons" race, and for many years decided in the Thames between Putney and Charing Cross. But the state of the river between those points led to a new course—Putney to Kew Bridge—being selected, and since then the rules have been altered so as to allow of the championship being decided in the open sea.

The development in speed-rates has been brought about by improvement in the racing stroke. The old style of side stroke is now almost discarded, the breast stroke is but rarely used in races, and the old over-arm stroke, in which the leg kick was similar to the kick taken when swimming on the breast, has been displaced by the more modern style of Collier, Nuttall, and Tyers. It is the leg kick which is the peculiar feature of this stroke, the completed action being like that of a screw.

The old arm stroke was supposed to have been first introduced into England through Gardner and Gurr, but there has lately arisen an Australian who claims this honour for the aborigines of the country in which he resides. Another stroke which is not now used much for racing is that known as the "trudgen." It is a kind of double over-arm stroke similar to that of Indians, and is a very effective one for water-polo players. Diving, floating and back swimming, although well-known branches of the art, are not encouraged as they should be. A diver needs skill and presence of mind, especially when taking off from a height, but practice soon takes all fear out of him. An exhibition of graceful diving is very pretty to watch, and it is a pity that it is not more generally practised. The neglect of floating is most probably due to the difficulty which learners experience when trying to float, for it is no easy matter to balance the body properly.

Although the French bathing parades at Trouville and Boulogne are often quoted to us as examples to follow, they are not really swimming festivals. If you want to see good swimming by ladies, you only need travel to Portsmouth or Brighton. These two ladies' clubs are perhaps the strongest in the South of England, and very nearly the oldest. Many

"A plunge into a lock-pool."

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others have been formed since these were originated, and many of them hold private entertainments every year. Some idea once existed of instituting a ladies' amateur championship, but the majority of the fair sex naturally objected.

One of the best ladies' clubs is that at Jersey, a lovely place for bathing, and the ideal home of a swimmer. The club is a powerful one, and as it is incorporated by Royal Charter it has been able to obtain part of the foreshore at St. Heliers, and is building an open-air bath so arranged that it will be filled by every tide. Another similar pond is afterwards to be made at the men's bathing place. The annual matches at Jersey and also in the West of England are the sights to be witnessed by those who still profess to believe that swimming is not popular. Thousands line the shores, and hundreds of boats surround the course. At Plymouth on a match day the Hoe is simply one mass of faces, while the roar as a race is in progress is deafening. Similar scenes are to be witnessed at Jersey for the Channel Islanders love the water and all that pertains to it.

"A dive into deep sea-water."

But the greatest charm in swimming is bathing with a small party at some quiet, secluded spot, away from the haunts of men and apart from racing festivals. Such wild spots as the Land's End, or such lovely bays as that of Carbis, or the lochs round the West Coast of Scotland, and other places that could be mentioned, are far more preferable than fashionable watering-places, where the bathing machine is an abomination and the crowd of pleasure boats a nuisance. Then, again, delicious morning dips can be obtained when camping up the large rivers, such as give you new life and vigour for the day's work.

Unfortunately, comparatively few bath swimmers can enjoy the delights of sea-bathing or open water swimming, and thus one of the greatest sources of pleasure is closed to them. There is so much enjoyment to be obtained from a dive into deep sea-water, or a plunge on a crisp autumn morning into a lock-pool, that every swimmer who has once experienced it longs again for the excitement.

If it had not been for the encouragement of swimming in schools and by the municipal authorities, these joys would have remained a dead letter to many. Yet considerable credit is also due to the Amateur Swimming Association, a body which was inaugurated in 1869 as the Metropolitan Swimming Association, and which, after passing through various vicissitudes of fortune, now holds front rank among the governing bodies of amateur sport in the kingdom. Nearly three hundred clubs are now affiliated to its various district bodies, and it holds paramount sway in racing matters over every amateur swimmer resident in England. Following its example, strong associations have been formed in Scotland, Ireland, New South Wales and New Zealand, with the object of fostering the sport.

One of the principal factors in the development of swimming was the introduction of the game of water-polo, a game which, while of advantage to swimmers, as it vastly improves their staying powers, is greatly favoured by the public; and now in order to make an entertainment successful, some good match must be included in the programme. It is a capital game, as it induces men to go in for long-distance swimming, a branch of the art which has been greatly neglected, but

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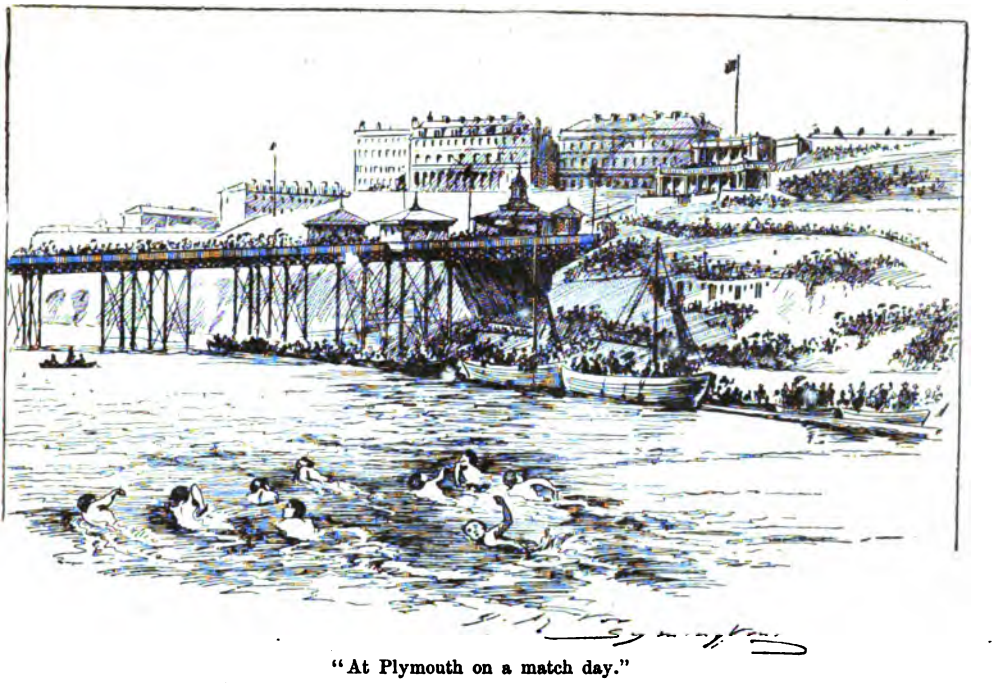

"At Plymouth on a match day."

which is of far more importance than sprint racing in a bath. In addition to this, it has been the means of attracting public attention to swimming, with the result that increased support has been accorded swimming clubs. Further, it has led to frequent inter-club, town and county contests never dreamt of before, but which have helped to improve the tone of swimming and the relations of English clubs very considerably.

Its origin is somewhat doubtful, but it seems to have been known as far back as 1870, when a committee of the London Swimming Association was appointed to draw up a code of rules for the game of "football in the water." It was played in a crude manner in England from 1880 until 1885, and then official laws were passed. But it did not get a real grip until the institution of the English championship in 1888, followed by the foundation of the London Water-Polo League in the following year. The latter body was from its institution a pronounced success, and its energetic action in starting county matches led in a few seasons to the formation of county associations and the holding of international matches with Scotland. The first international was played in 1890, and Scotland, who at that time were more experienced in the game, beat England easily. They also won the following year, but ever since then have been defeated. International games with Ireland are also mooted.

Seven players constitute a water-polo team —a goal-keeper, two backs, half-back, and three forwards. An ordinary match football is used in the game, which the players are only allowed to touch with one hand, and when they are not resting on the bottom of the bath. They are also not allowed to jump from the bottom of the bath at the ball or an opponent, and cannot duck an opponent unless he has the ball, the penalty for these infringements being a free throw to the other side. The goals are ten feet wide, and the cross-bar is fixed eight feet from the bottom of the bath when the water is less than five feet in depth, and three feet above the surface when the water is five feet or more in depth. An International Board was formed in 1892, and this body has so considerably improved the rules of water-polo that it is now a scientific game, and one which calls for the exercise of great skill on the part of players. The best matches to witness are those played in deep water, for then the strict rules of the game can be more easily enforced and fouls are less frequent.

The latest development of swimming is the formation of the Life-Saving Society, an organisation which will commend itself to every sensible person, and which should be loyally encouraged by every swimmer. Prior

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to the formation of this Society in 1891, no systematic instruction in the best methods of rescuing persons in danger of drowning, or resuscitation work, was given by the clubs; but many of them held small competitions, and endeavoured to the best of their ability to impart to their members a smattering of the necessary knowledge. But after the establishment of the Life Saving Society, and the adoption by it of a very excellent drill, invented by Mr. William Wilson, of Glasgow, the subject was taken up in earnest, and now nearly two hundred clubs in this country, as well as many in New South Wales and New Zealand, where branches have been formed, are assisting the Society in its work. Many expert swimmers have lost their lives in gallant attempts to save fellow-creatures through inability to release themselves when clutched, or through ignorance of the proper methods of bringing a person safely to shore.

The Society by its method of instruction with living subjects has done a good deal to minimise this risk, and the public have not been slow to recognise its value. Classes of instruction are held in various parts of the country, and despite the heavy work, there has never yet been any lack of honorary workers in this the highest and noblest branch of a swimmer's art.

"Rescue drill, with living subjects."

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THE GREY LADY.

By Henry Seton Merriman,*

(Author of "With Edged Tools," "The Slave of the Lamp," etc.)

Illustrated by R. Jack.

INTRODUCTION.

The early chapters of this story introduce Henry and Luke Fitz Henry, two naval cadets, who have been adopted by the Honourable Mrs. Harrington. Some years elapse and then we find Henry Fitz Henry visiting Majorca, where Edward Challoner, a cousin of Mrs. Harrington, is seized with paralysis and dies, leaving his daughter Eve, with whom Henry is in love, penniless. Eve then returns to England with her uncle Captain Bontner, and Mrs. Harrington offers her a home; but on finding that Challoner's wealth died with him is less interested in her. Eve, however, consents to visit her, but announces her intention of making her home with her uncle. In the meanwhile Luke becomes reconciled to Mrs. Harrington after a misunderstanding of six years. About this time, too, he meets at her house a Mrs. Ingham-Baker and her daughter Agatha. Luke is stern and proud, but Agatha determines to conquer his heart. Accordingly she persuades her mother to take a trip to Gibraltar in Luke's vessel, with the result that she eventually brings Luke to her feet. She will not definitely accept him, however, as it is her ambition to marry a rich man, and she considers Luke too poor. Henry meets Eve during her stay with Mrs. Harrington, but fancies she is changed, and is at a loss to understand the reason.

CHAPTER XV.

DON QUIXOTE.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

"Come down to my club and have a cigar!"

The Count stood under a yellow lamp enveloped in his fur-lined coat, looking with heavy, deep-browed eyes at his young companion.

Fitz paused. The Count had been kind to Eve. Fitz had noticed his manner towards the girl. He liked Cipriani de Lloseta—as many did—without knowing why.

"Thanks," he said, "I should like to."

The Count's club was a small and a very select one. It was a club with a literary tendency. The porter who took charge of their coats had the air of a person who read the heavier monthly reviews. He looked upon Fitz, as a person of outdoor tendencies, with some misgivings.

The Count led the way up to the luxurious silent smoking-room, where a few foreign novels and a host of newspapers littered the tables.

As they entered the room a man looked up from his paper with some interest. He was a peculiar-looking man, with a keen face, streaked by suffering—a face that was always ready to wince. This man was a humourist, but he looked as if his own life had been a tragedy. He continued to look at de Lloseta and Fitz with a quiet scrutiny

"The porter who took their coats had the air of a person who read the heavier monthly reviews."

which was somewhat remarkable. It suggested the scrutiny of a woman who is taking notes of another woman's dress.

More particularly perhaps he watched the Count, and the keen grey eyes had a reflective look, as if they were handing that which they saw back to the brain behind them for purposes of storage.

The Count met his eyes and nodded gravely. With a little nod and a sudden pleasant smile the other returned to the perusal of his evening paper.

Cipriani de Lloseta drew forward a deep chair, and with a courteous gesture invited Fitz to be seated. He took a similar chair

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himself, and then leant forward, cigar-case in hand.

"You know Mallorca," he said.

Fitz took one of the cigars, and proceeded to insert the end into a machine-cutter standing on a marble table near at hand.

"Yes," he answered, turning and looking into the Count's face with a certain honest interest. He was thinking of what Eve had said about this man. "Yes—I know Mallorca."

The Count struck a match and lighted his cigar with the air of a connoisseur.

"I am always glad," he said conversationally, "to meet anyone who knows Mallorca. It—was my home. Perhaps you knew?"

And through the blue smoke the quick dark eyes flashed a glance.

"I saw your name—on the map," returned Fitz.

The Count gave a little Spanish deprecatory nod and wave of the hand, indicating that it was no fault of his that an historical name should have attached itself to him.

"Do you take whisky—and soda?" inquired the Count.

"Thanks."

De Lloseta called the waiter and gave the order with a slight touch of imperiousness which was one of the few attributes that stamped him as a Spaniard. The feudal taint was still running in his veins.

"Tell me," he went on, turning to Fitz again, "what you know of the island—what parts of it and what you did there."

In some ways Fitz was rather a simple person.

"Oh!" he answered unconsciously. "I went to d'Erraha mostly. I used to sail across from Ciudadela to Soller—along the coast, you know."

"And from Soller?"

"From Soller I rode by the Valdemosa road, and then across the mountain and through that narrow valley up to the Val d'Erraha."

The Count was smoking thoughtfully.

"And you were happy there?" he said.

Fitz looked pensively into his long tumbler.

"Yes."

"I also," said the Count. Then he seemed to remember his duties as host. "Is that cigar all right?" he asked.

"I think it is the best I have ever smoked," replied Fitz quietly, and the Count smiled.

The two men sat there in a long silence—each thinking his own thoughts. They were just the sort of men to do it. No other but Cipriani de Lloseta would have sat with that perfect composure, wrapt in an impenetrable Spanish silence, providing with grave dignity such a very poor evening's entertainment. And Fitz seemed quite content. He leant back, gravely smoking the good cigar. There seemed to be some point of complete sympathy between them—possibly the little sunlit island of the Mediterranean where they had both been happy.

The poem of a man's life is very deeply hidden, and civilisation is the covert. The immediate outcome of civilisation is reserve and *nous voilà*. Are we not increasing our educational facilities with a blind insistence day by day? One wonders what three generations of cheap education will do for the world. Already a middle-aged man can tell the slackening of the human tie. Railway directors, and other persons whose pockets benefit by the advance of civilisation, talk a vast deal of rubbish about bringing together the peoples of the world. You can connect them, but you cannot bring them together. Moreover, a connection is sometimes a point of divergence. In human affairs it is more often so than otherwise. And for practical human use education is synonymous with civilisation.

True, a generation lay between these two men, but it was not that that tied their tongues. It was partially the fact that Cipriani de Lloseta had moved with the times—had learnt, perhaps, too well, to acquire that reserve which is daily becoming more noticeable among men.

Nevertheless, it was he who spoke first.

"I asked you to come and smoke a cigar with me for a purpose," he said.

Fitz nodded.

"Yes," he answered; "I thought so."

A shadowy smile acknowledged this simple statement of a simple fact. The Count leant forward in his seat, resting his somewhat hollow cheek on his hand and his elbow on the arm of his chair.

"Some years ago," he said, "before you were born, I passed through a—well, a bad time. One of those times, I take it, when a man finds out the difference between a friend and an acquaintance. The circumstances would not interest you. They are essentially personal to myself. Some men, and many women—I am not cynical, that is the last resort of him who has himself to blame, I am merely stating a fact—many women turned their backs upon me. There

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was, however, one man—an Englishman—who held to me with that unflinching courage of his own opinion which makes an Englishman what he is. I accepted nothing from him at the time. In fact, he could do nothing for me. I think he understood. An Englishman and a Spaniard have much in common. He is dead now. It was the Caballero Challoner."

Fitz nodded. The Count changed his position slightly.

"I want you to use what influence you have with Miss Challoner. She is proud."

Fitz made no attempt to disclaim the implied influence.

'Yes," he said; "I know."

And he looked at the end of his cigar with a deep interest. The man who loves a proud woman loves her pride. He is also a happy man, because her pride will kill her vanity, and it is woman's vanity that spoils a husband's love.

"It would be a great satisfaction to me," the Count went on, "to pay off in some small degree the debt of gratitude which I never even acknowledged to Challoner. Eve"—he paused and repeated the name with a certain sense of enjoyment—"Eve is not fully equipped with worldly wisdom. Thank God, for I hate a worldly wise woman. She is hardly old enough or—plain enough, to fight her own battles."

Fitz gave a sudden, sharp sigh, which made the Count pause for a moment, but he said nothing.

"You also have received kindness from the late Caballero," said the elder man, after a short silence.

Fitz nodded comprehensively.

"And, like myself," the Count went on rather quickly, "you are naturally interested in his daughter, and sorry for her in her great change of life. Now, it has occurred to me that together we might do something towards helping her. You know her better than I do. I only know that she is proud."

"Very much to her credit," put in Fitz, looking fixedly at his own boots.

"Entirely so. And I respect her for it. Unfortunately, assistance could hardly come from you—a young man. Whereas I might be her grandfather."

He looked up with a rare smile—keen, black-haired, lithe of frame—a young man in appearance.

"We might help each other," he added, "you and I, quite alone. Captain Bontner is a very worthy old fellow, but—" and he shrugged his shoulders. "We cannot leave her to the wayward charity of a capricious woman!" he added, with sudden bluntness.

He looked rather wonderingly at Fitz, who did not respond to this suggestion as he had expected him to do. The coalition seemed so natural and so eminently practical, and yet the sailor sat coldly listening to each proposition as it fell from his companion's lips, weighing it, sifting it with a judicial, indifferent apathy.

The Count de Lloseta threw himself back in his chair, and awaited, with all the gravity of his race, the pleasure of his companion. At length Fitz spoke, rather deliberately.

"I think," he said, "you mistake the footing upon which I stand with respect to Miss Challoner. I shall be most happy to do all in my power, but I tell you frankly that it does not amount to much. I am indebted to her indirectly for some very pleasant visits at d'Erraha; her father was very kind to me. Hardly sufficient to warrant anything that would look like interference on my part."

The Count was too discreet a man to press the point any further.

"All this unfortunate difficulty would have been easily averted had I been less stupid. I shall never cease to regret it."

He spoke conversationally, flicking the end of his cigar neatly into the fire, and without looking at Fitz.

"I never foresaw the natural tendency of lawyers to complicate the affairs of life. My man in Palma was unfortunately zealous."

Fitz nodded.

"Yes," he said, "I was there."

Cipriani de Lloseta glanced at him sharply.

"I am glad of that," he said. "It was very stupid of me. I ought to have telegraphed to him to hold his tongue."

"But Miss Challoner could not have accepted the Val d'Erraha as a present?"

"Oh yes, she could, if she had not known. These little things are only a matter of sentiment."

Fitz leant forward, looking into the Count's face, without attempting to conceal his surprise.

"Do you mean to say you would have given it to her?" he asked.

"No; I should have paid it to her in settlement of a debt which I owed to her father."

The Count moved rather uneasily in his chair. His eyes fell before his companion's steady gaze.

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"Another matter of sentiment," suggested Fitz.

De Lloseta shrugged his shoulders.

"If you will."

They lapsed into silence again. The Count was puzzled by Fitz, as Fitz in his turn had been puzzled earlier in the evening by Eve. It was merely the old story of woman the incomprehensible, and man the superior—the lord of the universe—puzzled, completely mystified, made supremely miserable or quite happy by the caprice of a moment.

It was a small thing that stood between these two men, preventing them from frankly co-operating in the scheme which both had at heart.

"Here was a man of keen nerves, quick to suffer.'

It was nothing but the tone of a girl's voice, the studied silence of a girl's eyes which had once been eloquent.

It was getting late. A discreet clock on the mantelpiece disclosed the hour of midnight in deliberate cathedral chime. Fitz looked up, but he did not move. He liked Cipriani de Lloseta. He had been prepared to do so, and now he had gone further than he had thought of going. He wanted him to go on talking about Eve, for he thirsted in his dumbly enduring way for more details of her life. But he would not revert to the subject. Rather than that he would go on enduring.

While they were sitting thus in silence, the only other occupant of the room—the man with the pain-drawn face—rose from his chair, helping his legs with unsteady hands upon either arm of the chair. He threw the paper down carelessly on the table, and came across the room towards the Count de Lloseta. He was a surprisingly tall man when he stood up; for in his chair he seemed to sink into himself. His hair was grey—rather long and straggly—his eyes hazel, looking through spectacles rather wildly. His cheeks were very hollow, his chin square and bony. Here was a man of keen nerves and quick to suffer.

"Well," he said to Lloseta, "I haven't seen you for some time."

"I've been away."

The tall man looked down at him with the singular scrutiny already mentioned.

"Spain?"

"Spain."

He turned away with a little nod, but stopped before he had gone many paces.

"And when are you going to write those sketches of Spanish life?" he asked, with a cheery society laugh, which sounded rather incongruous. "Never, I suppose. Well, the loss is mine. Good night, Lloseta."

He went away without looking back.

"Do you know who that is?" the Count asked Fitz when the door was closed.

Fitz had risen, with his eye on the clock.

"No. But I seem to know his face."

The Count looked up with a smile.

"You ought to. That was John Craik."

CHAPTER XVI.

BROKEN.

"The Powers
Behind the world that make our griefs our gains."

THE small town of Somarsh, in Suffolk, consists of one street running up from the so-called harbour. At one end is the railway-station, and at the other the harbour and the sea, and that is Somarsh. There are records that in days gone by—in the days of East coast prosperity—there was a Mayor of Somarsh, or Southmarsh, as it was then written. But Ichabod!

All Somarsh was in the street one morning after Fitz had gone to sea again, and those of the women who were not talking loudly were weeping softly. The boats were not in yet, but the weather was fine, and the still, saffron sea was dotted with brown sails. There was nothing wrong with the boats.

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"Merton's is broke! Merton's is broke!"

No, the trouble was on shore, as it mostly is. It came not from the sea, but from men. It was pinned upon the door of Merton's Bank in the High Street. Its form was unintelligible, for the wording of the notice was mostly outside the Suffolk vocabulary. There was something written in a clerkly hand about the withdrawal of "financial facilities necessitating a stoppage of payment pending reconstruction."

But the people in the street were saying that Merton's was "broke." The constable said so, and he was a recognised authority on matters pertaining to dry land and the law. The door was locked on the inside, the shutters were up, the blinds down, as if

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mourning the death of a good East county credit.

"And them a drivin' behind their two horses," said one old weather-beaten fisherman, who was suspected of voting on the wrong side at electioneering time.

Some shook their heads, but the word went no farther, for the man who does his business on the great waters is rather like those waters, in so much as he changeth not. And Merton's had been a good bank for many generations.

"P'raps," said an old woman who had nothing to lose—for the sea had even kept her corpses from her—"p'raps what they say 'bout reconstruction may be all right. But here comes the captain."

The crowd turned like one man and watched the advent of Captain Bontner.

The old man was dressed in his best pilot cloth suit. He had worn it quite recklessly for the last month, ever since Eve had come to live with him. He had been interrupted in his morning walk—his quarter-deck tramp, forty times backwards and forwards the length of his own railing in front of Malabar Cottage. The postman, bringing letters for Eve, had told him that there was trouble down in the town, and that he would likely be wanted.

When he saw where the crowd was stationed he caught his breath.

"No," he said aloud to himself, "no, it can't be Merton's."

But when he joined the townspeople they saw that his sunburnt, rugged face was grey, as if ashes had been spread over it.

"Mates," he said, "what is it?"

"Merton's is broke—Merton's is broke!" they answered him, clearing a way for him to read the notice for himself. In Somarsh Captain Bontner was considered quite a scholar. As such he might, perhaps, have deciphered the clerkly handwriting in a shorter time than he now required, but on the East coast a reputation is not easily shaken.

They waited for the verdict in silence. After five minutes he turned round, and his face gave some of them a shock. His kindly blue eyes had a painfully puzzled incompetent look which had often come across them in Barcelona and in London. But in Somarsh only Eve was familiar with it.

"Yes, mates," he said, falling back into his old seafaring vernacular forgetful of his best suit, "yes, shipmates, as far as I rightly understand it, the bank's broken. And—and there's some of us that's ruined men."

He stood for a moment looking straight in front of him—looking very old and not quite fit for life's battle. Then he moved away.

"I'll just go and tell my niece," he said.

They watched him stump away—sturdy, unbroken, upright—still a man.

"It's a hard end to a hard life," said the old woman who had suggested hope; and being only human they fell to discussing the event from the point at which it affected their own lives.

Malabar Cottage stood at the top end of the High Street—almost by itself—looking out over the little green plot of common land, where the coastguard flag-post stood towards the sea. It was a low-roofed, solidly built cottage — once a coastguard station, but superseded in the heyday of East coast smuggling by a larger station further up the hill. There was a little garden in front, which the captain kept himself, growing such old-fashioned flowers as were content with his ignorant handling. The white jasmine ran riot over the portico.

Eve had apparently received a letter of some importance, for she was standing at the gate waiting for him. She had run out hatless to seek him on his quarter-deck, and to her surprise found him not. She soon saw him coming, however, and to beguile the time fell to reading her letter a second time, with a little frown, as if the caligraphy gave her trouble.

She did not look up until he was quite close.

"Uncle," she cried, "what is the matter?"

He gave a smile, which was painfully out of place on his bluff features—it was wan and twisted.

"Nothing, my dearie; nothing." He fumbled at the gate, and she had to find the latch for him.

"Just come below—I mean indoors, my dear. I've had some news. I daresay it will be all right—but just at first, you understand, it is a little—keen."

He bustled through the porch, and Eve followed him. She watched him hang up his old straw hat, standing on tiptoe with a little grunt, as was his wont.

"I must unship that peg and put it a bit lower," he said, as he had said a hundred times before.

Then he went into the little dining-room and sat somewhat heavily down with his two hands resting on his knees. He looked puzzled.

"Truth is, my dear," he said breathlessly,

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"Eve had apparently received a letter of some importance."

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"I don't seem to take to this long-shore life. I—I rather think of going back to sea. There's plenty will give me a ship. And I want you to keep this cottage nice for me, dearie, against my coming home."

He paused, looking round the room with a poor simulation of interest at the quaint ornaments and curiosities which he had brought home from different parts of the world. He looked at the ceiling and the carpet—anywhere, in fact, except at Eve. Then he pushed his fingers through his thick grey hair, making it stand on end in a ludicrous manner.

"I've got all my bits of things collected here—just bits of things—oh, dear!—oh, dear — Eve, my child, I wonder why the Almighty's gone and done this?"

Eve was already sitting on the arm of his chair stroking back his hair with her tender fingers.

"What is it, uncle?" she asked. "Tell me."

"Merton's," he answered. "Merton's, and them so safe!"

"Is it only money?" cried Eve. "Is that all?"

"Yes," he answered rather wearily, "that's all. But it's money that's taken me fifty-five years to make."

"And had you it all in Merton's Bank?"

"Yes, dearie, all."

"But are you sure they have failed—that there is no mistake?"

"Quite sure. I've read it myself pinned on the door, and the shutters up, like a thing you read of in the newspapers. No, it's right. There's not often a mistake about bad news."

Eve bent over him very tenderly and kissed him. He was holding her hand between his, patting it gently with his rough, weather-beaten fingers. He was looking straight in front of him with that painful look of helplessness which had earned the friendship of Lord Seahampton in Barcelona.

"But," said the girl at length, "you cannot go to sea again."

She knew that he would never get a ship, for his seamanship, like all other things that were his, was hopelessly superannuated. He was not fit to be trusted with a ship—no owner would dream of it, no crew would sail under him.

"There's men," said the captain humbly, "who learnt their seamanship from me—who sailed under me—p'raps one of them would give me a berth as first mate or even second mate under him — for a shipmate they would do it."

Captain Bontner had fallen behind the times even in his sentiments. He did not know that in these days of short voyages, of seamen's unions and firemen's unions and stokers' guilds, a shipmate is no longer a special friend—the tie is broken, as are many other ties, by the advance of education.

Then the old man pulled himself together, and smiled bravely at his niece.

"It is not for myself that I'm worrying," he said, "but for you. I don't quite see my way clear yet. It's sort of sharp and sudden. I cannot get the poor Mertons out of my head—people that have been accustomed to their carriages and all. It's hard for them! You see, what they say is that their financial facilities have been withdrawn, and I daresay nobody is to blame. It is just what they call the hand of God in a bill of lading—just the hand of God."

"Yes, dear," answered Eve. "And now I am going to serve out a glass of sherry; you want it after your quick walk. That is what you did at sea, you served it out, did you not?"

"He, he! yes, dearie; that is it."

His rugged hand shook as he drank the wine.

"Only," he went on, after wiping his moustache vigorously with a red pocket-handkerchief—"only it was rum, dearie—rum, you know, for heavy weather. It puts heart into the men."

His face suddenly clouded over again.

"And we've run into heavy weather, haven't we? Just the hand of God."

"Finish the glass," said Eve, and she stood over him while he drank the wine.

"And now," she went on, "listen to me. I have had a very important letter, which could hardly have come at a more opportune moment. In fact, I think we may call it also what they say in a bill of lading.

She opened the letter, as if about to read it aloud, and on glancing through she seemed to change her mind.

"It is from Mrs. Harrington," she said. "It is a very kind letter."

She glanced at her uncle, whose face had suddenly hardened. He seemed to be schooling himself to hear something unpleasant.

"Ay!" he muttered, "Ay! I suppose she'll get her way now. I suppose I can't hope to keep you now. She'll get you—she'll get you."

"Then I think you are a very mean old man," exclaimed Eve. "I don't believe

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you are a sailor at all. You are what you call a land-lubber, if you think that I am the sort of person to accept your kindness when you are prosperous, and then—and then when heavy weather comes to go away and leave you."

The old man smiled rather wanly, and fumbled with the red pocket-handkerchief.

"As it happens, Mrs. Harrington does not ask me to go and stay with her—she asks me——" She paused and laid her hand on his shoulder gently. "She asks me—to accept money."

Captain Bontner sat upright.

"Ay—y—y," he said, "charity."

"Yes," said Eve quietly, "charity, and I'm going to accept it."

Captain Bontner scratched his head. His manners were not, as has already been stated, remarkable for artificiality or superficial refinement. He screwed up his features as if he were swallowing something nasty.

"Read me the letter," he said.

Eve spread the missive again, and looked at it.

"She puts it very nicely," she said. "She asks if you will permit me to accept a dress allowance from a rich woman who does not always spend her money discreetly."

It must be admitted that Mrs. Harrington's nice way of putting it lost nothing by its transmission through Eve's lips.

Thus poor Charity creepeth in wherever she can shelter. She is not proud. She does not ask to be accepted for her own sake, though heaven knows she frequently is. She masquerades in any costume — she accepts the humiliation of any disguise. She is ready to be cast down before swine, or raised high before the eyes of fools. She is used as a tool or a stepping stone—the humble handmaid of the tuft-hunter and the toady. She is dragged through the mire of the slums to the dwelling of the wealthy and idle. She is hounded up and down the world—the plaything of Fashion, the trap of the unwary, the washerwoman of the unclean who wish to try the paths of virtue—for a change. And she is still Charity, and she lives robust and pure in herself. It has been decreed that we shall ever have the poor beside us, and so long shall we also possess those who live on them.

Charity begetteth charity, and it was for Charity's sake that Eve Challoner took Charity to herself, and accepted Mrs. Harrington's offer. For Charity's sake the girl overcame her semi-Spanish pride and swallowed this bitter cup, ate this bread of evil taste.

Her own pride lay between her and this woman whom she knew to be capricious, uncertain, lacking the essentially manly quality of justice. Her duty towards Captain Bontner lay between her and high Heaven.

So Eve Challoner learnt her first lesson in that school where we all are called to study sooner or later—the school of Adversity. Where some of us pass creditably, while others are ploughed, while a few—a very few—take honours.

(To be continued next month.)

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THE PHONOGRAPHIC WATCH.

By Ivor Wyatt.

MESSRS. Spartan & Plowing prided themselves upon being the best jewellers in Cartwich. They were a very go-ahead firm; and in their window the latest novelties in watches and clocks could always be seen. Their selection of jewellery, and of the most offensive modern 'charms" (as all sorts of foolish miniature pigs and pillar-boxes are called), was always up to date.

One morning Mr. Plowing, the junior partner, began to dance round the shop, excitedly pointing at a parcel which lay open on one of the glass-covered show-cases.

"That will fetch Brightman, our rival," he said.

"What have you now?" said Mr. Spartan. "I hope none of those foolish 'novelties'—messes I call them."

"Oh, that's all right, Spartan, it will be sure to sell."

"Mr. Plowing," said the elder man seriously, "if you have been buying any more of that 'stick and umbrella cigar-case' or 'night-light-match-box,' or those horrid 'beetle-pencil-cases,' I shall be very angry. When I asked you to go to London, I meant you to get sensible things and——"

"It's all right, sir, it's the phonographic watch," said the junior partner excitedly; "it will sell like blazes."

"I have never sold any blazes," said the senior partner with a reproving frown—"let me see those talking 'tickers.'"

The partners undid the wrappers in which some fifteen watches were encased. They looked very harmless and had the stupid, over-conscientious look of the ordinary watch.

"They are all going," said Mr. Spartan, after he had put each to his ear.

"It is ten minutes to nine," said Mr. Plowing: "in ten minutes we shall hear them speak. I believe one contains the voice of Mr. Gladstone, and one a text spoken by Archdeacon Farrar at eleven o'clock, and a sentence from the Archbishop of Canterbury's sermons."

The partners then arranged the watches in two rows upon the desk, and anxiously awaited the hour. As the big clock over the shop began to wheeze preparatory to striking, a tiny little voice was heard to proceed from one of the mild-looking watches on the desk.

"*Nine.* Your father has gone down to breakfast," it said, in the quiet, subdued tones of a trained servant.

"It's all right, sir; it's the phonographic watch."

"A schoolboy's holiday watch, I suppose," said Mr. Spartan.

Mr. Plowing looked for the words "your father" in the descriptive catalogue.

"Father Christmas, Father Stanton, Father Vaughan, Father *your*," he read. "No. 942—a young lady's watch," he said.

"*Nine.* Quite time to get up," said one of the watches brightly. Then the others said, all talking at the same time:—

"*Nine.* Open the letters and take them upstairs."

"*Nine.* Mustn't forget pencils and a scoring card—also niblick."

"A golfer's watch," said Mr. Plowing.

"*Nine.* Remember roll call."

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"In the city by nine."

"Nine o'clock, 'The labour we delight in physics pain,'" said another, "nine o'clock."

"*Nine.* Clear away the breakfast things."

"*Nine.* Talk to cook about dinner." "A lady's watch that," interrupted Mr. Spartan.

"It is quite nine o'clock."

"It is nine o'clock now."

"Nine o'clock, I say."

"Nine, old chap."

"Nine tailors make a man."

Then no more was heard. Mr. Spartan stood amazed at the experience, while Mr. Plowing looked on with the air of a man who was showing off something of which he had a perfect knowledge.

"I heard the whole batch in London," he said. "They are wonderful little instruments. The Shakespeare quotation watch is a little gem."

"Which was the Gladstone watch?" said Mr. Spartan. "In the miniature babel of tongues I did not distinguish it."

"It was the oratorical-sounding one, which said, 'It is quite nine o'clock,'" said Mr. Plowing. "I'll repeat the message for you." He consulted the catalogue, then picked out the watch, and pressed a small pin.

"It is *quite* nine o'clock," rang out from the case in perfect imitation of the impressive tones of the Grand Old Man.

"I suppose there are singing watches, and preaching watches, and musical watches?"

"Yes," said Mr. Plowing. "For our first consignment I thought that the speaking watch would be the best, and as you generally entrust all purchases to me, I ordered this lot. I hope I have your approval?"

"Yes, they seem to be a very good invention."

"Here is the show-card," said Mr. Plowing. "We had better put it in the window, and keep the watches here to 'speak' to the customers."

He placed the show-card in the window. On it was written:

"THE PHONOGRAPHIC WATCH.

This watch will tell you the time, instead of leaving you to work it out for yourself. You can have the voice of your dearest friend, favourite politician or preacher, singer or actor. You can have your own voice reproduced on payment of two guineas extra. You can have a 'repeater' to quote texts, dates, poetry, or prose.

"THE PHONOGRAPH WATCH

is a faithful friend. By pressing a button you can shut off the message for travelling, etc., and daily use; but at the same time the watch will repeat on opening the half-hunter case—when the knob is turned on automatically—when the message is not turned off.

"THE PHONOGRAPH WATCH IS TO SPEAK HERE TO-DAY AT EVERY HOUR.

Three quotation hours to each watch."

Messrs. Spartan & Plowing went on with their ordinary business until ten o'clock. At that hour one or two business men stopped to hear the talking watch on their way to the city, for the shop was situated in the main road from the suburbs to the business part of Cartwich. Three watches spoke, as Mr. Spartan thought it more economical to shut off the others. He kept the "Gladstone watch," which quoted from Horace:

"*Ten.* Eheu fugaces . . . labuntur anni."

"*Ten.* Play up to the hole," said the golfer's watch.

"It is ten o'clock," said the other.

"Very amusing. What do they cost, Mr. Spartan?" said one of the business men.

"Fifteen guineas in gold, sir; any voice you care to choose. Nine pounds in silver."

"Oh," said the business man. "Good-morning. Thank you. I am much obliged. It is very interesting, I am sure."

As he walked on with his friend, he said drily, "I don't think a man ought to keep a gold watch if he can afford a Waterbury."

At midday there was a great crowd assembled to hear the new watches in Messrs. Spartan & Plowing's. Everybody admired the little wonders and talked of getting one for someone or other, but said that perhaps another day would do as well when they heard the price. Some made some slight purchases, but no one bought a phonographic watch.

"Why did you get fifteen of them, Plowing?" said Mr. Spartan, when they were arranging the new watches to "speak" at one o'clock. "Five would have been quite enough. We shall never be able to get rid of fifteen at this price. There are not enough rich people in Cartwich."

The junior partner was by no means disheartened, for he well knew Mr. Spartan's methods. Spartan used to leave all the purchases to his partner and then heap all

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"At midday there was a great crowd assembled to hear the new watches."

the abuse on his head if an article did not sell well. In this case Mr. Plowing answered bluntly that there were quite enough rich people in Cartwich to warrant his buying fifteen of these new watches.

"I bet we sell some the first day," he added.

"Please do not use such expressions during business hours," said Spartan pompously. "You are perfectly well aware that I object to all betting and gambling."

"Ten to one on the field," was the answer in low tones.

"Mr. Plowing — Sir — how dare you, sir?" said Mr. Spartan, red with anger.

"Excuse me, Spartan," said Mr. Plowing. "Don't get angry; it was the sporting watch which spoke—that is the voice of Tom Scrapper, the famous 'bookie.'"

"Then put it away, and turn on Dr. Talmage," said his senior, accepting the explanation.

At five minutes to one Mr. Bunsner came in. He asked to see the new watch. Mr. Bunsner was a very rich manufacturer, and spent his money very freely. Spartan produced the watches and turned them on, while Plowing explained all he knew about their mechanism in order to bridge over the interval until one o'clock should strike. A moment before the big clock struck the watches began to talk, about ten went off exactly at the same time, and what they said could not be distinguished. All Mr. Bunsner heard was a recipe for "*œufs à la Norfolk*" from one watch, and the excellent advice, "one o'clock, take your hands out of your pockets," from another.

"What's that one?" said Mr. Bunsner eagerly. "How much is it?"

"Which, Mr. Bunsner, please?"

"The one that said 'Take your hands out of your pockets.' It will do beautifully for my boy."

"Oh, that's the schoolboy's watch, sir; it has a lot of useful precepts. It has also some football maxims, the chief rules of good behaviour, and some hints upon keeping pets. The whole to conclude with some nice homely advice in a lady's voice for every night at ten. After that, if consulted, it says, 'Don't talk,' and 'Go to sleep,'" said Mr. Plowing, reading from the descriptive catalogue. "I may add, sir, that this watch has gained testimonials from several of the headmasters of public schools. Thus the headmaster of a well-known school wrote: 'The watch which recites the rules of Greek accentuation and of the Latin subjunctive during play hours only, while recommending its possessor to keep still and quiet and behave like a gentleman during school hours and at meal times, will, in my opinion, prove a valuable factor in the

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education of young Englishmen in our public schools.'"

Mr. Plowing then adroitly skipped an eloquent description of the Cribber's watch, which could be supplied in nickel for £3 to any member of a sixth form, under cover and secretly packed.

"What is the price of this one, then?" said Mr. Bunsner.

"Nine pounds," said the officious Plowing, pushing his way past Spartan.

"I will take that with me, please," said Mr. Bunsner.

Mr. Bunsner took the watch with him; he did not look at it during luncheon at the Conservative Club—the phonographic apparatus had been turned off, as he did not wish to be surprised by it during business hours. "It might tell me to take my hands out of my pockets, or to go on with my work when one of my clerks was in my room, and that would be annoying," he said to himself, as he turned the button.

In spite of his curiosity about what the watch would say next, he restrained himself from listening to it until a quarter to six, when he took the watch out of his pocket and held it in his hand as the carriage neared home. When the hands marked six the tiny voice said, "Six—change your boots and brush your hair." Mr. Bunsner was delighted; he had often scolded Bertie, when he came home at half-past six, for looking so untidy, and for wearing his boots in the house.

He said nothing of the purchase to his wife, however, as he hoped to surprise Bertie the next morning with the "Conscience watch."

Mary listened attentively."

"The one that said Take your hands out of your pockets.'"

"I have bought you a watch for your birthday, my boy," he said to Bertie, when the boy came in to say "Good-night;" "put it in the watch pocket by your bed; now mind you take good care of it."

"Yes, father, I will," said the boy, his eyes brightening at the present; "thank you very much. Good-night, father."

"Good-night, Bertie, my son, don't be afraid of your new watch."

Mrs. Bunsner and Bertie laughed, and the boy went off to bed handling his new possession.

* * *

A servant came into the boy's room a few minutes before eight the next morning. She pulled up the blind and called to the sleeper.

"Your bath is ready, Master Bertie, you must get up."

She put his dressing-gown and slippers ready and went out of the room. Bertie turned over and had a long discussion with himself.

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"Shall I get up? It will be awfully nice to get up in a few minutes, I haven't had enough sleep. It's very bad for one not to have enough sleep. Another quarter of an hour will do me a lot of good. Well, perhaps a quarter of an hour is too long. I'll go to sleep for another five minutes. Then I really will get up. It will be quite time enough by hurrying over my bath."

"*Eight.* Time to get up now," said somebody.

"Hallo, I'm dreaming. That was a ghost, I suppose," said Bertie.

"*Half-past eight.* Get out."

"*Nine.* You have been in bed too long; get up," said somebody.

"What on earth is it?"

"*Ten.* Don't talk in school."

"*Eleven.* Hurry up to the other classroom."

Something had gone wrong with the watch and nothing could stop it.

"*Twelve.* William the Conqueror, 1066."

"*One.* Don't eat too fast at dinner."

"*Two.* Don't run after eating."

Bertie got up and looked all round the room, under the bed, and in the cupboard.

"Ugh!" he said to himself. "I must be going mad. I keep hearing horrible counting and people saying things. There it is again!"

"*Four.* Get ready for tea."

"*Five.* Don't speak with your mouth full."

"*Six.* Change your boots and brush your hair."

Bertie screamed for help, and the servant came rushing in.

"Oh, Mary, I'm mad! And there are ghosts saying nasty things all round me. Listen!"

Mary listened attentively, as did the boy.

"*Eight.* To bed in an hour and a half—" was all they heard.

Mary fainted, and Bertie hid his face in his hands and grovelled on the floor. Suddenly he jumped up, tore down the watch pocket and held it to his ear.

"That's it," he cried. "It's this beast of a watch that papa gave me is mad; not us. It is talking like Balaam's ass; here goes!" and he dropped the watch pocket and all into the jug. "*We* shan't hear it there," he said to himself as he threw the contents of the water jug over the servant and called for help.

Mr. Bunsner rushed in and scolded his son for his ingratitude; then sent Mary away and administered corporal punishment.

As his father left the room, Bertie muttered to himself:

"Talking watches are HUMBUG!!"

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Children of Notable People

MARY, DOROTHY & MAXWELL HUTCHINSON.

CHILDREN OF THE HON: HOLLAND HIBBERT.

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CHILDREN OF NOTABLE PEOPLE.

DOROTHY EAST

JOAN EVANS

ARTHUR & PIERS KEKEWICH

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FASHIONS IN FANS.

By Charlotte O'Conor Eccles.

"WHAT grace the fan lends to a woman who knows how to use it!" exclaims Madame de Staël. "It undulates, it flutters, it expands, it closes, it rises, it falls at will. It is the most powerful weapon in beauty's arsenal." The fan, to be sure, is all powerful in the hand of her who has measured its capabilities.

The Delsartean pupil is not suffered to graduate until she has mastered the evolutions of this dangerous weapon; for American women are amateurs of the fan and strive to curb their natural restlessness in order to master its slow rhythmic movements.

The dark-eyed Spaniard is absolute mistress of the fan. By means of it she avows her passion or warns off a rejected suitor; she threatens, commands, cajoles, and conquers. Her fans are many and varied—from the cheap paper of the bull-ring to the gold and tortoise-shell of the boudoir. But more than feathers, ivory, or parchment, she loves the transparent gauze "flirtation" fan. True, she says herself, it means "much work and little wind"—*mucho travajo y poco viento*—but it is not for wind, or at least only partially for wind, that she works it. She sets hearts astir, if not the languid air, and thus her real aim is accomplished.

THE OSTRICH FEATHER FAN.

THE GAUZE FAN.

Of her skill her English sister knoweth naught. Looking on the fan but as a means for creating a draught, she applies it vigorously to its legitimate end, and so keeps both herself and her lover cool.

The dainty Japanese and her fan are inseparable—from morn till dewy eve it is in her hand or at her girdle—but of other races the transatlantic belle alone has had the courage to introduce it into the solemnities of marriage. Eschewing the snow-white bouquet of the poetical bride, she brings to church the very newest thing in fans, of lace matching the rich adornments of her wedding-gown. We may trace in this adjunct some subtle allusion to her noted power both of raising the wind and creating a breeze.

The woman who, dressed all in white, waves softly a fan of jet-black ostrich feathers knows her business, but the plain black fan, whether of satin, lace, or gauze, is uninteresting unless relieved by spangles.

One or two, at most three, fans sufficed the modest ambition of our grandmothers. In our day we possess as many fans as we

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THE LACE FAN.

have evening gowns. Eagle's pinions, owl's feathers, and ostrich plumes are pressed into the service, the former for use on less ceremonious occasions, the latter for great festivities. When the ostrich feathers are white the sticks should be of mother-o'-pearl, while a black feather fan with sticks of amber or tortoise-shell looks particularly handsome with a black velvet gown.

Empire fans are suitable only when

THE WATTEAU PAINTED FAN.

carried by a woman attired in Empire costume. They are small and usually made of parchment, richly painted with medallions and Watteau scenes. Madame Natalie, of Sloane Street, has a beautiful collection, many of which belonged to celebrities of a past day.

Girls who are not rich must take their choice between having a number of light, pretty, multi-coloured, inexpensive, gauze fans, one to match each dress, or only two or three fans in all, of a kind to go with any costume, and artistic and distinguished in style. If they can have but one fan, let

THE EAGLE FEATHER FAN.

that be a genuine *objet d'art*, an antique, for example, or a modern subject painted by an artist of distinction, or an ostrich feather fan mounted in light tortoise-shell.

DINERS DE TÊTES.

The latest idea in Paris is to give dinners to which the guests come attired not in fancy costume but in ordinary evening dress, the head alone being arranged *en travesti*, to represent some bird, beast, fish, or insect, some princess of fairy tale or romance, some character from history, or some inanimate object. Great ingenuity is frequently displayed in selecting and carrying out the details of a suitable coiffure. Cleopatra, the Sphinx, a pyramid, a grasshopper, an eagle.

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Mary Stuart, a Florentine lady of the middle ages, the Blessed Damosel, a *diablesse*, a bat, Pierette, a violet, a dragon-fly, the Pompadour, a butterfly, a chrysanthemum, a sunflower, a Spanish lady of rank, a noble Venetian, Dona Sol, a fountain, and even a spider, were amongst the persons and things recently represented at a *diner de têtes*. The idea might with advantage be introduced into this country during the season, as a change from more familiar and expensive forms of entertainment.

Of those mentioned above, the grasshopper, with its transparent wings, bent legs, and pointed antennæ, was perhaps the prettiest, but the dragon-fly was almost equally effective and showier, which to some people is a recommendation.

JEWELLERY.

Most women who aspire to elegance have been brought up to detest false jewellery, but of late years the rules of good taste in this regard would seem to be relaxed, and while imitation cameos and the like are still held in horror, imitation diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, set in gold or silver, are not unfrequently worn by leaders of fashion. Other stones are not so costly but that women, even in modest circumstances, may possess them.

The question whether it be better to wear only genuine stones of a cheaper grade or handsome imitation jewels must be decided for each by herself. Nowadays the counterfeits are so perfect in form, colour, and brilliancy that only an expert can tell true from false. It must not be thought, however, that the splendid imitations of family jewels we hear of as worn by Her Grace or Milady, when her genuine gems have been converted into solid cash or deposited as security for a loan, are inexpensive. Indeed they are relatively costly, representing perhaps nearly ten per cent. on the value of the stones they copy. The absurd convention, maintaining that a woman in a certain position must possess and display diamonds, is accountable for the present *quasi* vogue of mock jewellery.

Diamonds, it may surprise some unreflecting people to hear, are by no means universally becoming. They often overpower by their lustre the natural brilliancy of a woman's eyes and teeth. The wise woman will never allow her personal charms to be thus eclipsed, but will seek some stone that tones with her hair, or eyes, or red lips, or rosy cheeks. She will seek some spots of colour to lead up to.

The average dark-haired, slender, sallow woman who goes to a ball dressed in rich black satin and diamonds passes unnoticed. She is absolutely commonplace, one of a crowd. If she has the good taste to choose soft, accordion-pleated brown tulle, or silk muslin over brown silk, lacing the gown with ropes of amber and tying with a girdle of amber, amber gleaming softly amidst the masses of her hair, she will look distinguished and attractive, if not beautiful.

THE LATEST FRENCH FAD.

Money value should never be the test of fitness in selecting ornaments. The question throughout is not, "Is that false or is it genuine? Is that dear or is it cheap?" What has to be answered is, "Does it suit me?"

Amongst the costly contents of a jeweller's shop are many things which, though expensive, are extremely ugly. There are even diamonds and diamonds, and in buying stones one should look not only for purity, but for what the French call *finesse de l'éclat*. The light of a diamond or of a ruby should appear in pointed flashes like fire. In general, the diamond takes the first place amongst precious stones, but since the discovery of the South African mines there has been a tendency to depreciate it and exalt the ruby. The ruby is beautiful, rich in colour, and decorative in effect. Of course it cannot be worn with toilettes of every hue, like the diamond and the pearl, but, as far as fire and colour go, no stone is comparable to the Oriental ruby. The finest come from Ceylon, India, and China.

A Parisienne, justly regarded as an authority on dress, classes precious stones in the following order of merit: Ruby, diamond,

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emerald, sapphire, topaz, pearl, turquoise, opal, Syrian garnet, amethyst, aquamarine, coral, lapis lazuli, tourmaline, amber, and agates of all kinds. Amongst these there is one of a pale soft green, whereof very pretty, inexpensive, and artistic ornaments may be composed—the cat's eye, to wit.

At all periods superstition has assigned to precious stones a mysterious influence on those that wear them. They have been endowed by popular belief with certain good or bad qualities. They are considered lucky or unlucky. While the emerald is thought to promise happiness, the opal, the sensitive plant of the mineral kingdom, foretells unhappy love. In the soft blue of the sapphire imaginative minds see purity and tenderness enshrined. Aquamarine is a melancholy stone, while the ruby betokens triumph.

The Russians place each month of the year under the dominion of a certain precious stone. To this stone they attribute an occult influence on the destiny of those born under its sway. Admitting the superstition, it is a pretty idea to choose as a present the stone that has a mysterious relation with the birth month of the person to whom it is offered.

The garnet, symbolising constancy, governs the month of January. The amethyst, which denotes sincerity, is allied with February. To March belongs the ruby, signifying courage and loyalty; to April the diamond and the sapphire, whose meaning is innocence and repentance, which the cavilling non-mystic might say are mutually exclusive. Presumably the buyer pays his money, and the recipient takes her choice of significations. To May belongs the emerald, betokening happy love. The stone of June is the agate, which announces long life and good health. To those born in July, coral brings joy and happiness. With August is associated the sardonyx, emblem of conjugal felicity. The chrysolite of September preserves from madness all those born under its influence. For October, the aquamarine would be a sign of misfortune, were it not that the opal, which also governs the month, comes to avert the omen and make a happy ending for those born in that mysterious month, dear to wraiths and fairies. The topaz of November presages prosperity. Finally, December is the best month of all, for to it belong the turquoise, symbol of friendship and tenderness, and the malachite, which brings success in all enterprises.

Besides rich and costly ornaments in gold or silver set with jewels, there are all sorts of fanciful ornaments whose value depends on their artistic beauty. Most imitations of ancient jewellery in oxidised silver are vulgar, but some designs may be found really tasteful and worthy of notice in necklets, belt buckles, châtelaines, etc. Of course, these accessories cannot be worn with a really elegant and sumptuous toilette, but on occasions they have an excellent effect.

Ornamentation may be overdone. The woman laden with jewels, whether real or false, and especially if false, lays herself open to ridicule. A single costly gem will always be more effective, more *distingué*, than a too great abundance of trinkets, that make one look like a perambulating jeweller's shop. Better far pass unnoticed than be remarked for vulgarity and want of discrimination.

She who has a beautiful hand, a slender wrist, a dimpled elbow, a fine line of throat, and a well-set head, will allow no ring, bracelet, or necklace to spoil an effect rarer than jewels.

As for earrings, the best judges decide against them. A little pink, shell-like ear needs nothing to set it off. To pierce the delicate flesh, and thrust into it a bit of gold or silver, is barbarous and uncivilised.

Necklaces should be worn only by those who have not well-shaped necks or who desire to hide some imperfection. The throat is by no means a good position for displaying ornaments. They look better looped on the corsage or fixed as epaulettes. Most bright jewels, such as diamonds, should not be placed direct on the skin, as on this they are unflattering to the wearer. They should be divided from it by the edge of the corsage or by the hair. A broad, round-faced woman wearing ornaments on her head should be careful to place them diagonally, thus giving the length she lacks.

Our full-page illustration shows a new spring gown in shot material of blue and green. The tucks are run in the material round the bottom of the skirt and round sleeves. The corselet panels and undersleeves are in ivory cloth with stamped-out pattern showing lining of pale green satin. The belt is one of the new spangled elastic bands in blue and green. A band of old ivory guipure work outlines the yoke, with one square falling on the material, which hangs full at the waist. The cuffs and collar lappets are in fine ivory lawn, trimmed Valenciennes lace and tucks. The front of the bodice is exactly the same as the back.

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[*By Mrs C. Rook.*

A DAINTY RECEPTION GOWN.

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THE coach ploughed along through the muddy road. The horses strained every muscle under the threat of the whip. The Fly sat on the hind wheel with his legs firmly pressed against it and a look of sober determination on his face. A gentleman approached and addressed the Fly courteously: "Pray, sir," said he, "what are you doing on that wheel?" "Do you not perceive," answered the Fly, "that I am helping the coach along?" "Indeed!" cried the gentleman. At this moment the horses made a plunge forward, and the coach flew through the mud. "You see!" exclaimed the Fly triumphantly, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow. "Wonderful!" observed the gentleman. "My compliments to you." And with a lift of his hat he went on his way. The Fly smiled complacently and continued his labours until the coach was in smooth country. He then suggested to the coachman that it would be a graceful thing to present him with an Illuminated Address. The coachman's reply is not recorded.

A Parable.

Now the world is the coach, and the Fly is—but a man should not talk about himself, except in an "interview," and even then as little as possible. A friend of mine, naturally a reserved man, once took peculiar pains to make himself pleasant in the circumstances referred to; in the next number of the periodical he was described as a "cheery chatterbox."

THE season of drawing-rooms and *débutantes* approaches. Of the former I know and shall say nothing. In these days of realistic novels, it is quite inadmissible to describe the drawing-room unless you have carefully examined the pantry. But all thoughtful men—I venture to borrow a phrase used by (and in) political leaders to denote persons of their own way of thinking—must be struck by the sight of a *débutante*. Let us ask the question plainly: What is done to a girl between sixteen and eighteen? It is no use for mothers to shake their heads and look innocent. When I first knew Hetty she was half-way between sixteen and seventeen, the attainment of this latter age being already discussed as an important impending event, likely to carry with it changes of grave moment. For my own part I thought (such was my ignorance) that Hetty did not require alteration. I remember rather liking than not her free confident mirth, her unchecked petulance, her boisterous grace, her open demand for admiration and challenge to you to resist her if you could. In those days when she wanted me (which was tolerably often) she used to say so (in which surely there was nothing amiss), and when she did not she was wont to state the reason—which was, as a rule, that she wished to talk to another man. She delighted also in waging declared and scornful war on other girls. She would carry off their cavaliers from under their pretty noses; and make light of the exploit. A little later she would return the gentleman on his lady's hands with exasperating generosity. She dressed with extreme carelessness, and regarded a careful toilette or an elaborate costume as an admission of natural deficiencies. The act that charmed her most was to rouse sentimentality in some hapless youth; then, so soon as the tender plant raised its blushing head, she would stamp on it ruthlessly till she had done it to shameful death; and in the pursuit of this nefarious object she stood at no eccentricity of speech, manner,

The Awkward Age.

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or attitude, indulging in grimaces and contortions seemingly impossible to any person naturally good-looking. In fine, she was such that you could not be comfortable while she was present, and yet felt very dull when she was absent; she was at once an attraction and an outrage; there was nothing you could praise in her, nothing you would change; she was utterly and aggressively inelegant, only to flash on you at an unexpected moment a pose that cried out to be painted; herself entirely immoral, she made you feel grey in wickedness; herself unscrupulous, she appealed irresistibly to your chivalry. Thus she had the advantage at every point, and her eyes lived to proclaim deep laughing triumph in her victory.

She was, in fact, at what ladies call "the awkward age."

Forming

THEN she went to stay with an aunt in town, and was there subjected to a mysterious training. I judge, of course, only by the results; it is not mine to fathom the *arcana imperii* of woman. Perhaps, after all, one would not be more comfortable for knowing. Hetty came back, cautious, diffident, repressed, and very carefully attired. She reminded me of a man who walks between deep precipices on a narrow ledge, so closely did she seem to watch her own behaviour. Neither her manners, nor her movements, nor her skirts exhibited their former vagaries. She took references to her bygone self in bad part, but even her anger had lost its freshness and its "tang." She was not furious now, nor resentful, but "hurt," and before this offensive form of emotion (surely the most unfair of mental attitudes) raillery dropped its arms. She talked little, but with deplorable propriety; she listened to dull conversations without a single healthy interruption; she was docile, considerate, helpful. I heard a lady describe her as a "sweet girl," and did not feel able to deny it with any real confidence. "I do hope I am forming her," said her aunt complacently.

The Product.

THE last stage came. She was formed, but I have not the heart to describe her. Yet the quite-formed girl differs from the half-formed girl no less widely and vitally than the half-formed from the entirely unformed. How is this? Is half-forming a purely negative process, consisting entirely in the suppression and obliteration of the natural girl—a training in prohibitions, resulting in that uneasy, self-distrustful demeanour? Then, with the completion of the process, confidence returns. The pupil is again at ease; correct behaviour has become automatic. That which is perfect cannot act imperfectly. The quite-formed girl knows this. She is therefore irradiated with a rational self-satisfaction; she is quite comfortable about herself. Consequently her original nature, habits, and ways revive. But they do not revive in their original form; they are not what they were, any more than is the foot of a Chinese lady when the bandages are taken off. The finished product is indeed conditioned by the quality of the raw material, but how immense is the gap between them! It is a wonderful process this forming. If any mother were to be moved to explain it, the description would be extremely interesting. Anyhow, every *débutante* has been through it, and therefore, as I have observed, all thoughtful men regard her with an interest not unmixed with awe.

The Equality of Pleasure.

AN ingenious friend once maintained in conversation with me that all men were equally happy. The paradox was supported thus: At each moment each person wants something, suffers from some conscious "void"; supply it, and he is happy. A has the toothache; its cure would be happiness to him; B has not the toothache, but he is hungry; dinner is his sole preoccupation. But how if C have both toothache and hunger? There is no difference, runs the argument. His unhappiness is not made greater, it is merely distributed and dispersed. In a word, the relativity of pleasure is complete, and the baffled millionaire, who has learnt that the Koh-i-noor is not for sale, is just as disconsolate as the beggar-boy who has but a halfpenny, and whose favourite tart is priced at twice the sum. The argument need not be accepted in its full measure, but it holds a truth worth remembering, and especially valuable to people who deal with conditions of life remote from those under which they live themselves. The philanthropist is ready to tell us that riches do not secure happiness. It is not his part to remind us that poverty need not mean misery, but for a just view of the world we need to remember it. We are pretty well agreed that a novelist who depicted a perfectly happy man would entertain us with the sketch of a chimæra; so when he betakes himself to the other end of the scale and raises our horror by painting unredeemed misery, bare of all comfort or alleviations, we are in most

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cases right in accusing him of using an artificial light for his picture. It is, in fact, far easier both for speaker and listener, for author and reader, to understand the unhappiness of a state of life far different from their own, than to give due prominence and weight to compensating pleasures which their training and habits unfit them to sympathise with or appreciate. The absence of what we value is at once counted great loss; the presence of what would bring us no joy is reckoned no gain. These are commonplace reflections, but have their place when we try to influence, say, the life of "the masses," still more than when we try to describe it. The philanthropist may escape by pleading that he is seeking to alter a low standard of pleasure, the historian of life can urge no such excuse. If he reads into the mind of his characters an ideal of life which is not theirs, he will attribute to them a false attitude of mind, for which no veracity of surrounding detail will atone. Nay, the very truth of his accessories will intensify the falseness of the picture as a whole.

If pleasure were not so largely relative there would be revolutions every day. As it is, my shoeblack is not unhappy because he doesn't belong to my club, and I am not unhappy because I do not live in Windsor Castle. The Magazine is good enough for me.

The Millennium.

No doubt the Millennium will come some day, but it is certain that several General Elections will be necessary in order to determine what form it is to take. Shall we all do as we like then? This is the natural man's ideal, though Mr. Matthew Arnold was very contemptuous about it. Or shall we none of us do as we like? This is the ascetic ideal. Or shall we all do as everybody else likes?—which seems to be the Socialist ideal. What is the new state of things to be like? The poet has painted it:—

> "There love had never a fear or doubt:
> December breathed like June:
> The *Prima Donna* ne'er was out
> Of temper, or of tune.
> The streets were paved with mutton-pies,
> Potatoes ate like pine,
> Nothing looked black but woman's eyes,
> Nothing grew old but wine."

It sounds very pleasant. But where would the poets (novelists are beneath consideration) be without love's doubts, and what say skaters to perpetual summer? Some people don't care for singing even when they are told that it is in tune (they don't know themselves). The vegetarians would agitate to have up the mutton-pies and petition the Vestry (if there were a Vestry then) to lay down cabbages. We should fall ill with pines, the wine would be locked up, and—well, a good deal of trouble might arise over the other matter. It has, before now.

One way of promoting it.

There is, however, one recipe for producing the Millennium which sounds very attractive. The demand is sometimes made nowadays that each sex should make laws for itself. I have an amendment to propose. "The two sexes," it is said in the "Vicar of Wakefield," "seem placed as spies upon each other, and are furnished with different abilities, adapted for mutual inspection." Very well then; let each make laws for the other. How good men would be, and how pleasant women under such a *régime*! The result would be gratifying to both; for men always desire to be good, although they seldom attain the goal, and women are burdened with a natural excellence that stands sometimes most seriously in the way of their being agreeable. I will not forecast what laws would be laid down for men. My friend Mr. Miles Gladboy says in his sententious way, "For every woman in the polling-booth there would be a man in prison." I hope better things. But on the male side of that two-fold Parliament (I should at once become a candidate) there are one or two motions which would be carried with enthusiasm. What are they? No, I'll hear what the ladies mean to do first.

A Fashionable Novel.

Next to being in the Millennium, the best thing is to be in the fashion. This temptation assails us all in various ways. Here is a young friend of mine who, being a novelist, desires to write a fashionable novel. He defines his object most lucidly; it is to combine a discussion of serious problems with a striking brilliancy of style. He has written the first chapter, but has most unhappily come to a dead stop at that point. He will be very much obliged to anyone who will complete the story for him. I would do it myself, but a difficulty has arisen about terms; some of his are too strong for me. The story is called "The Duchess's Disenchantment." Here it is—what there is of it so far:—

Mysterious are the problems of the world! Who can solve them?

Why did the Duke marry the Duchess? Why did the Duchess marry the Duke? Yet the marriage was necessary; for the Duchess could not be the Duchess without marrying the Duke. The Duke, however, might still have been the Duke.

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These are strange things. Do we walk because we have legs, or have we legs because we walk? The whole problem of Evolution is summed up in this apparently simple question.

To our story. (The reflections can, however, be expanded if desired.) The Duchess was of humble origin and surpassing beauty. She concealed the one and heightened the other by every means in her power. She dyed to hide her birth, and by an audacious use of rouge displayed the cheek she sought to hide.

The Duke was a strange mixture of characteristics. A loose man, he was often tight. He never went to church—he was, he said, no Pewritan—but read the Comminatio Service for his private pleasure. He was also a strong advocate of Women's Rights—so true it is that every man has his good side.

One day the Duchess was singing the *Marseillaise* (she loved it because Rougé de Lisle wrote it), while the Duke was twisting the bloodhound's tail with a thoughtful air. Suddenly the Duchess observed:

"I disliked you very much from the first moment I saw you, Duke."

"I knew it, the moment you accepted me," returned the Duke.

"I dislike you *very much* now," said the Duchess.

"*Every woman* dislikes her husband," rejoined the Duke. "You have only to go and see 'The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith' to discover that."

"But I should hate you, *anyhow*," pursued the Duchess. "Oh, I wish I'd *never* married you!"

"You *never did*," said the Duke, walking out of the room.

The Duchess fainted. "This is *terrible*!" she cried, coming to herself; but she moved away again directly, recognising that she was not now, according to our wretched conventional morality, a person fit to associate with. Her eye fell on the bottle which the Duke, a hereditary drunkard, had left on the table.

"May not women," she exclaimed, "enjoy the liberty accorded to men? Where is the corkscrew?"

This was the *corkscrucial* point in the Duchess's career. It comes to all of us.

Graphomania.

It is a pity that the novel has come to a standstill for it would certainly have been a success. It has all the *stigmata* of "graphomania"; and the most successful professors of all the fine arts are graphomaniacs—for example, Richard Wagner, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Ruskin, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Sir John Millais was, but I understand that he has to a large extent got over it. And a graphomaniac is—at this point I wish to make it quite clear that I am not expressing my own views, but quoting from M. Max Nordau's book "Degeneration"—a semi-insane person who feels a strong impulse to write. The above-mentioned distinguished painters, although they painted, yet wanted to write, and consequently painted in a literary way; thus they are comfortably within the definition. Among the chief signs of graphomania are incoherence, fugitive ideation, a use of italics, and a tendency to idiotic punning. "The Duchess's Disenchantment" displays all these characteristics to the full; in fact it might have been written with the express purpose of showing what a perfectly developed graphomaniacal novel would be like. The example will be of great value to M. Nordau for the next edition of his book, and he is very welcome to use it. The author, of course, will not object, for he will be in very good company. Not to be a graphomaniac is to be condemned to obscurity in these days. It is so true that, as M. Nordau genially observes, degenerates are not always criminals, anarchists, or pronounced lunatics (he mentions one or two other lines of life which may be omitted), but are often authors and artists. "Degeneration" is a book to read with attention; it abounds in curious suggestions. For example, I had not myself realised the connection between a particular sort of woollen underclothing and Chauvinistic sentiments on foreign affairs. It exists however. In nine cases out of ten, M. Nordau leads us to suppose, the man who wears the one entertains the other. It is needless to add that both peculiarities are marks of derangement, and the person who unites them is a degenerate, and in all likelikood a graphomaniac, even if he be not also an "epileptoid" and a "mattoid." Engage him in political discussion first, and then, on some pretext however frivolous, examine his laundry-basket and you will know all about him. It would be interesting, while we are on the subject, to know what lies between M. Nordau's shirt and his skin—what fabric corresponds to his robust cast of mind.

The love of exactness.

It must not, however, be supposed that all M. Nordau's points are so—shall we say remote?—as this. It is true that he exhibits a portentous insensibility to the ludicrous aspect of his own

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remarks, but the book contains much good sense and many neatly-turned observations. He notices, among other things, the love we English have for "exactness applied to the nonsensical." "An Englishman accepts a delirium if it appears with footnotes." (We may leave to the graphomaniacs the retort that many of the author's most remarkable assertions are corroborated in the manner mentioned.) This is true enough, but probably need not be confined to Englishmen. Defoe and Swift acted on this notion, although I am not aware that they defined it. The map at the beginning of our treasured "Treasure Island" is a concession to the same desire in the human mind. A thing seems more difficult to disbelieve when dates, names and places are given. Tell a ghost story *in vacuo* and nobody is impressed; say the ghost appeared to Mrs. Mary Jenkins at No. 49, Spook Street on the 24th April, and simple folk exclaim that you cannot have invented all that. Why not? To a man who can invent the ghost, Mrs. Mary Jenkins is mere child's play. The other side of the matter is that while the narrator attracts belief, he lays himself open to disproof. Exactness of statement, or the lie circumstantial, has the same advantage and disadvantage in the social falsehood, which few of us are robust enough to resist, few righteous enough to condemn. Is it best to adopt the universal formula of "previously engaged," whether, in naked fact, you have any other appointment for the evening or not? Or shall we be "previously engaged" when we are not, and enter into details only when the truth furnishes them? Or, finally, shall we always enter into details, bringing imagination into play where facts fail us?

The first course is least troublesome, but also least effective; the second is a miserable compromise; the third is brilliant, but extremely dangerous, unless a man has a very good memory for his own excuses. Probably most people carry the circumstantial falsehood as far as they dare, and rely on the good-breeding of their would-be hosts in case of detection. A cynic might discover among the privileges of a civilised community that it was allowed to lie, but might not be accused of lying without a gross breach of good manners.

A Remark.

"I SHOULD like," observed the hostess, "to be engaged to someone else and married to George all the time" (George was her husband).

"I like," murmured Mr. Gladboy, "to dine out about three nights a week myself."

(*To be continued next month.*)

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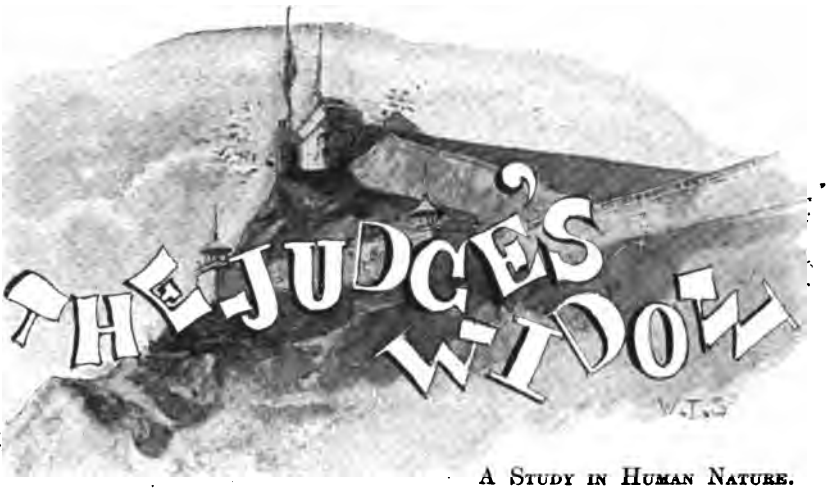

A Study in Human Nature.

By LADY JEPHSON.

(*Illustrated by* W. Thomas Smith.)

MADAME LE GROS lived on "The Cape," Quebec, in a large cut-stone house, which faced the Governor's gardens. One section of the Quebec people described her as "that poor dear frivolous Madame Le Gros." Others, who were inclined to frivolity and amusement, called her "that dear delightful charming old lady."

She was the wife of a great local magnate and one learned in the law. The magnate was many years older than his wife, so that when she was a frisky dame of sixty or thereabouts he was nearing ninety, and had arrived at the state described by Shakespeare as: "*sans* teeth, *sans* eyes, *sans* taste, *sans* everything."

In due course of time the magnate was gathered to his fathers, and his widow grieved for him very truly and warmly. Nevertheless, she was particular to see that her mourning was becoming, and that Plover & Pie sent home exactly the right allowance of crape suitable to an inconsolable widow. All the winter following the judge's death, Madame Le Gros received only intimate friends, and her historic card parties were discontinued. By way of recreation she drove up and down John Street every afternoon, muffled in her crape and wearing an expression to match her weeds; nevertheless, her human joyous nature took a pleasure hardly known to herself in the brightness of all about her. She noted the smartest tandems and the prettiest sleighs, whose fur robes were richest, and whose sleigh bells were best mounted. Mrs. May's new sealskin met with her warmest admiration, and pretty Dollie Duncan's snow-shoeing costume she voted *chic* and delightful. She wondered whether Captain Sumner was really going to fall in love with Miss Hammond, and if Mlle. de la Rue were trifling with that poor young subaltern's affections. Then she turned her attention to the Cameron children, and kissed her hand to them all effusively. She even stopped her sleigh at Blank's, the confectioner's, and ordered "lollipops" for their benefit. Afterwards she looked in for vespers at the French cathedral, and drove home well content.

When, however, Madame had dined, and found herself night after night *tête-à-tête* in her comfortable drawing-room with her ancient and uninteresting companion, she began to wish that card parties and grief were not incompatible. She scanned the *Quebec Chronicle* for news, and scolded Mademoiselle for her stupidity in having heard no gossip that day. She played a mild game of draughts, drank a glass of hot punch, fondled her pug, yawned, was intolerably bored, and went early to bed. The following autumn a few choice friends were admitted nightly for whist, and before the winter closed Madame's receptions were as crowded as ever—Madame meanwhile abating no sign of external grief, and wearing her crape of the prescribed depth.

Madame Le Gros was a wonderfully well

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preserved woman. Her enemies (and she had many) accounted for the freshness and smoothness of her skin by declaring that she slept with beefsteaks tied to her cheeks. Her nut-brown hair was declared to emanate from the barber's shop, or to owe its colouring to his skill; but slander erred in both instances, as it very often does. She had been a beauty in her youth, and she retained a large share of this gift in her age, but she was innocent of dye or "aids to beauty."

I shall never forget my first acquaintance with Madame Le Gros. In my own home the Sunday card parties had been severely

"By way of recreation she drove up and down John Street."

condemned, and the old lady alluded to as a sad instance of aged depravity. I had always nourished a keen curiosity to see the inside of the Wicked House, and, above all, longed to find myself face to face with the wicked person, and one day an unsuspicious friend took me there unknown to my mother.

How my heart beat as I crept after her up the softly carpeted staircase; and what a sensation of guilty pleasure thrilled me at the thought that I was perilling my soul in the House of Rimmon. In my own mind, from piecing together casual remarks and dwelling upon them, I had conjured up in my imagination a being in whom horns and a tail were marked characteristics. The subject fascinated me beyond description. It seemed to me valiant to imitate Christian and face Apollyon on his own ground, and I remembered well how Christian had resisted the blandishments of Mrs. Light-Mind and Mrs. Love-the-Flesh. My astonishment and disappointment were great when I was introduced to an ordinary-looking, handsome old lady (who sat tatting at the window) and learnt that she was Madame Le Gros.

"Well, my dear," said Apollyon, "so you are little Margaret MacGregor! How is your pretty mother? Did she send a message to me? No? Never mind! Perhaps we shall be on good terms in heaven all the same."

"Oh, no! Madame," I said, shocked at such levity. "You won't go to heaven if you play cards and wear a wig. Mamma says so."

Madame laughed heartily. "In the first place I don't wear a wig," said she, "and you may tell your mother so, with my love, and in the second place I never see any harm in cards, but a great deal of harm in speaking ill of my neighbours, and that you may tell your mother, too, my child."

Then she praised my blue eyes and golden hair, and said I should keep up the repu-

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